

## The Nameless 1751

### Chapter 1751: Reality

True God Star knew his friend's tastes well. There was nothing he hated more than docile, weak-willed women. For someone like Lyla, he wouldn't give her a second glance. This was of course not to say that Lyla was weak-willed. It was very rare to find someone with stronger will than a True Empath who saw nothing but the thoughts of others all day. But, it was rather to say that her appearance wasn't to True God Diasho's liking.

In truth, True God Star would be lying if he said he didn't have the same reaction to laying eyes on Amphorae. However, he had a duty as a man with his three wives by his side to not display such emotion. He owed his wives at least this modicum of respect.

King Star regained his composure. Though Amphorae cut through his momentum, that was only because he hadn't been speaking with any intention of being interrupted. This little girl was still far from his match. Though, by that same token, he was no match for this petite silver-haired woman who had still yet to speak a single word.

"Madame Sacharro, have you come to join our Federation, or declare hostilities against it."

"Declare hostilities?" Amphorae wasn't a wordsmith like her husband, nor was she as quippy as Clara or Ri, but she wasn't a fool either. Though she preferred to battle with her fists, King Star's words were far too shameless. "We've only just arrived to hear statements about your fledgling Federation's plans on dividing up territory that doesn't belong to you. You say that your criteria is strength of Clan, especially that of its youths... Are you suggesting that the Sacharro Clan lacks talented youths and thus doesn't deserve to be within your parliament?"

Though King Star's face didn't show it, he felt as though he had been pushed between a rock and a hard place.

Thinking of the arrogance the Sacharro Clan had displayed, he thought they wouldn't even appear today. Then, by the time they realized the growing strength of their Federation, it would be too late to retaliate. But, who would have known that Dyon would send his wives here.

'Hold on a moment... Just two years ago, this red-haired little girl was in Sacharro Clan territory. How did she make it here so fast? Did someone let her in...? Unless?'

King Star's gaze once more fell on Luna, his evaluation of her raising several fold.

'Don't tell me the Sacharro Clan have more than one Higher Existence...'

King Star felt his meticulous plans were falling by the wayside. This was their chance to bring the Sprite Alliance to a level playing field with the Nephilim and the Sapientia, not to mention an opportunity to make his Star Clan the sixth power of their Sprite Alliance, but they had suddenly run into a roadblock.

In the end, King Star sighed and began to speak.

"You misunderstand. No... actually, you understand perfectly well. The Federation seeks to band the tower quadrants together toward a common goal. Should your Sacharro Clan stand in the way of that, we – well, at least my Star Clan – would be forced to oppose you. Towards such ends... I could only see the Sacharro Clan as selfish."

"I do not remember saying we would not cooperate. In fact, the Sacharro Clan is also willing to provide resources to the budding youths of the tower quadrants. I believe we have the necessary power to hold a seat, no?"

King Star was stunned once more. They actually cared to join? But... Did he dare to accept them?

Thinking of Dyon potential, he shivered. When last seen, as a Middle Celestial, he was already capable of rebuffing lower dao experts. Of course, he used several treasures, but it was a fact, nonetheless.

The problem was... Even if King Star wanted to say no now, could he?

The reality was that Amphorae, Luna and Lyla had been here for a while. It was just that those below weren't qualified to see through Luna's cloaking.

The moment Amphorae heard of King Star's plans, she knew immediately what Dyon would do. In fact, she knew that Dyon would practically be doing flips in his heart right now.

What was it that Dyon wanted to do the most currently, was it not uniting the whole of the tower quadrants? The issue was that he knew it was impossible to do so before the Ancient Battlefield descended, which was why he focused his mind upon the Celestial and Soul Rend Quadrants.

However, the Star Clan was practically laying out an opportunity before him.

Claiming territories based on the exploits of their youths? It was practically a playing field created for Dyon to thrive.

Even if he didn't accumulate enough points to take all of the universes for himself, it would be fine as long as he could control a good portion of them. At the very least, it would make conquering in the future much easier.

This wasn't even the most poignant point. Why had Dyon created the Mortal Library and given everyone access to it? The important point here was that Dyon didn't simply want to conquer a bunch of weak universes. If he wanted to do such a thing, he would have set his attention on the 100th ranked quadrant that everyone ignored.

Dyon didn't just need territory, he needed strong citizens as well or else they wouldn't stand a single chance in the future.

This Federation gave him the opportunity to rear a new generation of geniuses. Even if it made conquering them in the future more difficult, it would be worth it!

Dyon needed to quickly raise the standards of the tower quadrants to at least be capable of marginally competing with the outer powers. If he had to conquer them all first before he could improve them, it would take too long. But now he could justifiably do so without any issues!

"Is there a problem?" Amphorae spoke lightly.

## Chapter 1752: Shock

Seeing King Star remain silent for so long, Amphorae decided to press. "In truth, I believe it would be to the benefit of everyone here if the Sacharros participated. After all, my husband is a Planet Lord and his master is a Star Lord... I don't believe the Star Clan is capable of competing with such resources..."

The hearts of the Heads seized. Shockingly enough, this was especially so for those who stood at the helm of the 9 top quadrant powers.

When you rose to the top of the cultivation world, only then did you truly understand how difficult it was to take even a single step forward. A Moon Lord was shocking enough, but a Planet Lord and a Star Lord?! They felt their hearts beating uncontrollably.

However, Amphorae didn't seem to be finished.

"... Not only do we have such caliber of alchemist, we also have comparable formation masters, weapon's masters, and runic vein masters..."

Amphorae lay these truths out calmly. In at most another few decades, Dyon's master and the Demon Sage would both finish forming their bodies, giving the Sacharro Clan two Star Lords, one of Array Alchemy and another of Runic Veins.

King Star knew there wasn't much he could do internally. The resources of the Star Clan were enticing, but the thought of Star Lords and Planet Lords overshadowed this greatly.

"When you ask me if there's a problem... Isn't it obvious?" King Star replied calmly. "Unlike those already here, the Sacharro Clan has the most question marks, we're not even certain that you come from the Celestial Universe as you claim.

"I'm sure that none of you have forgotten." King Star continued, taking his gaze from Amphorae and looking through the crowd. "It was revealed just two years ago now that Dyon Sacharro is the husband of Alexandria Snow, Madeleine Sacharro and Clara Gallagher.

