

## The Nameless 1781

### Chapter 1781: Accept It

Oshire had weaknesses. Dyon knew it. Even with Faith, his battle sense and reaction time were still that of a celestial. On top of this, even when powered by Faith, his energy was still celestial qi, meaning Dyon's undead body would continue to work as it would not be suppressed by enigmatic qi.

He would find a way to win. Dyon's primordial yang began to rotate violently. Hidden within, 30 seals remained untouched. However, before he could execute his hidden thoughts, a violent pillar of golden light erupted as Oshire roared into the skies.

Suddenly, everything changed. Dyon didn't know how... But two of Oshire's three weaknesses vanished in an instant.

Oshire shot into the air, his body radiating golden light. If Dyon's True Domain wasn't so sturdy, he felt it would have completely shattered. In fact, had they still been on Planet Ragnor, maybe the entire solar system would no longer exist.

His eyes no longer had pupils. Instead, they were replaced by orbs of gold, making it seem as though he had poured the molten metal over his eye sockets.

At the same time, a radiating aura shot from his body, more oppressive than Dyon's own golden wings and halo.

'Dyon, you need to be careful!' Little Yang's voice reverberated in Dyon's ears. This entire time, he had been agitated beyond belief. Before, it hadn't mattered that his little sister had awakened her battle bloodline while he hadn't because Dyon only seemed to need Little Yin. But now, they were suddenly thrust in a situation where she alone was useless.

'Faith of different grades have different abilities, each greater than the last. After entering the Moon Grade, descendants of Clans and Sects gain the ability [Incarnate]. Depending on how deep their lineage and how direct their bloodlines are to their ancestors, they can become the vessel for the will of these very Ancestors.

'Those with the closest ties can even incarnate the founder of their Sect or Clan!'

Dyon's jaw set at these words. Suddenly, he understood why he felt that Oshire had completely changed.

Before, his two massive weaknesses were that his battle sense and reaction times were that of a celestial. As a result, it was still possible for Dyon to take advantage of him, just like he had just now. But now... Everything was different.

Oshire's body had been completely taken over by the will of one of his ancestors. The only advantage Dyon still maintained was that the ancestor was limited by Oshire's body and could thus only use celestial qi. But, this hardly mattered...

At best, Dyon was facing the experience of a peak dao expert. At worst... He was facing a Higher Existence.

The Ancestor looked around as though he was curious. He didn't seem to be in a hurry to move. Dyon's True Domain was the most unique he had ever seen, it really did look like a world unto itself.

Finally, his gaze landed on Dyon.

In that moment, it felt as though the weight of all of existence had crashed down upon him. The depth of his eyes, the strength of his will... even standing with his hands clasped behind his back, Dyon couldn't see any holes to exploit.

Dyon's fear of so long ago had suddenly come to bear fruit. What would happen if his divine sense could no longer make up for his lack of battle experience and prowess? How would he fight The Entity?

Dyon realized he had been too arrogant. The Entity wasn't the only existence that could supersede his Divine Sense... Not by a long shot.

PUU

The sound was so abrupt and sudden that Dyon froze.

He grasped at his throat, unable to breathe... unable to believe that a bloody hole had suddenly appeared where there was none before.

The Ancestor hadn't even moved. The only change was the clear disdain on his face.

It was only after several moments Dyon realized what happened. That attack... It hadn't come from the outside, it had come from within him.

Shock took hold of his body, a cold shiver slicing up his spine.

Controlling qi outside of one's body was an ability celestials gained, but it was well known that it was impossible to control qi within another's sphere of influence, this was especially so when concerning the inside of another cultivator's body.

However... The disparity between Dyon and this Ancestor was so large that even the qi within himself was no longer his own to control.

"...Ha..." A raspy laugh left Dyon's lips, blood continuously leaking from his hands as he tried to stop the flow from his throat.

Whatever cheering there had been just moments ago came to an abrupt end. The sight of Dyon's resolute gaze finally faltering hit those of the Mortal Alliance in ways they couldn't have imagined.

Watching Dyon's will die was like watching a family member pass away, it was a tragedy that tore at their hearts and ripped their souls apart.

