

The Nameless 1721

Chapter 1721

Now, Dyon didn't just have 1 Celestial Son under his control. With the exception of Nora, a woman who shared a name with Madeleine's biological mother, was the former First Celestial Daughter, and Dravil's current fiancée, he controlled all remaining 4 Celestial Sons and Daughters!

Abraham had broken through and become Third Celestial Son immediately. Dravil was obviously First Celestial Son. Silvyr, a woman loving daughter Ri had battled during her and Dyon's first campaign, had become Fourth Celestial Daughter. And finally, Mekhi Uidah took the mantle of Fifth Celestial Son.

Believing he had so many talented sons and daughters, King Uidah practically died of happiness. But, it soon became a headache.

He had settled on Dravil before, but now there was Abraham. Plus, he couldn't just keep passing Nora around like she was worthless, right?

After pulling the reins on Dravil, he decided to let the siblings figure it out themselves.

Under Dyon's machinations, the Uidah upper echelon split in four directions, with Abraham and Dravil having the biggest pull.

Together, they waged war against Ragnors and the Five Beast Clans, but they also waged war against each other. The skirmishes between the two Princes became the entertainment of the Uidah Clan. Despite the bloodshed, for a Clan who had slaughtered their former twin Clan, Alidor's family, in cold blood all for the sake of power, would they really care about such things?

All that was left was for Dyon to effectively use these chess pieces of his.

Should he just take down Uidah territory in one sweep? Should he use the key to use the Uidah to attack? Maybe pincer the Five Beast Clans or launch a surprise attack on the Ragnors?

Dyon threw the latter thought away immediately. The Ragnors were on a completely different level than the Beast Clans, such simple tactics wouldn't work so easily on them. However, this didn't mean Dyon wouldn't make a move.

In one sweep, Abraham and Dravil led their armies on a conquering spree, taking control of all Gates bordering Ragnor territory with them being completely unaware. Then, they moved on to Dyon's true ask of them.

By Dyon's scouting, the Ragnors controlled 29 universes, the Pakals controlled 26, the Uidah controlled 24, and the Five Beast Clans once controlled 18. If one added Chaos Universe and Dyon's Universe, that made 99 total. This meant that other Dyon's home universe, there was actually 1 other completely unclaimed universe left within this quadrant.

This universe was sandwiched between Pakal and Ragnor territory and was likely the only reason they were constantly at each other's throats. This territory was shared between the two, neither seemingly capable of taking the upper hand on the other. In the end, they split the resources amongst themselves.

With the Ragnors taking the upper northwest of the quadrant and the Pakals taking the northeast, just like Supreme Universe, or Universe Thirteen, was a choke point, so too was this universe in question. It acted as a bridge that connected Ragnor and Pakal territory.

This universe was pointed out by Pathfinder Nixie. As long as Dyon took it, the likelihood of conquering Celestial Quadrant within five years would skyrocket to 60%.

Abraham and Dravil's task? It was precisely to take this universe under Dyon's name.

Though it was their task, Dyon didn't hesitate to give them a helping hand first, conquering its universe spirit and giving Abraham and Dravil the advantage of suppression.

With this, Dyon had taken control of 13 Universes fully, and 1 more in essence.

While the Five Beast Clans were sweating about Dyon's coming attack, Dyon was already planning far beyond them.

Though the Five Beast Clan Alliance was waiting for the end of the 7 month period, Dyon had no intention of waiting that long. There were now less than 110 years left until the Ancient Battlefield descended, but Dyon understood the importance of building up the strength of his territory. Before they began that battle, he had to ensure that both the culture and strength of the Mortal Alliance was perfect.

However, even though he was in a rush, Dyon wasn't a fool. He had just absorbed several hundred million warriors into his army, but his true core force only composed of 30 million.

Why did Dyon not directly conquer Universe Thirteen? What was the point of him starting from the edge of the Five Clan Beast Alliance and rushing to conquer 13 universes in a month before their elites noticed? It was because he didn't have enough people.

Without the swelling of his army that occurred as Dyon conquered one universe after another, he wouldn't have had the strength to take Universe Thirteen to begin with.

This alone showed the massive problem Dyon was facing. He didn't have the level of accumulation these Clans that had existed for thousands of years had, and now he was running to catch up.

However, as much as he wanted to lean back and take his time to digest the gains, he didn't have such luxury.

Dyon got to work immediately. After conquering the pincer universe between Ragnor and Pakal territory – which he quickly named Universe King, representing its importance among his chess pieces – and securing his 14th Universe, Dyon worked in earnest to organize his forces.

Under Monet's coercion, the beasts had no recourse. The scary strength of Heaven's Children shone through as Monet didn't seem to have a limit on the beasts she could control.

Dyon scrapped his previous organizational structure. As they ventured deeper into beast clan territory, they ran into more and more beasts and less and less humans. The more this occurred, the less sense it made for all of the beasts to be taken under Giralda's wings.

Though Dyon had introduced a military organizational structure during the first Mortal Meeting, this wasn't the appropriate situation to make use of it since these individuals weren't truly his citizens yet.

Dyon's army had swelled to 1.5 billion strong. Without hesitation, he split them among his Demon Generals, giving each 500 000 to command and temporarily naming them Demon Corps.

Chapter 1722: Little Precious Can Do Better

Within each of the Demon Corps, 450 000 were saints and the remaining 50 000 were celestials of varying strength. Pseudo Dao experts were incredibly rare. Aside from the six Dyon captured in Universe One, the next few only appeared once more within Universe Thirteen, bringing the total to ten. Dyon assumed that this was because the true elite forces were concentrated in the five core universes.

Over the next 2 months, Dyon held nothing but military exercises. He drilled his philosophy and tactics into the minds of these newcomers. He worked them so hard that they hardly had time to think of rebelling, not that Monet's abilities would allow them.

The newcomers were aghast. This leader of theirs actually had the train within the harsh environments of the Gates under maintenance for months on end. To make matters worse, he had raised the Gate's threshold to the celestial realm despite the vast majority of the army being saints.