"What do these three women have in common? Each of them was placed in a position of power. Two of them became Legatees or were in position to become Legatees of two top 9 quadrant Sects, while the last became an outstanding figure within the 10th ranked quadrant.

"These details were only revealed under odd circumstances after Comet Lord Gallagher had a falling out with the Sapientia. In addition, there are reports of a battle that occurred within the Water Mist Sect around that same time. To top this off, a war that shook the Middle Tier involved the Flaming Lily Sect as well.

"If these matters weren't enough to question the motive of this mysterious Sacharro Clan, please do remember that somehow, Dyon Sacharro exited his Corner without the fog barrier disappearing. Not only did he wear a mask to hide that fact, but it was revealed later that his Sacharro Clan seemingly has a great relationship with the Epistemic Tower's spirit."

King Star's gaze turned back to Amphorae. "Are these matters not enough for my Star Clan to be apprehensive about your Sacharro Clan?

"What are your motives? What reason did you have to secretly spread members of your Sacharro Clan about? How can we trust a Clan we know next to nothing about?"

The murmuring of the crowd grew silent. They didn't dare to ask these questions of the Sacharros themselves, but now that King Star had done it for them... They were truly curious.

No one could have imagined Amphorae's answer.

"These events? I don't see anything wrong with them." Amphorae seemed calm, as if it was only natural.

King Star frowned. "Do you take us for fools?"

"It's easy to take simple matters and spin them as you choose to make us appear to be at fault, especially when you have hidden motives. Explaining these matters is uncomplicated. My husband is the Successor of the Celestial Deer Sect. Aren't his actions of caution obvious to anyone who understands what this means?"

Those below were stunned. Celestial Deer Sect? Can you really so blatantly admit such a thing?

There wasn't a single soul here who didn't understand the ramifications of such a title. Not only was it shocking, it explained everything so simply that King Star almost blushed in shame.

"As for how my husband exited Celestial Corner without the barrier fading, isn't that even more obvious? He simply passed off his Key Wielding responsibilities to someone else. Since that someone else hadn't completed their trials yet, it's obvious that the barrier would stay up."

Hearing this, King Star's ability to maintain a neutral faltered. She really was making his questions seem silly.

"Finally, what do you mean, close relationship? Is it anything odd for a Higher Existence who's touched the highest floor of the Epistemic Tower to be familiar with its tower spirit? Your concerns are laughable, but I do have some concerns of my own that I'd very much like to get off my chest."

Without waiting for King Star to respond, Amphorae continued.

"The sudden appearance of your Star Clan has always filled me with questions. Many here might not know, but the Sacharro Clan is well aware that there are 5 centers of power outside of the tower quadrants. The Devil Quadrants, the Nephilim, the Sapientia, the Transcendent Beast Alliance and... The Sprite Alliance."

King Star's face darkened as those ignorant many were shocked by this news.

"Thousands of years ago, your Clan suddenly appeared and conquered a quadrant of ours more swiftly than any of us could react. You used the guise of ignorance in order to justify your actions, claiming you believed to have found new territory and thought to make it your own.

"This seems fine on the surface. After all, since you weren't part of the tower quadrants, how could you know about its system and its rules. From then on, the Star Clan became a new member of our cluster and after consolidating your gains and become a Second Grade Comet Clan, you also became the perennial first place quadrant.

"Well... Everything would be fine if you weren't once part of the Sprite Alliance."

Chapter 1753: Beautiful Sight

King Star's facial expression twisted.

"And even that would be fine... If it wasn't for the fact the outer powers are very much aware of our existence. The only they haven't split out 100 quadrants amongst themselves is twofold.

"First because that would lead to an inevitable war amongst the 5 of them and second because the Faith available within our universes is not worth their effort. In comparison to the universes and quadrants they control, we're nothing but a single drop in a vast ocean.

"So, now is as good a time to ask as any... Just why is it that the Star Clan hid such things? What are your motives? ... How can we trust a Clan we know next to nothing about?"

Hearing his words returned to him, King Star's jaw tightened. It wasn't until he took a deep breath that he was able to slowly unclench.

Closing his eyes, he opened them once more to reveal irised filled with a soft calm.

"Since the Sacharro Clan has been so straight forward with their struggles, the Star Clan will be as well.

"Our Star Clan suffered great humiliation at the hands of the Sprite Alliance. Because we were located in a suspended quadrant, we were located quite a distance away from the outer powers, but were lucky enough to be relatively close to the tower quadrants.

"Back then, we sought to take advantage of the situation and eventually return the humiliation handed to us, but we never expected the tower quadrants to band together at they did. So, we were forced to take a step back.

"It is our mistake in this matter, but the martial world has always been ruled by whomever has the largest fist. Though in the past, we acted dishonorably, we hope to make amends by doing everything openly from now on."

It was an interesting turn of events indeed. Of those here, who had ever heard of a powerful Clan admitting their fault? This event inadvertently led to many gaining a better impression of the Star Clan.

In truth, even Amphorae was quite surprised. She expected to be asked to prove that they were once part of the Sprite Alliance. After all, with the Five Blade Clans as precedent for sprites existing without the Alliance, it would have been an easy argument to make. She never expected for King Star to admit things so openly.

'This Star Clan will be a troublesome enemy...' Amphorae remained calm, but her thoughts were very different.

"I believe the Federation will be much closer now that we've have these talks." Amphorae said lightly. "Shall we begin the first true parliament, then?"

Like this, the first meeting of the Mortal Plane Federation began. It seemed quite amicable, but slowly brewing conflict was obvious for anyone who looked.

In a hidden void, Apollos' immature eyes narrowed. 'Celestial Deer Sect...'

\*\*

Deep within Ragnor territory, in their holy and most central city, a beautiful sight could be seen.

Roads built of energy stones, tall power buildings, and a palace at the center of it all that took up more than half of the city.

However, the place in question now was quite minimalistic in comparison to grand displays of wealth. It was designed with simple structures, but had a quiet elegance to it that breathed a scholarly air. This place was none other than the land of the Sapientia Clan.



In a dark office space reserved for the Clan Head, two figures sat. If those of the Ragnor upper echelon laid eyes upon the two of them, they would be immediately recognized.

One was an older man, brimming with vitality. He had calm eyes and a full head and beard of white. A simple crown wrapped around his forehead like a headband, shining a soft metallic bronze color.