For weeks he had fought with a back as straight as a javelin. Never had he thought of running, never had he taken a single step back, never had he weakened in his resolve...

But everyone had their limits.

Dyon's skull suddenly exploded. The wound before had only torn the bone away, revealing his brain matter. But this time, there was a sudden qi explosion within his mind.

The entire right side of his face shattered. His jaw slackened, his eyeball shattered, and gooey mess of grey, white and red streamed down what remained of his head.

Then, his chest exploded. A cavity of incinerated organs and chipped bone was revealed. It was as though Dyon was a corpse ravaged by wild beasts. Chunks of his flesh flew, raining down below his feet without a care that he needed them to survive.

Oshire's resonating laughter sounded. It was impossible to tell where it was coming from, but did it matter?

"Accept it! Accept it! Accept it!"

## Chapter 1782: A Sacharro

The emotions of Madeleine, Ri, Clara, Amphorae and Luna couldn't be described in simple terms any longer.

Expressions of grief, outpourings of tears, tightly gripping fists, endless rage – none seemed adequate. It just felt as though the world had lost its color. What should have been a vibrant, sunny image before their eyes, held together by Dyon's True Domain, became nothing more than a vivid painting of their pain.

Crimson tears pooled along their eyes, dripping down slowly.

Even Dyon had his limits. The light in his eyes faded.

The more despair Dyon felt, the greater Oshire's laughter became. Even he didn't realize that his body, even while being taken over by his Ancestor, was crying as well. Even as he laughed, an uncontrollable stream fell from his cheeks.

'I think that's enough, right?' Dyon thought to himself.

He could no longer breathe normally. Fortunately, or maybe unfortunately to his changed mind state, he didn't need to breathe to survive at his cultivation level.

Blood splattered from the gaping holes in his body. Maybe if it wasn't for the strength of his soul, his awareness would have already given way.

'I've been at this for almost 4 weeks already, right...? No one would blame me if I just took a little rest...'

The Ancestor continued to observe Dyon's True Domain. As far as he was concerned, Dyon was a dead man. It was just that his senses had already noticed that his opponent seemed to have an undead body. Knowing how difficult such a thing was to deal with while he was restricted to celestial qi, he took his time. This boy would give way eventually.

As for the tears streaming down his face, he hardly cared. He knew these weren't his own reactions. Though this descendant of his was pathetic, especially compared to the genius before him, he was still his descendant.

Dyon's runic flame, flickering with a fierce silver with only the smallest hints of gold kept his heart pumping. But the sad truth was that this only made matters worse. His blood continued to spurt outward at faster and faster speeds.

'I wonder if I'll see mom and dad again...' Dyon had a fleeting thought.

He still remembered the day he gave up on ever seeing his parents again. That day, in the catacombs of the Belmont Clan, he learned that it was impossible to ever have thoughts of resurrecting them because they were born without souls.

'Ha... Does that mean even if I die, I won't see them again...?'

Even if Dyon cried, no one would be able to tell. Half of his face was gone, and the other half was a mangled mess of torn meat and blood.

So, just for a moment, he relieved himself of the duties of a ruler. He held back tears when Mia and Bella died knowing that he was no longer allowed to display such emotion, but would anyone blame him now?

'I'm sorry... Mia... Bella... You'll never see this world again because I was too worthless...'

Dyon had avoided the two little girls since he found them. In fact, he had only ever had superficial interactions with them. To him, the real Mia and Bella had already died.

Everything that made Mia and Bella them... Was already gone.

'If I wasn't so stupid, maybe I would have realized what I needed to do earlier... No, maybe if I wasn't so selfish, I would have...'

Dyon's thoughts drifted aimlessly as though he was waiting for the final wisp of his life to give way.

The faces of his wives flashed by one after another. He thought of Madeleine's soft heart, of Ri's determined self, of Clara's fierce will, of Amphorae's valiant spirit... He even thought of Jade and Luna...

'Luna... You birthed me the most beautiful little girl in the world... Jade... I owe you too much... I don't know if I can ever repay you...'

Dyon coughed violently, pieces of his lungs and heart flying from the gaping side of his mouth.