In these months, the citizens of the Five Beast Clan Alliance came to know Dyon's strength. It wasn't impossible to see Dyon summoning thousands of clones, all to decimate an entire Demon Corps alone.

"Again!"

Dyon roared in the skies, watching emotionlessly as his army of 10 000 0.5% clones beat yet another Demon Corps into submission.

After forming his dao heart and awakening his full talent, mastering techniques became far easier. The first technique Dyon used his new ability to flood his brain with soul qi on was the Florence Family technique, allowing him to master it to a new level and create 5% clones despite his vast increase in strength. However, Dyon was only using 0.5% clones now in order to give them Demon Corps a chance.

"React faster! You're cultivators!" Dyon's voice of disdain peppered down insults. "When I say turn to the west, you about face to the west. When I say the east, you pivot to the east. Did I say to take a step forward? So why would you?!"

Dyon's system was the same it had always been. With his soul, he was able to personally speak commands into the ears of five-man squadron leaders if he wanted to. Controlling an army to such fine detail in this way was likely something only Dyon could do.

"Daddy, they're so bad." Alauna sat on Dyon's shoulders playing with his hair. "Daddy alone is beating them all!"

Hearing a little girl basically call them trash, the army felt bitter.

Damn it all. If you can make so many of yourself, and so powerful at that, what the hell do you need us for anyway? Plus, how do you expect us to work together as well as literal clones can?! On top of all of that, you're the one giving us the orders, you're clearly cheating! You know what's coming so you're reacting to it before we can even do it!

Dyon nodded, his serious expression vanishing as he smiled for his little girl. "Little Precious could definitely do better."

"Yup, yup. I'm very strong!" Little Alauna giggled.

The army below nearly spat up blood as the Demon Generals smiled bitterly. They could only pray for the boy who fell in love with that little girl. He would definitely go through hell.

In truth, Dyon's purpose wasn't to just train these men, he wanted them to understand his strength. He wanted them to feel that he was infallible, that he could do anything. He wanted them to revere him.

As he pounded the Demon Corps into the ground one after another, this lesson was being ingrained into their very souls: "Their leader could defeat 500 000 of them without lifting a single finger." This was what they were all thinking.

Soon, Dyon felt that their improvements were satisfactory. Maybe for mortals, just two months of training wouldn't be enough. But, cultivators innately had greater mental capacities than mortals did. This was especially so for beasts talented enough to take on human forms.

Of course, the vast majority of these armies were saint beasts. Considering they were only of the earth and heaven grade, they couldn't take human forms, which was actually part of the problem Dyon faced in training them. But, it was eventually a hurdle he overcame.

When the end of the two months came, Dyon no longer hesitated. He turned his ire toward the Five Core Universes.

While others might start with the weakest of the five, Dyon had no such intention. The first he would conquer would be Golden Crown Raven territory.

**

At this moment, a young hook-nosed man was sprinting as though he had his life on the line. His speed was far beyond that of a mortal, covering several hundred meters in just a few blinks of an eye, but even then, he didn't seem happy with his progress.

He slipped and stumbled, crash falling across a dirt road along a barely cleared section of forest. Even still, he hardly noticed what happened, rolling and pushing himself up, only to launch himself into the air and morph from the form of a man, to a dark feathered bird.

A sharp cry sounded through air, alerting the scouts up ahead in an instant. The young man was in such a rush that he didn't have time to think of the consequences of his actions. Entering his beast form and even flying above the quickly approaching city were all forbidden within this district. It was a way of separating the upper echelon of society from the lower as the humanoid form was seen as a status symbol.

But the young man couldn't care for such things now.

Numerous attacks suddenly pierced his wings, but his calls continued as he crash landed before a well built city.

In most cultivation lands, building walls was useless unless they acted as an anchor for a formation. Likewise, this city had walls, but its gates were perpetually open. Who would dare to attack the core city of the mighty Golden Crown Raven Clan?

"Attack! Attack!" The young man crumpled into his human form, bloody streaks filling his body.

Chapter 1723: Embroiled

The call of a celestial was truly booming. If a celestial focused their entire being into a shout, their voice wouldn't dissipate for several thousand miles. Like this, the young man's voice blanketed the city despite his terrible wounds inflicted by his own people.

City guards charged forward to subdue the young man, only for them to be shocked by his identity.

This youth... He was the Patriarch's illegitimate child and a talent that outshone even the late Balor who Dyon killed. However, due to his status, he was shunned and sent away to the lesser planets of their core universe. If they remembered correctly, wasn't he supposed to be ruling a small plot of the southern galaxy cluster? What was he doing in the northern cluster?

"The southern cluster is quickly falling! Enemy attack!"

No matter how much those of Raven City might have wanted to ignore the clamor, it was simply impossible. The young man fused every last bit of his strength into his voice.

"What is going on here?!" A booming voice came from the distance. It didn't take much for the nobles of their society to realize that this was the voice of Patriarch Raven.

Over the last few months, Patriarch Raven have been in a foul mood. First Universe Thirteen was conquered, then their Faith began to drop by large margins for several days until they could only feel the Faith of their five remaining universes.

To make matters worse, they didn't dare to tell the Ragnors about their plight for fear those shameless bastards would take advantage of this opportunity to attack them as well. If the Ragnors found out they had lost so much Faith, they would likely throw them away as an ally immediately.

But now, here was the shame of his existence, his own bastard son, screaming and yelling in Raven City of all places. How could his already foul mood not grow worse?

"Patriarch." The young man grit his teeth, having long since stopped calling this man father. "A strong enemy is sweeping through the southern cluster. To make matters worse, it seems much of their army is made up of beasts of our Five Beast Clan Alliance. I believe we've been betrayed by the other four Clans!"

Hearing these words, the Patriarch calmed his anger. No matter how foolish this bastard son of his, he wouldn't lie about something like this, right?

He stared into the bloodied young man's eyes, as though trying to confirm something.

In the end, he grit his own teeth. "Bring the healer here, don't allow the messenger to die!"

Maybe this would be one of the few acts of kindness he would ever receive from his so-called father.

