

The Nameless 1731

Chapter 1731: Untamed

Silver Deema. Silver Ginny. Both of them were his beloved older sisters of the previous generation. He had thought the both of them died tragic deaths within Chaos Universe, but to think they hadn't died warriors' deaths but instead had been forced into this scumbag's bed.

Silver Fang's rage caused his blood to boil, a bestial growl escaped his lips that sounded as though it came from his true enlarged form, rather than his far smaller human form.

It wasn't just him. Members of the Earth, Crystal and Viper Clans all looked toward Patriarch Raven with an unbridled, seething rage in their eyes.

"Y-y-you! How dare you slander me!"

A pressure descended from the skies. The Presence was so fierce that Patriarch Raven fell from his seated position, his face crashing into the marbled ground below.

Oddly enough, the blow wasn't fierce enough to crack the ground despite being strong enough to treat a dao expert like a ragdoll. Dyon's control over his energy had reached untold heights.

"Neale Raven will be nothing more than a dog. Once the war is over, he and everyone else responsible for unforgivable crimes will be sentenced to death."

Hearing Dyon's words, and seeing Neale's cheek pressed flush against the ground, though the various upper echelon members couldn't say they felt good, they at least felt much better.

A mournful howl left Silver Fang's lips. Maybe under the moonlight, such a sound would be beautiful, but Dyon could only see the sorrow in his face.

Little Alauna silently gripped her father's large hand, only then did she feel secure. Her thoughts were simplistic as she was still a child, but she knew she never wanted to see her father act in this way.

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"Did you have fun?" Luna smiled, scooping the small bundle of joy that was Alauna into her frail arms. The little girl really was spoiled too much, wherever she went, she was showered with love.

Alauna wanted to reply with her usual enthusiastic yes, but for the first time, she looked back at her father with sad eyes. She wanted to say no, but she thought she would hurt Dyon's feelings if she did. She didn't want her father to think that she didn't like spending time with him.

Dyon smiled, rubbing her little head. "It's okay, you can say no. Remember, honesty is important for a princess."

Little Alauna relaxed under her father's assurance.

"Today was sad, mamma. A lot of big boys cried today, but it wasn't a happy crying like daddy either." Alauna large hazel-green eyes slightly watered, causing Dyon's heart to tighten.

But he shook his head, he knew he couldn't continue to be too soft. He saw Alauna as his heir. With how the martial world functioned, it was very possible he would never have another child in his lifetime. He didn't want to treat her with kid gloves just because she was his daughter or just because she was a girl.

He had meant what he said. If he told his little girl in one breath that women could be strong too, then treated her differently because she was one, wouldn't he be slapping himself in the face?

Dyon also didn't want to raise a child who only knew how to rely on him. He would spoil Alauna with everything he had, but he also understood the value of being a bit hard hearted at times. Alauna was only just about to reach her second birthday, so Dyon wouldn't go too far in this regard, but he trusted his little girl to grow up strong.

Luna understood Dyon's intentions so only silently listened to Alauna's feelings. The little girl had a gift for storytelling, even making a question for painting colors seem lively. So, when she was talking about something that affected her deeply, though her vocabulary was simple, it had a way of making people feel how she felt.

"What do you think, Little Precious? How should big bad guys be dealt with?" Luna asked.

Alauna fell into silence, she didn't know how to answer. She could only pout.

"Why can't everybody just be good?" She said in a weak voice.

Dyon sighed inwardly.

"Come, that's enough for today. You wanted ice cream, right? Dad will take you little ones to go get ice cream."

The seemingly depressed Alauna suddenly livened up, excitedly squirming in her mother's arms.

"I want cherry ice cream!"

Dyon smiled though he felt uncomfortable inwardly. It seemed being a parent was even more difficult than he thought.

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Though Dyon always set aside time everyday for Alauna, his clones were constantly working. In addition, after leaving Alauna to Luna, Delia, or any one of his wives depending on the day, his main body would set off to work as well.

When facing the Ragnors and the Pakals, and eventually the Uidah, Dyon didn't want to use the same tricks. At least for now, he kept it in his back pocket that he was able to attack the Ragnors and Pakals even when the Gates were closed.

As of now, Dyon controlled 22 universes. Chaos Universe, Celestial Universe, Soul Universe, Universe One through Eighteen, and finally, King Universe.

Among these universes, he had conquered the spirit of 19 of them, leaving only Chaos Universe, Celestial Universe and Soul Universe untamed.

Chaos and Soul Universe had Universe Spirits Dyon felt might still be too powerful for him to handle, while Celestial Universe had its Universe Spirit taken over by the slumbering Entity.

If Dyon had tamed all 22 universes, he likely would have made a quick push to conquer 3 more to officially step into the ranks of Emperor God Clan. If he could do this, his chance of success against the Pakals, and especially the Ragnors, would skyrocket. Unfortunately, he was 6 universes away, not just 3.

One had to understand that though major divisions in Faith depending on how close to the Main Line you were existed, there were also the divides between tiers of Clans and Sects. The Faith wielded by a Peak King God Clan like the Uidah was vastly inferior to Faith wielded by even the lowest Emperor God Clan.

Chapter 1732: Never

Of course, there were also differences in quality even among Clans that controlled the same number of universes. For example, both the Golden Crow Sect and the Flaming Lily Sect controlled exactly 25 universes, but the former was much more powerful than the latter.

This was all to say that Dyon didn't feel relaxed now that he had conquered the weakest of forces within his home quadrant. There was too much work to do.

First, he had to stabilize the commoners of Universe One through Eighteen. Someone of his stature would usually ignore these people because they were seemingly of no use, but Dyon understood that if he had the hearts of the commoners, it would be far more difficult for the Five Beast Clans to betray him.

He had 5 months remaining until the Gates opened, so he set off to complete a few major tasks.

He wanted to vastly improve their quality of life, ensuring that they had proper food and water. He wanted to provide them opportunities, and that was linked to opening academies across the eighteen

universes as well as businesses for the Sects. And, he had to protect them, not allowing them to be bullied by a perceived lawlessness.

5 months wasn't nearly enough to do this perfectly, but it was enough to show the commoners that being ruled by him was far better than what they had experienced previously, and that was just what Dyon wanted.

