

The Nameless 1761

Chapter 1761: Time

With another fleeting thought, his senses turned toward the other half of the battlefield, facing a cold-faced Lord Odin. Unfortunately for him, though it was commendable to remain so calm in the face of Dyon's power, his fate was no different.

In an instant, an oppressive battlefield that should have swung heavily in the opposing side's favor, had suddenly swung back. The devastation caused by not one, but two Emperors falling victim to Dyon's power despite the layers of protection they had around them was almost too shocking.

The title spirits sighed a breath of relief. They thought that they might have to battle their way out, but it felt good knowing that their leader thought of their safety first.

"Don't mind us." Legolas laughed, shattering his disguise to reveal a valiant seven-foot-tall slender man with whipping light green hair. "If those two are handled, we'll slaughter our way out."

A magnificent bow appeared in his hand. It felt as though that one simple action had completely changed his aura. He really despised the spear he had had to pretend to wield.

One after another, the title spirits began to show their true ability. They would feel too embarrassed if even after Dyon gave them a second chance at life they had to rely on him for a third and fourth chance as well. In the end, they had their own pride as geniuses of their era, but power of Titles would soon be displayed in full force!

Dyon surveyed the battlefield quickly, knowing he didn't have much time.

He had handled the plummeting morale of his Mortal Alliance Army in the most effective way, but the situation was still not good.

Among Chenglei's army of skeletons, even the weakest was a peak celestial. And among them, several thousand were dao experts. There were even a few dozen peak dao experts.

As Dyon's army stood now, it was impossible to face so many experts at once, and this was before he even began to count what remained of the Pakal and Ragnor army.

Anyone else would have likely panicked, but Dyon saw something wrong with this situation immediately. No matter how powerful Chenglei had suddenly become, it was impossible for him to control so many corpse puppets at once. This was especially so after one remembered that beasts had innately weak souls except for very few exceptions like the Celestial Deer and the Dream Panthers.

Even if his Death God Body eliminated this weakness for Chenglei, Dyon didn't think that even he could control so many corpse puppets at once. That left only one explanation: he wasn't directly controlling them all!

If this was true, that meant the actual fighting strength of this skeleton army was far lower than it appeared to be for the same reason Dyon's Sentries displayed less power when he let them fight with their own power.

'Good.'

Looking through the title spirits, Dyon quickly spoke. "Legolas, you join Glorianice and protect the north. You two, the south. You two, the east, and you two the west.

"You remaining four, fortify the northwest, northeast, southwest, and southeast. We must maintain our advantage and sandwich them in. Don't allow them to leave this plain."

"But..." The title spirits looked into the sky toward the 39 dao experts charging toward Dyon's location.

Dyon grinned. "I haven't gone all out in a long time."

Dyon's laughter pierced through the battlefield. His will was so strong that several weaker skeletons collapsed under the pressure. Without the protection of Chenglei holding them together, they simply didn't have any will to their own. How could they defend against Dyon?

The title spirits could sense it. No, everyone could sense it. Dyon was excited. Even in this godforsaken, he was excited.

With a flick of his hand, perfectly controlled spatial qi sent the title spirits to their side of the battlefield just as he shot into the air. It was as though the God of War had appeared on the battlefield.

Dyon stood in the air, a halo of golden wings blooming to his back. As though that wasn't enough, his soul qi surged into his mind, causing a halo of blinding white light to appear above his head.

His battle changpao, embroidered with silver and gold whipped violently under his aura.

"I think it's about time." Dyon said softly.

In the beginning, no one understood what he meant. But in the next moments, they felt a shiver of fear course down their spines.

A brilliant array appeared to Dyon's back. It spanned just over a hundred meters, shimmering like beautiful white and black crystals. However, this array was decidedly incorporeal... It lacked any real substance and looked like more of a figment of the imagination than anything else.

But that was when the world trembled.

Surges of incomprehensibly large amounts of heavenly blessings descended from the skies, causing the incorporeal array to expand massively.

100 meters... 200... 300... 600... 700...

BOOM!

The world almost collapsed. An array spanning an entire kilometer pulsed with life. If before it seemed imaginary, now... It couldn't be more real.

Power surged into Dyon's body, surging through his veins with naked abandon.

Long ago, Dyon realized the comprehension necessary to improve his fire intent to a dao was within him all along. However, he hadn't done so for two reasons. Firstly because he wanted to lay a stronger foundation, but more importantly because he didn't know how he would react to a deeper comprehension of Chaos...

But now, he was supremely confident in his mental state.

In these moments, as his soul qi swam within his mind, he felt as though the whole world was open to him. But more shocking was that he could faintly sense that one of the most mysterious of the six halos, one holding streaking golden lightning in the shape of a dragon, had eagerly begging him to allow it in.

The sense of familiarity was unmatched. Much like his fire intent, Dyon felt that this lightning too could surge to the dao realm as he pleased.

The fire and lightning that had always coated his golden wings grew more violent.

Chapter 1762: Manifest

Even Dyon hadn't expected this. The golden lightning had remained dormant for so long that he thought he might never sense its acceptance. Who knew that at the moment he needed it most... It would welcome him with open arms.

[Author's Note: Quick refresher for those who need it. Dyon's manifestation came with 6 halos of power. The weapon's pagoda. The single eye. His white flames. His black flames. His crown. And the golden lightning he awakened during the second trial after being ran through the golden lightning that appeared after Amphorae became the creator of Music Will].

An instant later, something that Chenglei could hardly believe happened.

The once blue and bright skies had been completely coated by the portal to his Death Realm. Even now, the swirling portal of black still allowed black skeletal creatures to descend, filling the battlefield with ravings of creatures of the dark.

However, all of this changed in but a moment.

The skies began to rumble, the sound of thunder leaping and bounding through the air.

It was then the sky became dark for a reason entirely different than Chenglei's portal to the underworld.

The bane of yin had always been lightning. Since time immemorial, this had always been the case. However, those who could control lightning were too few and the price for doing so was heavy.

One only needed to look toward the Ragnor Clan to understand. Their Clan was created in thanks to an ancestor who was blessed with luck and received a lightning legacy. However, the survival rate of their geniuses was extremely low because of this.

Thanks to their great lightning affinity, their lightning tribulations were incomprehensibly more difficult, resulting in the vast majority of them dying. In reality, much of their evil deeds could be traced back to this reason. In order for the Clan to survive until now, they felt they were forced to commit these evil acts in order to mitigate their disadvantages.