"Begin preparations for battle!"

...

Raven Universe was suddenly embroiled by war.

The actions of Patriarch Raven's bastard son gave them a glimmer of hope to respond. Their armies came together quickly. Though some were still licking their wounds from the last campaign against the Uidah, a good majority had already recovered after three months of rest. Those who hadn't were far too mortally injured to have been of much use in the future anyway.

In that moment, the whole of the Raven Clan banded together, coalescing their fighting force at speeds they never had before and charging toward the southern cluster with a momentum fueled by rage.

Patriarch Raven and his elders knew well that they couldn't allow this to continue. Much of their fighting force was concentrated in the northern cluster because the Gates to Ragnor territory bordered along that region.

Somehow, this enemy had managed to ignore their closed Gate and make their way here. In addition, Pjisel's report – the bastard son of the Raven Clan Head – noted that much of the army was made up of beasts from the territories of the other four Clans.

These matters sent the Raven Clan upper echelon into a whirlwind of confusion. Could it be that, from the very beginning, they had been betrayed? And if they were betrayed, did that mean some within their own Clan were part of the conspiracy?

The most likely candidate for such a farce would be the Patriarch's bastard son. He had every reason to be dissatisfied with his father. Plus, the invasion began in the cluster he was given free reign over. On top of all of this, he was the only one who managed to make it so far to pass on the news? Where were the Pseudo Dao experts under his command? Where were his messengers? Why had he come from the wilderness instead of from the teleportation formation?

The elders of the Raven Clan watched on coldly as the healer wrapped the Pjisel's wounds.

Large swaths of powerhouses shot into the skies, filling the space around Planet Raven with experts as far as the eye could see. It could almost be said that the only ones who remained near the surface of the Raven City was the patriarch, the grand elder, and several dozen elders.

Pjisel seemed oblivious to the odd atmosphere as he winced in pain, allowing an old lady to dress his wounds.

Soon, he stood up and lightly pushed the healer away, looking up into the skies toward his father.

"Patriarch, please allow me to fight, these wounds are nothing. I can be of great help." Pjisel's black eyes shone with a flicker of rage. The people who did this, he wanted to grind their bones to dust.

"Of great help?" Patriarch Raven replied blandly. "Just like you were of great help to the southern cluster I entrusted you with?"

Pjisel was taken aback. Why did he sense such hostility in his father's voice? Why were the elders looking down on him like this?

No... Wasn't this the way it had always been? Somehow it was his fault that his father couldn't control that stick in his pants. Because his father took his mother for a single night when he knew he shouldn't have, somehow this was now his cross to bear.

Chapter 1724: Softhearted

Maybe this was why he hadn't noticed the odd atmosphere. It already wasn't much different to what he had been dealing with his whole life to begin with.

"I've treated you with more respect than you deserve, but to think I was raising a dog willing to bite its owner." Patriarch Raven sneered with disdain. "What did they promise you? A corner to piss in?"

Pjisel was so shell shocked that he couldn't speak a word. But the blood seeping through his recently dressed wounds told the entire story. His body was trembling endlessly.

"The only reason I haven't let you bleed to death is because I want you to personally witness your plans fail. You'll rot for the rest of your life in a dark cell.

"You don't know because you've never been qualified to know, but our Raven Clan could have taken the whole of our Alliance's territory for ourselves long ago! Those four pitiful Clans, even combined, are no match for us. Spend the rest of your time reflecting on your failure of an existence."

Pjisel suddenly chuckled. His rage boiled over to the point where he couldn't even feel anger any longer. He felt his body relax completely.

Entrusted? He had been entrusted with the southern cluster?

No. He had taken it. His strength and talent, his perseverance and work ethic, were all so great that he pushed through the lack of resources, the lack of care, the lack of love... In the end, he became one of the youngest Overlords of their Raven Clan, all under the hateful watch of his father.

Respect? When had he ever been respected?

His earliest memories were of his father feeding his fragile mother from a stainless-steel dog bowl. The sound of clanging metal hitting the damp, muddied floors of their 'room' still rocked him to sleep at night.

He locked them in a cage where he had to watch his mother die of malnutrition after giving up her share of food one too many times. He used his mother like a tool for relief, even allowing the only boy he truly as a son to do so as well... as though she was something worse than an animal. If it wasn't because he somehow gained a human form without ever having stepped into the celestial realm, he may have never left that cage in his lifetime...

But now his willpower had been boiled down to something he was handed. His years of hardship were summarized as benevolence. And after risking his life to bring news of enemies, he was being branded as a traitor.

As Pjisel was thrust into the depths of the Raven Clan's dungeon, he met his father's eyes one last time.

"Make sure you keep me in here."

His voice was as cold as ice, almost forcing his father's steps to freeze in the air.

"Don't be softhearted, don't allow me to leave these walls... Or else I'll rip you apart with my own hands."

**

Battles in the depths of space had a level of planning and forethought necessary that battles on land couldn't compare to. One might think that the atmosphere itself would lend to more disorganized and chaotic battles, but while that might be true, that didn't also lend to the idea that scheming and tactics didn't matter.

The reason was simple. In the depths of space, there was no energy to pull from.

Dyon knew from the very beginning that he was at a severe disadvantage. Though saints reached the minimum threshold necessary to survive without an atmosphere to sustain them, it was exactly that, a minimum threshold.

However, this disadvantage also gave Dyon an advantage: he knew that the moment his enemies realized he was using their own people against them, they would definitely choose to come out and meet him precisely because of this disadvantage.

The Raven Clan believed that they were getting out in front of the problem and stifling Dyon, when the reality was that they were doing exactly what Dyon wanted.

How could Dyon, after so many months of compiling information, not know the importance Pjisel held to the southern cluster? How then would he allow a mere celestial to escape under his nose?

Not only did Dyon know of Pjisel's existence, his depth of information went so far as detailing the strain between him and his father.

Dyon knew that if he allowed Pjisel to escape, he would go to warn those of Raven City. Obviously, when Pjisel did so, he would mention the kind of enemy they were dealing with. By doing so, the Raven Clan, who had already been primed after Dyon conquered their Supreme Universe to believe there was a traitor amongst them, fell head long into Dyon's trap.

