

The Nameless 1771

Chapter 1771: Lie

Amphorae wanted to leave directly, worried about how the war might be fairing without her and Luna there, but she knew it would be rude to do so.

She had been very arrogant these past few weeks in order to fight for a strong position among the Clans here, especially since regardless of Dyon's status, their quadrants were technically ranked 58th and 99th respectively. Because of this, her actions were necessary so she wasn't forced to reveal more about the Sacharro Clans power than necessary.

However, a constantly hard approach was ill-advised. The Clan that had likely accumulated the most Faith in their tower quadrants were the Sapientia, but they were well known as neutral pacifists. So, Amphorae, despite her not liking it very much, stayed and exchanged a few pleasantries, mostly relying on Little Lyla to fill in her lack of social skills.

True God Diasho looked upon Amphorae with fiery eyes, hardly able to control himself. Anyone with half a thought could see the vulgar expression hidden within his eyes. It could only be said that he was very lucky Dyon wasn't present.

"Mistress Sacharro who represents the younger generation of the Sacharro Clan? To be honest, we are very curious about your Clan's depth of power."

The one who spoke was a female elder of the Elemental Qilin Clan, Grand Elder Nativus. Maybe only qilins and dragons would ask such a sensitive question outright without hiding traps within their words.

Currently, many powerful figures in the surroundings, amiably chatting.

"My husband isn't the only genius of our Sacharro Clan, though he does happen to be the best..." Amphorae replied lightly.

Luna had seemingly vanished, but Lyla was by her side, linking her arms with her elder sister with an adorable smile on her face. Though she was the least qualified to stand here, it was undeniable that her presence made others feel comfortable.

"Is that so? I've always speculated that the Sacharro Clan was quite small. How many will you be bringing?"

"Not many." Amphorae replied frankly. "Honestly speaking, the Star Clan has little to offer us. We will make an appearance in solidarity of their efforts, but not much more. That said, when the Sprite Alliance becomes involved, it won't be difficult for us to provide a few hundred..."

The pupils of the elders constricted into pin holes. It was already decided that the lowest threshold for acceptance by the Sprite Alliance was to enter the Dao Realm at the First Order. Did the Sacharro Clan really have such depth?

This wasn't the most poignant point. The age threshold for the Ancient Battlefield was 1000 years old. If it was just a few hundred First Order Dao experts, it would be surprising, but not obscenely so. There were a few Clans here who could match such an ask. But, if the criteria was being 890 years old or younger...

The Clan Heads looked at each other and smiled bitterly.

Amphorae's words weren't a lie. Dyon and she were certain that it would only be a few more decades before the Demon Generals began to break into the dao realm one after another. Each of them were geniuses worthy of entering the Dao Realm at the 9th Order. The only reason why the vast majority of them had failed to become even 9th Order Celestials was because of how difficult cultivating [Inner World: Sanctuary] was.

That said, the Vice Commanders were all currently of the 10th Order at a minimum. About half of them had already attacked and succeeded in entering the 11th Order. As for the rest of the Demon Generals, Dyon had plans on helping them out as well...

If he had Luna's help and gave his Demon Generals the talent of his people, would they still struggle in cultivating [Inner World: Sanctuary]? By then, other Clans could only weep at the talent under the Sacharro Clan's wings.

In truth, this wasn't the only surprise Dyon had in store for the Demon Generals, but this would have to wait for the official establishing of the Mortal Empire.

"What will Madame Amphorae do in the meantime? Is the Sacharro Clan undertaking any big endeavors?"

The question seemed benign, but Amphorae, who had tried to put on her least aggressive expression couldn't help but frown deeply.

There was a very different connotation behind calling her Madame Amphorae instead of Mistress or Madame Sacharro. It was clear that whoever it was wanted to separate Amphorae from the Sacharro Clan in a subtle fashion. Considering this truth, maybe it wasn't so surprising that it was True God Diasho who had spoken.

True God Star, seeing his friend acting so blatantly in such a situation, couldn't help but rub his face in exasperation. Empress Aspirant Cativa had suddenly disappeared again, and now Diasho Ren was stirring up trouble. These days had truly been too stressful.

"What will I be doing?" Amphorae replied somewhat coldly.

"Well, with True God Sacharro being away..." Diasho Ren cleared his throat, as though finally realizing there was something wrong with his words. "... What I mean to say is that your Clan likely has plans outside of this, right? I was only wondering if my Diasho Clan might lend a hand."

Amphorae truly didn't feel like answering. If it was up to her, she'd rip Ren's eyes from their sockets and chop off that vulgar tent pitched in his pants.

Luckily, it seemed she wouldn't have to as a light giggling cut through the silent atmosphere.

Ren frowned, turning his gaze to Lyla the culprit.

"There's little else women like less than to have their age questioned, you know. Even if you weren't already foolish enough trying to gain my big brother's wife's favor, you would definitely be foolish for assuming her age."

Ren's eyes widened, hardly knowing how to respond to this.

"Slow witted too." Lyla shook her pretty little head. "My big sister-in-law isn't even 200 years old yet, what do you mean what will she be doing? She'll be going to Sprite Alliance territory just like you will."

Chapter 1772: Latter

If Dyon was here, he'd likely be laughing up a storm. His Little Lyla truly hadn't let him down, defending her big brother's honor even with him being so far away. Little sisters really did have the sharpest tongues. He couldn't have said it better himself.

Diasho Ren really was too foolish. His question obviously implied Amphorae was over the 890-year age limit and would thus be older than 1000 years old by the time the battlefield descended and the first phase opened. But he didn't even realize that the woman he was trying to strike up a conversation with was less than a quarter the age he assumed her to be.

Even if Amphorae wasn't the kind of woman to care about such things, Diasho Ren really was too stupid.

"This..." Diasho Ren rubbed the back of his head.

In truth, he was more than a little bit enraged by this weak little girl, but if he showed it, he would only embarrass himself further. He couldn't fathom what Dyon had done to deserve such a woman. He was certain that the marriage between Amphorae and Dyon was forced through without her consent. How else could a celestial marry such a genius dao expert?