Though Dyon understood this, he had no respect for it. But, these matters were irrelevant now... What was relevant was the golden lightning descending from the skies, shattering the portal to Chenglei's Death Realm, and forcing him to cough up blood.

A second array pulsed to life to Dyon's back, raging with an intent no less than that of his fire dao.

It crackled with malice and power, radiating an irritating sound akin to millions of chirping birds.

[Author's Note: Shout out to Kakashi].

No matter how confident they had been in their power before, Lionel and Eve couldn't help but turn pale. Lionel had been so proud in his fire dao just moments ago, but before Dyon's, just what was his worth?

Only Chenglei managed to keep his composure, his battle intent soaring as he roared into the skies, he massive body whipping toward Dyon.

Dyon's hand stretched outward, a javelin of black flames wrapped in crackling golden lightning appearing in an instant.

"I did warn you all, did I not?"

His arm shot forward like a canon. Circles of bursting air spun around the attack launched toward the hordes of skeletal creatures.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

It was just a single attack, but tens of thousands of Chenglei's army was wiped out in an instant. The morale surged once more as Dyon acted like the lightning god Zeus, raining bolts of vengeance downward.

The irony couldn't have been more potent. It was Chenglei himself that said the one with the largest number of small fists wouldn't win. And now, his words had come manifest.

The Ragnor Clan suddenly froze.

Watching Dyon in the skies like a deity amongst men, wielding golden lightning as though clouds forged by the heavens were his playpen, it struck them in a deep part of their souls.

In the Ragnor Clan, there was no God they worshipped more than Thor. He was an ancestral figure of theirs that they had never forgotten, a man who stood above all others. Though Odin was acknowledged as the most powerful of the Faith Seed creators of their past, Thor was without question the most beloved.

It wasn't that they fused the image of Thor with Dyon in their minds. Rather, they felt a deep suppression. As though before Dyon... They couldn't hope to control their lightning... Even if they were Thor himself.

It was only a single javelin strike of spinning black flames and crackling lightning, but the devastation was beyond compare. If it wasn't for Dyon's quick action in suppressing the explosion, let alone the skeleton army, large portions of his own army would have been wiped out along with swaths of Ragnors and Pakals.

But, even with his conscious suppression, the impact of Dyon's lightning dao drastically changed the battlefield once more. The Ragnor army immediately lost half of its battle prowess. Their berserk transformation ceased to work, and their Valkyries could no longer sense the essence of their special spear technique. It was as though Dyon had smothered them completely.

The true power of a Dao was on full display. When one reaches Dyon's level... It's as though every dao comprehended becomes a True Domain of its own!

Dyon's body flickered around the battlefield. Wherever he appeared and his beautiful golden wings coated in flames and lightning flapped, devastation would ensue.

The 39 dao experts couldn't have been more frustrated. No matter how they tried to lock space, no matter how quickly they moved, they simply couldn't keep him with Dyon.

Chenglei could only watch as thousands of his skeleton army, an army he suffered through countless millennia to build, fell one after another.

"Fight me!" He roared in complete, unabated rage. But Dyon pretended he couldn't hear him. Well, it was either that or he really couldn't. The crackling of his lightning dao seemed to drown out everything else.

As the insidious individual he was, Lionel regained his composure and immediately began to scour the battlefield for pawns they could use to force Dyon to fight them head on. Unfortunately, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't find even a whiff of Madeleine, Ri or Clara.

Chapter 1763: Sudden

When he realized this, the stifled feeling he had pressed down suddenly rose back up. Why did it always feel that Dyon was one step ahead? Before, it was precisely because of Dyon that his betrayal was exposed. Back then, Dyon even figured out his and Eve's relationship before they told a single soul.

For a Prince who had been raised to be the best from the very beginning, the same Prince who toyed with the so-called undefeatable Uidah geniuses even in his youth, Lionel couldn't stomach the constant losses he took to Dyon.

If Dyon knew Lionel's thought now, he would erupt into a fit of laughter. Madeleine, Ri and Clara weren't sent away because Dyon had planned so far ahead. Instead, they were currently conquering Ragnor territory and leading their own armies. It was purely coincidence that Lionel's plot failed.

Noticing her husband's agitation, Eve gripped Lionel's hand tighter.

"Lionel." She said firmly.

Lionel snapped out of his rage-like state, trying to slow the beating of his heart.

"This situation isn't as bad as it seems. Conserve your energy, in the end, he will have to fight us no matter what. There's no need to force the issue."

Lionel's frown deepened at these words.

"Think about it. There's no way Chenglei can control so many undead at once. He was far too arrogant in releasing so many, he just wanted to prove a point and it ended up backfiring. Even if we told him this directly, do you believe he would listen?"

"But, if that bastard kills a large percentage of them, Chenglei's control will increase exponentially, making each individual undead far stronger. In the end, he's helping us."

Lionel looked to wife. He remembered a time where it was him guiding her. It was always him with the plan, always him with the solution... But after those matters, their roles had long since flipped. If it wasn't for Eve, he wouldn't even be alive today, let alone be so powerful.

Lionel nodded, turning away and recomposing himself once more. In doing this action, he missed the subtle worried expression in his wife's eyes.

Her eyes turned away, locking onto Dyon's magnificent, flickering figure.

She knew well the harm her adoptive mother, Matriarch Niveus had caused. She was even faintly aware that Dyon wasn't in the wrong. But, sometimes, the world was more complicated than black and white, right and wrong...

Not only had Dyon killed the only woman she could ever call mother, he had continuously tortured her soul, even flaunting this fact before her.

She couldn't forgive this.

Her eyes flickered, pulsing with power.

It was then that Dyon suddenly stopped massacring the skeleton army. It was clear that he could continue, but he didn't. Eve immediately understood then that anything she could think of, Dyon could as well...

'This is the perfect amount. There are enough that Chenglei still can't control them well, but too little to tilt the battle in any significant fashion...

'... With me around, you won't even have time to think of controlling such a vast army.'

Dyon shot forward. In an instant, he was amid the 39 dao experts and had simultaneously through 39 tight punches.

Dyon's movement was so sudden that other than Lionel, Eve and Chenglei, none of the others could react.

The image of 36 dragons crashing down from the skies was too mighty. The reality that a man less than a thousandth of their size was the reason was even more mighty.

