

## **The Nameless 1741**

### Chapter 1741: Valkyrie

But here they were, being looked down upon by two frail looking women, more interested in flirting with a boy Bjorn saw as a dandy than facing the coming enemy.

Bjorn scorned them in his heart. 'You two will warm my bed tonight!'

Deema pouted. "How hateful, ruining our time with hubby."

The next moments could only be described as... poetic justice. The Karls below who had begun jeering at the Thralls who would receive punishment for their actions today stood frozen in shock.

The two sisters flashed forward, their figures weaving together like a beautiful, choreographed dance.

Their gowns fluttered. When the wind caught their figures just right, the fabrics would press flush against their bodies, revealing a nosebleed worthy sight.

They two ladies weren't shy of this either. They seemed to flaunt themselves willingly, sending flirtatious winks back toward Alidor as though to say: 'See how many people want us? Let's see if you keep playing coy.'

The two used nothing but the sharp, glistening claws that seemed to magically extend from the tips of their lovely fingers. They didn't think these Ragnor warriors were worth them bringing out their true strength, nor were they.

These warriors here were of the mere second grade. Though to the Five Beast Clans, only their Clan Patriarchs and Grand Elders would reach such a standard, to the Dream Panthers, this was a joke. The worst part was that many of the Ragnor Warriors weren't even of the Peak Second Grade, but were rather of the Lower Second Grade.

Compared to geniuses like the Dream Panthers, each of whom was at worst of the Fourth Order when entering the Pseudo Dao Realm and was at worst of the Eighth Order when entering the Celestial Realm...

They stood no chance.

Bjorn's expression twisted. His skin reddened as bellows of steam emitted from his skin, entering his Once Berserk state.

Unfortunately, a mere doubling of strength fell flat on its face. Maybe if they could rely on the suppression of the Ragnor Universes, they would have stood a chance. But alas... There was no such thing within the Gates.

Or... Maybe it would have made a bigger difference had they not been suppressed by 10 000x gravity. But, even more unfortunately, they were led by a pigheaded 'Commander'.

Dariyah's claw ripped a chunk of flesh out from Bjorn's neck, watching emotionlessly as his life slipped from him.

The first Ragnor Gate had been conquered.

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"They're finally gone."

Several guards across a decently built city wall sighed in relief. Though the wall was only about three meters tall, it had helped them greatly over the years. But, in recent times, it had become battered and bruised, not because of the beasts it was actually meant to protect against, but rather because of the so-called higher ups that were supposedly meant to protect them.

This small city was known as Oswald City. Located near one of the furthest edges of Ragnor territory, it wasn't known for much other than its weakness. Its only true attraction was the fact for about four months out of the year, what the nobles called the 'Gates' would open.

Two ancient inscription etched pillars that had stood in their large field of green for more epochs than their history books recorded vibrated awake, gathering energy and opening a swirling portal.

Many of the older individuals called it a portal to Valhalla. Beyond it was a dangerous trial and those that passed would transcend, bringing glory to their families.

However, none of them ever seemed to survive. The few brave souls who dared to enter never returned.

One day, just a few years ago, several powerful yellow haired and blue eyed people appeared to enter the Gates. But, unlike those poor souls of their Oswald City that never came back, they seemed to return in great condition every year, without fail.

What enraged the inhabitants of Oswald City was that these bastards didn't deserve to see Valhalla. They were vile, obscene creatures who only thought of sex and alcohol. Too many families of their city had suffered under their strength.

This reprieve that they experienced seemed to be the only time they could experience any form of happiness anymore.

Ironically, those of Oswald City were lucky being so far from the central power of the Ragnor Clan. They were ignored because they were weak. Even their City Lord was only a meridian formation expert.

Unfortunately for them, war began and now the very Ragnors who had ignored them were using them without remorse.

It had already been days since they left, but it was only now the guards dared to speak such words.

Yet... almost as though it was a jinx, the pillars in the far distance began to vibrate.

The guards snapped their heads toward the offender, deep irrational rage coloring their features. As for the offender, he lowered his head in shame, his body trembling with fear. However, just when he was

expecting a beating, he suddenly heard the gasps escape the lips of his fellow guards. It wasn't until he looked up that he finally understood... This sight, it was the most beautiful he had ever seen.

A goddess descended from the skies. Her delicate feet landing softly on the green grass below.

Her white gown fluttered, her violet hair billowing in the wind with a gentle undulation. Her breasts were towering. Despite her chest being covered such that only the graceful line of her collarbone could just barely be seen, they stood too proudly, curved at a perfect ratio and bounding tenderly to the pace of her elegant gait.

Soon, an army followed in behind her. If it wasn't for the prisoners of war that appeared not long after, chained together like a long line of fugitives, it would have been impossible to say that they had fought a war at all.

As though following the blemishless nature of their goddess, not a speck of dust could be found on these warriors. Their backs stood as straight as javelins, their steps completely in lock. One could see from a distance the hidden passion they held for the goddess walking before them, but it was also clear that none dared to taint her image either.

Across several Ragnor outer territories, similar scenes were occurring everywhere.

"Valyrie! A Valkyrie Goddess has descended!"

## Chapter 1742: Religion

The guards shouted in excitement. Those lecherous bastards finally got what was coming to them. They knew the Gods of Valhalla wouldn't just sit to the sidelines, allowing their loyal people to be slighted in this way.

Though Madeleine appeared calm, inwardly she was cursing her husband and his shameless tactics.

~3 days ago~

Dyon held Madeleine's naked body in his arms, his hands greedily roaming her body. He couldn't get enough of the feeling of his hands sinking into endlessly soft flesh. It baffled him how this wife of his could be so toned in some areas, but so plump and soft in others. Even though he had no need for sleep, he felt as though he could rest for an eternity by her side.

Madeleine smiled lightly. They lay on soft grass that was once covered by inches of snow. But, the heat of their bodies had been too much for this mountain peak.

"I need you to become a Goddess."

Dyon's sudden words stunned Madeleine.

"Of course, you already are one." Dyon smiled mischievously, mounting his wife once more.