Remembering how doting that Higher Existence Sacharro woman was toward Dyon, he was even more certain. That was the kind of Clan elder who would do anything to get their heir the best spouses.

The more he thought about it, the more infuriated he became. He saw Amphorae as a pitiful trapped bird who couldn't escape her marriage even if she wanted to.

In his delusion, he clenched his fists, swearing in his heart that he would grow strong enough to free her. Then they could live a happy, fulfilling life together.

Reading his thoughts, Lyla fell into another fit of giggles. She could hardly control herself, but this only made Diasho Ren angrier.

"You're lucky my big brother isn't here. He wouldn't take too kindly to your actions." Lyla said through laughs.

Diasho Ren snorted, finally putting away his embarrassed look. "True God Sacharro will never be my match!"

A valiant, sharp aura soared from within him. Many elders couldn't help but nod. The leader of the Heavenly Sword Guild truly wasn't just empty boasts.

"Mhm, mhm." Lyla waved her hands, pulling Amphorae away. "Try not to lose your head. It would be a shame if my big brother decided there should be one less genius among us all. He's not very good at restraining himself, especially when it comes to his wives. You should ask the Sacharro Clan about that..."

Though she said these words, many took it as a little sister believing a bit too much in her elder brother. True God Sacharro was a great talent, but they all believed the Ancient Battlefield was descending too soon for him ... This stage would be fought on by those who had already entered the dao realm, those still within the celestial realm would be nothing but canon fodder.

It was only after Amphorae and Lyla had disappeared that the elders finally grasped the gravity of Lyla's words....

From their senses, they knew that Amphorae was on the verge of breaching the 6th Dao Stage... How could that be done in less than 200 years?!

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"Give it back to me now."

Empress Aspirant Cativa reached her hand out, glaring toward Emytheus.

Through the whole of the parliament gathering, Emytheus had remained extremely lowkey. He knew that his place wouldn't be high among those here, and he most definitely wasn't qualified to speak, so he kept quiet.

That said... The longer the meeting went on, the more difficult he found controlling his excitement.

This federation, it would accelerate his plans a hundred, no, a thousandfold even. To think that he was gain such an opportunity, the Gods were truly smiling down at him. His Olympus Clan would rise again.

He was in such a good mood that he couldn't be bothered to tease Cativa any longer. He directly tossed over an array plate that Cativa shattered without hesitation.

Finally able to sigh a breath of relief, Cativa's eyes narrowed.

"Who are you really? What do you mean by all of this?"

Emytheus shrugged. "I'm just a man fighting for the right to love the woman he loves. Is that such a bad thing?"

Cativa silently scanned Emytheus' visage. He couldn't tell whether what he said was true or not. Was he really doing all of this for a woman? She didn't know if she believed that.

Something about Emytheus seemed off. He couldn't have appeared more normal. He wasn't extraordinarily handsome, nor extraordinarily tall, nor was his aura extraordinarily valiant... But there was something about the words he spoke that opened a door to his soul. Maybe his personality was the only thing he couldn't completely conceal.

"I shouldn't hold a married woman up for so long." Emytheus said with a sly grin. "I'm sure your husband is looking for you. Goodbye!"

Without another word, Emytheus disappeared into the Epistemic Tower.

His backview made Cativa feel uncomfortable in her heart, as though the tides of Fate were changing.

Every generation would have figures rise to the top who had no business being there...

Their backgrounds were pitiful, their talent was lacking, and the odds were forever against them. Yet these individuals beat those odds, often for reasons as trivial as... chasing a woman.

Those wildcards owned pockets of history. Some were flashes in a bottle, but others created a legacy far beyond that... Cativa couldn't help but wonder if Emytheus was for the former or the latter...

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Within Celestial Quadrant, Dyon had no idea about Emytheus' happiness, nor did he know about True God Diasho's foolishness.

Usually, it might be apropos to say he didn't care about such things, but the truth was he really would care about the latter issue. Even if he didn't storm into the Star Clan to teach Diasho Ren a lesson, he would definitely keep it to the back of his mind to pay him the favor back later.

Chapter 1773: Dyon Sacharro

That said, the Dyon of now couldn't afford to be thinking about such things. Though the battle for Celestial Quadrant seemed already won, there was one more worry weighing on his mind: The Sapientia.

He would be a fool if he didn't know there was something odd about their presence in this quadrant and even more foolish if he didn't take their threat seriously.

With the Pakal and Ragnor elites taken care of, it was only a matter of time before their territories were swept clean by Dyon. However, the matter of the Sapientia were completely different. To now, he still

didn't know how strong the connection between the Sapientia of this quadrant and the main Sapientia Outer Power was. As such, he had to be cautious.

As he moved toward the core of Ragnor territory, he swiftly took hold of all Sapientia strongholds, controlling them tightly and ensuring there were no loopholes left behind. He needed to make certain that Connery couldn't find out about his movements ahead of time.

Not only did this impact his path toward success, but it also involved the life and death of Madeleine's former master. Though Dyon didn't care much Evelyn Sapientia, since he had promised his wife to give her a family, he would do so.

In the end, Ragnor territory was far more robust than Five Clan Beast Alliance territory. It took Dyon a full month before he managed to make his way to their core universe.

During that time, he had been forced to fight many faith wielders, an experience that painted a grim image for the future. Despite being so much weaker than him, and even without being the elites of the Ragnor Clan, these individuals still managed to survive a few exchanges before Dyon subdued them.

This reality was only made worse after one realized that since these warriors weren't elites, they only had access to a small portion of the Ragnor Clan's Faith.

Still, there was hope. Dyon hadn't used his own Faith and none were able to make him use his full power.

Finally, Odin City stood proudly before them all, a fierce formation of crackling lightning covering it completely. Those who had remained to defend Odin City looked out with solemn expressions, unable to understand just where this massive army that surrounded their planet had come from.

There was only one person who recognized the valiant leader at their vanguard all too well.

"Dyon Sacharro..." Connery's eyes narrowed.

The Federation Heads weren't the only ones who believed it was too soon for Dyon. Unfortunately for them, he had arrived right on time.

Connery almost couldn't believe his eyes.