Believing that they had an understanding of the enemy, the Raven Clan would know that the vast majority of Dyon's army were saints. And because they saw that Pjisel escaped, they would think that Dyon didn't have the ability to circumvent the protections on their teleportation formations, although he obviously did.

As a result, they would think that Dyon would have no choice but to cross their universe by foot and suffer the disadvantage of having several weak Saints under his wings, all the while, being completely in the dark about the fact Dyon wanted them to think this way.

They had not a single clue that they were walking into a battlefield Dyon had personally prepared. Their arrogance and overly confident self belief led them to giving up the greatest advantage they had: an at home playing field.

**

It wasn't long before had streaked across the universe. Though they could have teleported to the southern cluster through various other means, moving billions of warriors like this was far too expensive. It had to be said that Dyon was spoiled by having planet grade arrays powered by origin crystals.

They didn't believe they needed to rush. With a depth of 2 billion warriors strong, they took their time, not allowing their fighters to wear themselves thin.

Chapter 1725: Charge?

By the time they made it to the edge of the southern cluster, having cross through the center cluster, they found that Pjisel hadn't lied. There were endless seas of beasts they recognized all too well. All of these various races of middling earth grade beasts.

Patriarch Raven, though, couldn't help but frown. He had expected to see the shameless smirks of the other Clan Patriarchs, but no matter whether he swept forward with his eyes or his divine sense, he couldn't find any of them.

"Will you shameless bastards continue to hide?! Come out and fight like men!"

Patriarch Raven's voice boomed. Grand Elder Raven had seemingly disappeared, allowing his son to take charge. Maybe he felt that his action was necessary, or maybe he was adjusting his state, believing that he would soon have to fight the other four Grand Elders alone.

Though the void of space didn't allow sounds to travel under normal circumstances, cultivators were anything but normal. With the use of their qi, projecting their voices was an easy task.

When Patriarch Raven swept his gaze once more, his confusion only deepened. Not only did he not sense a single realm about the Pseudo-Dao Realm, the opposing army didn't seem relaxed at all, in fact, they seemed incredibly nervous and fidgety. Though there were some among them who held a dignified air, the vast majority were sorry excuses for warriors.

Suddenly, a shocking thought crossed the Patriarch's mind. Could it be that they were here against their will? If that was the case, it would be impossible to say that it was the other four Clans betrayed them, no?

A bad premonition overwhelmed the Patriarch. If this wasn't due to betrayal, how could this have happened? Just what occurred after Supreme Universe was taken?!

Because he believed with all his heart that he was betrayed, Patriarch Raven hadn't sent a message to the other four Clans for support. In addition, he didn't inform the Ragnors either, worried that they might take advantage of the situation to claim more universes for themselves. But could that inaction have been a mistake?

'No... No.' The hook-nosed Patriarch shook his head. 'Even if I was wrong about this conspiracy, the lineup here is too weak. We have 2 billion warriors to their 1.5 billion. We have over 500 million celestials to their mere 150 million. We have over 10 000 Pseudo Dao experts while they have ... 1? What kind of joke is this?'

The Patriarch found each passing thought more ridiculous than the last. He hadn't even gotten to the fact that they had 5 Dao Experts while the enemies had zero. He couldn't help but clutch his stomach in laughter.

"Charge! Put these sorry creatures out of their own misery!"

Suddenly, the singular Pseudo Dao experts spoke. His words were so ridiculous that the Patriarch almost fell into another bout of laughter.

"Sure, sure. You can charge. But only warriors below the pseudo dao realm. Don't blame me for what happens if you don't listen."

Dyon could very clearly see the pitiful appearances of his so-called warriors. Aside from the Demon Generals, it seemed as if everyone else was made of cowards. But, Dyon wouldn't think of them as such. It was normal for individuals to feel nervous during their first true wars. Plus, it was impossible to forge battle hardened warriors just because of two months of training.

However, this reality still worked in Dyon's favor. The more they underestimated him, the better.

Dyon's words became akin to an egg smashing into an ancient rock. Unlike his warriors, the elites of the Raven Clan were battle tested and strong. Their strength was something that couldn't be measured by simple number differences. Even if they had less of an army in comparison to Dyon, they would still be stronger.

With this being true, they weren't even fazed by Dyon's words, nor did they hesitate. They charged forward like a fog of blood, their confidence unmatched.

This was the first time they got to truly battle on their home turf. Knowing that their enemies would be suppressed to a mere fraction of their strength, it was no wonder they were so confident.

Like a torrential rain, they flooded into the ranks of Dyon's army and a bloody slaughter ensued.

Dyon stood above it all, not lifting a single finger. He watched as his men fell one after another. It was quite a pathetic sight. Despite being drilled repeatedly for two months, they seemingly forgot everything in the span of a single minute.

Squads fell apart, forgetting their best chance at survival was staying together as one. Their discipline within the sphere formation bordered on ridiculous, allowing pincer attacks to accumulate from the bottom, sides, and top. To make matters worse, they were timid in the face of their enemies. The vast majority of the Raven Clan's elites were Heaven Grade beasts, but the majority of Dyon's army were mere Earth Grade beasts, the suppression they faced was twofold – both from the universe and their enemies.

Seeing Dyon's inaction, the morale only seemed to plunge further and further.

Weren't you so high and mighty when you were fighting us during those two months? Why aren't you doing anything to help us now?

Many were completely enraged, but what could they do? Under Monet's ability, they were compelled to stand their ground. The beasts believed that this was because after controlling so many of them, Dyon was limited in refining that control. But the truth was Dyon didn't give them anymore commands through Monet because he didn't want to.

He wanted to see the true abilities of these beasts.

Whether they liked it or not, Dyon already saw these warriors as his own people. He didn't plan on having Monet control them forever. What kind of leader would he be if he did something so ridiculous? He simply wanted them to show him their potential.

But the reality could only make him sigh.