Soft moans escaped Madeleine's lips as she felt a sturdy rod penetrate her.

"But this time." He whispered softly into her ears. "I need you to become a Goddess for the common people. They need to love you, worship you. They need to believe that you'll always protect them and that one day, if they work hard enough, they too can become a God or Goddess."

Madeleine didn't feel like listening anymore. She cupped Dyon's cheeks, pulling his lips down to hers.

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Dyon didn't want to rule his people by means of religion. He didn't have any particular opinion of the matter itself one way or another, but what he knew was that he didn't want to be worshipped like God.

He wanted to foster a culture where certain people were revered, yes. But he didn't want it to feel as though they were out of reach. This was where the religion that that dominated Ragnor territory presented a unique opportunity.

Norse mythology, as Dyon's homeland called it, was one that had Gods and Goddesses. But, it was unique in one aspect: mortals could become Gods as well.

It was a bit different from the exact lore Dyon knew from his youth, but in Ragnor territory, valiant warriors had a chance to enter Valhalla after their deaths. This Valhalla was known as a paradise of warriors. In this place, you earned the right to fight for and alongside the Gods. Then, over time, one could become a God themselves.

This concept couldn't have been more beautiful to Dyon. These people of Oswald City and cities just like it across Ragnor territory worshipped Gods, but they didn't feel that they were unreachable. They felt that if they pushed hard enough, that if they tried hard enough, they too could reach such a height one day.

This sort of feeling, this sort of hope, it was in sharp contrast to the feelings that permeated amidst the Thralls. Or, maybe, it was exactly the same... Maybe it was with thoughts of Valhalla that the Thralls willingly threw their lives away... Maybe it was because of Valhalla that they forsook their wives and children, believing that one day they would join them on a higher plane.

This was why the people of Oswald were so disgusted by the Ragnors. They had their own code of honor, a code they believed should dictate the lives of true warriors. Yet, the so-called warriors of Ragnor seemed to spit on those rules at every turn.

Belief and conviction were powerful things, especially in the hands of humans. And when manipulated by a man as intelligent as Dyon... the effects were unimaginable.

The results spoke for themselves. Without a single ounce of bloodshed, without lifting a single weapon, the Mortal Alliance conquered its first Ragnor Universe. Dyon simply had too many Goddesses on his side. His wives, his sisters, the Dream Panthers... He used the beauty of each and every one to his utmost advantage. Not only did he gain the universe, he gained the hearts of the people.

Ragnor territory touched upon 3 Beast Clan Universes with 5 of their own. They usually neglected these universes, believing them to be useless for anything other than their Faith. Other than sending a few experts to keep the Beast Clans in check every year, they did little else.

Right under their noses, these 5 universes were swept away. However, they were too busy with a battle from across the quadrant to even notice.

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Dyon stood before Abraham and Dravil, both of whom seemed tired beyond believe. Over the past few months, they had tried their hardest to sweep through King Universe while also keeping their true identities under wraps, but it was definitely difficult. Trying to make sure the Pakals believed they were the Ragnors and the Ragnors believed the vice versa was taxing on their mentals. Even with Dyon constantly feeding them information, it was an uphill battle.

This matter would have been made much easier if Dyon could simply conquer the 5 Ragnor Universes attached to Beast Clan territory. Then, the Ragnors would fall from Emperor God Clan to King God Clan. But, there were several problems with this.

First, the upper echelon members of the Ragnors would immediately sense any attempt, just like the Five Beast Clans had.

Second, as an Emperor God Clan, and controller of 29 Universes, the difficulty was on another level. Dyon couldn't simply speed run Universe Spirits as he had against the Beast Clans.

Since the Gates were opened, even if Dyon took control of all of the teleportation formations, it would only be a matter of the Ragnors sending all of their elites to storm a single Gate before they could breakthrough. Dyon's armies weren't quite yet powerful enough to take the Ragnors head on.

And third reason was why Dyon hadn't simply attacked while the Gates were closed: Universe Spirits underwent a fundamental change after entering the Emperor God ranks.

Royal God Clans had no spirits and their Faith had no real substance. It was rather an aura, a feeling, rather than a legitimate being.

King God Clans had at least one Universe Spirit. This came after conquering at least one universe.

## Chapter 1743: Situation

Emperor God Clans, however, had the ability to consolidate the power of their Universe Spirits. In this case, there was no such thing as a "weak link" like in Beast Clan territory. Even if one Universe Spirit was fundamentally weak, it would rely on the support of the others to survive.

In that case, Dyon's battle would be extended. Not only that, but he would have to face the Faith of several Emperor God level spirits with his mere King God level spirit.

For all of these reasons, Dyon's approach took a shift. Though he had already conquered King Universe, he now needed to purge it of Ragnor and Pakal influence, a task that was far harder than anything he had come across until now.

While his wives and Alidor swept through Ragnor territory from the front, he would do so from the back!

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"Tell me the situation."

He, Abraham and Dravil currently sat in a base built on an uninhabited planet. King Universe was essentially a battlefield from one side to the other, so rather than settlements, it dealt in bases.

The universe was practically split into two halves. The Ragnors controlled the western cluster and the northern cluster. The Pakals controlled the eastern cluster and the southern cluster. In the end, the central cluster became a massive free for all where battles occurred multiple times daily.

It was no wonder neither Clan had time to deal with the Beast Clans or the Uidah. With all of their elites concentrated here, and constantly locked in battle, it was a wonder that they had time to do anything else at all.



The so-called 'chaos' that Dyon caused only became such because it gave the Beast Clans and the Uidah an excuse to join. But the reality was that this quadrant had been embroiled in war long before Dyon came along.

"As you commanded us." Dravil started. "We purposely lost a few battles to Hela and the Fey. Her reputation should have shot up several levels over the past near year."

Dyon nodded as Abraham continued.

"We've lost in spots to others so as not to avoid suspicion, and even lost a few times to the Pakals as well. Overall, we've still won most of our battles. The Ragnors think of us as the Asura Legion, but the Pakals believe that we're the Valhalla Legion. Everything seems to be going well."