'... Little Alauna is probably still waiting for me to take her to get cherry ice cream... She always loved it the most... She'll think her dad can't keep his promises...

'... Your dad promised that he would never resign himself to death again, didn't he...? Are you really going to make your little girl curse you as a liar before your grave...?'

Dyon still remembered that day in Luna's hidden mystical world. He released [Cleanse], accidentally benefitting his enemies.

He thought his life was over back then, so he prepared to send Little Alauna to Soul Universe through his inner world and leave the rest to Junior... For Dyon who was born in a mortal world, having already experienced more than a hundred years of life... He felt he had lived long enough...

But, that was when Luna appeared, saving him from a pitiful end.

'I can't accept that, can I...? Everyone else can hate me, scorn me... But I can't let my little girl think less of her father...

'How did my parents die...? I don't know... probably at the hands of that scumbag General... But I'm sure their heads were held high... I'm sure they didn't give up... even to the final moment...'

Dyon felt a burning in his chest that was finally something beyond pain.

'... Even if I have to die... I'll die with my head held high... As only a Sacharro should...'

Dyon's Primordial Yang began to spin once more. In an instant, three more Dragon-Phoenix Seals shattered.

It was impossible for Dyon to rely on his qi. Without entering the dao realm, there was no way to vastly improve his energy cultivation in a short time. Likewise, it was impossible for him to rely on his body. This wasn't because he couldn't vastly increase its strength, because he could. Rather, it was because he didn't see a path to victory that could be reached by relying on his body.

However, there was one path that remained, the very path that supported him even when his body cultivation talent was nonexistent, even when he didn't have a set of meridians of his own... His soul.

## Chapter 1783: Lovely Wife

The shattering of the Dragon-Phoenix Seals relied on battle prowess. Essentially, the stronger you were relative to your cultivation, the more seals you could shatter.

Under these circumstances, Dyon had been capable of shattering all 11 soul seals the moment he awoke from his forgotten night of passion with Jade's elder self. However, it was very obvious why he couldn't do so – his body simply wouldn't be able to handle it.

However, for the first time, Dyon's soul, qi, and body were almost perfectly in line. His qi had reached the pseudo-dao realm, his body had entered the dao realm, and his soul was still sitting at the very beginning of the dao realm, having been forcibly suppressed by Dyon for so long. For a man who was so used to his soul vastly outpacing his other two paths, even to the point where there was a time his soul had entered the celestial realm while his qi was still of the essence gathering realm, this was a novel situation for Dyon...

But, this was no longer his limit. It hadn't been for a very long time.

Soul qi poured into Dyon like a raging torrent. Due to his True Domain being active, what once was a hidden event was laid bare for all to see.

Numerous Dragon-Phoenix Seals were slowly pushed out from Dyon's spinning Primordial Yang that hung just below the feet of his Manifestation. They began to shatter one after another...

What once was three seals became four, then five, then six. If anyone familiar with the Dragon-Phoenix Seals saw this scene, they'd be reeling in shock.

Why was battle prowess the marker for shattering them? It was of course because the Heavens would never allow such easy cultivation to occur without a price given in exchange. However, this wasn't the main point. One was supposed to slowly whittle the seal's integrity away. You were meant to "battle" with the seal itself. In practice, it should have been impossible to shatter so many seals in quick succession.

The Ancestor frowned, unsure of what was going on. Even with his lineage, how could he have ever seen an Ancestral Grade technique before? He had never seen such auspicious signs, or anything close to it, for that matter.



His curiosity got the best of him. First this True Domain, then these odd symbols of dragons and phoenixes. Just what secrets did this boy hold?

The Ancestor believed that this presented a unique opportunity. If this boy carried secrets even he couldn't see through, that meant that they would be treasures even to his Sapientia Clan. If he was the reason these secrets were forced out then monopolized by them, he'd gain a great boon of karma that would most definitely help him in the cycle of reincarnation.

Thinking to this point, the Ancestor watched on, not believing there was anything Dyon could do to him in the short term.

Though he didn't understand the phenomena occurring around him, what he did understand was that Dyon was trying to cultivate, a truth he found more funny than anything else. What great change could cultivating now bring you? What a joke.