"You wanted to fight?!"

Dyon's blow hit Chenglei squarely in the snout. Despite the size of Dyon's fist in comparison, it felt as though a scolding coal the size of a meteor had crashed into him. Though Chenglei's lustrous black scales weren't even remotely dented, his pride was as his long snaking neck snapped backward.

Lionel and Eve were even more pitiful. They worked in tandem to push back Dyon's strike, but it wasn't until several kilometers of skidding later that they managed to slow themselves down to a halt.

Unfortunately for the three of them, this wasn't the biggest issue. Though Dyon had sent them all flying in various directions, the 36 dragons plunged into the ground right below Dyon, their kilometer-long bodies slaughtering tens of thousands of Ragnors and Pakals in an instant.

"I gave you all a chance." Dyon growled, another javelin appearing in his hand. This time, however, it was many times longer, spanning hundreds of meters.

It pierced through the air, tearing through space and impaling the bodies of several black jade dragons in a humiliating stack.

The roars of pain and shame shook the battlefield. It felt as though despite this being a war of billions, a single man had taken center stage.

"You dare!"

"I DARE TO DO MUCH MORE!"

Dyon impaled another and another black jade dragon. The golden lightning that coursed along his obscenely large and destructive javelins coursed through their bodies, disallowing them from moving a single inch as they spasmed.

"Is this the best you can do?!" Dyon roared toward Chenglei as though goading him into losing his mind. "You arrogantly left my side and gained tens of thousands of years on me, and yet this is the best you have?!"

The sight of reptilian pupils as large as several dozen meters reddening could cause even the bravest of men to quake. However, Dyon faced this massive black jade dragon with nothing but disdain in his eyes.

His javelins continued to fly, one after another.

For those in Celestial Quadrants, Dragons were a legend they couldn't even touch the corner of... They could only dream it in their dreams, listening to stories of mighty ancestors of their past and their encounters with this mighty race. But... Seeing them treated as garden snakes by a man in the form of a golden winged deity... This was a day they'd never forget.

"Throw everything you have at me! I don't want to hear any excuses from you after you're forced to bend beneath my heel once more!"

Chapter 1764: Opaque

Another black jade dragon was impaled.

"Your grandfather tried to kill me when I was nothing but a meridian formation expert." Dyon's laughter shook the Gate. "Imagine that, a celestial fell beneath the sword of a meridian formation expert! What a pathetic Daiyu Clan!"

Chenglei's body shook with rage. A dragon's breath of black flames erupted from his lips, drenched in the scent of death.

Bold type qi appeared within Dyon's body in an instant, mixing perfectly with his mercury-like blood and creating a shield spanning more than a hundred meters.

The sight of a beam of flames being stopped by a seemingly thin film of energy shook them all the more.

"Do you want to know why I bothered to keep you alive even after all of that?!" Dyon's taunted continued in behind the wall black flames. "Your pitiful Ancestor got on his knees and begged me to save your Daiyu Clan! He knew damn well how useless his descendants were and decided to trust an outsider!"

"DYON!" Chenglei's feelings couldn't be so easily described as mere rage anymore. He wanted to tear Dyon limb from limb and bathe in his blood. He wanted to pick his eyes out with his fingers and rip his tongue out with his claws.

In that moment, the blast of dragon's breath was perfectly reflected, bounding toward Chenglei's body and sending him flying once more.

"And you two!"

Dyon's attention snapped toward Lionel and Eve who flew toward him at blazing speeds celestials couldn't match.

His body flickered, easily dodging their strikes.

A flurry of exchanges occurred, reverberating in cacophonic booms across the skies the resulted in the blooming of several concentric circles.

"The bastard who let his father and clan down, and the woman who spread her legs for a shell of man!"

Dyon's palm slapped across Lionel's face as his heel descended from the skies, crashing into Eve's shoulder and sending her burying into the ground below.

"Your bitch of a mother is still being tortured by me to this moment, yet you're lying pitifully in the ground."

Dyon's head snapped toward Lionel. "And your family is prospering more than they ever have before under my rule. They never needed you nor will they ever need you."

One would think that the battlefield would fall into an eerie silence. A single man had made 39 dao experts nothing but his toys... But that was when dozens of bestial called shot into the skies as 39 beams of red light pierced the clouds above.

It was a devastating sight, more hellish than even the opening of Chenglei's Death Realm. There was something decidedly... Infernal, about it.

Dyon's eyes narrowed. 'As expected. It's impossible to gain such benefits from Chaos Universe without giving back something in return, even if you're a Dragon or a wielder of Eternity's Balance.'

The roars seemed without consciousness. They weren't roaring out of rage or purpose. Instead, they were roaring simply because they couldn't control their impulses. They had given in their bodies to swaths of festering infernal qi. Their minds were no longer their own.

Dyon's javelins, still piercing their massive bodies into the ground, shattered into raining black embers and minor golden sparks.

Chenglei's body, still hanging in the air, suddenly rapidly shrunk. In an instant, a massive several kilometer-long dragon became a stout humanoid of three meters tall.

His eyes were no longer a reflective yellow. Instead, they were like two rubies, swimming with blood. His body was covered with black-red scales. To his back, a long and thick five-meter tail whipped violently, sending a blade of wind into the ground below that split the battlefield in half.

A massive chasm appeared. But, just when it seemed the black jade dragons would fall within, their bodies expanded, following the exact opposite direction of Chenglei.

Their scales reddened as their snake-like forms extended from a single kilometer to nearly five.

At the same time, Lionel's body quivered from head to toe. His hair became a blazing water of red, following the hue of his eyes.

His robes tore from his torso, unable to withstand the masculine bulging of his physique.

Everything was fully within Dyon's expectations. With his Wings of Blessings and [Cleanse], the next step was simple to him. Beat them down until they couldn't fight back then purge the infernal qi from their bodies. By then, controlling them would be easy.

But... Dyon could only smile bitterly. Even when his plans seemed perfect, they would go awry. No one could blame Dyon... What happened next was truly too inconceivable. Even for him, predicting it was impossible.

No matter how prepared he was, he could have never expected that the greatest danger wouldn't be Chenglei, or even the weaker Lionel, but rather the only one of them he had never fought before... Eve.

The words of the old man rang in his head again. Never piss of a woman, indeed...

Eve's shrill shriek shook the skies. Despite a pillar of infernal qi erupting into the skies for her as well, hers was decidedly larger. Not only was it larger... But unlike the others, her mental state wasn't affected in the least.