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Dyon first split the army.

After conquering the remaining four core universe and renaming them Eighteen, Seventeen, Sixteen, and Fifteen, he gained an additional 8 billion warriors.

Though the four core universes had the same 2 billion total of warriors the Raven Clan had, their overall quality was far inferior.

In comparison to the Raven Clan's 5 dao experts, each remaining Clan only had 2. In comparison to the Raven Clan's 10 000 Pseudo Dao Experts, the remaining Clans only had 2000 each. And, in comparison to the Raven Clan's 500 million celestials, each remaining Clan only had about 100 million.

This left Dyon with elites that totaled in 900 million celestials, 18 thousand Pseudo Dao experts, and 13 Dao Experts. Of course, this was in addition to about 9 billion Saints.

When coupled with the 1.5 billion strong army Dyon entered the original Raven Universe with – 150 million of which were celestials – it was a great improvement from his previous middling 30 million strong army.

However... Dyon didn't hesitate to do away with the vast majority of them.

First, he directly expelled any saints below the pseudo celestial realm out of the army.

Giving them the title of Guardians, they were the first among the new population to receive Soul Tags. As Guardians, their duty was the wellbeing of the people, and they were used by Dyon to ensure that the Laws of the Mortal Alliance were followed.

Considering Saints, especially the Saints of the elite five beast clans, held special statuses. Dyon knew many would feel dissatisfied in being used as glorified bodyguards. So, he took two steps in mitigating this displeasure.

The first step was holding a Selection. Using their own abilities as a gauge for who could and could not make the main army diffused much of this displeasure immediately.

The second step was the previously mentioned Soul Tag. The Soul Tag's original purpose was both to act as a Census of the people and to monitor merits and demerits.

Dyon informed them of the demerit system in order to deter their thoughts of subterfuge. But, he then lay the merit system down as a carrot. After learning it was possible to earn prestige through even their jobs, much of the dissatisfaction diffused with the wind.

Second, although Dyon dispelled the Saints from the army, he didn't ignore their improvement. He set in place training regimens that included regular visits to Chaos Universe and mock campaigns to be held when Gates opened.

He split the Guardians into teams by regions designated by the planets they guarded and added a ranking system that was contingent upon commoner satisfaction and their performance in these mock battles. He hoped that over time, new talents would begin to bloom all while commoners led safer lives.

Third, Dyon began to train the main army once more. Unlike Guardians, their training would be held on a real battlefield against true opponents that would only seek to eradicate them.

Now, Dyon had a total of just over 1 billion celestials, 18 thousand Pseudo Dao Experts, and 13 Dao experts at his disposal. Of course, this Dao expert count didn't include the Title Spirits or Glorianice and Amphorae. Nor did it include the former Weapon's Guild Head of Sapientia City.

Dyon began to drill them in the same way he had drilled the earth grade beasts just a few days back. However, they responded to his training far better. Maybe it was because many of the beasts here followed the human path, but they were much less cowardly in comparison to the lesser beasts.

Dyon nodded with satisfaction. The elites of the Five Beast Clans didn't disappoint him.

Still, what shocked these Clans was that it wasn't just them who had to train, but they also had to witness their Clan Heads and Grand Elders training under Dyon as well. The experience was far too surreal.

The months began to tick by one after another, and soon the fifth month was upon them.

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"How are you feeling?"

Dyon wrapped his arms around Madeleine's waist. They were currently only Planet Fourteen-One, the former Planet Raven. Many had gathered here because the Gates would open in just a few more days. This time, Dyon's wives would participate in the war as well... For now, there would be no more large schemes, it would be a battle of who had the largest fist.

The night sky was quite beautiful. Planet Fourteen-One had 9 moons, and each seemed to reflect different colors. To the left, there was a beautiful red moon that reminded Dyon of Mars, but to the right, there were a few silver-blue moons that reminded him of Ri's soft hair. It was truly a gorgeous sight.

Dyon and Madeleine stood on the planet's tallest mountain. It seemed to have great cultural significance to the Raven Clan, and considering the sight you could behold on its peak, it was worthy of such praise.

Madeleine had only come here on a whim, but considering Dyon's divine sense range, was it really difficult for him to find a person on a single planet?

Madeleine's hands lightly gripped Dyon's forearms, a light smile playing her face as she leaned back into his chest.

"It's hard to believe." Madeleine said, instead of answering Dyon's question. "Just 30 years ago, we lived on a small planet that had to put forth its whole effort just to hold back a small portion of the Uidah's strength. Our fates were played with by the Ragnors as though our lives weren't worth much of anything. But now... We actually control so many universes."

Her light giggle filled Dyon's heart with warmth.

"Who would have thought the little boy who serenaded a sick little girl like me would ever hold the world in the palm of his hands like this?"

Ragnors? Pakals? The Uidah? Even if the enemy was the Nephilim Alliance, Madeleine couldn't ever see Dyon losing.

Chapter 1733: Tears

Dyon smiled lightly, looking up at the nine shining moons while holding Madeleine in his arms.

He remembered the first time he met Madeleine. Back then, she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her black hair was done up in an elegant bun, she wore crystal framed glasses, and her eyes shone with a delicate golden light.

However, she had also been incredibly sick. What should have been a rosy complexion was marred by a pale white death, as though the grim reaper was holding its scythe to her neck.

Dyon remembered being enamored immediately. It wasn't just because of Madeleine's beauty, but it was rather the strength of her heart. Even with death looming over her young life, she still managed to smile, playing the role of big sister for Delia and Meiying.

It could be said that Dyon's and Madeleine's relationship was fast-tracked. Considering Dyon's personality, the moment he decided he liked someone, he would never let them suffer any grievances. This led to him foolishly risking his life for a girl he had only known for a few weeks.

But, could that really be said to be his fault? Was it really on him that Madeleine's so-called elder brother tried to take his life without proper cause or reason?

If Dyon had to point to something that truly ushered him into the martial world, it was that moment... It was that moment where he realized that human lives weren't worth much in this world at all.

"Tell me the truth Madeleine, do you want me to drag your parents back to your side?"

The question was so sudden that Madeleine froze. In all these years, not once had Dyon ever directly spoken to Madeleine about Nora and Amell. After his outburst in Belmont Palace, he hardly thought about them at all.