How long had it been since he last saw this young man? Forty? Fifty years maybe? Was that enough time for such a drastic change?

When he sensed Dyon's cultivation, he trembled even fiercer. Pseudo Dao Realm from the meridian formation realm in less than half a century?

'He most definitely entered the Epistemic Tower, could he have also completed his trials in that time? Impossible!'

Connery, with his intel, was well aware of the existence of Lionel and Eve, but their cultivation was explained by Chaos Universe. One could smell the scent of infernal qi wafting from them. But, Dyon had no such qi, which meant that his power couldn't be explained by Chaos Universe.

This wasn't even the most poignant point. How could he build such an army in such a short time? Even if he was willing to accept everything to this point, how had he made it Odin City?

No matter how he racked his brain, Connery could have never imagined that the meeting of the Ragnor and Pakal Clans had been orchestrated by Dyon himself, nor could he imagine that Dyon had set the seeds for this event almost half a century ago.

Looking up at Connery, even with the Celestial Quadrant so close to falling into his hands, Dyon couldn't help but feel complex.

He obviously had no feelings of goodwill toward Connery. Since the moment they first met, they could only stand on opposite sides of the aisle.

Dyon still remembered when he first heard of the Sapientia. He was a boy, no older than thirteen years old. He still remembered the joking nature of Libro the Focus Academy librarian.

Still, even back then, Dyon had found it ridiculous. The concept that a single Clan controlled all of the martial world's information... How had people not found this to be a problem? How had people not stopped them?

Libro, Madeleine's foster uncle, was likely in this city as well considering Dyon sent them all away. Dyon wondered if he too remembered their first meeting as well as he did...

Washing the thought from his mind, Dyon's gaze didn't move from Connery. 'I'd really like to see... If you dare to still remain neutral.'

"Those of Odin City. Not only has your Lord Odin been captured by me, this planet is all that remains of your Ragnor territory. So... I will give you all a choice. You can either willingly lay your weapons down and allow us to enter the city. Or, you can raise them high and face the consequences..."

The pitiful figure of the once lofty Lord Odin appeared kneeling before the city. It wasn't just him, but the eleven Elder Fey – this time their true selves – and numerous Elder Champions were forced to kneel as well.

The impact of seeing their mightiest warriors captured like pigs couldn't be understated. Whatever morale Odin City had, maybe hoping they could hold out until the meeting of the Pakals and Ragnors ended, crumbled...

Before Dyon played this card, they had many options before them. They could rely on their ancestral formation to protect them for at least a few weeks. Then, when they no longer had a choice, they could awaken their ancestors. Odin City obviously wasn't left completely defenseless, so there were still Champions and Fey within the city with the right to call upon their slumbering Ancestors.

Chapter 1774: Retreat

With the help of their Faith, these measures would be more than enough to stall for maybe even a few months. By then, the negotiations with the Pakals should be over and then these bastards would get what was coming to them.

But... How could any of them have guessed that their deepest hope would be shattered before they could even set their resolve?

"Of course, you could think of escaping... But I think many of you would soon realize that none of your teleportation formations will work as you hope. Plus... There's really no point to teleporting to another place that also happens to be under my control, right?"

Connery felt as though he was being pushed to the cliff's edge. If he knew that there were people in this very Odin City that Dyon would prefer to keep alive, his next actions would be obvious. But, to Connery, Dyon hated all Sapiientia. How could he know that Dyon had thoughts of protecting Madeleine's master and her foster family?

All that Connery knew was that Dyon wasn't a friend of the Sapiientia. His 'neutrality' might work against other army commanders, but would it work against Dyon?

He couldn't fight in hopes of keeping the Sapiientia Clan's status, but he also couldn't allow Dyon to win or else his ending wouldn't be good either.

Would all the diligent planning of the Sapiientia really fall like this?

'No, even if it's early and won't be as easy as originally intended, I can still push it forward.'

His ring flashed as he quickly sent a message. 'Attack now! Drown Celestial Quadrant in blood!'

He thought he had accomplished his goal. Even if the Celestial Quadrant burnt down now, it had nothing to do with him...

But his expression changed soon after. He had used this very ring many times before, but something was different this time...

Suddenly, Connery remembered Dyon's words... 'you would soon realize that none of your teleportation formation will work as you hope...' What if... What if it wasn't just teleportation arrays?

In the very next moment, Connery's expression paled as a very familiar voice was projected outward. The whole of Odin City seemed to turn its gaze toward Connery.

"... Drown Celestial Quadrant in blood!"

Dyon touched his head in a slightly embarrassed fashion. Even in his wildest dreams, he had expected for his plan to work out so perfectly. This Connery Sapientia was too anxious.

Of course, Dyon had the ability to lay suppression arrays. As a Planet Lord, there wasn't an array the Ragnors could create that he couldn't stymie. As for the Sapientia, thanks to Evelyn, he was already well aware of their limits here.

Though he wasn't certain of their strength in the Outer Powers, Dyon knew a few important things.

First, the Sapientia were the main backer of the ban on Array Alchemy, it was impossible for anyone else to be the culprit. Unfortunately for them, this became their double edge sword. Even if one of their formation Star Lords personally created every one of their arrays, he or she wouldn't be a match for Dyon even if he was still a Planet Lord.

Secondly, Dyon didn't need to prepare even for this worst-case scenario. The Sapientia had misgivings of their own, or else they wouldn't take such care to separate their main power for their branch powers in the tower quadrants. As a result, the Sapientia of Celestial Quadrant only had access to Moon Grade formations at best.

Though this was far better than what the other Clans had because the Sapientia took care to hide this truth, it was no match for Dyon.

Just now, Connery's message had been easily blocked and intercepted by Dyon. So, on a whim, Dyon decided he was curious of what would happen if suddenly everyone was aware of the Sapientia Clan's plots.

It wasn't perfect, mostly because only someone who already partially understood the situation could see the schemes within Connery's words, but for the elites of Odin City, it was more than enough.

A few things became obvious to them in an instant. Connery had some sort of masterplan and whatever that masterplan was, was being threatened by this massive army that had seemingly come out of nowhere.