The other was one Dyon would be shocked to see.... A long head of black hair, shining and piercing golden eyes... He wore a simple grey robe, but one sleeve seemed to be decidedly... empty? It was very clear that he had lost an arm by unknown means.

This man was none other than Connery Sapientia, the former Clan Head of the Celestial Universe Sapientia Clan, and now the current Head of the Ragnor Universes Sapientia Clan. As for was course of events led to these ends... It was impossible to know.

As for the bronze crowned man, he was none other than Odin the Sixth.

"What do you think, Connery?" Odin spoke with slow, deliberate tone. He seemed unhurried and confident without compare.

"Lord Odin, you know well that my Sapientia Clan doesn't participate in wars or political affairs. Even if your Ragnor Clan should fall to the Pakals, we will continue on as their silent and neutral vassals."

Neutral vassals? Who had ever heard of anything so ridiculous?

If those who understood Odin's temperament were here, they'd believe Connery to be a dead man, but, surprisingly, his brows didn't so much as twitch.

"The Pakals have sent a request for delegation, but why would they do so? Are they not in the leading position, currently? After conquering that universe, why would they suddenly call us forward?"

Connery smiled silently, saying nothing. Yet, Odin still continued.

"... If, hypothetically, two warring nations of relatively equal power suddenly found out that one of them had gained an upper hand, what reason would the advantaged nation have to call for a truce?"

Connery blinked thoughtfully. "In such a case, maybe the advantaged state isn't as advantaged as one might believe. Maybe they've paid a price for their façade, or are unwilling to pay a greater price for victory. They've won three steps forward, but have voluntarily decided to take two steps back, either as a sign of good faith, to gain a future advantage, or maybe both."

"I see."

Without another word, Odin stood and left while Connery silently watched his receding back expressionlessly.

Not long afterward, he reached for a drawer beneath the desk he sat behind. No... He seemed to reach for a drawer, but his hand missed, reaching into seemingly empty space. But, magically, a drawer suddenly appeared where his hand touched, revealing a small glimmering array a small envelope currently sat upon.

Calmly opening the letter, Connery read it line by line.

#### Chapter 1754: Intelligence

"Intelligence confirmed. The Pakals have conquered the Universe Spirit of Blood Universe as reported. They have sent delegation to the Ragnors in order to pressure them with this truth. With this victory, the two Clans are on a more equal playing field and will likely attempt to split control of Celestial Quadrant between the two of them. Neither seem to have any idea about the quickly approaching descent of the Ancient Battlefield."

Blood Universe. Though Dyon had named it King Universe, due to the nature of the constant wars fought within it, both the Ragnors and Pakals named this territory Blood Universe in memory of the countless lives shed on its battlefield.

Connery nodded to himself as read this letter. Crumpling it in his one hand, a surge of energy rippled through it, destroying it in form and substance.

'It seems that maybe I was too sensitive... It felt as though another hand other than our own Sapientia Clan was silently manipulating Celestial Quadrant...'

Connery frowned. He had an itchy feeling in his heart ever since the death of that Raven Clan scion. Though he too wanted a war to breakout, it didn't pan out exactly as he would have hoped. With so much time still left to the battlefield's descent, there were too many chances for them to settle down beforehand.

'The oracles still say that the future of the Mortal Plane will be decided in this weak quadrant... It can't be delayed any longer. Once the war reaches its climax, I will send the order to move out. By then, this whole ordeal will finally be over and I can return home.'

Connery closed his eyes, the thought of home filling his mind. It wasn't long before the form of a woman appeared in his mind. She wasn't extraordinarily beautiful, but she had a gentle air to her that made one want to draw closer.

A single tear fell from Connery's cheeks.

In those silent moments, he was completely oblivious to the fact that in the corner of this very office, at this very instant, a nervous woman stood with her hands clenched to her chest, praying that the concealment array she stood behind didn't falter.

This woman was none other than Madeleine's former master, Evelyn Sapientia. The role she played in the coming events were immeasurable.

\*\*

The North of Celestial Quadrant suddenly gained movement no one would ever expect. The archenemies, the Pakals and Ragnors, suddenly began to move all of their elites toward one location. If the Uidah and the Five Beast Clans hadn't been mostly under Dyon's control, they wouldn't have stood a

chance once such a thing occurred. Not only would they have no idea such a double-headed attack was coming, they wouldn't be equipped to fight it off either.

What these lofty Clans didn't know as they practically guaranteed themselves victory should these talks go according to plan was that their movements would have never occurred had it not been for the actions of one small mere Saint.

All these years, the Ragnors and the Pakals had been on Connery's puppet strings, maintaining a delicate balance within Blood Universe. In fact, in order to ensure that this balance was maintained to perfection, Connery's actions crushed a slowly rising third part before they could mature by inciting the Uidah into destroying the Guatama Clan.

To this day, the Uidah upper echelon believed themselves to be great, when in reality, they were nothing but fools. Because they killed their greatest ally, their battle power halved. The only reason they had yet to leap over the final hurdle to become an Emperor God Clan was precisely because of this!

Yet, Connery had made a mistake. Despite being aware of Dyon's existence, he didn't believe it mattered.. He assumed that Dyon would take too long to mature, and by then, the situation of Celestial Quadrant would be irreversible.

The truth was that Connery was far more powerful than what he had displayed, but he had to hide this for obvious reason. Then, the appearance of Madeleine's biological parents threw any thoughts he had of killing Dyon before he could grow by the wayside. In the end, he comforted himself, believing that the result would be the same regardless... But...

How could he have known that the information he just read, information he thought he received from a Sapientia Branch Clan in Pakal territory, was actually intercepted and altered by Evelyn Sapientia? A woman he thought hated Dyon with every fiber of her being? How could he know that the sigh of relief he just breathed was empty?

\*\*

Maybe it was just a simple coincidence, but two adjacent quadrants were suddenly embroiled in war. On one side, there was the Celestial Quadrant, and on the other, the Kitsune-Shruti Quadrant.

Not allowing the secluded Kitsune to continue to store up their momentum, the Shruti launched a decisive attack, pressing forward with the advantage of surprise. Though their ally in the Atlas Clan couldn't act directly, not wanting to break the unspoken rules of the tower quadrants, they acted in the background, providing everything from weapons to pills in silent support.

The Shruti Clan was a war machine. In fact, it was a testament to the kitsune's status as Supreme Beasts that they had survived for so long.