But Dyon felt that maybe this topic had been avoided for too long. This wife of his remained silent on so many things. Quietly enduring, she was like an invisible pillar that acted as the emotional backbone of the Sacharro Clan. Maybe she had never stopped being a big sister at all.

Part of Dyon realized that maybe his choice to push Amell and Nora away wasn't entirely sincere. He thought he was just acting on Madeleine's wishes, but was he really?

After reaching a calm state of mind, there were many things Dyon realized. Among these things were that he simply owed his wives too much.

"You don't have to answer immediately." Dyon said softly. "I just don't want to be the reason you never reconnect with your family. I know that my Madeleine is a forgiving person, almost too forgiving. And ... every relationship you've ever completely severed seems to be because of me.

"You abandoned your foster family because of me. You abandoned the Sapientia because of me. You severed ties with your former master because of me. And now you're even refusing to acknowledge your own parents because of me.

"I don't want to be the reason anymore. I want you to do what you want to do."

Dyon realized just how true this was barely a few months ago.

Madeleine was a kindhearted soul. She was innately an understanding individual, almost to a fault. So, how could this same Madeleine cut off ties with so many? It was Dyon's disposition to cut off those who crossed his bottom line, not Madeleine's...

It was because her foster family tried to kill him that Madeleine cut ties with them. It was because the Sapientia Clan tried to scheme for her wedding with Prince Belmont, taking her away from him, that she cut ties with them. It was because her former master tried to kill him and Ri that she cut ties with her. And... It was because Dyon hated parents who abandoned their children that Madeleine ignore them.

Dyon no longer felt it was appropriate for him to make that choice for Madeleine. Until now, he had done it too many times. Madeleine deserved to make her own decisions... He didn't want her to lose herself because of him, he had already experienced that once with Ri.

He loved Madeleine for who she was, not because she followed his thoughts to perfection.

Dyon suddenly felt droplets of water on his forearms. He didn't need to look to know they came from Madeleine as her grip tightened on his forearms.

"Dyon..." Madeleine whispered. "I... I want a family..."

Dyon felt his heart tremble. Whatever calm disposition he had gained seemed completely useless. It was only now he understood just how much longing was hidden away in Madeleine's heart.

He only knew the bad of Madeleine's foster family, but wasn't it true that they had done everything just to protect her?

He only knew the bad of Madeleine's master, but wasn't it true that they had done everything just to protect her?

He only knew that bad of Madeleine's parents... But wasn't it true that they had done everything just to protect her?

Madeleine had grown up with her foster family. She had a father, a mother, two brothers, and a stepmother. Later, she gained two little sisters. Even after the Sapientia Clan abandoned her when her talent seemingly dried up, they never left her side... Even her master left her lofty post to silently work as a maid by her side, all to protect her.

Maybe it was only now Dyon truly realized just how much having Madeleine by his side had stripped from her.

Dyon turned Madeleine around to face him. He could faintly see the tears in her eyes, streaming down her cheeks.

He cupped her face, wiping them away with his thumbs.

"Whatever my Empress commands, this serenading little boy shall do."

A light giggle escaped Madeleine's lips as warm tears continued to spill from her eyes. Her arms wrapped around Dyon's broad back, finding comfort in his chest.

"Can we build proper Sacharro Clan lands? I feel like we're too distant living in Soul Palace."

Dyon nodded, continually rubbing Madeleine's back as he listened to her asks.

Chapter 1734: Started

She was right. They were rarely together in Soul Palace. They technically all had a room they shared, but they rarely used it. Often times, Amphorae would be with the Pakals and Ri would be with the Elves. At the same time, Clara would be with the mortals, leaving an empty void in the Palace.

Plus, was a Palace any place a little girl should grow up? It was too strict and conforming, the Sacharro's needed a better, more warm land.

"We need to be a bit more forgiving to branches of the Sapientia Clan. Many of them don't have any real connection to the main Clan, especially in Celestial Quadrant which lost connection to the rest of the tower quadrants. You can't continue to send them all away."

Dyon had sent the Sapientia away, not allowing them to enter Soul Universe with the rest. In fact, there were branch Sapientia Clans within the Five Clan Beast Alliance as well, it was just that Dyon didn't have time to properly deal with them just yet.

That said...

"Oh that...?" Dyon smiled a knowing smile.

Madeleine pushed off Dyon's chest to give him a skeptical look.

Dyon's grin widened. "Let's just say the Sapientia and Chenglei's Daiyu Clan will be pretty useful soon enough."

"Didn't you send them all away?" Madeleine blinked in confusion.

"Well, Chenglei technically left on his own, taking the other Black Jade Dragons with him. And, though I did send the Sapientia away, it isn't as though they will be useless to us..."

Madeleine pouted. "So mysterious."

Dyon sighed. "I gave this mission to your former master. If I'm being honest with myself, I took advantage of her. I promised her that if she performed well, I would allow her to live with Ri's uncle in peace and not ostracize her any longer."

Madeleine blinked in surprised. She really didn't know Dyon had planned so far ahead.

Dyon only hadn't told Madeleine about this because he likely felt subconsciously that she was still hopeful toward her Clan and her people. It was just that he selfishly ignored those thoughts. In addition, with plans like this, the less people who knew, the better... Or rather, that was what he told himself to push down the guilt.

"But... Can she really help you that much? My former master is just a saint. And, I'm not even certain that she was of the first grade."

Much like the others of Celestial Universe, Madeleine's former master was obviously talented. But the energy density was so scarce that it was impossible to expect much.

"In truth, even if she was far more powerful, my ask of her would be incredibly difficult anyway because of Connery Sapiaentia..."

"Connery..." It was a name Madeleine hadn't heard in a long time. He was the leader of the Sapiaentia in Celestial Universe. According to what she knew, he was of common birth and worked his way up the ranks of the Sapiaentia to eventually rule them all.

"When we came back to Celestial Universe and began to migrate everyone, the one person we never found was Connery. A person can't simply disappear like this, especially if the search range is an entire universe. I know there has to be something amiss. In all likelihood, the Sapiaentia are paying more attention to this quadrant than we think.