Connery didn't even have time to cover up his embarrassed expression before countless pairs of eyes had landed on him. Even without visuals, too many in Odin City were aware of the Sapientia Clan Head's voice, he was often the head of many philanthropic ventures and had attended more than a few balls.

The 'neutral' Clan head had never been heard saying anything controversial during his entire stay in Odin City. To suddenly hear his voice say something so vulgar and warmongering... It was more than just a small shocking affair.

Connery sighed, looking up into the skies.

How many years had he sacrificed? Several thousand by now, right? No, more than that. He had had too many identities over the years. Each time he would have to come back as a new man and forget his true self even more... He had long since forgotten who the true Connery... No, Oshire Sapientia, was...

He was simply playing a role. He thought that he would soon be able to return home, his years of service finally rewarded, but what a joke that was.

'Is she's not there, what home is there to return to anyway... The world should just burn.'

Dyon's eyes suddenly sharpened. "Retreat! Now!"

Even if these troops were rather green and still couldn't execute exactly as Dyon wanted them to, there was one thing Dyon had drilled into them that they would never forget: the words of their commander, even if they couldn't execute it perfectly, had to be executed to their utmost ability.

Therefore, the moment Dyon's roar Planet Ragnor, those that had surrounded the planet simultaneously shot backward.

Dyon immediately activated the eighth floor of the Sage Tower, activating its second function – Deconstruction Canon.

Chapter 1775: Bow (1)

Having long since scouted Ragnor territory, how could he not be aware of their ancestral formation? This lightning formation had protected them for countless thousands of years and they had planned to use it once more to protect against Dyon. Unfortunately for them, Dyon had already seen through the essence of the formation long before he began this war.

The roads paved with energy stones were the very paths that constructed this array. Others might just think the Ragnor Clan was overly extravagant, but Dyon knew the truth.

A mighty blast seemed to erupt from Dyon's body. No one could imagine that its true source was a small tower shrunk to the size of a single atom.

Oshire didn't have much of a reaction to Dyon's quick response. Though it was impressive, and the blast being even more so, was it that much more impressive than what Dyon had already accomplished? To now, Dyon had already been elevated to its greatest height in his mind... Even if he found out Dyon was somehow his own father, it wouldn't rise any further...

He watched as the massive lightning formation collapsed. There was no overwhelming destruction. Rather, it was as though the formation was disintegrating before their eyes... as though it was never there to begin with.

Immediately afterward, Dyon tore through the skies, rushing toward Oshire as though everything depended on it.

"I'm not very powerful..." Connery said blandly. "... If I was, I wouldn't have to use such roundabout methods... Methods that seem to have failed in the end..."

"You made a mistake coming to face me here. In your home universe, due to the actions of His Lordship, access to the Heavens and Faith is stifled, so I could only remain lowkey... But here..."

"Do you know why the Sapientia trusted such an important mission to someone as weak as I am?"

Finally, Dyon sensed Oshire's true cultivation. He was ... a higher celestial?!

"It's because I'm a Prince."

Faith the likes of which Dyon had never felt before crashed down from the skies. It felt as though the world was collapsing.

Nothing about Oshire had changed. He was still a middle-aged man, cleanly shaven with long black hair and deep golden eyes hidden behind crystal framed glasses shimmering with a slight green.

However, somehow, everything had changed.

The skies opened up. Clouds of thin gold descended, radiating with dignity. Soon, one figure after another began to appear. Even with his divine sense, Dyon couldn't count them all in a short time. They seemed to extend to infinity, a bloodline so deep and so prestigious that Dyon's body refused to stop trembling.

Dyon had planned for so many things. He thought of a possibility where Connery had hidden his power. He thought of what might happen if he managed to contact the main Sapientia Clan, and accounted for such. He diligently laid the groundwork before even daring to come here. Yet, he could have never expected such a result.

Connery didn't hide his power at all, he had always displayed his true cultivation. There were no hidden channels here... Because there didn't need to be.

The reality that a mere higher celestial, an existence Dyon had long been able to pinch to death with little to no effort, could casually stand before him without a hint of fear was more frustrating than Dyon could put into words.

Maybe it was only now he understood that it wasn't just information wasn't the only thing that made it impossible to build an Emperor God Clan in a single generation... This... This Faith... This was what became the roadblock for so many young ambitious talents.

At this moment, the Mortal Alliance army had already retreated, using Dyon's timely warning to hover a distance away from Planet Ragnor. But, even with this distance, a cold sweat matted their backs. This power... It was too much.

The citizens of Odin City looked up in shock. They understood better than anyone what this phenomenon was. They had seen many displays of Faith before... But never like this.

Looking toward Dyon's trembling body, Oshire didn't have much of a reaction. One would expect to see a gloating expression, or maybe a hint of pride at the very least, but there was no such light in Oshire's gaze.

He no longer had to pretend to be the ambitious tyrant that was Connery. For the first time in too long, he could be himself. And Oshire wasn't that kind of man.

"Though it's a bit shameless, I'm too weak and untalented to use any other means... I can only say that though I am sorry, I cannot move from the path I've chosen for myself. It's already much too late for that.

"What I can do for you is give you an opportunity. Young Madeleine's Sapientia blood is nobler than you know. And, you should be aware of the fact we of the Sapientia Clan do not hinder marriages with those from weak Clans. As long as you are a genius, we prefer those with weaker backgrounds.

"Through young Madeleine, there's no issue at all with you gaining the favor of the Sapientia Clan, you're more than qualified. As a weak Prince, such bureaucratic matters are about all I can guarantee you. How you fair the rest of the way will depend on yourself.

"If you reject... There's nothing more I can do for you..."

Dyon's palms opened and closed as though he was trying to stretch his ligaments. His body still involuntarily trembled, nothing he did seemed to stop it. It was as though he was a mortal in chilly weather, except for the fact he felt uncomfortably hot. The feeling was odd.

"What's your real name?" Dyon asked, doing his best to keep his voice steady, but failing.

"It's unimportant... But I'm sure you'd find out soon enough." Looking toward Dyon with a bland expression, he responded, his voice smooth, unhurried and emotionless. "My name is Oshire. Oshire Sapientia."