One had to remember that Saru was sent to Dyon's home universe as a trial given to her by Shruti tradition. Those of noble blood within the Shruti Clan were tasked with conquering a territory of their own. The size of this territory then dictated their status for the rest of their lives. If one wanted greater status? They would have to conquer more territories!

This was the kind of Clan the Shruti were. With beast blood running through their veins, but the genes of humans backing their talent as well, they were a unique combination rarely seen in the martial world. To now, only the Mino Clan could also match this description.

As for the Dukes and Duchesses so feared so more in Ragnor Legends? They were none other than the Generals of the Shruti Army! The Ragnors would never imagine that the Dukes and Duchesses they feared so much were geniuses from the mere 30th ranked quadrant.

Chapter 1755: Think?

However, just when the Shruti believed they had the upper hand, the kitsune decisively struck back. The Shruti could hardly believe that a Clan they couldn't have been more familiar with changed so drastically in just 10 years.

It couldn't be said that they had suddenly become powerful. Rather, they were... organized.

They began to use their Void Tunnel creating abilities to their advantage. Suddenly, void tunnels the Shruti had never thought existed began to pop up in droves. The Shruti suffered so many pincer and surprise attacks under such tactics that they were continuously pushed onto their back foots.

Territory the Shruti believed they had had a good enough claim on was ripped from their grasp. Steadily, but surely, they were pushed out of Kitsune Territory, beaten and bloodied.

This loss alone was demoralizing enough... The mighty Shruti war machine slapped back by beasts who didn't dare to enter their true forms for fear of being coddled like puppies... But, matters were destined to become worse.

It was then that mysterious backers of the Kitsune suddenly appeared. They were warriors of such unbridled, unrestrained power that even the elders of the Shruti Clan could only die under their hands one after another.

The Shruti had no choice but to run, pushing their defensive lines as far back as they dared and using the cultivation cap of the Gates to their advantage. If it wasn't for Saru's key wielding abilities, there was no doubt, the Shruti Clan would have lost several universes in an instant.

This matter would be mostly ignored... But it was a precursor to a lurking trouble... A hidden warning... Or, maybe it wasn't so hidden at all.

...

"What do you think?" Amphorae turned her gaze toward Lyla. The first day of the parliament gathering had come to a close. Oddly enough, despite being aware that cultivators of their level had no need for sleep or rest, King Star called for the end of the meeting, claiming the 'Sun had set'.

Hearing such a ridiculous excuse, it was obvious to anyone with half a brain he wanted to talk about the matter surrounding the Sacharros with his closest confidant.

Currently, the three women were within living quarters arranged by the Star Clan, but Amphorae wasn't even remotely worried about being spied on with Luna here. Considering they were already aware of that Apollos character, this obviously included him as well.

"His cultivation is much higher than mine, so I can only read surface thoughts, but at the very least, he wasn't lying about suffering humiliation at the hands of the Sprite Alliance. What he didn't mention,

however, was that this humiliation occurred several generations ago. The current upper echelon of the Star Clan, aside from a small minority, hardly cares about this slight any longer.

"Their only goal is to gather up power so that they can become the sixth pillar of the Sprite Alliance."

"So they didn't recognize Sister Luna?"

"No. They weren't qualified to know Big Sister Luna's face, plus they haven't been back to the Sprite Alliance in several generations. However, they are still doing the bidding of the Sprite Alliance."

Both Luna and Amphorae raised an eyebrow, seemingly very interested in this fact.

"The Heaven's Child, Apollos, was sent by the Sprite Alliance. It was he who reaffirmed their ties with the Star Clan and he even reached out a hand to the Five Blade Clans as well. Also, Apollos was only so brazenly exposed here because the Star Clan is confident in their ability to protect him. Within the Sprite Alliance, he was very carefully hidden, so he also doesn't know Big Sister Luna's face."

"What's their purpose?"

"It's exactly as they've said. They're doing everything out in the open. They want to take as much control over as much territory as they can in as little time as possible. The proposal of this Federation is the easiest means by which they can do this. If the Sprite Alliance takes control of the 100+ quadrants of our tower quadrants, not only will they gain sole ownership of the Epistemic Towers, they'll also gain enough Faith such that they won't have to fear the Sapientia and Nephilim any further.

"The issue is that they're also aware other outer powers are trying to dip their hands into our territory as well. In fact, it seems that all of them have with the exception of the Nephilim, although the actions of the Devil Quadrants have been pretty well hidden.

"Big Brother dealing with the Sapientia so swiftly and harshly actually helped the Sprites in this case."

Amphorae fell into her thoughts for a moment.

"Are you limited in seeing through Apollos' thoughts?"

"Both yes and no... Before he disappeared into the void, reading his thoughts was very easy, it was no different than reading the thoughts of a mortal. But, after he shrouded himself in that strange power and disappeared, I could no longer read his thoughts as easy.

"With our appearance, however, he will be more cautious. I don't think he'll appear again without protecting himself..."

Amphorae nodded. "Alright. After ensuring that everything is at least alright on the surface here, we'll leave the final decision of Lord Husband. I'm sure he has some idea of what might be going on here."

Hearing Amphorae's words Luna opened her small mouth, but hesitated to speak.

"Is there something else?"

"... I'm not sure how to describe it... But, when I was reading Apollos' thoughts, before he shrouded himself, his mind was... incredibly difficult to interpret. It felt like reading through Old English, except incredibly layered, as though he thinking the same thoughts and different thoughts all at the same time and in several different ways.

"Even his own name... Usually, when I read a person's thoughts and they think of themselves, they aren't saying their own name in their heads. Instead, they project an image of themselves and subconsciously understand that this is a reflection of who they are. But Apollos refers to himself by this name, but also simultaneously thinks of himself as a godly archer, a musician, the sun, a poet and even an oracle."

#### Chapter 1756: Begun

"Even if someone thinks themselves to be all of these things, they'll combine the images into one, but Apollos thinks them all to be separate, layered things, all occurring simultaneously."

"He didn't seem to be doing it consciously, but it was rather something he did out of habit, or maybe involuntarily, as though he has no choice but to think that way..."



The women frowned. These words... They were almost certainly related to whatever odd power Apollos wielded. The issue was that they couldn't make heads or tails of what it meant.

\*\*

The elites of the Pakal and Ragnor Clans marched through Blood Universe, their destination lying toward the most neutral of Gates. It was a Dao Gate, split perfectly in half by the two Clans, each of whom controlled four key towers.