Chapter 1726: Beloved Son

To now, Dyon was flooded with talents all around him. His wives, his friends, his subordinates, each seemed more outstanding than the last. Maybe due to some good karma he had accumulated in a last life, he had always had people he could rely on around him.

This was the first time that this wasn't the case... And it greatly troubled him.

Could he face the other tower quadrants with such a pitiful lineup of subordinates? What of the Outer Powers? Even worse, what of the descent of the Ancient Battlefield and the countless conspiracies brewing around it?

No... Could he even face the Ragnors with these individuals as his foundation?

Dyon sighed. He was definitely right. Setting a distant 110-year timeline would be foolish. If he didn't fundamentally change the makeup of this quadrant, they would have no chance once the battlefield descended. Just like the previous timeline, they'd be wiped from the face of the Mortal Plane.

Suddenly, Dyon's head looked up from the battlefield, watching a single figure rush toward him.

It seemed the Pseudo Dao experts were laughing amongst themselves. But, an elder must have told them that they wanted to end the battle early, so they were forced to move.

While the rest of them moved to slaughter the 'easy pickings' that were Dyon's warriors, a single one rushed toward Dyon. They probably disdained to gang up on Dyon but somehow found slaughtering saints and celestials perfectly acceptable.

Dyon frowned. "Weren't my words clear enough? I said that no one above the Peak Celestial Realm can participate."

The pseudo-dao expert rushing toward Dyon sneered, his hooked nose wrinkling with disgust and disdain.

It was at that moment that Patriarch Raven suddenly realized something. That face... He recognized it. Wasn't that?!

"I said...!" Dyon's voice boomed, a shock wave of sound pushed outward so fiercely that the pseudo dao expert who disdained to answer suddenly felt his ears rupture.

In the next instant, his head began to vibrate uncontrollably. Everything was happening in a mere split second, but his thinking speed was so fast as a pseudo-dao expert that he felt every moment of his head splitting like a watermelon.

"... That no one above the Peak Celestial Realm will participate!"

A barrier of qi suddenly appeared before the near 10 000 charging pseudo dao experts, sending them flying backward in a rain of their own blood.

Patriarch Raven trembled in both shock and rage. This was the man who killed his beloved son!

The elders stood frozen in shock. Even the four strongest amongst them, the only dao experts of their Clan aside from their Grand Elder, were unable to comprehend what they had just witnessed.

Could they repel ten thousand pseudo dao experts so easily? The answer was a resounding no.

"He's the bastard who killed my Balor! How is that possible?!"

Patriarch Raven roared with rage. He couldn't be controlled, even though the Clan elders wanted to stop him, he charged forward.

"Tch." Dyon's lips curled with disdain. If it was so easy to make their leader come out in this way, what did he waste so much time preparing for? He knew that the Patriarch of the Raven Clan was a hardheaded fool who only knew how to act on his impulses and probably couldn't even spell logic, let alone use it. But did he have to make such a pitiful display?

Dyon's current battle combat strength was beyond imagining for this small Patriarch. Dyon believed that, even now, he could battle a 6th Stage Dao Expert without losing out. If others heard his thoughts, they might faint from shock.

A single stage in the dao realm was an inconceivable difference. The gap was more exaggerated than even the difference between a lower and middle celestial. For Dyon to be able to fight ahead by 6 stages, while being a pseudo dao expert, it was enough for one to curse the Heavens for being unfair.

One had to remember that the only reason Amphorae was able to defeat Glorianice was because Glorianice faced heavy suppression within Soul Universe.

But, Patriarch Raven probably felt that he was infallible. He was a mighty middle dao expert at such a youthful age, he was barely over 300 000 years old! Such cultivation speed was unheard of, only matched by his son who Dyon had killed!

Unfortunately for Patriarch Raven, when Dyon measured his own combat prowess as a Peak Middle Dao expert, he wasn't comparing himself to a middling second grade dao formation cultivator like Patriarch Raven, he was comparing himself to 9th Order geniuses!

Not only was Dyon of the 18th Order, his Presence was fused into every aspect of his being. In addition to this, the Raven Clan's universe was too weak, and as such, its suppression was perfectly negated by Dyon's inner world even without him projecting it outward. To add on top of this, Dyon now had his true energy cultivation talent, allowing him to perfectly fuse his qi and vital qi.

So... What would happen if a Second Grade Dao Formation beast charged toward Dyon in a fit of rage...?

Patriarch Raven suddenly felt as though he was gasping for air. He couldn't understand what was happening. He was in space, wasn't he? Why did he feel like he needed to breathe, like he wanted to breathe?

Wait, what was this? This pain around his neck... It must be the reason he felt this way. Maybe if he just pushed with his qi to move out of his odd space he'd feel fine again. He still had to kill that bastard who killed his son.

The battlefield fell into an eerie silence. Their mighty patriarch seemed completely oblivious to what was happening to him, but they could see it clearly... Dyon's hand was firmly wrapped around his throat!

In an instant, Dyon had executed [One Inch. One Mile]. His movement speed was so fast that Patriarch Raven hadn't realized what happened even after blood stopped circulating to his head, causing his vision to blur and swim.

"Continue."

Dyon glanced back toward the battle. His words, once ignored by those of the Raven Clan, suddenly became undeniable law.

Chapter 1727: Confidence

The scene was almost comical. Two sides were forced to fight a war that had clearly already been decided.

Dissatisfaction was inevitable. As those on Dyon's side died one after another, how could they not feel resentment? Their leader was actually making them fight a battle he could win on his own. It was then that the Demon Generals, who had remained silent until now, raised their weapons and beat them against their black as night armor.

"Fight!"

They roared, a raging demonic qi flooding the battlefield.

"The Sage has already done so much for you, yet you still ask for more?!"

"There'll come a day when the Sage can call the whole of the Mortal Plane his territory, do you want to raise your heads proudly and say that you helped him?! Or do you want to lead a pitiful life without purpose?!"

"Fight!"

Dyon casually held Patriarch Raven's neck, a calm smile on his face.

'I'd prefer you not awaken your Ancestors.'