Dyon nodded. There was obviously no need to worry about the Ragnors and Pakals sharing information with each other. The problem came along with the possibility of spies or information stealing.

If the Ragnors suddenly caught wind of a Valhalla Legion they knew nothing about, or the Pakals did so about an Asura Legion they had never heard of, it didn't take a genius to figure that something was fishy with that situation. There was a possibility they'd mistake it for code, but that could only work for so long before it stopped working at all.

Of course, the volatile nature of King Universe gave them some wiggle room. There were always new squadrons and factions appearing, which was why Dyon dared to do this. But, it was better to be cautious. So, much of the reason why Abraham and Dravil were tired was because other than fighting battles, they spent months destroying scouting routes, information channels and bases, and teleportation stations.

"We've destroyed all of the teleportation stations you've noted down. Their communication channels are effectively crippled. There's little doubt that they'll have to send new formation experts in because we've already killed those responsible for maintenance.

"The Gates are closing in about three more months, so they'll definitely feel a need to move quickly. It won't be difficult to slaughter some more of their experts in the meantime." Dravil finished

Dyon nodded. Everything was going as planned. Hela was slowly rising up, the Ragnors were becoming more disconnected and fragmented. It was only a matter of time before the next step proceeded as expected. Who would have known that it would happen so quickly?

"You were right." Abraham said with a sigh. "How did you know?"

Dyon smiled. "Celestial Quadrant has been embroiled in war for too long. It's likely that the Pakals and Ragnors don't enjoy this sort of stalemate. Even if one of them wins control over King Universe, think about the long road they'll face afterward.

"Neither of them have found where the Universe Spirit is, and yet both suddenly believe the other side has conquered the spirit they couldn't find.

"Now, they're agitated, when suddenly, their means of communication was cut off. In an instant, a battlefield that had been at a stalemate for so long seemingly feels like it's tipping to one side.

"On the Ragnors side, they feel suppression, and they suddenly start losing battle after battle.

"On the Pakals side, they feel suppression, and they suddenly start losing battle after battle.

"Now..."

Dravil and Abraham's eyes shone.

"They're panicking. Each side believes the other has the advantage when the reality is that neither has the advantage...." Dyon finished.

Abraham sighed, shivering inwardly. Dyon's battle prowess was one thing, but it was his mind that truly frightened him. Even more frightening was his understanding of people and their psyches. When he learned of how Dyon, as a mere teenage boy, already had pieces within their Uidah Clan for so long already, he felt as though the reaper was holding a scythe to his neck.

It felt good to be on his side instead of opposite him.

"As you predicted, the Pakals have secretly called for a meeting with the Ragnor upper echelon. It's unknown what their goal is, but if you're correct again like you have been up to now... It's likely they want to join hands and split this quadrant amongst the two of them."

Dyon sneered. The Ragnor upper echelon still didn't know the Beast Clans had reneged on their treaty, while the Pakals still believed the Uidah were on their side. Both likely believed that it would be possible to take swift action with neither Power being any wiser, not knowing that both had already become pawns for Dyon.

They acted just as Dyon had expected. And for Dravil and Abraham, that cold smile seemed to hold the depth of the world.

#### Chapter 1744: Fey

"In order to make this alliance of theirs work, the Pakals will need to lie." Dyon became serious. "The Ragnors still believe that the Pakals have control over the Epistemic Tower. The Pakals know that they don't, but they also don't have the ability to convince the Ragnors of otherwise. If they try to, talks will fall through.

"Instead, the Pakals will likely 'admit' that they do have access to the Epistemic Tower, but claim that it's deep within Uidah territory. This will be the carrot that lures the Ragnors. They'll come to an understanding that the only way to control the Epistemic Tower would be to conquer the Uidah. Sweeping away the Beast Clans will just be a matter of convenience, especially since the Ragnors can't access Uidah territory without first conquering the Beast Clan universes that attach to it.

"The Pakals and Ragnors will definitely decide on this pincer attack approach, trying to sweep the Uidah away from both sides."

"But what will they think of the suppression?" Abraham asked. "Won't they be suspicious when they realize that neither one of them actually has control over King Universe?"

"I don't plan on letting them get that far. When the Pakals and Ragnors meet, do you really believe it will be a normal meeting?"

"You can't mean..."

"That's right. I'm pushing for a decisive battle on my playing field.

"It's impossible that the Ragnors and Pakals will choose to meet without bring their greatest warriors with them. I have no doubt that they will also bring their armies as well. Only then will they feel secure and lay down their weapons to have talks of peace."

"You want to take the Pakals and Ragnors out in a single battle?!" Abraham and Dravil abruptly stood, their hearts palpitating uncontrollably.

"I'll destroy them both at once." Dyon exuded an air of control, there wasn't a shred of doubt in his heart.

He understood his path forward the moment Nixie told him that King Universe held the key. There was no opportunity greater than this.

All of the Pakal and Ragnor upper echelon would be gathered in one place. Dyon doubted that they would choose to meet in King Universe because both thought the other had already conquered it. They would definitely meet in a place where neither had the advantage, where suppression didn't exist. That left only one option: A Dao Gate!

What they didn't know was that the Gates were Dyon's backyard. He could instantly teleport an army beyond their imagining to any Gate within Celestial Quadrant. The moment they entered, they'd only more firmly attach themselves to his puppet strings.

If Dyon tried to conquer them one by one, it would take him decades, if not centuries. But, if he took this approach, in as little as one more year, Celestial Quadrant would be his!

"Let's go." Dyon said, exiting the meeting room with his white battle armor fluttering. "There's one more thing we must do before this battle."

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"You've battled well together today sisters!" Hela raised up a giant wooden jug of ale, her lithe, enticing figure chugging an amount that shouldn't have been impossible.

Her breasts bounced within her armor, revealing ever so slight edges of pink that could make one's nose bleed. But, luckily, there was no one here but women.

A loud cheering sound of delicate, soothing voices sang.