"Jade's information is useless in this regard because nothing survived here after the Ancient Battlefield descended, this quadrant is too weak. Because of that, whatever plans the Sapiaentia had set up here were likely abandoned in the end. But, just because they did so back then, doesn't mean they'll do it again."

Madeleine's eyes sparkled. Sometimes she forgot just how amazing her husband was.

It had to be remembered that back when Dyon laid out this plan, he hadn't been certain that the Sapiaentia were an enemy because he had yet to learn about Jade. This meant that he would have been prepared even without Jade's help. Such forethought bordered on impossible...

"Dyon..."

"Hm?" Dyon, who had fallen into his own thoughts suddenly snapped awake. Seeing the fiery look in Madeleine's eye, he felt a fire light up inside him.

"Let's get started on the family you promised me." Her voice was like delicate droplets of rain, a faint flush overtaking her soft cheeks.

Dyon didn't need to hear anything more. That night, the snowy caps of the Raven Clans tallest mountain completely melted.

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The atmosphere was slightly awkward. Several dozen mortals stood before Dyon, their heads hanging low. They didn't need to be geniuses to know that Dyon was disappointed in them.

Though they had some resentment because Dyon brought them to this world then all but abandoned them, they couldn't bring themselves to shamelessly say this.

Had he ever let them starve? No. Had they ever wanted for anything? No. Had they been treated with love and respect? Yes.

But, any resentment they might have had vanished into the air when Dyon spoke.

"I've failed you all."

They all stood in the plain grey landscape beneath Soul Palace. The large space had remained relatively unused. In fact, Dyon planned on turning this location into the Sacharro Clan's land as Madeleine asked. With some effort, bringing beautiful soil, plants and trees here wouldn't be difficult. Also, it wasn't impossible for Dyon to add a reflection of the sky to cover the bland grey walls as well.

But for now, this wasn't what was on his mind. He needed a solution for the mental hurdles facing his people.

Chapter 1735: Hope

The issue was that this was a matter of culture. How many from the mortal world could pick up everything and live life in a world filled with slaughter? Maybe only a very few rare minority could.

Although these kids were born in harsh conditions, relatively speaking, the reality still stood that the weak Legacy Worlds they had lived in couldn't compare to the real martial world. This truth was depressing for them.

Allura, Sibyl and Kedar hung their heads lowly. They came with such confidence but had greatly disappointed their own expectations.

Somehow, hearing Dyon blame himself, they only felt worse.

"You all have power within you far exceeding anything many of the martial world could ever imagine. Each and every one of you is talented beyond believe. It's just that you don't believe in yourselves as much as you should.

"This world is a cruel place. You grew up, instilled with beliefs about equality of the genders and races, about the basic human rights of every person, that murder is bad and turning the other cheek was good.

"However, now you're in a world where everything has been flipped on its head. The powerful rule everything, nothing is more important than your blood and lineage, and death follows even the slightest of slights.

"I understand. It's jarring. And you shouldn't have had to face that alone."

Kedar smiled bitterly. "It's a nice excuse, but you don't seem to have that problem, brother."

Kedar was the only male of the three first geniuses birthed to the mortals. The poor guy fell in love with Clara at first sight, only to then learn that she was Dyon's wife. He vowed then to grow strong enough to defeat Dyon, but here he was, displaying his cowardice in full view. How could Clara love a man like him? It was obvious that only someone as valiant as Dyon was worthy of her. Images of him single handedly winning the Five Clan Beast Alliance war still played in his mind.

Dyon sighed. It was true he never had that problem, but that was because he was arrogant beyond belief, at least, that was the simple answer.

He simply refused to allow anything to affect his mental state. This was why the matters surrounding the Chaos Flame were a blight on his heart for so long.

However, Dyon didn't say this. If his response to Kedar's words were that he needed to be more arrogant, he might as well stop trying to be a leader all together. That wasn't what they needed to hear.

"Do you know why it seems that way...?"

The youths slowly raised their heads to meet Dyon's gaze. Dyon slowly began to project some of his memories.

"When I first got to the martial world, I got the shit kicked out of me. In fact, if it wasn't for Demon General Ava Sicarius, I would have died that day."

Seeing images of Dyon getting his arms broken by Darius then spit on by Red and Blue sent the emotions of the youths into a spiral.

"Soon after, I met my first wife and her elder brother tried to kill me... After that, I was forced to battle for my life against 11 God Clan geniuses and could only allow my wife to be taken by her master... I lost count the number of times I almost died in the Elvin Kingdom... My own allies tried to kill me during my first campaign... The Ragnors descended and had plotted everything... King Belmont actually thought he had the right to test me to decide IF I could marry my own wife..."

"The tower... The trials... The Cathedral... The Valley of Geniuses..."

The youths watched what seemed like Dyon's life story.

"I don't seem more well adjusted than you all because I'm better than you. I was simply thrust into a situation where I had no choice.

"We humans, especially us mortals, have always been creatures who quickly adapted to changes. Even after having our cultivation talent stripped from us, we all saw how beautiful and grand the society we built was.

"Who would think that mortals could build towers over a kilometer tall? Who would think that mortals could walk through space? Who would think that mortals could do even half of what we succeeded in doing?

"Do you know why I insisted on calling us the Mortal Alliance, why I will call us the Mortal Empire? It's because these are our roots, this is our history.

"Remember where you came from, remember what your ancestors before you were able to accomplish without even a fraction of your current strength. Hold your heads high."

The hearts of the mortal youths pumped despite themselves. They couldn't help but feel their faces flush with excitement.

"For the coming battle, you will all follow me. I'll show you the way. Together, we'll get revenge for what the martial world did to us in our infancy."

Dyon's eyes scanned them one by one.

"Are you with me?!"

"YES!"

A cry without hesitation rang through the hollow space... A cry filled with hope.

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The atmosphere was full and bright. However, contrary to what one might expect, this place wasn't within Dyon's territory. Instead, it was Ragnor territory.

One would never expect that these warriors were preparing for war. Some of them held exaggeratedly large wooden jars of ale, others groped voluptuous women or handsome men to their sides, while still others placed bets amongst themselves.

This border to the Beast Clan lands didn't often have so many people. For obvious reasons, the Ragnors were reluctant to spend so many resources protecting against such weak lands. However, today was a special occasion. Or rather, the last few years had been.