The sudden message cause Grand Elder Raven, who had just been sneaking away from the battlefield, to freeze.

A shiver trembled up his spine. Though he was more powerful than his son, it was impossible for him to beat him as easily as Dyon did. He knew from the beginning that he was no match.

'If you do, you'll simply be wasting their chance at garnering Karma. I'd prefer to save them for a future date.'

The blood of the beasts felt agitated. In their hearts, they were warriors. But, it was simply too difficult to fight their innate instincts and battle those more powerful than them. It was for this reason that Humans were always chosen by the Heavens to defend against the Failed Clans... It was for this reason that the Eras were divided by Human rulers and not beasts...

They suddenly remembered those months they spent being peppered with insults by Dyon and his daughter. What had it all even meant?

To conquer the Mortal Plane? Their gazes turned toward Dyon. The months he spent ingraining his infallible power into their psyches suddenly clicked as they watched Patriarch Raven flail about like a fish out of water...

In that moment, billions of earth grade beasts and a singular Grand Elder looked toward Dyon as though he was an immovable mountain, but their reactions to such thoughts were far too different.

To the latter, he fell into a pit of despair. He didn't even dare to use his Faith, knowing well that the Pakal Clan's Faith far exceeded their own... It was a beautiful misunderstanding indeed.

To the former, it was as though they had suddenly gained an anchor for their confidence.

Dyon understood people well, a gift he was given by his mother... If he couldn't forge these pitiful subordinates into fearless warriors, why not allow them to lean on him? Why not allow them to be confident with his back protecting them?

Since they didn't have their own confidence, he would lend them his own. The Heavens knew well he had far too much of it.

...

The battle of Raven Universe took a slight shift, the morale of both sides seemingly flipping on its head. However, this oddly made everything the much more balanced test Dyon wanted.

With the morale of the Raven Clan army at an all time low, they took a step back in their fierce attacks, allowing Dyon's cobbled together army to begin to fight back. In the end, although it was still lopsided in the favor of the Golden Crowned Ravens, it gave some special talents a chance to shine.

Dyon always had a keen belief in his Demon Generals. Though he had left them far behind in strength, he would never stop seeing them as the backbone of his warriors. They just needed some more time to grow, and Dyon was prepared to give them that.

It was rather the others that Dyon's had questions about. A chance to gain experience like this in large scale warfare was rare, so Dyon didn't rush to end it, even allowing the battle to persist from several days.

Dyon needed to know who was worthy of being bestowed the legacy of his people.

Ethically speaking, maybe it was wrong to think of using Luna's abilities to pass on the talents of the mortals of Earth to those it didn't belong to. But, Dyon didn't have the luxury of placing morality first among his priorities.

Those individuals had long since been dead. In addition, the new births born to Dyon's people were innately birthed with this talent, they didn't need to be given another set. If Dyon allowed billions of those energy kernel talents to sit and stew while knowing full well he could make use of them, he would be betraying his own goals.

He had already decided that his Demon Generals were first in line. Though he had only given the Vice Commander Martial Saint pills, that was because of the scarcity. But, on top of the fact it could be argued that the talent of Dyon's people was more valuable, he actually had billions of them to use!

This talent would become reward for service. Even though he was in great need of talents, Dyon had no intention of wantonly spreading the legacy of the mortals among any and everyone. As such, he kept a keen eye on those around him.

The Mino Clan. King Mino, now known as Patriarch Mino, fought valiantly. From beginning to end, regardless of whether it seemed like they would lose or not, he charged forward. Not just him, but the Minos in general were good seedlings. Dyon hadn't expected much from them, but there was likely a reason the Minos birthed King Mino.

Though he hadn't appeared due to the involvement of the Shruti Clan, if one thought back, King Mino was actually the objective strongest expert of Celestial Universe during the World Tournament. That was likely due to the support of the Shruti, but it was the truth nonetheless.

Chapter 1728: Seedlings

With seeing his daughter's mother in mind, King Mino fought hard for Dyon, believing Dyon to be his key to bringing his family back together again.

The Belmont Clan. King Belmont, now known as Patriarch Belmont, was quite a talent himself. After all, being picked by Madeleine's biological mother as a disciple, he had to have some good qualities about himself. This was especially true with the origins of Madeleine's parents becoming more and more mysterious the more Dyon learned about the martial world.

Maybe because he was using the betrayal of his son as fuel, or maybe it was the years of being corrupted by curse magic, or maybe even a combination of both was pushing him forward, but he too fought hard.

These two Clans were without a doubt the most outstanding of the original Celestial Universe if Zabia's and Amphorae's Clans were ignored for a moment. They clearly rose above the rest, not only due to their leaders, but also their heirs.

Stella and Aoife. Even to this day, the two girls competed. They didn't seem to understand the danger of the situation at all, constantly struggling to strive for more kills than the other.

The Jafari Clan. Dyon's dao experts didn't participate in this battle. He was saving them for the war against the Ragnors and Pakals. But, that didn't mean that the Jafari Clan was suddenly devoid of talents.

Sarid, his own God Son, swung two massive double headed axes, reaping dozens of lives with every blow. His stature had grown to match that of his father though he still lacked the power. Despite his usually shy and honest disposition, on the battlefield, he was no different from an Asura, a Battle God the likes of which could hardly be matched.

Dyon smiled as he watched Stella and Aoife constantly send glances toward his valiant figure. To those who didn't pay attention, it seemed that Stella and Aoife drove each other, when the truth was really that it was Sarid who drove them both. Neither wanted to fall behind him.

The Pakal Clan. There was obviously no need to speak of Amphorae, but it couldn't be forgotten that the Pakals had another outstanding talent: Caedlum, wielder of the Asura Faith Seed. If Sarid seemed to be an Asura, Caedlum truly was one.

His red skin made it difficult to distinguish his own flesh from the blood of his enemies, thoughts of revenge against the Pakal Clan fueling him with each passing moment.

...

Dyon noticed some other good seedlings among his home universe's people. But, he could only sigh when he found his own people struggling.