This was a sight the Ragnor men would kill to be a part of, or at least see, but it was unfortunate that none were allowed here. This was the Fey Base of King Universe, installed in the center of central cluster, ready for battle at any moment.

The Base was dug underground and hidden within a hollowed out moon, but the atmosphere was still quite lively, flushed with lights and beautiful white-gold decorations. It was definitely a home that could only be created with a woman's touch.

Still, within this atmosphere, as the Fey chugged, a slight guilty light shone in Hela's eyes. But, when she thought of her true purpose, she pushed it down forcefully.

One after another, Fey began to fall into a deep sleep. Though Dyon told Hela that she could pretend to fall asleep as well, she chose to face the moment head on.

"Hela?"

An older Fey began to look around suspiciously. It wasn't just her, but many. There were hundreds, no thousands of Fey in this massive dining hall, and suddenly so many of them fell asleep, it would take a fool to not understand what was happening, and even then it was too obvious.

It was clear immediately that only the most powerful Pseudo-Dao and Dao Formation Realm Fey managed to stay awake, and even then, the pseudo dao experts felt incredibly sluggish.

Yet, Hela, as a mere celestial, seemed perfectly fine. She was very obviously the odd woman out...

"Teacher." Hela looked toward the middle aged Fey with sad eyes. "I can't continue to live this life... The sacrifices I've made... Odin the Sixth isn't worthy of my sweat, blood and tears. He isn't worth yours either."

The older Fey blinked at Hela's words. Such blaspheming utterances... Did anyone else dare to speak them?

It was then that the older Fey sensed a powerful presence. No... It was more accurate to say that this person allowed himself to be sensed.

For the first time, a man entered the Fey Base.

"You..."

The older Fey looked from Hela, to Dyon, then back to Hela. She couldn't believe that the little girl she had raised with so much care and affection could actually betray her in this way.

She suddenly became angry. The words Hela said went in through one ear and out the other. If it was really just Odin the Sixth content with the state of affairs, could the Ragnor Clan have been so thoroughly rotten from the inside out?

One way or another, this older Fey, Fausta Ragnor, was a concubine of Odin the Sixth. She was as deeply entrenched into the horrors of their Clan as one could be.

Chapter 1745: Time

The most damning part was that Fausta's train of thought had nothing to do with how wrong or right Hela's words were. Instead, she thought of all of the horrible things she had done over the years.

How many innocent newborns had they sacrificed for the sake of chaining their Faith Seeds? How many innocent civilians had they experimented on to create Clans like the Ipsum and Saeclum Clans? How many horrors had they committed for the sake of raising the Ragnor Clan to a new level?

Dyon still remembered these things oh so clearly. He remembered learning of how the Ragnor used the pure Karma of newborns to chain their Faith Seeds into appearing as they pleased. He remembered how the Ragnors used the lives of Saeclums as mere tools to read the future and how the Ipsum Clan became bloody sacrifices to their own abilities. He even remembered how the Storm Clan, a mere branch of the Ragnors, sacrificed the lives of thousands of Focus Academy students, all to open a Legacy World.

Fausta of course knew about all of these things, but her thoughts weren't about fixing them. She could only think one thing.... 'If we fail now, what was the point of all of it...?'

Fausta's spatial ring flashed, her gaze flashing with rage as her power spiked. A silver spear appeared in her hand, being just a single meter away from Hela, she had every intention of striking her down.

"To use such weak poison on me?! You underestimate me too much!"

Fausta believed Hela and her partner in crime were too ignorant. One was barely a lower celestial, and the other was a mere pseudo dao expert. Did they not understand the point of a dao formation expert?! She would show them.

"SIT!"

A sudden voice boomed across the dining hall. Let alone Fausta, who the voice was aimed toward, even the whole of the moon threatened to collapse in on itself.

Fausta's aura was stifled and she crashed back down and into her chair so forcefully that it shattered beneath her, forcing her to the ground pitifully.

Her spear, once pointed at Hela, fell from her hand and onto the ground. But, the damage it had caused was done. The fact her mentor so easily pointed her spear at her caused Hela to fall into an endless grief, but it also affirmed her decision. The Ragnors no longer deserved to exist.

Dyon's gaze coldly swept over the Fey who survived. He didn't speak a single word, he had no will to associate with these individuals.

The Pakals? The Ragnors? He would cut their rotting flesh from their bones if he had to. If nothing remained of them after he was done, that would be fine too.

One after another, a few experts began to appear behind Dyon.

"You all will impersonate them for the time being."

These dao experts were none other than the title spirits from the Valley of Geniuses. Unfortunately, since the Fey were precious to the Ragnors, they were well protected. Dyon couldn't simply seal them to do his bidding as he had done in the past. It was for this same reason Dyon couldn't simply enslave the True Gods of the tower quadrants.

He also couldn't kill them, or else their life jades would shatter. In the end, he had no choice but to use this method.

If they were weaker, like Abraham who was an essence gatherer when Dyon sealed him, it might be possible to override the Faith that protected them. But, they were too powerful. So, Dyon planned on locking them up.

He easily sealed their movements with his Presence. Once he too had control over Emperor God level Faith, he wouldn't have to use such roundabout methods again.

"Aiya, you want me to be a woman?" Legolas, the Prince of Archery, complained. He was one of the first title spirits Dyon convinced to join him and was actually an heir of the current 100th ranked quadrant. Though, during his 'first' life, his quadrant had been more powerful. It was just that they betrayed his trust so he uprooted their power structure. To this day, they had yet to recover.



Dyon smiled. "It won't be for long. I think a kilted skirt would suit you."

The female title spirits giggled, obviously not minding their task.

In the end, the Fey who were uninfluenced by the sleeping concoction could only watch on coldly as Dyon weaved several appearance changing arrays. They inwardly gasped when they realized that no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't see through their disguises... Dyon's reflection of them was perfect.

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It was finally time. Years of build up to the mysterious Conference had culminated to this day. After almost a decade of travel, those of the tower quadrants converged.

The main characters? The Star Clan. The lofty, and undisputed number one Clan of the tower quadrants, a beacon for the foremost race of their era, the Sprites.