Her white hair danced. Though its color didn't change, its length grew to obscene levels, reaching out longer than even Chenglei's tail. That said, the color of her skin did change, or rather, it seemed to.

The temperature around her skyrocketed followed by the slight reddening of her fair skin. In the next moment, her white gown burned to ashes, only to reveal a skintight grey battle suit.

Still, what shook Dyon the most were her eyes...

Opaque pearls of white... There was no separation between her iris and what remained. Dyon knew immediately, even without the shimmering manifestation of the blind folded lady in white to her back, the kind of world she saw now.

Eve had seemingly barely changed, but in Dyon's eyes, everything had changed. Somehow, Eve had managed to reach the state of a true Infernal beast, using infernal qi as she pleased without losing her mind.

Chapter 1765: First Person

One had to remember that the beasts within Chaos Universe weren't true Infernal Beasts, they were Embryonic Infernal Beast with hopes of one day breaking through to that next layer. The only true Infernal beasts left in the cosmos were within the Devil Quadrants, but even they paled in comparison to the height the Infernal Beasts of the past once reached...

In the eyes of those in these current times, the Celestial Beasts were still a lofty species, untouchable even after their fall to the transcendent ranks. But who then were their lifelong mortal enemies? Was it not the Infernal Beast?

Dyon didn't need to think much to understand how Eve had accomplished this. With Eternity's Balance, all qi in existence was bound to be in perfect equilibrium with yourself. This was the truth, the essence of Eternity's Balance.

There was no question that her command of her constitution far outweighed Dyon's comprehension of it. Despite having stacked the constitution twice over, Dyon had hardly spent any time reflecting upon it. In addition, it wasn't his original constitution... His body reacted far more favorably to his Titan Diamond Body.

For the same reasons, Lionel was no match for his wife in this regard despite having her Primordial Yin.

Eve's gaze fell upon Dyon. Her eyes were so calm that Dyon's own couldn't help but narrow. This expression... It was many times more fear inducing than the enraged Chenglei standing in the skies not far from her.

Even if Dyon explained he had goaded them purposely, it wouldn't help a single thing. In the end, Eve would always want him dead.

'Tsk.' Dyon shook his head. 'Who's the idiot who ranked Eternity's Balance tenth among eleven God Constitutions. I'd like to have a word for him.'

Dyon's thought had hardly finished when Eve, who had just been several kilometers away, suddenly appeared before him.

There was no warning, no piercing wind, Dyon hadn't even seen her muscles twitch.

'[Titan Emperor's Will. First Act. Third Stage]!'

Dyon's body instantly went through a marvelous change as his strength multiplied 80 times over.

But... It hardly mattered.

His body was sent careening, enlarging the crack Chenglei's tail had created. Somehow, the first person to force the battlefield into silence wasn't Dyon, but Eve.

Dyon steadily rose from the air, wiping crimson liquid from his lips. Though his blood appeared mercury within his body, much like how one's veins appeared as a bluish green color, he still bled red.

The damage from Eve's strike was surprising. Dyon could tell that there were secrets hidden within her fists related to comprehension rather than it being just pure power. Luckily, his battle changpao's ability activated perfectly.

The Celestial Deer Sect's heirloom had two main abilities. The second, Dyon had yet to use. But the first just activated. This was the ability to spread any force of contact uniformly across the battle changpao's surface area. This significantly lowered the piercing power of any given strike.

Before, Dyon's qi wasn't anywhere near dense enough to activate this ability and he relied on the base defensive ability of the battle changpao. However, now, he was almost overqualified. Still, it wasn't until the second ability was used that one would understand why a mere Spiritual grade treasure was chosen as the heirloom of such a mighty sect.

If Eve seemed surprised by how quickly Dyon shrugged off her attack, she didn't show it. Her eyes were contradictorily seething with an eerie calm. But... It wasn't her that attacked next.

Even if Eve could control the Infernal Qi within herself, the remaining 38 dao experts had no ability to. They had already shown inhuman restraint by waiting so long to attack, a fact that became blatantly ironic after one realized it had barely been a single second since Dyon triggered their transformation.

Chenglei completely ignored Eve and Lionel, it was as though the only person left in the world was Dyon and the only feeling remaining was his desire to tear him limb from limb.

Before the strike even landed, Dyon felt a headache coming along.

One might wonder why he would purposely make his enemies stronger. Why not defeat them in their infernal qi deficient state, then purge them of this qi?

The issue was that Dyon was aware that it was impossible for things to be so convenient. There was a 100% likelihood that their hidden strength would trigger as he was trying to subdue them. With how much they hated him, how could they allow him to win without fighting back with everything they had?

Knowing this, Dyon made the decision to force it out of them early. Under the influence of Infernal qi, not only would one be far more savage and deranged, but pain would be a distant memory while simultaneously existing beside obscene healing factors.

If Dyon tired himself out defeating them first, then triggered their infernal states, he would be forced to fight this battle in a fatigued state, something that would be peak foolishness.

However, despite knowing that this was the easier path, Dyon couldn't help but feel irritated.

The fist of a draconic humanoid and a ticked off man collided.

Chenglei's forearm snapped savagely, revealing the bone beneath, but he didn't so much as flinch.

His injured arm flicked to his side, taking advantage of his quick movements to snap back into place, while his other arm launched another immediate attack.

36 dragon's breaths pummeled down from the sky. The heat was so unbearable that weaker warriors below directly burnt to a crisp. No matter how much Dyon tried, it was impossible to protect himself and everyone behind him.

Even now, Eve was surprised once more.

A Dragon's hybrid form was at least a 50 times multiplier within the celestial realm. However, in the dao realm, there was another massive leap. Depending on how deep one's comprehension of their human path reached, it wasn't impossible for it to provide anywhere from a 100 to even 500 times increase in strength, maybe even more.

On top of this, infernal qi was yet another massive boost in strength. So how could Chenglei so clearly lose multiple exchanges with Dyon? It was inconceivable.

'What is going on?' Eve frowned. What she didn't know was that her confusion made Dyon even more certain of something. Whatever fist comprehension Eve had gained was what he truly had to pay attention to.

Chapter 1766: My Shadow

What Eve didn't know was that while Chenglei had gained close a 150 times multiplier on just his body, Dyon had an 80 times multiplier on both his body and his qi. When this effect was synergized with his unique meridian pathways and their ability to perfectly fuse his vital and conventional qi, the result wasn't simply additive.