However, this wasn't most shocking part. The novelty of this particular situation had already worn down. What was actually stimulating was that in two separate armies, filled with individuals Dyon should have never met before... There were somehow several familiar faces within them both. Familiar faces he hadn't seen in a very long time...

...

"What's wrong Chenglei, what's with that frown?" A red-skinned man with an outrageously large frame wrapped his arms around Chenglei's shoulders.

Chenglei elbowed the large man in the ribcage. Despite their size difference, he was sent sprawling through the depths of space, causing a small bit of chaos in their large marching formation.

"Oof." The man rubbed his sides. He was actually quite highly ranked within the Pakal army, but this young man never gave him any face. I guess this is what came with the territory of being a dragon.

He had suddenly appeared in their territory a few years ago, wreaking of killing aura, followed by three dozen or so Black Jade Dragon. He was so powerful that he immediately gained the favor of Emperor Pakal.

To the Pakals, the legendary Dragon Race was untouchable. The greatest beasts throughout their territory were of the Heaven Grade, no one had seen peak supreme grade creatures like the Daiyu Clan ever since the Celestial Deer Sect was destroyed.

Everyone here knew how favored Chenglei was. Not even six months into his stay with the Pakals, the overprotective Emperor Pakal gave his most precious daughter to him, hoping to officially tie him to the Pakals. Even before that, Chenglei had already gained great esteem within the Pakal army, winning battle after battle in Blood Universe with only his Daiyu Clan members by his side.

That was... until it all changed just a year ago.

Chenglei was known as the Undefeated Dragon. Whenever he set out to do a task, he would accomplish it. But, somehow, the so-called Valhalla army had escaped his grasp time and time again. Whenever he thought he had them, they would disappear.

This feeling... This feeling of loss, of helplessness... He thought he had forgotten it long ago. But it was creeping back into his heart.

An aura of bloody rage rippled off of his deep black hair, causing the Pakals who marched around him to back up. A pressure only a Higher Dao Expert could exude made their hearts palpitate.

If Dyon was here, he'd initially be shocked. He let Chenglei leave a little more than 10 years ago, it was impossible for anyone to cultivate so fast. But then, he would come to a sudden understanding.

The answer to everything lied in one place: Chaos Universe and its chaotic time qi.

Even for Dyon, he had to turn off his thoughts and become a beast to survive in Chaos Universe for just 53 years. Who knew how long Chenglei spent there or what volatile areas of time qi he entered...? Somehow, he and 36 of his Clan members came out alive, each more powerful than the last.

It was unfortunate that Dyon's information had this flaw in it. Although he had heard of the Undefeated Dragon, he could have never guessed that it referred to a real Dragon, nor could he have guessed that this Dragon was in fact Chenglei, the man whose grandfather he had killed.

\*\*

On the Ragnor's side, the familiar face was even more troubling, troubling to the point where if Dyon had known about it, he would have never let King Belmont join the battle.

Standing side by side with the greatest elites the Ragnors had to offer, Lionel and Evelyn Belmont.

[Author's Note: Evelyn Sapientia and Evelyn Belmont are two different individuals. Consider this one a mistake on my part. I forgot I had already given someone else the same name when I was naming the both of them all those volumes ago. To avoid confusion, I will call Evelyn Belmont, Eve, from now on].

More than 30 years after being stripped of his bloodline by his father, and ostracized from his clan, Lionel had found his way here, and his story was eerily similar to Chenglei's... The difference was that while Dyon's information had picked up on the story of the Undefeated Dragon, Dyon had not heard a word about Lionel and his wife Eve.

As for the reason behind this oddity, it was impossible to tell with the information on hand. It could only be said that the two held a special position amongst the Ragnor Clan. This event had seemingly become important enough for this trump card to be revealed... Or, at the very least, be on standby.

Dyon was already aware that the information he had gathered could never be perfect. There were still too few celestial hamsters and they were still immature in comparison to Little Yang and Yin. However, these were glaring mistakes he wouldn't be able to forgive himself for.

Dyon was suddenly in a situation where he was forced to face two groups of enemies who had enmity beyond words with him.

On one side, there stood an arrogant dragon who had lost his grandfather to Dyon's hands. On the other, there was a former prince, thrown from his Clan, and a former Princess who had lost her only mother figure to Dyon.

What should have been a battle of little emotion and a cold hard path to victory, had suddenly become a volatile mess of emotions that had brewed for decades.

Both Chenglei and Lionel felt an uncomfortable rage in their hearts and each exuded auras far stronger than they should be. Their thoughts converged on the one person to have ever made them feel like this in their lives and the one person they wanted to kill more than anyone else: Dyon Sacharro.

The die had been cast. The Pakal and Ragnor armies stood face to face with several kilometers of flat greenery separating them.

However, just when both Clans were prepared to send their delegates forward, the shot heard around the world was fired.

12 Elite Fey, without regard for the sensitivity of the times, launched vicious attacks forward toward the Pakals.

There was no warning. No eerie suspense. Just a powder keg of pent up animosity erupting all at once.

No had time to think about what just happened or why the Fey hadn't followed orders. A war of Elites had begun.

Chapter 1757: Coward!

An eruption the likes of which the Celestial Quadrant hadn't seen in countless epochs burst forth. A tidal wave of qi, ferocity and blood exploded as the front lines of two armies crashed.

Both Emperor Pakal and Lord Odin the Sixth were completely enraged, the latter far more than the former. While Emperor Pakal believed this to be a ploy of the Ragnors and had lost his cool, Lord Odin couldn't believe what his Elder Fey had just done. Among the twelve, three of them were his concubines. He just couldn't wrap his head around why they would all do something so foolish simultaneously. And, even if they were going to take such actions, how could they not speak to him first?!

It was then Lord Odin began to understand that this had to be some sort of ploy. Were his own people betraying him?

No... That didn't make sense. The 12 Elder Fey were still fighting valiantly on the side of the Ragnors. In fact, they were performing exceptionally well, slaughtering waves of Pakals with their every step.

Could it be they simply believed this was the best course of action and didn't want him to object to their opinions?

For the first time in his life, Lord Odin felt as though he had been played. No... This was the second time. The first was after he lost his son Loki in a fashion he could hardly understand.