Chapter 1776: Bow (2)

Dyon shook his head. "No, it's very important. Names define us. If your ancestors didn't carry the name Sapientia, and mine didn't carry the name Sacharro, would either of us be in this situation?"

"Another unimportant truth... What is, is, and what has been is long gone. There's no such thing as what could have been... What could have been simply isn't. Nothing more, nothing less."

Dyon shook his head once more. "Humans are a constant reflection of their past. To assume it to be meaningless only leads to an uncontrollable cycle, your Fate will never be your own if you think like this.

"... Also... Humans can be thankful of their past too." Dyon looked deeply into Oshire's eyes. "Even if the choice was presented before me, even knowing what would happen here today, I would never give up the Sacharro name to become a Sapientia."

Oshire sighed, feeling as though Dyon had made his answer clear.

"You cannot fathom the strength of Faith of a Planet Grade Empire. We are not like those Alliances. Their path requires a splitting of their Faith... The result is a lesser amount than the sum of their parts. However, the Sapientia Clan is as one. Even if I do not wield the greatest Faith of my Sapientia Clan, I am still a direct descendant of our strongest bloodline...

"Do you really want to die here?"

Dyon stopped flexing his palms, an unbridled confidence wafting from his arrogant figure standing in the skies. Suddenly, his body seemed to have stopped trembling entirely... He became as steady as a looming mountain.

In that moment, a new world projected out from Dyon. The image of Planet Ragnor shattered, leaving nothing but an endless grassy plain with several shimmering arrays hanging from the skies.

Still, the eyes of everyone was attracted to a singular manifestation, staring down arrogantly from the skies.

To one side of its back, sat five white wings, to the other, sat five black wings. A step further, there were six black-gold haloes, hovering with enigmatic images throbbing with power. All around this humanoid manifestation, six Primordial Yin circled around its feet.

"I have no intention of dying. Prince or not... Planet Grade Empire or not... Your head will bow to the Sacharro Clan."

...

Countless eyes of the Mortal Alliance watched as their leader faced an unprecedented threat.

Honestly, when they learned that Dyon would show them the entire process of their first conquering, they felt a welling of pride. Many believed that since Dyon dared to do this, the entire process would be easy and swift.

But... To now, they had already seen face impossible odds. They would be lying to themselves if they said they knew Dyon would succeed in his battle against those 39 dao experts. That experience alone was jarring for so many with some more cynical individuals believing that the broadcast would cut out before they witnessed a pitiful loss of their supposed ruler.

However, the broadcast remained. They watched with bright eyes as Dyon seemed to grow stronger through adversity. Even with his plot to wear down the Ragnor and Pakal armies failing, he still boldly stood at the vanguard, holding the weight of an entire nation's hope on his shoulders.

And now... He was doing it again.

Even if those watching weren't absolutely certain, there were few in the martial world who didn't understand the concept of Faith. Though Faith was effectively cut off in Dyon's home universe, this wasn't the case for other places. Hearing the term 'Planet Grade Empire', those watching felt a cold breeze sweep through the depths of their souls.

Every large barrier of Faith grade not only provided novel abilities, but most importantly resulted in a qualitative change in strength should one pass it...

A God Clan could never dream of matching a Royal God Clan, as a Royal God Clan could never dream of matching a King God Clan. However, even then, within those lower limits, the differences weren't as exaggerated as within the higher tiers...

Conquering one planet made you a Royal God Clan. Conquering one universe made you a King God Clan. Conquering 25 universes made you an Emperor God Clan. Conquering one quadrant made you a Comet Grade Empire. Conquering 25 quadrants made you a Moon Grade Empire. And conquering a 100 quadrants made you a Planet Grade Empire!

Between Dyon's current status and that of Oshire's, there were a total of four large barriers, each thicker and more grandiose than the last!

Under the protection of a Planet Grade Empire, even an infant of the royal line wouldn't have to fear much at all. The difference between Dyon and Oshire couldn't be explained in simple divisions and multiplications... It could only be described as insurmountable... These matters were only made worse when one realized the Sapientia Empire was a Planet Grade Empire three times over because they controlled over 300 universes!

Those who understood these truths, then turned to see Dyon's shivering body, finally felt that the dreamlike state they had been in for the past year was coming crumbling down. A single man accomplished so much in so little time... It was almost unfair... No... It really was unjust...

"Can I go play with daddy now?"

Little Alauna sat adorably at a kneeling table, her cute lavender dress matted with blue and red paint.

She liked to paint every day, but she refused to use a brush. It was a rare sight for her chubby little fingers to be completely clean. Even when she diligently washed her hands and arms, she'd always forget small specks here and there that Dyon would tease her for.

At the moment, she was being watched by Delia who despite her strength had taken on the role of babysitter. All around, Mia, Bella, Aiden and Junior were doing their own work, giggling and laughing amongst each other.

Truthfully, Delia wanted to fight as well. But, thinking of her husband's feelings, she chose not to. She knew how Eli felt about being so physically weak despite the fact he could arguably be the greatest contributor to the Mortal Alliance.

In recent times, Delia had always had a smile on beautiful heart-shaped face, her olive skin was constantly glowing. But, today, she had a rare somber expression...

Chapter 1777: To Fall Here

Hearing Alauna's question, her heart tightened. Though everyone else could watch the war, how could children be allowed to see such blood and gore?

Delia patted her little head. "Not for now, Little Alauna. Daddy's busy."

Alauna pouted. "But daddy said he would finish really fast today! He promised to take me to a new place I've never seen before!"

Overall, Alauna could be described as a docile little girl who was quite obedient. But, she turned quite spoiled when it came to matters relating to her father, after all, she was still a toddler of two to three years old. This was why Dyon made sure the teleportation array in his inner world was always connected to Soul Universe so his little girl could come see him whenever she wanted.

Delia sighed. "Things have changed, your daddy will be back as soon as he can, he promises."

Hearing this, Alauna stopped pouted, her large hazel-green eyes slightly watering.

"Is daddy in danger?"

Delia was taken aback. Though the war wasn't exactly a secret and Dyon had even taken Alauna to the initial teleportation, the details were kept hidden from her. The little girl shouldn't have any idea about the large-scale war being fought.