In addition to this, Dyon's control over his constitution had reached a new level when his 'Halo' was activated. This Halo ability was the result of him flooding his brain with soul qi. Not only could he compute matters far quicker, but his control over his body was unprecedented.

In every exchange with Chenglei, Lionel and the black jade dragons, Dyon's weight was rapidly changing, plummeting to near zero before skyrocketing to billions of jin in an instant. On top of this, he swapped his qi continuously, matching his low weight with light type qi and his high weight with bold type qi.

Every time he did so, his attacks would combine incomprehensible speed and bone shattering weight. It felt as though every strike was being dealt by a massive body of land rather than a man.

"Why are you still standing over there?!" Dyon roared, shattering the spine of a black jade dragon once more. He had done it so many times he had already lost count.

"Don't you want to kill me?! Come then!"

Eve didn't say anything as she shot forward, entering the fray. There was no question that her addition greatly increased the burden on her.

If it was anyone else facing so many opponents at his current strength, they would collapse. Eve alone was already an enemy Dyon felt deserved his full attention, let alone adding atop of that 38 more dao experts. However, Dyon was uniquely built for this.

First, Dyon's soul was too strong and his thinking speed was too fast. For every second, he tore through thousands of possibilities before choosing the one that placed him in the best position.

Secondly, there was Little Yin. No one here, not even the evolved Eve, was qualified to lock space before a Celestial Hamster. Though Eve had become Little Yin's mortal enemy, having not specialized in spatial qi, but rather an odd comprehension Dyon still couldn't seem to see through, she was nowhere near capable of stifling Little Yin.

Thirdly, Dyon simply had too many treasures. Even though these 39 individuals benefitted from Chaos Universe, not only did they pay a heavy price for it, their luck was still; far beneath that of Dyon.

The moment the Aurum Clan's Golden Dragon Scale appeared, the pressure on Dyon's shoulder dropped by more than half. Its grand defensive abilities, scaling to the power of Dyon's body, wreaked devastating havoc.

At the same time, the Celestial Deer Sect's Heirloom made its prowess known as though trumpeting the return of their long dead Sect.

The image of Dyon fighting back against 39 dao experts was something that would never be forgotten. If Dyon won this battle, there wouldn't be a doubt in the hearts of anyone here.

Dyon exchanged a flurry of knees and punches with Eve.

An instant later, his soul qi rippled, creating a 5% in that perished while blocking a thrice layered dragon breath.

Dyon's fists crackled with lightning, but every time it collided with Eve's knuckles, it seemed to vanish into thin air as an indescribable qi tore into his body.

Dyon spun around abruptly, feinting a round house kick to create some distance from Eve, only to block an incoming attack from his back.

His palm shot forward, erupting into a cloud of shattered bone and flesh as it slammed into Lionel's chest.

Eve's eyes quivered, struggling mightily to retain their calm as she shot forward once more. She couldn't seem to understand what was happening.

With her pupils, no one should have been able to pull feinting maneuvers on her. She would be able to see through them in an instant. However, she had already lost count of how many times Dyon had done exactly that.

Eternity Pupils could directly see lines of fate, measuring out the probabilities of things occurring on a small scale. The larger scale its wielder wanted to see on, the heavier price one would have to pay. However, in simple straight forward matters such a battle, there was hardly any heavy price to pay at all.

This was what was so baffling to Eve... No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't predict Dyon's movements... Or maybe, she could, but he read and reacted to her responses so fast that it made her initial judgement useless.

Despite her pupils, Eve could never match Dyon in thinking speed, nor could her soul ever be a match for his. While she could 'see' the future, he could read the present and react to it faster than she could.

"... Let's see."

Dyon's sudden words startled Eve.

Before she could react, a stifling Presence descended from the skies, suffocating those below.

A manifestation that likes of which could only present itself to Dyon appeared. A might ten-winged man dawning robes of black flames stood in the skies.

A wheel of mystical images spun, only to allow a crown to rest at the top.

The Dragon King appeared on Dyon's wrist, followed quickly by a beautiful royal blue diamond half-step dao.

It was then that the second ability of the Celestial Deer Sect's Heirloom manifested itself.

The battle changpao began to morph. As the Dragon King's band spread across Dyon's body, coating him in magnificent black armor, the changpao perfectly fused with it, creating a battle armor of black and white, accented with pristine emblems of gold and silver.

Maybe if that was all, things would still be alright, but the half-step dao wouldn't allow itself to be forgotten.

A gorgeous royal blue armor appeared to stake atop of it all, perfectly fusing its illusory form into the already majestic armor.

Eve quivered. Not because of Dyon's sudden wardrobe change, but because his pupils suddenly looked like an exact reflection of hers. Dyon also had the Eternity Pupils!

Three sets of 108 words flew from Dyon's weapon's pagoda, circulating the air with a suppressive aura that seemed untouchable.

Roars of rage shook the skies, but it hardly mattered as thousands of cuts began to appear on the mighty infernal dragons.

As for Eve, her advantage against Dyon took another plummeting dive. Every exchange felt like she was walking up an ever-growing mountain, as though no matter how powerful she became, Dyon would outdo her personal growth ten times over!

"I'll beat it into you..." Endless fists and swords descended from the skies as Dyon executed a mind-numbing number of different techniques. Was it even possible for a single person to understand so many alone?

"... My shadow is one you'll never escape!"

"[Devour]!"

Dyon's soul clamped onto them all with the exception of Eve. He understood immediately that his gamble had paid off.

Without control of their minds, those influenced by infernal qi lost much of their finesse and experienced an exceptional drop-off in their thinking ability. The only way to stop Dyon's [Devour],

especially after it touched the One with Self Realm, was to defend against it with your will. The further away from Dyon you were, the less will you needed to use.

Chapter 1767: Gentle Light

For dao experts, this should have been easy, especially considering that many of them controlled True Domains, while they would at least have a Pseudo Domain if not. This made the immediate space around Dao Experts their own miniature world, making Dyon's [Devour] lose much of its power.

However, these 38 corrupted individuals hardly had will of their own. Chenglei had long since lost all control of his skeleton army, while Lionel didn't even try to use his greatest advantage of Eve's Primordial Yin.