To this day, Lord Odin still believed Loki died after offending The Entity. This was the only way he believed the Ragnors could lose connection with Loki's Faith Seed even after sacrificing so much to chain it with Karma.

In addition, there was no way Connery would tell him what really happened, because he shouldn't have been qualified to know. If he spoke of such truths, he would expose his identity as a servant of The Entity, which would make his mission far more difficult.

In the end, those two feelings of helplessness melded into one, forming an incomprehensible emotion that made Lord Odin's chest ache. It was then that his gaze met Emperor Pakal's enraged appearance.

Emperor Pakal stood at 2.5 meters tall. His chest was bare, chains of gold hanging from his neck.

His roar shook the battle, his anger clear for all to see.

In that instant, his height shot up another meter and a second pair of arms sprouted from his sides.

Four battle axes half the size of his massive body entered his palms, savagely reaping the lives of everyone in his path.

According to convention, an Emperor should never fight on the frontlines in this way. But it was as though Emperor Pakal had thrown all such things to the back of his mind. He wanted nothing more than to carve a path toward Lord Odin and lop that arrogant head off of his shoulders.

"SLAUGHTER THESE BASTARD RAGNORS!"

Within the Ragnor army, to Lord Odin's side, Lionel's frown set in so deeply that he didn't notice that he had gripped Eve's hand too tightly.

"Lionel!" She called out in a hushed voice, her white hair fluttering.

When Eve first met Dyon, it was directly after she stole Delia's Constitution Awakening Pill under the guise of 'studying' it. Delia had been so naïve back then that she believed this woman who was once her Senior Sister.

Dyon was so angered by this that he slapped Eve and directly shattered her jaw. He then exposed the fact that despite cultivating a technique that called for chastity, she had already lost her virginity and was thus doomed to mediocrity for the rest of her life.

After those events, Eve had fallen from the status of blessed goddess to cheap whore. But... one thing was made clear by these events. If she hadn't truly loved Lionel, she would have never followed him.

After suffering through so much together, their bond was no less strong than the bond Dyon had with his own wives. Even the Lionel who once did everything for the sake of power, even betraying his own family, couldn't bring himself to do the same to Eve.

So, when Eve saw Lionel's frown, knowing her husband so well, she immediately understood what he was thinking about.

"... This..." Lionel said, willing himself to weaken his grip on Eve's small, soft hand. "... Someone is pulling us by puppet strings."

Lionel's formerly one blue and one red eye had become deep black after his bloodline was stripped from him. But, they were no less sharp.

"... But who?"

Lionel's jaw set. "Logic says that it could only be the Sapiaientia... Their position amongst us is too dubious and it was Connery Sapiaientia who said that this was a good idea in a roundabout fashion... It can't be the Pakals because this location is too stupid... But..."

Lionel looked across the battlefield, his eyes meeting with a man whose gaze looked identical to his own.

"Dyon."

They spoke the ill-fated name simultaneously.

Each of them had seen the recording of a 'Pakal' killing the Raven Clan scion. Back then, they had thought the person looked familiar, but he was simply too different. This was after Dyon had awakened his Titan Diamond Body constitution, so everything from his eye to even his hair color had changed.

In addition, they too fell for the same trick. Dyon had distorted the image, making them believe that they were seeing through his secrets to his true form, causing them to ignore the similarities in the original image.

It was only now they realized, only now they understood.

"Dyon! You coward! Come out and fight me!" Chenglei soared in his Dragon Form, pulling the eyes of everyone present toward a sleek black eastern dragon spanning several kilometers.

No matter how enraged both sides were, this image was too stunning. Everything froze.

Chenglei wasn't as narrowminded as one might believe.

Yes, it was true that he was almost the reason for Madeleine losing all of her talent to Akihiko. Yes, it was true that his Clan was responsible for many of the horrors Dyon's Mortal World suffered. Yes, it was true that his grandfather was almost the reason for Dyon's death.

But, in the end, had he gone to seek Dyon for revenge?

#### Chapter 1758: Judge Me?

In his mind, there was no chance that Dyon was a match for him now, yet his first action wasn't to seek him out despite the fact he could have, his first action was to go to the Pakals.

No matter what, Chenglei knew that if Dyon wanted him dead, he would be dead by now. It was Dyon who allowed Chenglei and his Daiyu Clan to go. No matter what, this was a debt his pride as a Dragon wouldn't allow him to forget.

Chenglei had come to the Pakals because he had plans to take their territory for himself, to rule over them and become the man he was meant to be. If he didn't bow his head to Dyon, why would he go to the Pakals just to do exactly that?

In addition, Chenglei was born with all of the Daiyu Clan's expectations thrust upon his shoulders. All of his actions to now had been for the sake of his Clan. If this wasn't the case, Dyon would have never let him go.

But, Chenglei still had his own pride, and Dyon had still killed his grandfather. He wouldn't go and find Dyon, but since Dyon had come to him, that matter was entirely different.

"COME OUT NOW!"

Years of pent up rage erupted. Balls of black flames spewed from his hot breath as he swam through the air. He didn't seem to care that he had just become such a large target, he didn't believe that anyone within the Ragnor army would dare to attack him.

At that moment, the enraged Emperor Pakal seemed to have understood something. His daughter whom he had gifted to Chenglei told him about this Dyon. There weren't any great specifics, but he knew enough to know that Dyon wasn't a member of the Ragnors.



'Could it be...?' Emperor Pakal's battle axes stopped their bloody grinding, his eyes fixed toward Chenglei's massive figure, his heart pounding uncontrollably. This was the first time he had seen Chenglei's true form... It was only now he realized that he couldn't see the limits of Chenglei's power.

The 12 'Elder Fey' began to panic inwardly when they heard Dyon's name being called. In fact, they were shocked. Since when had the Celestial Universe had Dragons?!

According to Dyon's original plan, the main army wouldn't attack until the Ragnors and Pakals had thoughts of retreat, it was only then they would have dealt the maximum amount of damage to each other and only then they would be the most fatigued. But, this sort of twist threw everything into disarray.

Just when they thought it might be possible for this to be seen as a ploy by the Ragnors, resulting in them counterattacking even more fiercely, yet another figure shot into the air.

"Will you not come out and face us?"

Lionel's voice was much calmer than Chenglei's, but his voice still permeated the battlefield. One thing became very clear instantly, with Lionel and Chenglei both acting to call out the same person despite coming from opposing sides, there was most definitely a third party at play.