In that moment, the 11th and final soul seal shattered, followed by Dyon's skyrocketing soul strength.

His divine sense boomed outward. What once was a stretch of 500 000km doubled once, then twice, then thrice.

In an instant, Dyon soul stage smashed through the 11th soul stage and entered the 12th. The qi swirled so forcefully that multicolored planets began to appear around him, flickering time and time again as they collapsed and reformed, only to collapse once more.

They began to spin, shining brighter and brighter.

Brilliant yellows, greens, blues and reds shone downward. What once was a gentle glow became an overbearing shine that seemed to cover the whole of universe. These planets... No. These stars shone brighter than even real ones themselves.

The Ancestor's pupils constricted into pinholes. He knew exactly what this was...

Star Lord!

His expression changed for the first time. No one knew the significance of a Star Lord more than Clans as big as theirs. The truth was that just cultivating to the 12th stage didn't mean you could wield star qi. There were plenty of dao realm existences who had reached the 12th soul stage but hadn't even comprehended comet qi, let alone star qi.

It seemed that one would simply immediately comprehend this new qi the moment you entered a new realm, but the reality was that this was only the case for Dyon. The only time Dyon ever struggled with comprehending a new qi was with moon qi, but that was directly after the events of awakening his Chaos Flames.

Back then, his heart had been in an erratic state. As such, it took reclaiming his love of Array Alchemy once more to sense moon qi.

But now, Dyon didn't let anything faze him. His talent shone through in the truest sense, comprehending the highest mortal realm soul qi in an instant.

Dyon's soul qi flooded what remained of his brain, creating a halo of light so obscenely large that it matched the stars Dyon had formed in brightness.

"Sorry, it seems I have too much to live for... I'll have to thank my lovely wife for this... [Violet Revival Flame]...!"

Dyon's bloodied body was suddenly bathed in a rain of violet flames. The sight was beautiful beyond compare. Even his golden wings were suddenly blessed by these beautiful flames, causing it to radiate a stronger, purer light.

The laughter sudden stopped as the whole world seemed to focus on one man.

Madeleine's breath hitched, not believing what she had just heard. She didn't even think to wipe the tears of blood from her eyes, her whole being was focused the image before her.

Even the Ancestor had no idea what kind of mistake he just made. Under normal circumstances, cultivating at the last minute was a foolish endeavor. This was especially so if the target of your cultivation was the soul, the path that lent itself to the least battle prowess among the three paths. However... Dyon wasn't normal.

#### Chapter 1784: Tribulations

Not only was Dyon's soul talent far beyond that of anyone on the mortal plane, for every increase in his soul strength, the benefits were likewise far vaster.

The instant Dyon's soul strength increased, his soul qi halo grew exponentially. Suddenly, matters that had confused him before couldn't have been more clear.

All those years ago, he believed that the benefits of the Nine Cloud Yang Aphrodisiac Jade gave him were finished, but he couldn't have been more wrong. The greatest effect of the nine-cloud phenomenon was in the changes to one's Primordial Yang.

Before, Dyon couldn't have understood this. He had only barely begun to see the benefits of Primordial Yins and Yangs after comprehending a portion of Ri's. But now, an all-new world had opened up to him.

The Primordial Yang, an orb Dyon had found next to useless before, suddenly became a weapon beyond anything he could have ever imagined.

Dyon was lucky enough to be blessed with the greatest auspicious sign possible after eating the Nine Cloud Yang aphrodisiac. As a result, his Primordial Yang had undergone a rebirth under those nine looming clouds.

It was now Dyon understood. He didn't need to 'comprehend' the Primordial Yin of his wives. As their husband, their comprehensions were his own. And his comprehensions were their own. This was precisely why the Primordial Yin of powerful women couldn't leave their bodies unless they consented to it, and this was also why many men who gained the love of powerful women, despite being weak themselves, died after gaining a Primordial Yin they had no business controlling!

But if this was all, though it would be a great thing, it still wouldn't help Dyon out of this situation. After all, though his wives were powerful, that was only within their generation. They had no ability to help Dyon in this situation.