Dyon should have noticed the outstanding talent of his people long ago, but he hadn't precisely because his hope in Allura, Sibyl, and Kedar, the first three babies born after the shattering of the seal, had never been realized.

The three came to the martial world, full of confidence and hope, but the reality of this cruel rule shook them all deeply.

Dyon didn't blame them. In fact, he blamed himself. He had uprooted them from their world, but then he disappeared to go and deal with his own problems. Was that the disposition a leader should have?

Their matter reminded him eerily of his failure to help Mia and Bella. Though the twins were alive now, they had no memories of the past and even acted differently in comparison to their former selves. It was nothing but a moral victory that their bodies still existed in this plane, the reality was that the Mia and Bella Dyon once knew had long since died.

The three of them were geniuses, but they never reached their full potential. To a cultivator, one's mentality was just as important as their talent. If not, why would dao hearts exist? Why would comprehension be such an important part of progressing?

Dyon left them to their own devices, believing they would find their own way just like he found his. But, in doing so, he had failed them.

Dyon could only watch as they cowered along the back line of the army. They should have died long ago under these circumstances, but they were being heavily protected by Thadius who paid special attention to them. Knowing that they were his people, Thadius likely felt he couldn't allow them to die like this.

Dyon sighed once more and turned his attention away. He didn't have an immediate solution for the problem they faced... He could only try to slowly change things in the future. Maybe he could try to pick a disciple amongst them...

The people of Celestial Universe weren't the only talents Dyon had under his wing, there were also the people of Soul Universe.

Unseen Peak, Slaughter Peak, Holy Peak, Gliding Peak, and Blooming Peak had all fostered some good seedlings. They weren't quite good enough to join Soul Rending Peak, but they were definitely a step above the normal talents of the Five Beast Clan Alliance.

However, the talents of Soul Rending Peak were outstanding. The contrast between their performance and that of the mortals made Dyon nod with satisfaction. At least not everything was going poorly.

Ryu, Giralda's son and a young man who was a mute, was a particularly gratifying talent. His control of natural breath reached a depth even his mother couldn't match. It was as though his silence allowed him to be more perfectly in tune with his surroundings.

Others couldn't notice it, but Dyon realized that Ryu was actually communicating with the universe's Gama energy with his every movement, using it to fuel his strength.

Normally Crystal Dragons would have to breathe their Natural Breath to use this ability, but Ryu's understanding seemed far deeper.

Though he remained in his base human form, his strength was undeniable as he swung the solid black rod in his hand.

The other two S rank talents aside from Ryu weren't yet mature enough to take the battlefield, but Dyon had hopes for them as well.

Chapter 1729: Useful Lie

Virvor, who had recovered long ago, once more wielded his saber with a fiery passion. His experience with the Sapientia had made him swear to himself that he would never be in a position again.

His fighting style was odd. Dyon wondered how he managed to appear like a saintly monk despite reaping several lives in succession.

The Caedes Clan. They once ruled over Soul Universe alongside the Jafari Clan until they allied with the 99 universes and The Cathedral to chase them out. But now, they had their own talents bolstering their position, namely Donari, wielder of Assassin's Symphony.

As one of the few constitutions that could be upgraded, Donari was in a special position on this battlefield. Absorbing the air of killing intent made him feel right at home. If Dyon continued to war, it likely wouldn't be long before Donari reached the Heaven Grade of his constitution and led his family onward to glory. It seemed Dyon's decision to take key wielding responsibilities from him had lit a flame beneath him.

Dyon also faintly remembered that Donari's mother was a commoner his father took a liking to. She seemingly had the ability to birth great talents. But, because she didn't truly love Donari's father, she didn't birth any children for him after Donari.

After some investigation during Soul Universe's census and the distribution of the Soul Tags, Dyon found out both mother and son had constitutions with multiple iterations across the Earth, Heaven and God grade boundaries. It turned out Eilei Caedes had the Fruit of Life constitution.

The good news was that this constitution wasn't only useful for birthing talents and had many other applications. This gave the Caedes Clan two talents Dyon found to be worth nurturing though Eilei wasn't on the battlefield currently.

Finally, there were the Devil Path Geniuses. Dyon had no need to watch over them. After planting the Devil Vein within Chaos Universe, Lilith had shown great leaps in strength. From the lower celestial realm, she reached the higher celestial realm in just 2 years. Such speed was astounding.

Still, until he took control of the Devil Path cultivators for himself, Dyon had no intention of passing on the talent of Mortals to them.

Like this the battle came to a close and Dyon pointed his spear toward the four remaining core universes. Without suspense, they all fell...

...

A group of stunned individuals sat in a familiar grand room. The large oval shape, the somber maroon and dark brown colors, the several thrones that sat at its head... This place was none other than Soul Palace's Mortal Meeting room.

As for the stunned individuals, they were the various members of the upper echelon of the Five Beast Clan Alliance. They honestly couldn't believe the reality of these matters, in just 3 and a half months, a foundation they had built for thousands of years crumbled to dust.

They could only look toward the young man paying more attention to the 1 year old little girl in his arms than them.

"Daddy, I want ice cream today.... Can you read me Snow White again..."

When the young man seemed to hang on the little girl's every word, they couldn't help but cringe with disdain. Is this how a man should be acting? Children should be under the care of women, who had ever heard of a man, a man so powerful no less, taking care of his child so early on? To make matters worse, it was a little girl. At least if it was a boy you could justify it as rearing an heir.

These men were quite lucky they kept these thoughts to themselves and didn't dare to say it aloud. Or, rather, they should thank Lyla for not divulging their inner thoughts despite the fact she stood to Dyon's side currently.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Dyon placed Little Alauna on his lap and turned to face the newcomers.

The once rowdy little girl who was happily being spoiled by her father suddenly became a silent and elegant little princess. She sat in her father's embrace with a calm expression beyond her years, her little purple dress complimenting her aura along with satisfying her love for her favorite color. Ever since she found out blue and red could be combined, she was enamoured by their result.

Dyon scanned the room, his eyes suddenly landing on Silver Fang. He smiled, greeting this old friend of his.