The location? The Star Dome. It covered the largest continent of Planet Star. It was a beautiful silver weather-controlled environment that pushed the limit of what was possible for architecture. It could only be described as a paradise. Even the Celestial Corner's dome didn't match even a single percent of its size.

Within this vast dome, the temperature was perfect. A light breeze constantly kept everyone cool and comfortable. At the same time, the scenery was breathtaking.

Unlike one might expect from a dome so large it could cover an entire continent within, the sounds and sights of nature were abound. Gorgeous ancient trees, beautiful exotic flowers, and well-trained beasts were frequent spectacles.

However, there was nothing more eye-catching than the massive orb of light that hung at the very center of it all. No matter where you were located within Star Dome, this beautiful light was only a glance away.

It bobbed with a gentle white light. It wasn't too bright, nor was it too dull. It could be described as holy, speckless and perfect.

#### Chapter 1746: Gong

It was this place the powerhouses of the tower quadrants gathered, each more powerful and prideful than the last, but each also seemingly bowing their heads to the Star Clan.

Why was it that even the Dragons acquiesced to the demands of the Star Clan? Maybe this would be the place so many would find out the truth.

Within the Star Dome, the location chosen was a large parliament building. Much like the rest of the Star Clan's architecture, it was built with an open concept.

It was built like a horseshoe, with its open end acting as an entrance facing toward the gentle bobbing light. As for its arching back, it rose up tall, but also didn't have a roof. The legends were true, no matter where you were in the dome, the bobbing white light was a mere glance away...

Other than its odd shape, the horseshoe-like parliament building was also yet another beautiful piece architecture. Tall roman style pillars carved of white stone, well decorated and cushioned seating arrangements, not to mention pristinely dressed servants, prepared to attend to every need.

Usually, the Star Clan's parliament would remain closed, only gathering a few times a decade. And even then, it wouldn't be so filled as it was now.

People of all shapes and sizes diligently found their seats. Those of low and high status seemed to separate themselves, the former being far more apprehensive than the latter. But, this was only to be expected.

Though the Star Clan had invited all of the tower quadrants, only those ranked about 50 and above had powerhouses capable of making it in time. And even then, they did so by the skin of their teeth. In truth, this was part of the reason the Star Clan chose to do things this way, to find those who were worthy. But, that was still only part of the answer.

Located at the highest location within the parliament, the very back end of the horseshoe, those of the greatest status gathered, looking down below as those lesser than them as though observing an ant colony.

"Haha, Kaajal, why do I only see two beautiful wives, where's your third Empress?!"

Not many needed to look to recognize this voice. It was none other than True God Diasho who spoke, who surprisingly seemed far less refined than his younger brother Diasho Ken despite being the guild leader of the Heavenly Sword Guild.

Even if they didn't recognize his voice, he was the only one who dared to speak to True God Kaajal Star in this fashion.

Kaajal was clearly in a bad moon because his youngest, and the wife he adored the most, Empress Aspirant Cativa, had suddenly disappeared. He wanted to make a show of force, appearing with three supreme and flawless beauties by his side, yet he was lacking the one he favored the most. It was obvious he would be in a bad mood about this even if his face didn't show it.

To make matters worse, his two wives, who knew him quite well, were unhappy with him for caring so much about Cativa's disappearance. With them acting a bit distant toward him, his perfect entrance was squandered.

Still, he could only bitterly smile at Diasho Ren's words. He couldn't possibly lash out at his best friend, right? They had practically grown up together. Though, he hated the latter's frivolous attitude, they were both geniuses of the Sprites, both forgotten by their main Clans in the outer quadrants. They were kindred spirits in a lot of ways.

It was then that Cativa suddenly rushed in with a bowed head. Though she was just as beautiful as usual, others couldn't help but give her an odd look. Her arrival might have gone unnoticed before, but with Ren's careless words, her mistakes were put under a magnifying glance.

Maybe if it was just the younger generation here, Cativa could play the scrutiny off. Unfortunately, the powerhouses of the most powerful 9 quadrants were all here. Even if she was Kaajal's wife, escaping punishment from the Star Clan elders later would be difficult.

Cativa furiously cursed Emytheus in her mind as she walked elegantly to Kaajal's side.

As though nothing had happened, her slender arm wrapped around his. Seeing the pleasant smile on his face, she was at least content in the fact she could escape punishment from him.

Luckily, they didn't have much time to linger on these matters. A light gong sounded... It was time.

At the sound of the light gong, everyone couldn't help but turn their attention toward the parliament's highest point.

Once the signal was sent, the meandering younger generation found their place behind their elders, separated into nine sections. In truth, not many of the younger generation attended. Aside from the Star and Five Blade Clans, there were only a few Dragons. The remainder of the younger generation hadn't made the trip for obvious reasons. While the older generation could spare 10 years of travel, for youths, every second counted toward their future foundation. This was all to say that the main characters of this event were the True Gods of the last generation and the pillars of the top 9 Clans.

The ninth ranked Emperor Giant Clan. After the recent ranking tournament, on the back of Anak, they finally vaulted forward from their former 11th rank and cemented themselves within the top 9. Their leader was a massive, towering man, standing at over six meters tall. His bare chest rippled with a reddened vitality, his back showing off his five small angel wing tattoos.

The eighth ranked Golden Crow Sect. In this generation, their ranking plummeted from fourth place. Due to God Goldeen's death, this was only to be expected. If it wasn't for them tapping into some of their hidden strength and for the fact they had accumulated enough merits outside of the tournament, they would have lost their spot within the top 9 just like the Water Mist Sect had.

#### Chapter 1747: Bomb

Their leader was a calm, golden haired man with piercing red eyes. To his right, seemingly with the same rank, was another man with similar features but who carried an attractive smile on his face. These were the Clan Patriarchs of the Goldeen and Crow Clan respectively.

The seventh ranked Atlas Clan. King Atlas, Saru's Father's long-time friend, was the True God that raised their level from middling Clan to a member of the top 9. Unfortunately, his son wasn't anywhere near as talented as his father. And, since this was a Celestial Tournament, it was inevitable that their ranking would fall from fifth to seventh.