Ragnor territory could be described as the easiest to defend among the 4 powers of Celestial Quadrant.

To their south east, they bordered along 3 Five Beast Clan Alliance universes. But, other than that, the only other place they bordered another power's territory was in King Universe where they and the Pakals fought for control.

Chapter 1736: Lewd

This meant that despite controlling the largest number of universes, the Ragnors actually bordered other territories the least. This was in sharp contrast to the Uidah who not only bordered 2 Five Beast Clan Alliance universes, but also practically shared their entire eastern border with the Pakals.

It was no wonder the Uidah could never set their minds to conquering Dyon's home universe and becoming a true Emperor God Clan, they were always focusing their forces on protecting against the Pakals.

Finally, there were the Pakals who shared their western border with the Uidah, and the choke point universe, King Universe, with the Ragnors.

Considering the Five Beast Clan Alliance had to share a border with both the Uidah and Ragnors, it was safe to say that the Ragnors had the best territory within their quadrant.

Due to this state of affairs, the Ragnors never set their minds to conquering the Five Beast Clan Alliance. This was because if they did so, they would suddenly share a border with the Uidah as well. There was always such a thing as stretching one's self too thin. Until the Ragnors were confident in stomping out their one true rival, the Pakals, they would never do this.

Obviously, then, this sea of warriors wasn't in place to conquer the Five Beast Clan Alliance. After all, they were in an alliance with the beasts. They were here to repeat what they had done for a few years running now.

Once the Gates opened once more, they would be allowed into Five Clan Beast territory. From there, they would begin to help them launch attacks against the Uidah.

Of course, such a thing was bound to make the upper echelon of the Five Beast Clans nervous, so there were numerous failsafes in place. For example, they were limited in the number of warriors they could bring, they were limited in the areas of the Five Beast Clans they could visit, and they were under the command of the Beast Clan generals.

And, the final measure was of course a binding blood essence contract. With this, the beast alliance felt secure in allowing their allies to enter their territory.

But... What the Ragnors didn't know just yet was the Five Beast Clan Alliance was no more. Therefore, the contract was already null and void.

"Commander!"

Within a large floating ship that seemed to be shaped like a large silver blimp, the atmosphere was just as lively as the grass planes below. One would think that the leaders of these groups of ruffians would at least be a bit more refined, but they seemed to be even more brazen.

The women and men who walked around as servers couldn't even be described as scantily clad. They wore nothing but a numbered tattoo plastered to their lower backs, their breasts and various private regions completely exposed.

To say they were being taken advantage of was yet another understatement. It wasn't surprising to see the food they served tossed away, all for them to end up being ridden by a man or woman wearing a lascivious smile.

It was a place of carnal sin. Even the lustful Norville family of the elves would have to bow their heads in respect to such a display.

The commander in question was a tall man, standing at over 2.5 meters. His long blond hair flowed to the small of his back, his blue eyes shining with a piercing color.

Considering he sat facing away from the large man who called him, facing the large glass windows that looked out onto the grass plains and the soon to open Gates, he seemed to be more refined than the others of the blimp.

Well... That was until you changed your perspective and saw that hidden behind his tall, seated frame, there was a beautiful amber haired woman with a collar around her neck, on her knees between his legs.

It seemed the whole of the Ragnor Clan, including their commanders, didn't hold back.

"What is it?" The commander replied lazily.

"The Gates should be opening soon, but we haven't received any message confirmation by the Five Beast Clans. Do you think those bastards are up to something?"

"Does it matter?" The commander all but yawned, grabbing the beautiful woman's amber hair and shoving her deeper into his crotch. The sound of choking and flying spittle was like music to his ears.

A familiar ecstasy overcame him as the faint sound of gulping could be heard. The issue was that that beautiful amber haired woman gulped several times more than she should have... It was either this commander was far more fertile than any man should be... Or he relieved himself of something else entirely.

"This entire war started all because a mere heir of a Raven Clan died." The commander released the woman.

Having her throat finally relieved of a heated rod, the woman fell backward, doing her best to control her innate gag reflex. If she lost control, made a sound, or god forbid throw up, she would be killed on the spot. Despite her horrible life, she was... Still unwilling to leave this mortal plane.

She forced herself to crawl back forward. If the commander had to remind her to clean up his member, she'd be punished again. As horrible as the commander treated her, being passed off to his subordinates was a far worse fate. She wanted to avoid it at all costs.

"Do you really believe our Ragnor Clan cares? Do you really think we have to ally with those beasts? We could hold off the Pakals and Uidah alone, they just make things more convenient.

"This is about the Epistemic Tower... Nothing more, nothing less."

The subordinate of this commander smiled lewdly.

"I hear Miss Hela came back and confirmed the Epistemic Tower is being shared between the Uidah and Pakals. After Young Master Loki's confirmed death, Miss Hela doesn't seem to have a fiancé anymore..." The meaning behind his words were clear.

The commander's eyes blazed like a fiery ember.

Chapter 1737: Hela

As long as the woman wasn't of the Ragnor's main branch, he could have any amount of them he chose. Even the women of branch Clans had no choice but to climb into his bed at the behest of a single finger

motion. But, a woman like Hela was on a completely different level. How would it feel to ride a woman who held so much power?

The amber haired woman between his legs suddenly felt the slack rod between her lips become stiff once more. She could only feel resigned to her fate and begin bobbing her head again.

"That slut, always strutting around with her breasts and ass hanging out every which way." The commander scowled.

He had seemingly forgotten that he and Hela had a cousin blood relation between them. Well, considering the horrible acts of the Ragnors of the past, maybe wishing to bed a cousin was listed toward the bottom of their sins.

Though the commander didn't see it, his subordinate's eyes flashed with disdain.

'If you list the promising talents of our Ragnor Clan, you wouldn't even be ranked in the top one hundred. Even if Hela was forced to take on a new husband, you wouldn't have a chance. You don't even have the right to touch the Fey, let alone touch Miss Hela.'

It was only right his subordinates felt this way about him. He was a useful idiot in that he allowed them to do as they pleased and gave them all the women and men they could hope for. But... that was all.

Consider this for a moment. The title of 'Commander' didn't exist among the Ragnor Clan's military. It was a title this so-called commander made up to give him some prestige, insisting his subordinates call him as such.