At the same time, Eve could no longer fool Dyon. Not only had he seen through her comprehensions, he saw that the backlash from losing her virginity while practicing a technique that required chastity still had not been healed in all these years. If it wasn't for this fact, her power would be far more devastating.

"Let him go!" Eve's calm demeanor finally cracked. The sight of Dyon butchering her husband with endless swords and sucking the life out of him was too much. She had left behind her own little sister just so that she could stay by Lionel's side, her love for him couldn't be described in just a few words.

Her strength increased explosively. Much like the Demon Qilin's patented Demon Heart could use rage to increase battle prowess, infernal qi responded similarly.

Unfortunately, it just wasn't enough.

Dyon's palm descended from the skies, meeting Eve's fist. However, this time, that unbridled qi was stifled by Dyon and immediately reflected under the overbearing nature of his Silver Mirror Constitution.

"Impossible!"

But, the white flames that coated Dyon's palm told a different story.

"Surrender." Dyon's palm descended once more, pushing Eve back again.

Lightning and black flames cracked along Dyon's magnificent wings. It was as though a God was bearing down upon her, forcing her to bend her knee.

Eve grit her teeth, exploding outward with more force. But, the consequences were clearly seen.

Her meridians couldn't handle the pressure and many veins began to burst along her body.

Just moments ago, she had felt atop of the world. The man that had caused her so much pain and misery was sent flying under her own power. Yet, in just a few hours, everything had turned. It felt like instead of having enjoyed an exchange where she came out on top, she was simply an item for his observation, a curious phenomenon he wanted to inquire about before putting it out of its misery. The reality of such a matter made Eve feel as though something had broken inside her once more.

The truth was that Eve was wrong. Dyon had indeed been on the losing end, but it wasn't because he purposely allowed her to gain a sense of victory. Rather, he was still acclimating himself to his new strength.

The Dyon of just a few days ago would have been no match for Chenglei, let alone Eve. After all, he calculated his strength as being at the 6th Dao Realm as measured by the power of 9th Order geniuses. Since that was the case, wasn't Chenglei a 7th Stage Dao Formation Realm expert?

The reason for his explosive increase in strength was precisely due to his newly awakened daos. As one of the most important aspects of cultivation, how could they not produce a great boost?

Not only did they provide a suppressive effect upon fire and lightning dao wielders, but they directly amplified his explosive power when applied to his strikes.

In fact, none of this even mentioned Dyon's advantage in treasures. After being stuck in Celestial Quadrant for so long, Chenglei, Lionel and Eve didn't even have a transcendent grade weapon, let alone Dyon who could manifest as many supreme grade weapons as he so desired.

Blood flew from Eve's lips as though propelled by a jet. Her lithe figure crashed into the grounds below, leaving only Dyon in the skies.

Eve knew she had no choice but to burn her blood essence. No matter what, she couldn't allow herself to lose. But ... Dyon felt this battle had gone on for long enough.

"THAT'S ENOUGH!"

A booming voice erupted from Dyon's lips as a beautiful rainbow half-step dao array appeared before his mouth.

Eve felt as though the sound had crawled into her mind, stunning her speechless and motionless. The perfect fusion of Presence and music qi was too potent.

Dyon's hands clasped before him, erupted into a sea of white flames and golden holy type qi.

Everything went black for Eve. It felt as though some foreign energy had suddenly entered her body and ripped out a core part of her. The last word she heard was...

"[Cleanse]."

It seemed Dyon had underestimated the power of his technique once more. Before, he had only used [Cleanse] with holy type qi, but ended up destroying a barrier and laws placed by Luna herself... But now he had suddenly used it in conduction with his white flame's amplification characteristic.

Let alone the infernal dragons below, even Chenglei's skeleton army was wiped from existence under a gentle light...

All that remained was a deity dressed in blinding body armor, gently flapping his golden wings as he stood alone in the skies.

This sort of battle was the kind written into legends, but it hardly needed to be said that Dyon didn't care much for it. It wasn't that he didn't know how great of an accomplishment it was, but rather that he simply wasn't satisfied.

Dyon relied on his mind to win this battle. Though when facing Lionel, Chenglei, and especially Eve, it was left to his battle sense and prowess, this war as a whole couldn't have been won without his schemes. Even with his current strength, he didn't know if he was capable of facing the Faith of the Ragnor and Pakal Clans. To make matters even more uncertain, he had no idea how powerful the slumbering Ancestors of the two Clans were.

Though Dyon had the baby skull from the Pride Clan which followed the path of nihilism, his death will comprehension wasn't yet deep enough to use it. Also, considering Junior still needed much more time to grow, it would likely be a very long time before he was able to rely upon it.

This was all to say that while he was being praised for his valiance by those below, only he knew that there was nothing to be proud about. He simply eliminated an enemy in their weakest state... with his level of pride and arrogance, this would never be something he would celebrate.

Chapter 1768: Shortest

How many more opportunities would he have to defeat enemies cut off from their Faith? How many more opportunities would he have to avoid battling their most powerful Ancestors? Maybe this was the last time.

Still, the resolution in Dyon's eyes didn't fade. Wasn't his mind one of his weapons as well? Who said the martial world had to be purely ruled by strength, who said it couldn't be ruled by intelligence? If his own power wasn't yet enough to stand on the biggest stage, he'd make sure his mind was.

Plus... Dyon didn't feel that he would remain weak forever. He had grown so powerful even without using the Dragon and Phoenix Seals left behind for him by Jade. Originally, they had the ability to help him reach the Peak Dao Realm as long as he broke all 33. The only reason he hadn't used them yet was because the Seals were difficult to break.

The Dragon and Phoenix Seals held the immeasurable energy of Jade's Higher Existence self and breaking them required battle prowess. The higher Dyon's battle prowess, the more seals he could shatter, and the more energy he could absorb.

There were 11 body seals, 11 soul seals, and 11 energy seals. Dyon had been capable of breaking all of the soul seals long ago, but his body was too weak to handle such a powerful soul. Now, however, he was more than qualified.

Then he would break the body seals. He felt that if he diligently absorbed the energy within the body seals, he might be able to reach the diamond silk stage, a stage two levels above his current gold stage and only a single step away from the higher fate silk stage.

Finally, there was the 11 energy seals. Before, they were qualified to bring Dyon up to the Peak Dao Stage, but he doubted they had the ability to do so now... His energy talent had gone up too much and his meridians were far wider. However, they should still be enough to bring him to the 6th or 7th dao stage.