"... If you don't..." Lionel said plainly. "... We could just kill your subordinates."

Lionel's sharp eyes turned toward the title spirits disguised as Elder Fey.

Still, they were all dauntless warriors of their time. Even in the face of death, they stared back at Lionel with expressionless eyes.

Without much hesitation, they placed their backs against one another, facing the two opposing armies together.

Lionel's eyes narrowed, but he didn't say anything further. Many of the Ragnors below didn't even know who he was, as he was a well-kept secret, but it was enough to know that he had come from their side and Lord Odin didn't seem to object.

Seeing that no response had come, Lionel hand flashed outward, a dao array of flames appearing to his back.

Those below were shocked. One had to remember that back then, Delia's father comprehension a 9th level intent was a shocking affair even though he was a Celestial. And even then, he sacrificed so much for just that. Comprehending a Dao was rare beyond belief in Celestial Quadrant, let alone having such a large dao array spanning more than ten meters.

After reforming their bodies, the title spirits were still just Lower Dao expert with the most powerful of them being in the third dao formation stage. If Lionel's attack was released...

"I see you're just as much of a coward as you've always been."

The voice seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere at the same time, it engulfed the battlefield so grandly that the two Clan Heads were shocked. Just where was this individual hiding?!

But soon, that question hardly matters, because seemingly out of nowhere, billions of warriors suddenly began to appear. The Ragnors and Pakals were completely surrounded!

Lionel sneered. "Your words are quite ironic for someone scheming in the shadows."

A familiar pain ached his chest at that moment, the very place his father struck his chest to rip his bloodline from him.

It was then a familiar young man appeared in the skies, bathed in white, gold and silver.

"I think you lost the right to judge things after you almost got your own father killed."

Chenglei roared. The shock wave was so devastating the Gate itself quaked as though it was threatening to collapse under its might.

But in the end, he could only be shocked. He knew what he went through to gain this power... Countless tens of thousands of years he spent in those reddened lands where he saw nothing but blood and murder. If it wasn't for his Dragon Soul, his mind would have collapsed long ago.

So why? Why was it that Dyon wasn't as shaken by his might as he should be?

As for Dyon, he was surprised. Not only was Chenglei powerful, if you took their base battle prowess and pitted them against each other, Chenglei would win 9 out of 10 times. However, just because he was surprised, didn't mean he had any sort of obligation to show it.

#### Chapter 1759: Awakened

As for Lionel, he wasn't either one of Chenglei's or Dyon's match. While Chenglei was a 9th Order 7th Stage Dao Formation expert, Lionel was only a 3rd Order 6th Stage Dao Formation expert. His cultivation was surprising nonetheless, but he wouldn't last more than a few exchanges with Dyon.

The problem was that Dyon was very good at reading people. He could see that despite Lionel wasn't even the slightest bit afraid of either Chenglei or him.

It made sense for him to be unafraid of Dyon considering he seemed to be a mere pseudo dao expert. But, for him to be unafraid and even dauntless in front of Chenglei made little to no sense. It wasn't as though they were friends... They had only worked together in the past toward mutual ends.

To put this matter into perspective, if a human 9th Order 7th Stage Dao expert faced Chenglei who had the same exact cultivation, due to the power of Dragons, they would lose 10 out of 10 times. This was simply the difference between races. For Lionel to be unaffected, even by Chenglei's Dragon Soul, made Dyon inwardly cautious.

Dyon turned his attention toward the armies below.

"My name is Dyon Sacharro, successor of the Celestial Deer Sect, and current Key Wielder of the Epistemic Tower. As many of you have probably guess by now, you're here due to my actions. Not only have the Five Beast Clans long since fallen under my control, the Uidah Clan are my pawns as well.

"I'll give you a chance. You can either surrender now and peacefully become a part of our Mortal Alliance, or you can fight, lose many more lives that I'd care to count, and eventually join anyway. What choice do you make?"

For Emperor Pakal and Lord Odin, two men who were very much used to ruling over all things, Dyon's words completely enraged them.

But, when they looked at the situation, they truly were at a disadvantage.

On this trip, they had only brought their best elites, numbering at several tens of millions. However, though Dyon's army wasn't entirely of elites, they were made up of several billion celestials and several thousand Pseudo Dao experts.

No matter how you looked at it, the situation was not good. If their armies fell here, their Clans were as good as finished. But, if they joined the Mortal Alliance... Maybe they'd have a chance to flip the table...

"You should consider carefully." Dyon said in a calm voice. "As I've said, I control the Epistemic Tower... This gives me special advantages... How else do you think you were surrounded so easily?"

The two Clan Heads trembled. It was only now they truly set aside their rage and considered Dyon's words. Didn't he just say he was the successor of the Celestial Deer Sect?!

A cold sweat permeated the backs of Emperor Pakal and Lord Odin.

It seemed that things would go well, but there were some characters in life that didn't seem content with allowing others to win before them.

Chenglei's laughter rumbled across the skies.

"You've made one mistake in your beautiful analysis. In the Martial World, the winner is decided by whoever has the largest fist, not who has the greatest number of small fists.

"Who do you have? A mere Pseudo Dao expert like yourself dares to stand arrogantly before me? Among your army, there is only a single other Dao expert, while the remaining 11 are standing amid an encirclement of our warriors.

"Tell me! How do you think you can win in this situation?!"

Chenglei's roar seemed to awaken the two Clan Heads.

"But, do you want to know what the funniest part is?" Chenglei's sneer looked especially sinister plastered on his large reptilian face. "Even if we were counting those with small fists, you still wouldn't be my match!"

[Author's Note: Chenglei was mentioned to have a God Constitution awakened just past 50%. However, the name of that constitution was never given. Also, Dyon never gave him a constitution awakening pill, obviously. Only now has his constitution awakened 100%].

A force of Death Qi erupted from Chenglei's massive black scaled body. In that instant, a portal of swirling dark fog opened in the skies...

It was as though the Gate of Hell had manifested. Countless black skeletal figures descended from the skies. First, they counted hundreds of thousands, then millions... then tens of millions...then hundreds of millions...

Chenglei's uproarious laughter quaked and Dyon's pupils constricted to the size of pinholes.

It seemed Chenglei's wish of taking Pakal territory for himself wasn't empty... He truly had the capital to do so...