He was given this task only because no one else would want to be commanded by beasts. As such, only he didn't have enough face to avoid the task.

The true Ragnor ranking system was very different.

At the bottom were the normal warriors, known as the Thrall. These warriors had no right to command. Under most circumstances, they would never leave this rank as they were commoners usually used as cannon fodder.

A step above were the Karls. They shared a status a step above the Thrall, but they were still normal warriors. Though, as those of higher status, they had the right to move forward to greater heights.

Above them were Berserkers and Valkyrie. They were the true backbone of the Ragnors and their power. They were powerful, one-man armies who usually had exceptionally high battle prowess.

There were Once Berserk Warriors, Twice Berserk, and Thrice Berserk Warriors.

Through secret experimentation, the Ragnors were able to find a way to multiply the strength of their warriors. The method was quite vile, as one would expect from this Clan.

Once Berserk could multiply their power by a single fold, two-fold for Twice Berserk, and three for Thrice Berserk.

Valkyrie were women of the Ragnor Clan who carved out places for themselves. Their bodies weren't usually suited for the berserker technique, however there was a very special spear technique of the Ragnors that could seemingly only be practiced by women.

This spear technique had the same effect of multiplication of power, separating themselves out into three stars. One Star Valkyrie, Two Star Valkyrie, and Three Star Valkyrie, experiencing the equivalent power amplification as compared to berserkers.

In rare cases, there were women who could both become Berserkers and Valkyrie. These women were simply known as Hela's Fey. They were the personal fighting force of whoever inherited Hela's Faith Seed. Though, matters weren't so simple as Hela didn't have unilateral control over them.

Of course, if this was the highest ranking amongst the Ragnors, it would be ruled by women, not men. If this was the case, Hela's marriage wouldn't be commodified like it was.

The highest ranked warriors of the Ragnors, equivalent to only the Fey, were the Champions.

Many of this 'commander's' brothers held this title of Champion. In fact, he wasn't even a Berserker. By all rights, he was technically still a member of the Karls. There were many in this very blimp that ranked far higher than he did.

The subordinate inwardly snorted. 'Commander my ass.'

It was then his attention was diverted. Two large pillars in the distance began to vibrate. The Gates were opening!

..

Alidor twirled a coin between his slender fingers. His dark gold hair waving slightly in the wind while his oil-paper umbrella was held in his other hand.

This coin didn't have any particular significance. In fact, it was quite useless. It was the former currency used by the Guatama Clan back when they co-ruled Uidah territory.

By now, the Guatama had been wiped from the Uidah history books. The common people who remembered probably thought him and his family were traitors, while many had long since forgotten about them.

This coin had the picture of two prayer beads, intertwined as one into the sign for infinity. It was meant to represent the everlasting relationship between the two Clans... Which was exactly why it was likely useless by now. The Uidah had probably melted down all of the coins with this image on it and formed a new currency, all to further wipe the memory of the Guatama Clan.

When Alidor escaped and lived with his little sister within the dangers of the Gates for all those years, he had taken what remained of his family's legacy with him. Among those materials, there were countless coins just like this, each more useless than the last.

When he lost to Dyon in the fight for the key, he had fallen into depression for a long time. He had suddenly become someone else's slave. All thoughts he had toward revenge had suddenly become useless. He couldn't even control his own destiny anymore.

Who knew that over thirty years later, his day of revenge would be so close? Dyon, the man he used to hate with every fiber of his being, was actually giving him the chance to slaughter those Uidah bastards.

Alidor closed his eyes, collecting himself.

Chapter 1738: Monkeys

A sudden heavy slap to his back shook him awake. He didn't have to look to see who it was, his trouble making little sister was back at it again.

"Now's not the time, Kaeara. You have troops to command, go back to your post."

"Such a downer." Kaeara pouted.

From a little girl, she had grown into quite the beauty. She had delicate tanned skin and a tomboyish appearance, even wearing loose and baggy clothing. She was the object of affection for many, but this overly talkative girl was oddly attracted to a mute.

"Shouldn't you be cradle robbing?"

"Ah!" Kaeara gasped. "Big brother just made a joke?!"

Kaeara grinned wildly, her short hair bobbing up and down.

"Wait! What did you say to me?!" Suddenly registering what her brother said, she slapped his back again. "Little Ryu is a grown man now. How dare you treat me like this?"

Alidor sent a calm gaze toward his sister. "When he was 5 years old, you were already over 20, I don't want to hear such nonsense from you. He's not even 20 years old yet, have some shame."

"Bully!"

Alidor shook his head. His sister was too much. She had acted as an instructor of Ryu when he was attending the Soul Universe academies. In fact, she was the one who approved his S level grade. Now she was calling him a grown man. He felt like disowning her.

Suddenly, Alidor sensed movement in the distance.

Currently, only he and his sister were in the air overlooking the tower to their back and several ten million warriors below. Maybe only Kaeara would dare to spit in the face of this arrangement and leave her ranks like this.

It had only been several hours since this Gate opened, but Alidor had already captured 3 key towers, taking the number the Beast Clan Alliance once controlled from 1 to 4, resulting in half of the Gate falling under their control.

He came up against no resistance. This wasn't because the Ragnors were weak, but rather because they hadn't been there to defend in the first place.

The Ragnors were under the impression that they were in an alliance and were likely waiting for confirmation by the beast clans, not knowing that that confirmation would never come.

Alidor and the other armies took advantage of this, quickly recapturing several towers. It was likely that the Ragnors only just realized that there was something amiss.

"What is the meaning of this?! Have the Beast Clans forsaken our alliance?!"

A blimp hovered in the distance, a familiar commander sitting at the helm. But, the one who spoke was his subordinate, Once Berserker Bjorn. The bear-like man's voice bellowed, making his power clear.

This was a celestial gate, but the imposing aura made it clear the Bjorn was a Pseudo-Dao expert.

"The alliance is over." Alidor replied plainly.

Kaeara didn't continue to be unruly, immediately returning to her troops.

Bjorn narrowed his eyes. 'That hair, those eyes... The Uidah? But...'

Bjorn's gaze looked toward the army. As he guessed, he had sensed several beast auras. Did that mean the Five Beast Clan Alliance had fallen to the Uidah? Or did that mean that they had betrayed their alliance?