Dyon felt that he couldn't thank Jade enough for this trump card she left him...

He didn't know how many years it would take to fully and comfortably absorb so much energy, but he did know it would be easier with Luna by his side. Once he completely absorbed all 33, he might reach a realm where he no longer had to fear Higher Existences even if he couldn't defeat them.

If those below watching Dyon in reverence knew that he only had thoughts of growing stronger, they might all have weird expressions on their faces. But, this was the reality of Dyon's life, he couldn't relax.

To most, their goal might be to stand atop the mortal plane and maybe one day transcend. In fact, many didn't even have thoughts of becoming dao experts and were greatly satisfied with the title of Celestial.

However, Dyon's enemy was among the strongest transcendents to ever exist. He simply didn't have such luxury.

When Dyon collected himself, he swept his unconscious enemies into his inner world. The battle had long since concluded. No one was foolish enough to continue risking their lives after it became clear the outcome would be decided by Dyon and his opponents.

Lord Odin and Emperor Pakal received the same treatment, being directly sent into Dyon's inner world.

The Ragnors and Pakals were rounded up. Their strength was sealed under Dyon's prowess and their weapons and resources were taken away.

Unlike his actions with the Five Beast Clans, Dyon couldn't afford to assimilate these characters into his army just yet. While he hadn't feared the Faith of the Five Beast Clan Alliance, he was apprehensive about the Faith of two Emperor God Clans. Until he conquered their universes, he wouldn't attempt to use them under his banner.

Finally, after allowing his warriors to rest, Dyon began to march toward the core of Ragnor territory. Once he subdued what remained of the Sapientia, Celestial Quadrant would be under the ownership of the Sacharro Clan.

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Back within Star Quadrant, the parliament gathering the Mortal Plane Federation were still going strong. It had already been several weeks of daily meetings, but there always seemed to be numerous more small details to sort.

Several laws had to be put in place, loopholes had to be sealed, and viewpoints had to be configured such that everyone was on the same page. One had to remember that this Federation would eventually become the board that pieced the territories of the tower quadrants, it was impossible for them to not be diligent.

First, the point system had to be created and vetted.

As the point of the Federation was essentially to train up youthful geniuses, the missions had to be chosen as such. However, at the same time, there was little point in completing empty missions. There

had to be a balance of safety and difficulty that cultivated better geniuses for the sake of their future. In addition, the completed missions also had to benefit the Federation as a whole.

There was no surprise with the fact that the Star Clan's constructed point system had many holes shot through it. Yet, despite being the target of scrutiny, King Star simply smiled and nodded, making his own opinions clear but also accepting that of others.

In the end, the parliament decided on what they called the Golden Formula. This formula calculated the value of a universe based on its age, resources, potential for growth and energy density.

The result gained from this Golden Formula was then multiplied by unit distance. This distance represented the gap between a Clan or Sect's outer boundary and this universe in question. Of course, the shortest distance possible was taken.

A universe that was directly adjacent and within the same quadrant received a value of 1. A universe that was directly adjacent but within a separate quadrant received a value of 10. Like this, every quadrant boundary represented a 10 times multiplier while every common universe boundary was a jump of a single fold.

Chapter 1769: Silence

Simply put, if the shortest distance between two universes was a path crossing 3 universes, then the value of the Golden Formula would be multiplied by 4. Like this, Clans were forced to 'conquer' universes closest to them before approaching other universes. This gave those of the Federation ample time to focus on protecting their own territories before thinking of expanding.

Once one gets into the complexities of such things, it became very obvious why the meetings would continue for so long. In fact, the second task was even more complex.

After setting the point calculation as a foundation, the Laws of the Federation had to be set.

What were the violations? What would happen if a Clan or Sect refused to give up territory bought with points by another Clan or Sect? In the case they needed to go to war with this Clan or Sect, who would send warriors? How many needed to send warriors? How would they decide who and how many?

There were other considerations as well. For example, a Federation was by definition a group of territories that allied themselves, but also governed under their own rules. So, how much freedom should each territory receive? Would they have overarching rules everyone needed to follow? Or would there be absolute freedom?

Then came the most important aspect of the meeting: when the Ancient Battlefield descended, how would they work together? When others were on the verge of collapse, would they help? How would they punish those who took advantage of the Federation when it was convenient, but ignored their brotherhood after the fact?

For such matters, concepts such as embassies and ambassadors were floated around. One of the main decisions made within the parliament was to allow free exchange of information and free travel between their territories, a matter that was made extremely convenient thanks the Epistemic Tower.

Of course, it was very obvious to Amphorae and Luna, even without Lyla having to tell them, that everyone was just curious about the Sacharro Clan. Just what kind of place was their territory?

They remembered a few days ago that King Star had tried to introduce an amendment that would state that universes such as the 99th and 100th which were uninhabited shouldn't be privy to the distance multiplier.

But, that was when Amphorae surprisingly rebutted and said the 99th universe was actually territory of the Sacharro Clan. Of course, her explanation made sense. The strongest members here knew that the former 20th ranked Universe was once Celestial Deer Sect territory. In fact, King Star was clearly aware of this as well. It was obvious he was simply testing the Sacharro Clan to find out more about them.

These matters only made those in attendance even more curious about the Sacharro Clan.

"Now I believe we've combed through the most important aspects of our Federation, so I think it's time I tell you all about something incredibly important." King Star suddenly said during the third week.

"I will be transparent with you all. Much like we are doing our best to prepare for the descent of the Ancient Battlefield, so too are the outer powers trying their best.

"I promise you all that your territories here will remain untouched by those of the outside world, but I believe it would be foolish to ignore them completely. Remember, it is also in their best interest that we grow stronger... After all, the battle against those Clans is a war against our entire Mortal Plane..."

The eyes of the Heads narrowed.

"The Sprite Alliance is willing to take in some top geniuses who perform well and provide them extra opportunities. What do you all think about this?"

The parliament fell into a silence. Those below felt they were unqualified to answer this question while those who sat by King Star's side were conflicted. Maybe the only ones who were seemingly uncaring were the Dragons and the Sacharro Clan.

On one hand, they felt as though they had been played with someone else's puppet strings. It was clear to everyone that the reason King Star took so long to bring up such an important point was precisely because he was aware of the tension it would bring.

No one would forget that two of their strongest three quadrants were ruled by Sprites. Now, King Star was mentioning that the mighty Sprite Alliance Dyon's red-haired wife mentioned was involved in this as well?