However, it wasn't just the Primordial Yin of his wives that Dyon had, right...?

Though his manifestation had chained and sealed the Primordial Yin and Jade and Luna, knowing Dyon had no ability to use them, the Primordial Yin of both Kukan and Amethyst were right before him!

Why was it that Luna and Jade's Primordial Yin were sealed, but Kukan and Amethyst's weren't? Dyon had come to understand the truth behind this as well.

After being primed to be inherited, the Primordial Yin of Kukan and Amethyst had undergone a fundamental change. They were no longer as powerful as they once were when they were alive.

It was the duty of the inheritor to slowly undo the seals on them and deepen their understanding of the Legacies left behind. Essentially, their Primordial Yin were connected to their Faith Seeds. An obvious truth, or else Dyon would have never gotten them.

Madeleine had delved deep enough into Amethyst's Faith Seed to unseal [Violet Revival Flame]. As such, Dyon gained the whole of Amethyst's comprehension!

This was where the benefit of his Primordial Yang came in. Even though Madeleine could not exhibit that technique's full strength, Dyon could precisely because his medium of communication was far sturdier than Madeleine's.

And the result...?

Dyon's handsome figure reappeared once more. His clothes and armor were in tatters, but he radiated the very same confidence he always had.

He ripped the destroyed Celestial Deer Sect's heirloom from his body, replacing it with a comfortable pair of black sweats and revealing a toned torso of perfect proportions and symmetry.

"... That isn't going to work anymore, you should stop trying..." Dyon said calmly, clearly sensing that the Ancestor had once more attempted to explode the qi within his body.

Unfortunately for this Ancestor, after comprehending Star Qi, everything within his Divine Sense's range was his own domain. And how large was that domain...?

Over ten million kilometers.

Suddenly, Dyon's humanoid manifestation began to change.

At first, it seemed that all everything would stop at a sixth and final pair of wings being formed, but this couldn't have been further from the truth.

What was once six black and six white wings began to slowly change. The black was completely overpowered, radiating out and becoming a blemishless white.

In the next instant, pure white fur began to spring from its body. Shockingly enough, the changes began to occur on Dyon's true form as well.

His golden hair became a blinding white, growing out to the small of his back. His torso, with the exception of a middle segment, became covered in white fur that matched. And, finally, his eyes changed color, morphing from a bright gold with flecks of emerald to become a pure, bright white.

However, this time, Dyon hadn't activated his eternity pupils...

BOOM!

Dyon's aura began to surge, his qi growing thicker and thicker by the second.

"What are you doing!" Oshire shouted in a panic. "Do you want to kill us all?!"

His words fell on deaf ears. But a moment later, the sound of a shattering barrier resounded, as a blessing larger than anything any one of them had ever witnessed descended from the skies, falling onto Dyon's shimmering body.

Without waiting another moment, the skies below Dyon's feet shattered as he flashed forward.

"Why are you so nervous?" Dyon sneered, his eyes blazing with fighting intent. "Celestial beasts don't have to deal with tribulations."

...

Dyon tore through the air at speeds he could have never imagined before. But still, he turned his head back, pointed his finger toward the distance and winked.

At first, his wives were stunned at his blatant disregard for the dangerous situation. But seeing his dashing smile and his willingness to care about their feelings even at this moment, an overwhelming warmth flooded their hearts.

Tears fell from their eyes, washing away the blood... But this time, they were tears of happiness.

When Dyon's fists collided with Oshire's, the reverberating shockwave pushed the earth below their feet outwards, forcibly making the ground react as though it was an ocean's wave.

The Ancestor was stunned. Dyon's strength... It had actually grown so much.

Dyon's True Domain expanded, quickly reaching the size of a small planet. Suddenly, the suppression effect of his Inner World multiplied several times over.

Chapter 1785: Enough

However, the boost this gave was easily matched by his entering the Dao Realm. Before, the imbalance of Dyon's qi and body cultivation effected his ability to fuse his blood and qi as one. But now, that problem no longer existed.

The fusion multiplied Dyon's strength several times over. It was to the point where it wasn't even necessary for him to use Titan Emperor's Will to match the Ancestor. Even without it, an 8th Stage Dao Realm expert could only fall before him.