The beast clans had an enmity with the Pakals, but they shouldn't have one with the Uidah...

'According to reports, Miss Hela confirmed that the Epistemic Tower is within Pakal and Uidah territory. But, the only reason the far more powerful Pakals were willing to share was precisely because the tower was in Uidah territory... Does that mean the Uidah are dissatisfied with the arrangement and want to use the support of the beast clans to resist against the Pakals?... But why would they attack us, then...?'

"KILL THESE MONKEYS."

As Bjorn was trying to understand the conspiracy behind these matters and confusing Alidor for an Uidah, his brainless commander didn't seem to care. It was already too late for Bjorn to stop it. The Ragnors marched on the Mortal Alliance.

Alidor raised an eyebrow toward the opposing 'commander'. 'Is this guy mentally disabled?'

By all rights, it made no sense for the Ragnors to simply attack like this. The first and foremost reason is that Alidor had already taken control of the tower, meaning that the area of effect boosts and debuffs were both in effect already.

This Gate focused in on environmental changes. This particular tower gave Alidor the advantage of gravity. Since it was a celestial gate, accounting for the power of the experts that would enter, the gravity was ten thousand times more than normal. Trying to fly in such a space would only result in...

It was then that the charging Ragnors realized their commander's mistake. The plummeted to the ground, their qi completely unable to sustain their flight. It was similar to Dyon when he first entered his constitution's world, except in this case, their bodies were nowhere near as strong as his, nor were they meant to withstand such a drastic spike in their weight.

Bjorn watched on with an ugly expression on his face. He knew that his warriors understood their 'Commander's' temperament. After an order was given, even if it wasn't going well, they didn't dare to turn back. They could only continue to trudge forward, pulling their own bodies along.

Alidor smirked. He sent a series of commands through their communication channels, mixing in verbal commands so as not to allow the enemy to understand their supreme communication abilities. If the Ragnors assumed that their methods of communication were as limited as their own, it would lead to more mistakes down the line.

A rain of long ranged attacks pummeled them down. Arcs of fire, ice and arrows filled the skies, blotting out the high hanging sun.

Bjorn's jaw clenched. He knew he had to go, but the enemy's actions were making him uncomfortable.

By logic, if they knew their enemies couldn't fly effectively, shouldn't they be taking advantage of this? Why was that dandy holding a woman's umbrella the only one in the sky?

The more he thought about it, the more logic told him that the opposing commander was also an idiot. But, his instincts screamed something different.

Chapter 1739: Rotting

Their army was too organized, the way they launched attacks was too smooth, even the commands the dandy called out were short, concise, and riddled with code.

This was either the greatest theater play of all time, or the opposition was an excellently trained militia the likes of which Commander Ragnor couldn't hope to measure up to.

It was then he saw just how correct his instincts were.

When the armies clashed, it was as though the Ragnors were being swallowed whole.

Seemingly sturdy lines of defense collapsed on the Mortal Alliance side, leading to a fervent charges in response by the Ragnors who believed they had gained the upper hand, only for them to be swallowed whole and cut off from their own backline.

The Mortal Alliance army could only be described as an amoeba eating its food. It ebbed and flowed with ease, biting off portions of the Ragnor army and conquering them piece by piece.

All the while, 'Commander' Ragnor was throwing a fit.

He tossed his amber haired beauty aside, not caring for even a moment that she lost consciousness banging her head against the floor. He stood and screamed at the top of his lungs, admonishing his warriors for being useless, but that only made the situation worse.

For the Thralls of the army, they knew that today would likely be their last day. They had little more status than a slave to begin with, just what would that commander do to them when they returned? If they returned at all? Would they too become like the amber haired woman?

At the very least, they should die on the battlefield, right?...

They remembered memories of their childhood, when their parents would tell them tales of Valhalla. If they died a warrior's death, they'd be able to go there, right? The mighty Gods of their past, their ancestors of old, they wouldn't forsake them like the Ragnors had, right?

Maybe that was all some of them needed. A faint hope, a light at the end of the tunnel. Their lives were holding on by the thinnest of strings imaginable.

It was then that a shocking thing began to occur across the battlefield. Tens of thousands, even hundreds of thousands of Thrall began to seemingly give away their lives.

Some 'accidentally' let their weapons fall, others pushed forward valiantly, leaving the front line of their army so far behind that they fell under a sea of piercing weapons, and some simply stared off into space, light smiles on their faces as their lives were ended one after another.

Bjorn was absolutely appalled by what he was witnessing. This wasn't the first time such a thing had happened on a Ragnor battlefield, but it had been so long since the last.

'The last time this happened... The Dukes and Duchesses...'

The invasion of the Dukes and Duchesses, those young geniuses that handed the Ragnors the greatest humiliation they had suffered throughout the whole of their history. It was against a battle against them that the Thralls responded in this way...

They were tired of giving up their lives, tired of being commanded to do what their superiors didn't dare to do.

The ironic part? After the Dukes and Duchesses returned to their lands, the Thralls were punished once more, as though their Emperor God Clan was blaming them for their own failures.

The current Emperor... Emperor Odin the Sixth... He was rotting their Empire from the inside out.

...

"RETREAT!"

Bjorn's roar sounded over the battlefield.

Commander Ragnor's head snapped back, his eyes reddened with rage. "Did I say to retreat?!"

Bjorn responded with a savage chop to the back of the young 'commander's' neck. Although nepotism was clearly rampant among the Ragnors, it didn't mean there were no fail safes. The task of keeping the Uidah in check was too important to the war on the Pakals to leave to this bumbling idiot alone.

He was no match for Bjorn. He likely didn't even realize what happened before his world went dark. In truth, this was already the fourth time Bjorn was forced to do this.

Alidor coldly watched as the Ragnors scrambled to retreat.

In the martial world, there were very few people who had Dyon's acknowledgement. Among them was Alidor. There was a reason he was the de facto Command in Chief of the Mortal Alliance army when Dyon wasn't present.

As an intelligent individual, Alidor knew that there were deeper secrets behind the demise of his Guatama Clan. It was simply logic. How could two Clans who co-ruled end in one so suddenly having a massive upper hand on the other?