Well, maybe calling Silver Fang an old friend was exaggerating a bit. It was more accurate to say that the two had met and had a good impression of one another. Back then, it was Dyon who helped Silver Fang witness the true essence of the Human Path. Currently, he was a genius surpassing even Balor, who Dyon had killed.

Silver Fang smiled bitterly toward Dyon's greeting, bowing his head slightly in respect.

He had always thought Dyon was very powerful, but he didn't know that it was to this extent. Though, he would probably be shocked if he knew that when he first met Dyon, it was actually him and not Dyon who was the more powerful of the two.

"This isn't a formal meeting, so you should relax." Dyon said casually.

Currently, he was meeting the upper echelon of the beast alliance clans alone with only Lyla by his side. Without the other Clan Leaders here, it couldn't be counted as an official Mortal Meeting. Dyon just wanted to show them a bit of his Mortal Alliance's grandeur. They had definitely never seen such a magnificent piece of architecture.

"As you all might have guessed by now, I am not a member of the Pakal Clan. This was just a useful lie I told you all in order to push this quadrant of ours to war."

A silence fell.

Chapter 1730: Regret

Though they had already guessed them much, the various elders and geniuses of their Five Core Clans couldn't help but feel uncomfortable in their hearts. If this was just a single plot... How many more plots did this young man have?

"From this day forth, you all will be a part of my Mortal Alliance. However, for now, this title will only be in name. The reason I've called this meeting is to inform you all what the others already know. The conquering of your territories was just the beginning, within two to three years, I plan on taking down the Ragnor's, the Pakal's and Uidah's."

A sharp breath seemed to be collectively taken in. Though they found such a prospect ridiculous, were they really in a place where they could refute? Their territory, which had stood for tens of thousands of years, crumbled in just three months. Though they were the weakest of the four... Wasn't this much proof enough of the possibility?

"Speak your concerns now. Until you are properly ingratiated into our Alliance, it's impossible for you to receive the same benefits as those others under my charge. But, I'm willing to listen to your opinions now as we prepare for the next battle."

Dyon fell into silence, waiting patiently as they gathered up their courage. One of the biggest problems with suddenly gaining new subordinates was that they didn't understand his disposition as a leader. So they would always feel as though they were walking on eggshells.

By now, it was too late for them to even think of retaliating. By the time they realized Dyon wasn't actually a Pakal and didn't have access to their massive stores of Faith, he had already conquered their universes, stripping them of their only means to fight back.

It was then that everyone's gaze fell on the bitterly smiling Silver Fang. It seemed they wanted to rely on his relationship with Dyon to negotiate softer terms for themselves.

Silver Fang suddenly understood why Dyon had smiled at him. To think he was being used to sooth tensions. What a funny circumstance.

Taking a deep breath, he began to speak.

"Esteemed leader, though you are indeed powerful, we're also aware that you've used... some profound technique to take control of many of our underlings. Do you plan to continue this? How can we, as your new subjects, trust you like this?"

The elders suddenly regretted letting Silver Fang speak.

The elders of the Five Beast Clans suddenly tensed up, several nervous glances landing upon Dyon.

It had to be said that Patriarch Raven wasn't the only one who suffered at the hands of Dyon. Though the other Patriarchs were more cautious and joined the battle at later and more strategic timings, their endings were fairly similar.

They were very aware of the fact Dyon only didn't kill them because he had use for them as subordinates. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Considering his power, Dyon could eradicate them all single handedly.

Surprisingly, though, Dyon didn't seem to lose his temper. Or, maybe, he didn't particularly see a reason to. Was there a need for a god to become enraged at the ramblings of an ant? But his words truly surprised them... He seemed to be... Justifying himself?

"Your concerns are valid, so I will share my thoughts." Dyon nodded toward Silver Fang. "The control I've exhibited over your fellow beasts can simply be seen as an act of war. I will not apologize for the means I've used to subdue them, nor will I feel guilty about.

"As for moving forward from now, you should be aware that I have no plans on continuing to do such things. The only exceptions to this rule will be those who don't intend to listen. As for those wild characters, I cannot afford to have them act as they please, so they will be sealed under my abilities.

"As of now, the only person who falls under this category is Patriarch Raven. The rest of you will remain under the control of your own freewill, but will have to sign soul contracts that bind you as members of my Mortal Alliance.

"Once the war has concluded, your illegitimate status will be lifted and you will be properly assimilated into what will then be our Mortal Empire. The soul contract we will sign will have this stipulation attached to it as well, so you don't need to worry about my reneging on my word."

Though Dyon's explanation was concise and even understandable, it was no surprise that those of the Raven Clan had ugly expressions on their faces.

The impulsive Patriarch Raven couldn't control his temper. Dyon had long since placed a seal within his mind, so he was unable to attack, but that didn't stop him from lashing out with his words.

"DO YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE SOME SORT OF GOD?!" Patriarch Raven raged, his temper flaring.

"'Wild Characters'? Do you get to pick and choose who you want to control as you please?! It's obvious you want to control me as a deterrent to these weaklings! Don't think you're fooling anyone!"

Dyon didn't even need to respond. Even before the remaining four Clans could express their dissatisfaction for Patriarch Raven's words, Lyla had already acted.

"Neale Raven. 303 409 years old. Has had one wife and one son in his life, followed by an illegitimate son. At least... This is the story the Raven Clan peddles.

"The truth is that Neale Raven has had hundreds of illegitimate sons and daughters. In order to escape the scrutiny of his Clan and their strict Laws, he's always had both them and their mothers killed.

"As for who these poor women were? Silver Deema. Silver Ginny. Ann Earth. Kaesa Earth. Taborda Crystal. Arola Crystal. Jexy Viper. Alis Viper.

"These are just eight of the most notable women that have disappeared in the last 100 years. Each and every one of their fates was more disastrous than the last. And all of them died after being forced underneath this sorry excuse of a Patriarch.

"Do you still feel the need to question my big brother?"

Lyla sent a sharp gaze toward Silver Fang, but the latter was already ashen faced.