Their leader was the oldest individual here, he seemed to have a single foot in the grave already. He was the previous King Atlas who had given sired to their Clan's first True God. Though his talent in his youth wasn't very good, for some unknown reason, his power had suddenly sky-rocketed when he should have been past his prime. But, considering the mysteries of martial world, everyone knew there was no point in asking.

The sixth ranked Enigmatic Sect. Though many here didn't know, a portion of the reason they had improved from seventh to sixth was because of Dyon's silent support. Thankfully, they also had a God level character in the Sect Master's son, so they hadn't fallen too far.

Their leader was none other than the carefree Master Enigmatic. He was a handsome, middle aged man who always seemed to wear an amiable smile.

The fifth ranked Hydra Clan. They were a Clan of Peak Transcendent beasts, but unlike the Emperor Giant Clan, they had more to rely on than just their True God. True God Falkor's four brothers were each Gods themselves, giving the Hydra Clan a very bright future.

Their leader was a cold, blue haired man. His sapphire-like eyes glimmered like marble, forcing those who met his gaze to be entranced.

As for the new fourth ranked Clan, it was one Dyon had never had any true interaction with, maybe by coincidence, or maybe by virtue of the Clan's lowkey nature itself. It was known as the Pegasus Clan, a beast Clan of Middle Supreme Grade beasts. However, the odd thing was that they weren't Pegasi, but were rather devolved Unicorns.

Their leader was their True God of the last generation, King Pegasus. He was a legendary figure and the first of their Clan in countless millions of years to communicate with his Primordial Bone. His cultivation was deep beyond belief, even the leaders of the top 3 quadrants didn't dare to look down upon him.

His hair was a pristine white and his beard almost looked like the mane of a Lion.

Finally, there were the top 3 quadrants whose rankings remained completely untouched.

The five blade Clans shared a section, the five King God Dragon Clans shared a section, and finally, there was the Star Clan who sat tall at the center of it all.

It was the leader of the Star Clan who spoke first.

He was a man with gorgeous hair that seemed more like beams of white light than filaments of matter with true substance. If a commoner were to lay eyes on him, they couldn't be blamed for assuming him to be a God.

"By virtue of you all choosing to ignore the rude nature of my Star Clan's invite, I believe that you understand the gravity of the situation we all face.

"I won't waste time with pleasantries. The Ancient Battlefield will be descending soon. But, what you all might not know is that the Ancient Battlefield is also the most enigmatic of the Ancient Games."

A shocked murmur surged through the crowd, even some of the 9 foremost Clans and Sects frowned. King Star had truly been serious when he said he would get right to the point.

"Be at ease. My Star Clan has invited you all today because we have a method to circumvent the rules of the Ancient Games."

For the second time in just as many moments, yet another bomb was dropped upon the Conference.

...

The Ancient Games were an enigmatic collection of three of the most olden forms of competition to ever be created. For as long as anyone could remember, no matter their strength or weakness, no matter their prestige or commonness, the rules of the Ancient Games had always been infallible.

To gather them here for such a meeting, only to begin it in this way... It was almost too much. The gazes of those below were more than a little skeptical. The Heavens were infallible and the Ancient Games were, for the most part, its creations. At the very least, the Ancient Battlefield was. How could it be circumvented by mere Mortal Plane cultivators like them?

"There's no need for you all to remain skeptical." King Star's eyes glittered with a knowing light.

At that moment, another figure appeared. Those within the highest tier of the parliament couldn't help but be shocked belief.

For those below, maybe they felt it was only natural that someone invited by the Star Clan was able to evade their senses so easily. However, for those who earned the right to sit amongst the nine most powerful, this matter was something that made them raise their guards to the highest degree.

Even when they thought they couldn't be shocked any further, the appearance of the one who appeared shook them to their cores even more.

It was a little boy. No... Maybe it would be more accurate to describe him as a toddler.

The toddler stood barely a meter tall and could only be labeled as adorable. He had large sparkling white eyes and a short head of white hair, even his robes that seemed a little too big for him were a pristine, unblemished white. Pure and cute might as well be subtitles under this child's name.

"Hello! My name is Apollos. I am —."

A childish voice rang out. Those below who didn't understand the significance of the sudden appearance of this child tried their best to control their tempers. If they travelled for 10 years for the sake of a prank, even if this was the Star Clan, they'd fight them to the end.

"— A Heaven's Child."

Chapter 1748: Chance?

It was as though a pale of cold water drenched their fury. Those who had been trying to withhold their anger sank into their chairs in shock.

In truth, the concept of a Heaven's Child wasn't exactly wide spread, but who here wasn't privy to their Clan or Sect's most secret files? They were practically known as the puppeteers of history, holding this title even above the Celestial Hamsters.

Clans who had them by their side, whether to control or cooperate, were destined to rise to the top, while those who didn't have them or fell out of favor with them were doomed from the very beginning.

Still, there hadn't been news of Heaven's Children for a very long time. Many had taken the destruction the Dark Phoenixes caused in eliminating so many universes and quadrants as an opportunity to escape the chains that held them to the Clans they served. In fact, maybe that was part of the reason the Clans of today simply couldn't match the Clans of the past in power... And maybe that was yet another reason the Ancient Battlefield was descending so quickly.

Still, after an initial shock, the skeptical looks remained. Were they simply supposed to believe these words? For all they knew, the Star Clan chose this child randomly from a batch of clever youths.

"It seems they are still skeptical, Sir Apollos." King Star said respectfully.

There was only one way to eliminate any such questions, and the seemingly adorable kid did it without hesitation.

A slow and deliberate blade streaked across his frail neck. To a mortal, it may have seemed fast. But to the cultivators here, the blade might as well have been a snail gliding across a windowsill.

A frail head and proportionally small fountain of blood flew into the air.

There was no doubt. King Star had just killed a child before them all. But, before anyone could cry out in horror, the toddler's head flew up from the ground, reconnecting to the child's neck as though nothing had happened at all.