These black skeletons weren't weak by any stretch of the imagination... Each and every one of them was the corpse of an Infernal Beast...

Chenglei had awakened the Death God Body.

Dyon closed his eyes, sighing. Blackened skeletal creatures descended from the skies, their eerie roars and grinding bones irritating the ears. It felt as though the world was collapsing around him, but his heart delivered a calm, pulsing beat despite it all.

Chaos Universe was a great cultivation resource, but there was a reason Dyon hadn't returned since the first time.

The first reason was purely because of danger. Distortions in time qi seemed like a great thing one could take advantage of, but Chaos Universe was a disease-ridden place. The reason why age stones read Dyon's age differently than it actually was, was precisely because of this. Dyon had spent 53 years in the wilds of Chaos Universe, but age stones only counted it as a little over 2 years.

There was a very simple reason for this: the timeline of Chaos Universe wasn't accepted by the Heavens. There were all sorts of underlying potential problems with this reality, one of which Dyon had experienced himself. Back then, he had disconnected his consciousness from his body all for the sake of surviving those effects despite having Little Yin and Yang as his guides.

The second reason Dyon never went back was because he had promised himself not to leave his family just for the sake of blindly seeking power.

#### Chapter 1760: Unprecedented

However, Dyon knew very well that there were also stable regions of Chaos Universe... Namely, the Demon Sage's Mystical World. Though the 53 years Dyon spent in the wilds weren't recognized by the Heavens, the 25 years he spent under the Demon Sage's tutelage was. As a result, Dyon's age around noted as being around 60 years old instead of around 110 as it should be.

For Chenglei, Dyon wasn't surprised by his improvement. Unlike Dyon who had to enter a bestial mind state in order to survive Chaos Universe, Chenglei was already a beast. There was a reason Chaos Universe fell under the control of the Five Beast Clan Alliance.

But... Lionel was harder to wrap his head around.

Suddenly Dyon's mind quaked, his eyes flashing open. He immediately understood something.

His divine sense bloomed, instantly locking onto the aura he was trying to find.

'That's why.' Dyon's calm gaze unnerved those paying attention to his every reaction. 'Eve, if I recall correctly, she has the Eternity's Balance constitution. In fact, she stole the constitution awakening pill that I prepared for Delia... That's what led to us becoming enemies in the first place.'

Dyon thought back to the first time he experienced the true abilities of Eternity's Balance. He had been facing an Embryonic Infernal Beast of the Saint Grade, and he was about to lose. He was enraged inwardly because he knew that if he simply outsmarted the beast, he would win. But, he had locked his consciousness away for obvious reasons.

It was then that his eyes became a pure pearly white and he saw the world completely differently. For that instant of time... Dyon could not only tell where he needed to attack the beast in order to win, but he could also see the time qi distribution of Chaos Universe to absolute perfection.

Thinking of how he was able to perfectly emulate Ri's elf characteristics by comprehending he Primordial Yin, Dyon suddenly understood what it was about Lionel that made him uncomfortable. If he was correct... His battle prowess and that of his wife were far higher than their cultivation might dictate.

In less than a second, Dyon had dissected the problem that lay before him and understood secrets Chenglei, Lionel and Eve had never spoken to anyone.

Chenglei, who had been laughing uproariously, felt that his grand display was halved in grandeur simply by virtue of Dyon's lack of reaction.

"I'll give you two one more chance." Dyon's voice seemed soft, but the crackling of bones and roars of beasts couldn't seem to overshadow him no matter how hard they tried.

"You've both worked hard to become as powerful as you are now, so I'll give you a path to autonomy. Unfortunately, I'm not in a position to give either of you a warrior's death. After you lose today, you'll become puppets of my Mortal Alliance..."

Dyon wasn't kidding around. Giving up a Black Jade Dragon with a Death God Body? Or potentially two adept wielders of Eternity's Balance? He had no intention of doing either thing.

"... There's no question about that. The only thing to consider is whether you want to become a puppet that can say no sometimes, or do you want to become a puppet that has no will of your own?"

Dyon's words stunned Lionel and Chenglei.

Those emotionless eyes, that condescending tone, that unbridled confidence which even to now they couldn't understand the origin of...

It was the same, infuriating Dyon.

"Brothers!" Chenglei roared. "Lay his army to waste!"

As though they had been waiting for a signal, 36 Black Jade Dragons launched themselves into the sky. The sight was magnificent. No one here had ever seen even one Dragon, but there were now suddenly dozens before them.

Eve silently floated up to reach Lionel's side. Somehow, their auras became far more dangerous...

"My mother..." Eve looked toward Dyon with a flicker of calm anger in her eyes.

Dyon's hand flashed, revealing an array prison that locked away Matriarch Niveus.

"... In eternal hell." He finished her sentence calmly.



There were no more words that needed to be spoken. He had hardly finished before they attacked.

39 dao experts, 37 of which were legendary dragons, surged toward Dyon. But, what they couldn't have expected was that Dyon would suddenly disappear before them. All of their attempts to lock space were completely useless.

Dyon appeared amid the title spirits, a light smile on his face. "Let's get you all out of here."

"Do you think you can just do as you please?!" Emperor Pakal roared, swinging his twin battle axes toward Dyon. He charged through waves of Ragnors, but this time, none of them tried to stop him.

He was a man of great stature, one of the few to earn the title of Asura in the long history of the Pakals. In fact, he was a Peak Dao Expert. It was just unfortunate that despite being a Peak Dao expert, he was of the mere Second Order. Before Dyon, who was of the Eighteenth... He wasn't worth much. The difference between dao cultivation stages was large... But the difference between Orders was even larger!

"It isn't your turn to make so much noise."

Dyon's Presence bloomed, crashing down from the skies and into Emperor Pakal's massive body. In that instant, a lofty figure who had stood for countless years, crashed into the ground as seemingly a result of nothing.

By all rights, Dyon's body should have been too weak to directly effect Emperor Pakal. Yet, the results spoke for themselves. Whatever evolution his Presence had undergone... It was unprecedented.

Why had Dyon chose this battleground instead of using King Universe where he held the advantage of suppression? It was precisely because Faith couldn't be accessed within the Gates. Without his Faith, Emperor Pakal stood not a single chance!

Tapping into his connection with Little Yin once more, Dyon sealed the space around Emperor Pakal, piercing his shoulders and legs with pillars of silver black spatial qi.