Seeing Delia's expression, Alauna fought to hold back her tears, sniffing in through her little nose as hard as she could.

"It's okay... I'll wait for daddy. He'll definitely win!"

For a moment, the little girl's conviction was no less than that of her father.

...

Dyon felt that he had too much to fight for, too much weight on his shoulders, to fall here.

In the past, projecting his inner world was an affair he could only sustain for a few brief moments. But now, with him being infinitesimally close to the dao formation realm, the burden on his body had significantly lessened. Though there was still a pressured weight pressing down upon him, it was significantly more comfortable in comparison to the past.

Without much more thought, Dyon released everything he had. His manifestation, his soul qi halo, his dragon king armor, his wings... He even released Titan Emperor's Will to the third stage, pushing himself to the absolute limit.

Though Oshire would be lying if he said he wasn't surprised by Dyon's sudden stability, especially in comparison to his trembling self just moments ago, just this much... wasn't enough.

With solemn expressions, Madeleine, Ri and Clara watched on from above Planet Ragnor. Though just moments ago, they could feel the overwhelming presence of a Planet Grade Empire, Dyon's True Domain instantly shielded them all. Watching his back from a distance... It felt like, once again, he was carrying the weight for them all...

Dyon shot forward, his gaze expressionless, his actions calm and filled with purpose.

Oshire didn't seem to have to move a single muscle. Thousands of gazes of disdain landed upon Dyon, the will of countless million years of Sapientia heritage bore down on him, forming a thin golden barrier his fists smashed against.

Dyon felt his bones quake as microtears spread, but his second fist flashed forward nonetheless.

Dyon bombarded the shield with everything he had, unleashing technique after technique.

Across space, two expressionless gazes met. One motionless man with a single arm, and a second raging man with blood flying from his fists. Despite one being seemingly far more injured than the other, the difference was too stark.

Even with his True Domain released, Dyon's inner world still had to rely on the Heavens to exist. As a result, he didn't have the ability to seal the Faith of others from reaching this place.

The barrier hardly bulged. It vibrated silently, as though it was being tickled.

"... Ha!" An exclamation left Dyon's lips as he finally had no choice but to release his Faith.

A calm silvery light enveloped him as his incarnation appeared in the skies behind his looming manifestation.

The sight of thousands of aged men and women standing in the skies to one side adorned in golden robes, contrasted with the sight of a single man, standing alone amid a torrent of disdainful gazes shook those watching to the core. Maybe only this matter truly put things into perspective... Dyon was alone.

Dyon's strike finally did more than vibrate the barrier. A loud boom reverberated through Ragnor Universe. There was no doubt that had it not been for Dyon's True Domain containing everything, Planet Ragnor would have shattered just by virtue of the reverberations... And yet, the barrier still didn't fall.

Fiery flames of black coated his fists as a torrential rain of attacks blasted toward the barrier.

Madeleine clenched a silver necklace hanging from her neck, her heart aching. It felt as though something within her chest was collapsing. The sight of Dyon giving everything he had, yet not being able to take even a single step forward, hit her like the weight of the world.

It could only be described as heart wrenching.

Oshire watched as Dyon released his everything onto the golden barrier. No matter how hard he searched, he couldn't find any despair or reluctance in this young man's gaze. All he saw was an unbridled confidence.

It didn't matter what grade his Empire was. It didn't matter how strong he was. It didn't matter how high the mountain before Dyon was. Even right now, he had never doubted his victory.

Dyon's golden eyes, marked with strings of green shone brightly.

To him this was it. This right here was the true beginning of his legend.

Win and he'd build a glorious empire with the Sapientia Clan as his sacrificial lamb.

Lose... And everything he had come to know and love would be gone.

The six black gold rings of Dyon's manifestation rotated, turning his weapon's pagoda to the very top. In that instant, countless weapons flew into Dyon's hands, each of them with the strength of the supreme grade.

Sabers with vicious curves. Spears with unrelenting piercing power. Halberds of menacing killing intent.

They distorted and forced the barrier to crack.

Chapter 1778: Will

Dyon released another weapon, descending upon the barrier with [Descending Palm], black flames and lightning coating his hands.

"[Vanishing Fists]!"

Gears of gold spun in Dyon's eyes, applying [Shrink] several times over and concentrating the already violent blackhole force of [Vanishing Fists] into an even tighter window.

It felt as though the world had collapsed. A ferocious tearing noise sounded as Dyon's One with Self [Vanishing Fists] finally crumbled the barrier.

Dyon shot forward once more, not having any idea the level of despair his wives and people were currently facing...

Dyon was completely unaffected... But this wasn't the case for others...

Why? Because this entire sequence had taken 12 hours...

And... Before he could even reach Oshire... Another one barrier appeared. Then a second. And a third.

Oshire's actions might have seemed like he was playing with the emotions of those watching, but the reality was that he was curious. No, more so intrigued.

Even after half a day of pouring his everything into shattering just a single barrier, even with his efforts only being rewarded by a challenge threefold that of the one he began with, the glint in Dyon's eyes never changed.

The prisoners of the Ragnor and Pakal Clan which Dyon had tied up before Odin City, including Chenglei, Eve and Lionel, felt their hearts shudder. The three never felt that their resolve was lacking. They always felt that the work they had put in over thousands of years was more than anyone else would ever be capable of suffering through. Yet... This seen before them struck a deep part of their souls.

Dyon didn't even hesitate when three new barriers appeared. In fact, he was also well aware that these barriers were many times thicker than the one he started with. But, without an ounce of emotion, his fists and weapons began to plow through the first.

Tears fell uncontrollably from the eyes of his wives. In truth, it wasn't just them... A swelling of emotion seemed to have overtaken the Mortal Alliance. The image of a single man throwing countless punches far surpassing the speed of sound for just as many hours should have been boring, it should have been enough for them to turn away, for them to sleep, for them to go about their days... But their eyes couldn't leave his image, no matter how hard they tried.

Days trickled by, barrier after barrier fell, but Oshire didn't move a single step.