Maybe if Amphorae hadn't exposed the outer powers and their strength, this would have been easier to accept. But, the fact she had only made the tension worse.

Even if King Star swore that the Sprite Alliance wasn't after their territory, and even if it made sense that they would prefer everyone to be stronger even if it was just for the sake of using them all as cannon fodder, was anyone here really childish enough to believe that the Sprite Alliance wouldn't find a way to take its pound of flesh? Maybe this Federation itself was its way of doing exactly that.

King Star sighed. "I knew that this matter would raise questions, which was why I waited so long to bring it up.

"I won't belittle your intelligence, I'm aware of what this looks like. It was a difficult decision for my Star Clan as well. As you all know, we were greatly humiliated and ostracized from this very same Sprite Alliance..."

Amphorae's eyes narrowed. It seemed King Star had a purpose for exposing his weakness all those weeks ago. Now, his story came off as more genuine.

"... The decision is up to you all. If you disagree, you don't have to send your geniuses to that place. Instead, only my Star Clan will participate. I just thought that as members of a united Federation, I should share this opportunity with you all."

"What exactly is this Sprite Alliance providing that you and Sacharro Clan cannot?" The retired King Atlas inquired.

This was indeed an important question.

Chapter 1770: Accepts

The Sprite Clan had revealed that it had a Heaven's Child under its wing while the Sacharro Clan claimed to have a Star Lord. It was hard to imagine that the Sprite Alliance could have anything better. If they couldn't, then what was the point of even considering such a risk?

King Star smiled as though this was the exact question he wanted to hear.

"Though we can provide resources, the Sprite Alliance provides unique opportunities. It's hard to fathom, but the Sprite Alliance controls almost 100 quadrants alone. In addition, these quadrants are far more ancient than those among our tower quadrants.

"They have far more abyssal cores, many enigmatic places far more stimulating than the Danger Zones of the Epistemic Tower. But, most importantly, it has geniuses far above the threshold of genius we've set here... So-called 'True Gods' are commonplace within the Sprite Alliance.

"This sort of experience is important for the growth of our youths. They need to experience a bigger world, where they might not always have the biggest fist..."

A cold breath swept through the parliament.

True Gods? Commonplace?

One needed to understand that the criteria for True God wasn't so lofty, at least not by Dyon's considerations. Being a True God simply meant that you were qualified to enter the Celestial Realm as a 9th Order genius. In addition, you had a good chance of becoming a Higher Existence. Nothing more, nothing less.

However, Dyon had known long ago that the true test wasn't entering the celestial realm at the 9th Order, but rather entering the dao realm at the 9th Order! Within the outer powers, only if you accomplished this would you gain a title as lofty as 'True God'...

These men and women were known as Undefeated Spirits and Battle Spirits!

Dyon had met the concept of an undefeated spirit long ago during his first encounter with the Five Beast Clans. However, he had been unable to form one of his own for odd reasons. He simply had too much confidence in himself to have to overcome much of anything.

However, the truth was that even if those geniuses of the Five Beast Clan Alliance believed themselves to have formed an Undefeated Spirit, it could only be said that they were foolish. The truth was that they had only taken a first step, but were very far from becoming true battle spirits.

One with a Battle Spirit had gained control of their own Faith and was capable of forming and wielding it outside the influence of their own Clans and Sects... These were men and women who despite being born with silver spoons in their mouths, spit it out and forged their own.

These were the true geniuses of the Mortal Plane!

In that moment, an oppressive pressure swept over the parliament.

Several eyes snapped toward a red-haired beauty so lofty that their hearts trembled at the simple sight of her expressionless gaze.

An Eastern Red Dragon soared into existence from her back, snaking through the skies to loom over the Star Clan with reptilian ruby-like eyes.

Its roar shook Planet Star before it suddenly began to morph. Slowly, but surely, the mighty dragon became an enchanting beauty. Though her eyes were red, it was obvious to everyone that this was an incarnation of Amphorae herself...

King Star's fists clenched beneath his loose robes. This wasn't a manifestation. Manifestations were born from the inclination of one's soul... But this was born from the inclination of one's dao heart...

'... Battle Spirit...'

Amphorae's gaze swept through the Parliament. "The Sacharro Clan accepts."

Amphorae had given King Star ample warning. The Sacharro Clan's position was clear.

In the martial world, when it came to matters of Faith, the importance of a Clan's image couldn't be understated. Though Dyon had raised the prestige of the Sacharro Clan many times in the past, in the eyes of the Heavens, the Sacharro Clan didn't exist. It wasn't until Dyon conquered his first universe in the truest sense that the Sacharro Clan was finally acknowledged.

The Faith of a Clan wasn't just decided by how strong the universes it had under its wing were. Though it could be considered a shortcut, it wasn't self-sustaining. If a weak Clan, by fluke, took control of a powerful Clan's land, within just a couple generations, this strong universe would fall from its previous grace.

This is exactly what happened to Soul Universe. Though it had once been mighty, it had fallen greatly. To now, its suppression was still quite large in comparison to some other universes, but it was tiny in comparison to what it once was.

Amphorae's role wasn't simply to find out what the Star Clan was planning. This was the first time where the martial world's view of the Sacharro Clan truly mattered... The trajectory set now would put that Sacharro Clan on a rise toward prosperity.

With that acceptance of the Sacharro Clan, the remainder of the Heads made their opinions known. Some refused, some accepted, but many more took a wait and see approach. If they could benefit from the Sprite Alliance, why not? But if it was dangerous, they would pull out.

Finally, the first round of parliament meetings came to a close with King Star divulging some more information surrounding the Ancient Battlefield. But, these were things the Sacharro Clan had long been aware of. After all, their Clan Head could access the battlefield whenever he so chose.

King Star emphasized the importance of bodily strength, he mentioned that wills were more difficult wield in the ancient battlefield, and he finally spoke of various suppressions one might face similar to what one might experience entering a territory that wasn't their own. Finally, he informed them all that their various geniuses could make their way here to enter their training program in just a few months.

Like this, the meeting ended.

"The Star Clan will not force you to travel for so long twice." King Star said amiably. "You may all feel free to stay and sightsee, or you can return to your Clans via our Epistemic Tower teleportation arrays. The choice is yours. Aside from our Holy Lands, everywhere within our Star Clan's territory is open to you all."