Apollos frowned at his now blood-stained white robes. With a wave of his hand, the blood suddenly vanished without explanation. No one, not even King Star, knew how he did it...



"Now that that nonsense is out of the way," The childish voice continued, "I hope that no one else questions me. I won't kill myself again for you, anyone who continues to doubt can leave."

Apollos sounded like a child throwing a tantrum, in sharp contrast to the happy and bright kid he had been just a moment ago. But who could blame him, he had just experienced death all to prove a point.

"We Heaven's Children view the Heavens themselves as our parents, and in a lot of ways, we're chained by them. But, we are also far freer as well. In the past, it was still an issue for even us to share the truths of the Ancient Battlefield, however.... The Heavens are weakening. Very soon, it's quite possible that a Mortal Plane will no longer exist."

The parliament grew silent. They had known it was serious, or else they would have never come. But the thought of the end of an entire Plane of existence made them shiver from head to toe.

Apollos swept his gaze over the crowd, seemingly finally satisfied with their response.

"The actions of the Dark Phoenixes were only a precursor to the matters of today. The path toward darkness, the rise of chaos, the inevitable downfall of our descendants, these are all things that could have been predicted long ago.

"No one is certain of the series of events that set it off, but one thing is for certain, the Heavens don't feel that this is the way things ought to be."

Hearing such words come from a child made them difficult to accept, not because they were wrong, but because of the way it sounded. Such an immature voice shouldn't be able to speak of such things in such ways...

"The descent of the Ancient Battlefield isn't a marker for the Heavens dissatisfaction, it's rather a desperate plea for help. Such a course can only be reversed when the brightest beacons of our future come together to turn the tides of Fate."

Apollos sighed. "I'll get straight to the point. The descent of the Ancient Battlefield is divided into two parts – the entry of our geniuses and the true descent of the battlefield. There's a reason for this.

"In reality, one might think that the impact of youths is meaningless in the grand scheme of things, but you'd be wrong. It's the youths the decide the path toward the future and the trajectory of our collective Faith. It's precisely because the Golden Era ended so prematurely that our Modern Era is so weak. Without a solid foundation, the future can only remain bland and meaningless.

"The entry of geniuses is the Heavens' acknowledgement of this fact. Though the Ancient Battlefield is a prison, it is also a treasure trove. There are many Failed Clans who have been biding their time for several eras, waiting for the right moment to strike. Those very Failed Clans have sharpened their spears and honed their wills for countless epochs... and they smell blood."

Apollos sighed once more. He felt like he was losing his train of thought, he tended to do this often, going off on tangents, that is. It was a necessary side effect of his abilities, it was what it was.

Before he went any further, he explained the basics of the battlefield. He had mentioned the Failed Clans before even ensuring those below understood just what it meant.

He explained how Clans of certain stature could exchange their accumulated Faith to enter the Ancient Battlefield and that many powerful empires of the path had chosen to do so. Of course, there were a few prideful factions who refused until it was too late, the elves, for example, but there was a good number of those who made the right, difficult decision.

After understanding these things, the grave expressions on those below worsened. Their Tower Quadrants?.... Did they even stand a chance?

#### Chapter 1749: Tower Quadrants

If they knew that Dyon had had to face Pseudo-Dao level characters near the furthest outer edges of the battlefield and still hadn't dared to begin conquering deeper within, they'd understand with even deeper certainty just how necessary this meeting was.

If their Clans and Sects didn't band together... They didn't stand a chance.

"I see you've all begun to understand." Apollos nodded with satisfaction.

"The reason you've all been called here is because even Little Varun's Star Clan has no real certainty in defending alone. He wants to form an unprecedented alliance, one that bands the whole of the Tower Quadrants together against a common enemy."

It took the crowd far too long to realize that the 'Little Varun' this toddler was referring to was actually King Star!

"And I assume you mean for us to join the banner of your Star Clan and follow your orders?"

The voice was quite gentle, but it had a powerful, imposing aura behind it, one that made even King Star stiffen slightly.

When he sent a gaze over, he raised his awareness by several notches. The Dragons truly should never be forgotten. They had hardly any Faith of their own, but even the outer powers didn't dare to touch them. Their so-called number second rank was nothing more than a farce.

The leader of the might Golden Dragon Clan, Dragon King Aurum, spoke with a slightly amused tone. He didn't actually seem to be trying to antagonize either King Star or Apollos, it was just that his imposing aura naturally stifled the aura of others. His golden hair seemed to tremble upon his shoulders as though even it was afraid of him.

"Your help has been very much appreciated, Sir Apollos. I will take it from here."

King Star returned to his seat and Apollos seemingly vanished from thin air. He had yet to reveal any substantial information about the Ancient Battlefield, but King Star wasn't such a giving person that he'd hand everything away without receiving something in return. It was already enough that the weaker Clans felt they had learned a great deal. He didn't expect to fully gain the loyalty of these top Clans and Sects.

"We of the Star Clan have already thought this far. Since we also need your help, we wouldn't dream of taking advantage of you all like this.

"We've designed a leadership structure that will revolve around our youths. Although Sir Apollos has yet to explain in any real depth for reason you likely already understand, it is enough for you to know that the youths play a very important role in turning our Faith up from its current downward trend...

"... The Tower Quadrants are too large and we of the Star Clan don't have any experience in controlling such a vast number of quadrants, even if we wanted to.

"Instead, this task will be decided by the amount of merits the youths can provide. We will host a training program that will be supported by the resources of our Star Clan. This will be our show of good faith.

"I will describe our plan of action now. Should you have any objections, feel free to interject."

Though some below were confused as to why the Sapientia weren't here, they buried their thoughts deeply. Since the top 9 Clans and Sects hadn't said a word about it, they could only remain silent. Since they had said nothing, it definitely wasn't their turn to.

"The first stage of the Ancient Battlefield's descent is barred by age. This threshold is 1000 years, as such, it will be our marker as well. Geniuses at and below 890 years old have the right to participate in the coming training program."

Seeing the confused stares, King Star smiled.