Dyon was just a new Clan Head of a King God Clan, how could his Faith possibly last so long? It had already been a week since that silvery light gave out, fading away. It was completely oppressed by the swaths of golden robes Sapientia Ancestors in the sky, unable to do anything but fizzle out.

Madeleine wanted to put a stop to it all, to call out and say that she'd obediently return to the Sapientia Clan as long as it meant Dyon would be safe. However, she couldn't bring herself to do it.

What did it mean to be husband and wife? Maybe that was a question she wouldn't have known the answer to earlier in her life. Truthfully, she had set her heart on Dyon very early on. She simply didn't feel that she could ever love another man in her life. Such a possibility was impossible for her.

However, as time went on, she came to understand more and more about what such labels meant... The same way Dyon was willing to set aside his own thoughts for the sake of fulfilling her wish for a family, it was her role to support him how she could.

Her saying such words would be more devastating than anything Oshire could ever do to him... If she were ever to say such a thing... It would be the same as admitting that she no longer believed in him.

Madeleine held onto Clara and Ri's soft hands tightly. She knew they were all thinking the same thing. No matter what, even if Dyon died here, it was their duty as the wives of Dyon Sacharro to witness the fiery embers of his life to its end.

In the distance, Amphorae and Luna who had returned at their fastest possible speed stood frozen. Luna had long since wanted to intervene, but it was Amphorae who stopped her.

"This is his battle." She said softly. "This is the kind of man my husband is."

Hearing the words 'my husband' from Amphorae, Luna felt an inexplicable pang in her heart. She realized then that Clara, Ri, Madeleine and Amphorae had reasons beyond weakness for not intervening.

Over a year ago, she had decided to witness just what kind of man Dyon was. It was back then she realized that she really didn't understand much about the father of her child. And now she understood what truly separated herself from Dyon's true wives.

Her opal eyes focused on Dyon. Even with his near endless reserves of stamina, it was impossible for him to not be tired. The resolution in his eyes hadn't faded a single step, but his heavy breathing and paling skin told a completely different story.

If she ignored Amphorae's words and pushed forward anyway, could she even do anything?

As the ruler of a fifth of Sprite Alliance territory, she too had access to Faith, Moon Grade Faith at that.

However, the Sprite Alliance was exactly that, an Alliance... Even if they also had Planet Grade Faith, it would pale in comparison to the Sapientia who were a cohesive whole.

Of course, there was the fact she could simulate the strength of a Higher Existence with her ability. But, Heaven's Children weren't invincible. If they were, none of them would have ever been caught. Yet, there was a history of Heaven's Children being enslaved by Empires and leading them to prosperity.

What limited Heaven's Children the most...? It was will. They were suddenly restricted by a great force and their bodies were sapped of strength.

Chapter 1779: Price?

Monet couldn't control human path beasts. Fox couldn't duplicate living objects. Ariel could control all forms of water unless it possessed strong will. Bryzo can deconstruct and understand anything unless it had a will of its own...

The list was endless. Likewise, Luna's ability to control energy was severely hindered by Faith which embodied the will of a Clan's people and its Ancestors. If her opponent had similarly Moon Grade Faith, she could still display the strength of a Higher Existence... But before Planet Grade Faith...

Luna bit her lip so harshly that a line of blood dripped down her chin.

Oshire watched Dyon's actions with an increasingly solemn gaze. 'How can a man like this not have an undefeatable spirit.'

Dyon roared into the skies, his body expanding rapidly to over three meters in height. His muscles tore and his bones quaked as he forcefully activated the second act of Titan Emperor's Will.

Though his body and qi strength was now multiplied by 160... what was the price?

Dyon felt as though his entire body was being shredded from head to toe, but the calm light in his eyes never faded even as a brilliant rainbow array appeared before his mouth as he roared.

Titan Emperor's Will had always had nine stages, each obviously scaling up in difficulty to achieve and requiring a deeper understanding of Titan Will every step along the way.

Dyon hadn't had time to comprehend titan will, nor did he truly have a method of doing so. The truth was that he was lucky to realize that every step forward he took in his constitution, another stage of Titan Emperor's Will would open up to him.

He couldn't reach the second stage until he reached the silver silk realm, and only recently managed to enter the third stage after entering the gold silk realm. Both of these improvements led to a deeper understanding of what it truly meant to be a titan...

This time, however, Dyon hadn't deepened his comprehension. In fact, he was very far from being able to use the fourth stage in its truest form. Yet, he had forcibly circulated the technique without any regard for himself. If nothing else made it so clear, if somehow his calm gaze had fooled you, Dyon was well aware of the corner he had been pushed into, and he was fighting with everything he had.

Dyon's vicious strikes grew more ferocious. The same barrier that once took hours to fall fell in minutes, but the sight only grew more pitiful.

Before, Dyon had at least remained relatively uninjured, but the current Dyon was bursting apart at the seams. Even without Oshire lifting a single finger, his body rained with blood and torn flesh.

The atmosphere was solemn. No matter the humiliation they had faced at Dyon's hands, Lord Odin and Emperor Pakal couldn't stop the trembling in their hearts. The former led an empire that worshipped the warriors of Valhalla... The latter led an empire that worshipped the gods of asura... It was impossible for them to divorce the image of Dyon from those deities.

Not once did his attacks falter, not once did his expression change, not once did he even think to give up... There was no doubt in their minds that even if it meant his death, he would never stop.

As for Oshire, he didn't know how to feel. What started as a casual interest in seeing how far Dyon could go turned into an abrasive itch in his heart.

He didn't know why, but he felt irritated beyond belief. Images of his past flashed through his mind as though a reaper was digging through the graves of his memories, taking lost souls it was owed.

He might have been a prince, a direct descendant, but he was nothing more than a useless cog amongst hundreds. To be born without talent in such a large Clan sealed your fate of mediocrity.

Amongst countless geniuses of shocking intelligence, his intellect was lacking. Amongst countless warriors of impossible battle prowess, his fists were too weak. Within the will of a Clan large beyond his imagination, his opinions meant nothing.

He had long accepted his life. He didn't have grand aspirations, nor had anyone had expectations for him. Wasn't it enough that he was born into such a Clan? What need was there for him to expect much more?

But, of course, his weak heart had to love.