Oshire's face twisted. But this was clearly the reaction of the Ancestor rather than himself. How could the situation change so abruptly?

The truth was that Dyon could have never predicted this. He wasn't a masochist, he had no reason to put himself through such suffering. However, how could he know that his soul would allow him to comprehend so many things?

How long ago had he consumed the nine cloud yang aphrodisiac? Back then, he hadn't even completed his inner world yet.

How long ago had he gained Amethyst's Primordial Yin? He was only 17 years old back when he first took Madeleine to visit the mortal world.

How long ago had he catalyzed his master's blood essence into a humanoid manifestation using the Florence Ancient Clan's technique? He had been 15 years old. Now, he had already experienced over a hundred years of life, yet it didn't bear fruit until now.

Dyon had long since learned the benefit of not bowing your head in defeat. To always seek a path to victory no matter the odds. In the end, he had almost forgotten this truth.

Compared to the reckless teenage Dyon who faced a celestial in the meridian formation realm, his older self really was too pathetic. If 17-year-old him heard he almost lost to a celestial despite having dao formation level strength, he'd probably laugh his pride into oblivion.

"Come." Dyon's eyes seemed to hold the light of stars within them.

He and Oshire streaked across the skies, their battle growing more and more ferocious with each passing moment.

Little Yang watched on with a complicated look in his small white eyes. For a moment, he really believed it was all over. No... With his connection to Dyon, he knew that he too had given up.

However, for some reason, Dyon decided to push himself again. Little Yang knew more than anyone that Dyon didn't believe his actions would bear fruit... His only thoughts were of taking one more step, of launching one more attack, of fighting once last time.

Suddenly, the cynical Little Yang smiled. It was quite an adorable look for the little hamster. His cheeks bulged happily, and his whiskers twitched like a dog's wagging tail.

Dyon felt Little Yang's change immediately.

"It seems the Heavens are finally on my side for once." Dyon grinned.

Dyon's body flashed, disappearing in an instant to appear to Oshire's back.

His fist flew forward, shattering the barrier of gold in a single strike and sending him flying.

But before he could come to a stop, Dyon flashed once more, appearing before Oshire to send his elbow across his jaw, sending him streaking across the skies once more.

"Big brother, you did it!" Little Yin jumped up and down on Dyon's shoulders excitedly.

"Hmph, of course I did." Little Yang said proudly, puffing out his little chubby body.

Dyon's attacks and movements became so quick that a sphere of convulsing air appeared in the skies, its edges defined with every strike that landed upon Oshire's body. It was as though the pitiful Sapientia's body was attacked to a bungee cord, violently pulling up every which way.



"How long are you going to allow this to go on?!"

Dyon's heel smashed across the top of Oshire's head, sending him careening downward.

"Show me the true strength of a Planet Grade Empire!"

A javelin of coursing black flames and crackling golden lightning appeared in Dyon's hands. However, this time, their strength couldn't be compared to before. As Dyon's soul skyrocketed, his comprehension of his manifestation followed. In an instant, his flame and lightning dao seemed to cover the entire planet, looming in the skies at several dozen kilometers across.

This was the power of 4th level Daos.

Dyon's arm shot forward, his javelin tearing through space itself to appear before Oshire.

"THAT'S ENOUGH!"

A voice filled with rage shook Dyon's True Domain, threatening to force it to collapse. However, it wasn't Oshire's voice... The Ancestor who had said a single word until now finally erupted.

[Incarnate] came in two forms. In the first, the strength of the original body would be taken into consideration. In this case, the Ancestor would control his or her strength such that once the battle concluded, their descendant wouldn't lose their life.

However, the second form was used when this wasn't enough. Though [Incarnate] became available at the Moon Grade, its second form didn't become available until the Planet Grade!

Oshire's Ancestor, with his acknowledgement, did away with thoughts of preserving his life. He would push his strength to its absolute limit... If Oshire survived this, it would likely be a miracle.

Without hesitation, Dyon entered the third stage of Titan Emperor's Will, his body glimmering like a shining gen as his palm struck downward to meet Oshire's.