"Sir Apollos has calculated the exact time of descent for us. Though according to astrologers, the time is nigh, the truth is the battlefield won't be descending for another 110 years. If this wasn't the case, I would never allow you all to travel so far for so long."

The Clan heads finally nodded inwardly. Finally something that made sense. If it was such a time sensitive issue, how could King Star allow them to waste ten years in this way?

"After some delegation, our Star Clan believes that the best way to effectively use our number is to split us into quadrants near one another.

"You may still be wondering why it is I made you travel so far. The simple answer is that those who couldn't make it here today have no right to sit at our table. Their Fates will be decided by those here. Since they don't have the ability, it's best that they are absorbed.

"The youths that perform well during the training program will help their Clans split these territories amongst themselves.

"To make a long matter simple, this is our plan: The training program will reward points based on performance. These points can be used to Claim territories that we of the Star Clan have allocated a certain number to. This point total is decided by the resources of the territory, its energy density, its infrastructure and so on."

The eyes of the Clan leaders below constricted. Wasn't King Star essentially calling for a rearrangement of the whole of their tower quadrant territory?

There were many Emperor God Clans and Sects here, but not all of them were created equal. If it wasn't for the no war amongst quadrants rules they had, many of them would have long be eradicated. In fact, hadn't the Star Clan themselves done such a thing when they joined their Tower Quadrants?

"I know what you are all worried about, and I know that my next words may sound easy to say from my 'pedestal', but please listen to my words.

"If you all continue to hold tight to your territories and aren't willing to make sacrifices, I guarantee that the very territories you sought to protect will be eradicated in just a century's time."

A cold breath of wind whipped through the parliament.

#### Chapter 1750: Clear Message

"I do not plan on starting immediately. The territory claiming period will only begin during the final 30 years. This gives you all 80 years' time to use the resources of our Star Clan to raise up geniuses worthy of protecting the lands of your ancestors.

"In addition, each one of you here will be allocated one universe that is completely untouchable. It will not be able to be claimed by points no matter how many one might have."

A collective sigh of relief was released. They knew that King Star had reason on his side, but the idea of shifting away their territories was too much. Even if they knew it would benefit them in the long run, humans were innately selfish creatures. Not many could set such things aside to think of the future...

King Star nodded to himself, it seemed like things were working well.

"As for the matter of claiming territories, that another reason I've called you all here today. I propose that we form the Mortal Plane Federation.

"We will have a set of laws decided by all of us today. In addition, when the timer has run down to 30 years, and it's time to begin our territory claims, the Federation will move as one. Those who decide to oppose the rules we've set here today will feel the wrath of us all."

The hearts of those below pounded. A very dangerous question crept into their heads... 'What if?'

What if they managed to birth an outstanding genius? What if they already had geniuses who were only lacking the resources they needed to shine? What if they got lucky and the whole trajectory of their Clan completely changed due to this event...?

"I will set your minds at ease even further." King Star said with a kind smile. "Not only will point totals for territories be decided by the merit of the territory, but there will be one more factor. Remember your untouchable universe? This will be known as your Clan or Sect's Core Universe. When claiming a territory, the further the universe is from the borders of your current territory, the exponentially more expensive it is. I believe this is an arrangement that will put your minds at ease."

Hearing these words, even the other 8 top ranked Clans and Sects couldn't find a word worth rebutting. This system... It was for the best. Although it was obvious the Star Clan could take great advantage of this system to quickly expand their territory, it was also true that they could as well.

Plus, since the Star Clan had the largest territory to begin with, with two whole quadrants, they would also need more time to reclaim their own lands first, ironically putting them at a disadvantage.

As it always had been... It would be survival of the fittest.

King Star smiled brightly. They had succeeded.

He waved his hand, causing a bright board to appear in the air. It was filled with names, coordinates, and long strings of numbers following it.

At the very top was a very eye-catching name indeed: Celestial Universe.

And not many spots below that, there was yet another: Soul Universe.

The damning part? Unlike the 61 other locked universes with no point totals to their side, representing the 61 powers which had attended this day, both of those universes had clear point totals to their sides.

The message was clear: Even if it was the Sacharros, so long as you had enough points, the Federation would help you bring them down as well.

King Star's smile only seemed to grow brighter with each passing moment. "There is only one final thing I will discuss before we officially open our Federation's first Parliament, and that is the special circumstance of True God gen –."

"What a grand list." A beautiful voice that seemed capable of making one's bones soften rang out, easily slicing through the momentum of King Star's words and causing him to inadvertently frown. "I wonder how my husband would feel knowing that his territory was being sold off to the highest bidder without his consent..."

The sudden voice caused the atmosphere to freeze. If before, the sudden appearance of Apollos hadn't shocked the Clan and Sect elders below, the appearance of not one, but three beauties in the sky definitely did.

One wore a gorgeous, fluttering red dress, her red-gold hair flowing to the small of her back as her emerald eyes pierced toward King Star.

She was the one who had spoken, a beauty with a voice and appearance so mesmerizing that even the Heads of the leading 9 territories, men who hadn't been moved by women in hundreds of thousands of years, felt a long dead fire relight in their lower abdomens.

The second had a petite, slight frame. Her silver hair fell like a waterfall of mercury and liquid aluminum, partially covered by a white lace headdress that exuded a pure aura. Though she didn't say a word, her strength blanketed the parliament, causing a cold sweat to permeate the backs of the various leaders. This woman... they were no match for her.

Finally, there was the third. She was tender and immature compared to the former two, and could match neither their demeanor nor their elegance, but she was refreshing to gaze upon, overflowing one's heart with warmth. Light pink hair and sparkling pink-diamond eyes, her face held an adorable expression that filled one with the will to protect.

Though the second of the three women wasn't recognized by those below, the remaining two were most definitely. True God Sacharro's wife and little sister!

True God Diasho's eyes shone so brightly when they landed upon Amphorae that it almost seemed they might fall out of their sockets.

'What a woman!'

As a sword sprite, Diasho Ren felt it very keenly... That sharp, hidden killing intent. The way she wreaked of blood... His rod stood at attention, he cared not one bit if others would notice.