She should have been a woman just as normal as he. Lacking ambition, without talent, of merely adequate intelligence... He just liked her smile. There was nothing else particularly special... She wasn't exceptionally beautiful, nor was she the object of affection for many more than himself...

That was it, a simple man for a simple woman.

So why did she have to die?

A simple woman. A simple disease.

Maybe to someone else, it would have been incurable. But he remembered then that he was a Prince, a direct descendant, no doubt! He hadn't ever asked them for anything in his entire life. He remained silent and stayed out of their way...

So why was it that they couldn't give him a simple herb? An herb that was meaningless to them... A single speck of sand within a long beach of resources...

They dangled it before his eyes, the very herb that could save a simple woman's life, then sneered as they took it away.

So... he gave up. He was too weak. Maybe it was his fate to sit by her gravestone for the rest of his life... A simple man. A simple woman. A simple end...

Who knows, maybe he was sick of the simple, maybe he wasn't as accepting of it as he once thought. Whatever the reason, he volunteered to come this quadrant... Something he thought would help him escape such monotonous simplicity.

But, wasn't he already tired of it? He came here, but nothing changed. This boring quadrant, with its boring universes and its simple clans and simple people, even compared to him... The simple man. How was this any different?

Chapter 1780: Overcome

Nothing he did would change who he was. He was a simple man who would tear his arm from his shoulder to take responsibility for a matter that wasn't his fault to begin with and appease The Entity.

'Wasn't it your seal that failed, allowing him to be birthed? Wasn't it your subordinates that failed to kill a meridian formation expert despite being celestials themselves? What the hell did it have to do with me?'

Oshire's mind spun. The more he watched Dyon, the more infuriated he became.

"Even if it's unfair, there are just some things you have to accept!"

His voice trembled with anger, a deep seeded resentment of countless thousands of years bubbling upward.

"Accept it!" He roared.

Reaching outward with his finger, a beam of light pierced forward toward Dyon's massive figure, slicing through his chest with ease.

The beam cut through Dyon's diamond plated skin as though no protection ever existed. It became clear in an instant that Oshire never meant to kill him, his words alone spoke volumes. He wanted Dyon to accept that his tenacity would never be enough.

"Accept it! Accept it! Accept it!"

Beams of golden light cut through the air, seemingly using Dyon's body as target practice. His shoulders, his knees, his arms and legs, each was punctured one after another.

Blood flew from Dyon's lips as he coughed violently, his lungs filling up with crimson fluid.

Ironically, Dyon's body looked no worse than it had just moments ago. Though the piercing, searing pain was new, his body had already been being torn from the inside out.

He wiped the blood from his lips with a forearm. But, because his arm had already been drenched with blood, he drew a gruesome image. Instead of lessening the blood across his mouth and chin, he actually ended up with more.

A sneer coated his features as he charged forward once more, only to be met by more beams.

Oshire's face twisted. He lifted a second hand, numerous streaks of light now suddenly approaching from two sides. The ferocity of his attacks increased. If before he avoided Dyon's vitals to teach him a lesson, now, he didn't care.

Lasers of golden light tore through Dyon's heart, even taking a chunk of his head away, revealing the brain matter within. The gruesome injuries only seemed to grow more ghastly.

Saint grade holy type qi surged into Dyon's body, but it was simply impossible to keep up with Oshire's attacks. To make matters worse, the improvements in his body had already surpassed the limits of what this grade of holy type qi could quickly heal.

Dyon stood, his body dangling from the skies as though there was an invisible rope hanging from his neck. If it wasn't for his undead body, his life force would have long since been ripped from him.

Still, he laughed. His eyes maintained the same piercing light, unfettered and arrogant without restraint. Even with the state of his body, he seemed to look down upon the world, his singular manifestation looking down on Oshire and the thousand plus Ancestors to his back.

With his wives standing in the dark skies above his True Domain, he couldn't possibly show them anything less than a manly image right?

Tears they had tried to hold back had long since come flooding outward. Their delicate cheeks were flooded with the salty liquid while their small shapely noses turned red. Even while gripping each other's hands tightly, they couldn't seem to find enough comfort.

"Is that all you have, Oshire Sapientia?" Dyon's voice held a disgusting gurgling deep within it. It would only take a sharp individual a moment to realize that this was because his throat had been flooded with his own blood. "If you want to kill me, you'll have to try harder than that."

Oshire's figure trembled with rage. Dyon spoke as though the name Sapientia was a derogatory term, an insult that Oshire should be trying to pay him back for uttering.

"You weren't lucky enough to be born into a clan like mine. I wasn't lucky enough to be born with talent like yours. You have no right, none whatsoever, to stand before me with that expression! You have no right to say those words to me!"

Oshire's eyes reddened, his jaw clenching so tightly that veins burst along his face, dotting his visage with gross splotches of red still spreading beneath his skin.

Dyon didn't even bother to respond, he had already propelled himself forward, activating [One Inch. One Mile] to its greatest upper limit. No matter how hard he tried, even with Little Yin, his spatial qi was sealed, so he had no choice but to rely on himself.

In Oshire's agitation, Dyon entered the closest radius he had since their battle began, his pasted-on sneer never leaving his lips. Dyon had never landed a more satisfying punch in his life.

"[Vanishing Fists]!"

BOOM!

Dyon's hands were already three times the size of Oshire's head. Its impact was akin to a large hammer smashing against a boiled egg. He poured his everything into this attack, activating [Shrink] to its utmost limits. He held nothing back.

Oshire's frail body was blasted downward. Concentrated pulses of air shot out all around him as he tore through the skies and into the green grasslands below.

Though Dyon was completely unaware, the tension burst within Mortal Alliance territory. The sound of cheering resonated through the 21 universes, it was as though Dyon's success had become their own.

Dyon didn't bother to follow through. He knew well that Faith would protect Oshire even if he didn't consciously activate it himself. But this was a blow he needed to land no matter what.

He wasn't superhuman. Even for him, the past weeks had been a test unlike anything he had ever faced before. He needed to remind himself that he was still Dyon Sacharro, that there was no obstacle that stop him, that no matter what challenge he faced, he would overcome it.