However, even with the second form activated, Oshire's limits still existed even if he was being held together by Faith. If the Ancestor pushed it too far, Oshire would erupt into a mist of his own blood and guts.

The Ancestor laughed. "A splendid young talent indeed! Come to my Sapientia Clan, I'm certain that even the highest ranked Princess would be yours if only you asked."

Even before this, the Ancestor had already acknowledged Dyon as a talent simply too unfortunate in challenging one of his descendants. But now, his evaluation was even higher.

As a dead man, all he cared about was merits and karma. Bringing a genius of Dyon's caliber to the Sapientia would most definitely fulfill such needs of his.

"Sorry. I'm not very fond of your Sapientia Clan."

#### Chapter 1786: Decent

The Ancestor didn't seem fazed as he continued to laugh. "In that case, I will still gain merits for killing a genius who can become such a great threat. Don't blame me for you not taking the path to life!"

"I guess you're a pretty decent sparring partner." Was Dyon's only response.

Many watching felt that it wasn't until now the true battle began.

No longer having to worry about Oshire's weakness, the Ancestor began to use his own dao comprehensions. Maybe at his peak, they were far stronger. But, for now, he could bring them out to a 1st Dao level. However, his complex uses of them opened Dyon's eyes to a whole new world.

The first thing that caught Dyon's attention was his beautiful use of wind will. The dao spanning several hundred meters emitted a gentle pale green light. He didn't seem worried at all that Dyon's daos were so much larger. Instead, he seamlessly incorporated it with his body. Suddenly, even with Little Yang and Yin's support, Dyon found it hard to keep up with his speed.

The Ancestor's second and final dao, though, was far more intriguing. It had the form of an array as well, but it shone a royal golden light. Unlike any dao Dyon had ever seen before, it had moving parts. Every motion the Ancestor made, the gears of the dao would shift... As though it was calculating something.

'What dao is that...'

Dyon expression grew serious while the Ancestor's expression grew calmer.

This dao... It had to be a Legacy Dao of the Sapientia. But, Dyon hadn't run into anyone who could use it before... He had no idea what it was, and it seemed the Ancestor had no intent to explain.

However, did Dyon need him to with Little Yang and Yin by his side?

'Big Brother Dyon, you need to remain focused and mind your actions. This dao is an abstract will similar to Big Sister Meiying's Feng Shui Compass and that Eve's fist technique.'

Dyon's eyes narrowed. Eve's fist technique had forced him to fight seriously during that battle just a month ago.

The Niveus Sect which Eve was raised in was known for its principles of yin and yang. In fact, the very technique Matriarch Niveus used to destroy Dyon's home revolved around a ball of white and black energy.

Eve had comprehended a Dao of counter force that incorporated her understand of balance to use gentle force to battle strong forces. In fact, thanks to her constitution, she reached a deep enough understanding to incorporate the dao into her body so Dyon hadn't even seen a visual representation.

The Ancestor clearly reached this level as well. However, he didn't incorporate his daos into himself because Oshire's body was already at its limits.

'The dao is known as Abacus Dao. Similar to your eternity pupils, it calculates the future and outputs percentage likelihoods. Except, the difference here is that the Abacus Dao is dependent on one's

knowledge rather than reading Karma. Not only knowledge prior to battle, but knowledge of the battle as well.

'It's essential a dao capable of reading cause and effect. The more information that can be input into the Dao, the more accurate the readings. Sapientia with the greatest comprehension of this technique can read thousands of exchanges into a battle with near 100% accuracy.'

Dyon sucked in a cold breath.

He knew that the Sapientia weren't simply glorified librarians, but even in his wildest dreams, he never could have guessed that they wielded their knowledge in this way.

It was no wonder they were so interested in controlling Researcher Ton. His Big Bang Formula was very similar to their staple Dao. Using excessive loads of data to accurately predict the trajectory of a universe.

In the end, Dyon smiled.

"I change my mind. You're more than just a pretty decent sparring partner."

The battle that erupted between Dyon and the Ancestor raged on for months.

Two figures stood in the skies, bloodied and beaten.