Alidor was too young back then and didn't understand enough about the Clan affairs. As a result, he could only speculate, he had no way of knowing for sure. But he would be willing to bet his life on the fact there was a third party involved.

Now, whether that party was the Ragnors, the Pakals, or maybe some other unknown power, he had no idea. But... What he did know was that he had no intention of letting any of them off.

"Forward!" He roared.

Suddenly, the Mortal Alliance army that only seemed to know how to fight on the ground launched into the air, pushing forth with another bloody massacre.

It didn't take a genius to figure out Bjorn's destination. He believed the only way he'd be safe would be to reach the next tower and flip a disadvantage into an advantage.

Unfortunately, since he knew that, how could Alidor not?

In their maneuvering, the Mortal Alliance army had constantly retreated in a bid to feign weakness and surround the Ragnor army. Now that the Ragnors were retreating, they were now realizing just how deep into the Gravity Tower's domain they had entered.

They tried to retreat as quickly as possible, cutting through the flat dry plain as best they could, but they could only be demoralized after seeing their enemies shooting into the skies.

Chapter 1740: Dream Panthers

While Thralls continued to allow themselves to be killed, would the Karls react in such a way? Of course not. Unlike their Thrall counterparts, despite being mere foot soldiers as well, the Karls still had matters to live for.

It was as though history was repeating itself right before Bjorn's eyes.

The Karls suddenly began to lash out against their Thrall counterparts.

"You spineless bastards, fight back!"

"Cowards!"

The Karls practically dried their mouths of liquid spewing out every insult they could think of. In the end, they even tried to appeal to empathy, to get the Thralls to think of their children and wives. But how could they know that even that wouldn't work?

Some of the Thralls laughed in the faces of the Karls. They finally felt it, some modicum of satisfaction in their dreary lives.

'Ha.' They thought. 'You need our help but we won't raise a single finger.'

The human psyche was a complex thing. Maybe the Karls knew that it wasn't the Thralls to blame, but rather the trash Commander who gave them the command to charge. Or maybe it was even worse than that... an infectious disease that rotted their lands to the core. But still, in the end, they chose to blame the Thralls, to lash out at them, even.

Alidor watched these matters from the sky coldly, inwardly shivering at the depth of Dyon's knowledge and scope of his briefings.

The wars to conquer Ragnor Gates would not be easy. The initial assault levied by Alidor took out less than 5% of their army. Bjorn reacted quickly, forcing them to retreat.

Under normal circumstances, Bjorn would likely have to give up another 5-10% of his army in a retreat to the next Tower, leaving about 90% of the army.

Of course, though these percentages were small, we were talking about tens of millions of warriors in this given battle. Giving up 10% of them was giving way to the deaths of millions. But, in the grand scheme, it was a miniscule number for a territory which had orders of trillions of people.

Understanding this truth, Alidor would never choose to pursue the enemy. He would first regroup, consolidate their gains, before planning the next attack.

However, Dyon emphasized that he must strike swiftly and decisively, and that he had to chase them down and grind them away.

Before, he had questioned it. Was it even possible to understand the psychology of such a large group of people so easily? Yet here it was... Before his eyes.

Bjorn grit his teeth. It would be helpless if he didn't take action. "On me!"

The elites of the Ragnor Army who responded sluggishly to the Commander's orders snapped awake immediately to Bjorn's call.

"Looks like it's our turn." Two dazzling beauties with violet hair and sapphire eyes appeared to Alidor's sides, their sexy figures writhing with excitement. Dyon finally let the Dream Panthers loose.

"Little Alidor, you're no fun, why didn't you let us come out and play earlier." The beauty to Alidor's left breathed into his ear.

Alidor felt a headache coming along. If it wasn't for his strong soul as an Innate Aurora wielder, he would have fallen for the tricks of these pair of sisters long ago. The legends about the Dream Panthers and the succubus weren't for nothing.

"Look at him, so handsome." The beauty to Alidor's right stroked his chest with a wondering hand.

'Is this sexual harassment at the workplace?' Alidor looked up into the skies, lamenting his misfortune.

He himself was quite the genius. However, because he focused on taking the Ethereal Permeation trials on the ground floor of the Epistemic Tower, his cultivation progress wasn't as fast as it could be. Currently, he was only a Lower Celestial.

Because he was so weak, he couldn't possibly be a match for two Pseudo-Dao Dream Panthers. In fact, even if he was at that level himself, it would still be doubtful as to whether he could win. The Dream Panthers' title as Supreme Beast was not empty.

"Don't be so frigid with us, wouldn't you like to take both us sisters to bed at the same time."

Alidor felt a shiver down his spine. It wasn't cold, as one might expect. But it was rather warm. It took him too long to realize that this was because the right beauty's hand had traveled far too low.

Alidor cleared his throat, pushing the two sisters away. He had an obligation as the last male heir of the Guatama Clan to reignite their bloodline. He couldn't possibly take Dream Panthers for wives considering their low birth rate, not to mention the fact it was impossible for them to mate with anyone other than a Dream Panther.

"Dariyah. Deema. They're almost here already, can you two focus please."

During the antics of the two beauties, Bjorn had already covered a distance of several kilometers, narrowing the gap to just tens of meters in an instant.

A long silver spear, ranging just about three meters with a thickness of almost four inches was grasped in his hands. Just looking at it made one feel heavy footed, who knew how Bjorn had entered the range of 10 000x gravity with it held so confidently in his hand.

To his back, he was followed by 3 dozen warriors, each of whom also wielded a spear. Alidor wasn't surprised by this, the spear was used by the overwhelming majority of the Ragnors, very few would choose another weapon, and even then, it would most likely be a polearm as well.

'37 Pseudo Dao warriors.' Alidor sent a glance toward the sisters.

In this army, they were the only experts of such caliber. The other Pseudo Dao warriors of the Five Beast Clans were allocated elsewhere.

Why? Because Dyon said just two of them would be enough.

If the Ragnors heard this, they would laugh so hard they might even rip the muscles that held their core together. The only reason the Ragnors only sent 37 Pseudo Dao experts was precisely because they also believed their warriors were of higher quality, especially when compared to the Five Beast Clans or the Uidah. This was even before one even began to consider their Berserk states and Valkyrie techniques.