On one side, there was a young man with a handsome face hidden behind a curtain of streaking crimson liquid. His wounds were a mixture of small and large, no doubt inflicted by a worthy opponent.

To the other side, there was a middle-aged man, equally as bloodied. But any medical expert could tell you that it was impossible for his wounds to be inflicted by another. A large majority of his wounds were self-inflicted.

The middle-aged man coughed. "It's a shame..." He muttered to himself. "This body is too weak."

The young man smiled, a confident light still shimmering in his eyes. Despite being well aware he only won because his opponent was a Higher Celestial, a fiery warmth thrummed in his chest as though he could still face the world.

"You've improved a lot..." The middle-aged man mumbled. "... of the 7 wounds you've inflicted upon me, two of which were fatal, 4 of them came in the last week..."

Dyon shrugged. "I did say you were better than a decent training partner, didn't I?"

"You held back?"

Dyon thought for a moment. He felt he needed to increase his battle sense so he stopped using his soul all together in the last four months. If not, the battle would have likely pushed Oshire's body over its limit within a week.

"You shouldn't take that as a slight. After all, you weren't battling in your own body."

The Ancestor coughed, chuckling bitterly.

"How sad. I was meant to use this opportunity to gather more Karma for my reincarnation, but who knew I would just make an enemy of my Sapientia Clan stronger..."

The Ancestor's voice faded away. With him, the thousands of Sapientia Ancestors in the skies became like wisps on smoke in the wind.

Oshire stumbled in the skies, slowly crashing down to the grounds below. His body was completely spent, maybe he wouldn't live much longer than just a few seconds.

Dyon watched with a calm gaze as he fell. In the last four months, Oshire had been completely silent. But, Dyon knew that this wasn't because the Ancestor had suppressed him, that wasn't how Faith worked. He had remained silent simply because he had nothing to say.

## Chapter 1787: Nice Things

After watching Dyon dig himself back out from an abyss of despair, Oshire felt that life simply wasn't worth living anymore. He didn't allow the second form of [Incarnate] to activate because he wanted to kill Dyon, he allowed it to activate because he was too cowardly to take his own life.

There would be no grand redemption for Oshire. Even to the end, his thoughts remained as pathetic as they were from the start.

Too cowardly to take your own life? Since when was committing suicide an act of courage? Dyon had never seen it that way...

Well, at least in his youth, he didn't. It was why he hoped Madeleine wouldn't take her life all those years ago, even if it meant marrying Chenglei.

However, to the more mature Dyon, he saw things a bit different. Not everything was in black and white... Not every suicide was cowardly and not every decision to live was brave.

Still, even believing there might be subtle nuance to certain situations, Dyon would always respect those who chose to live and fight.

Even now, Oshire simply believed that Dyon was too great, that he himself was just too pathetic, that this entire battle was just another proof that he was a simple man not meant for this world.

But was this true?

Dyon would never claim that he started at the bottom in talent. Though his qi and body realm talent didn't become whole until recently, his soul talent had always been overwhelming. This fact alone had helped pull him through many troubles... Even today was another example.

But did Oshire start at the bottom either? Didn't he come from one of the greatest Clans in current existence? Even if he didn't get the best resources from his Clan, was he as helpless as others in this regard?

Just look at his Faith. He had been in the tower quadrants for so long, a place where the greatest Faith available was of the Comet Grade, yet he could find a way to improve himself here? Who could match him but a select few?

Even Clara became a Celestial in just a few decades when her cultivation talent was pitiful. Who would you be trying to fool if you said Oshire couldn't become a Dao expert with thousands of years?

"[Devour]..." Though Dyon didn't want to do it, Oshire's memories had too much useful information.

The person Dyon felt the most sorry for wasn't Oshire at all, but the woman he claimed to love.

"She cared for you so much... Yet you didn't even dare to fight."

Oshire's lifeforce faded away slowly.

"... Everything... Should just burn... Everything... Will burn..."

Those were his final words before what remained of his soul was sealed away and preserved by Dyon. He wouldn't be tortured like Matriarch Niveus, but Dyon couldn't allow him to die completely just yet. If the Sapientia's main clan realized he had died, there would be endless troubles.

"The Sapientia are still keeping tabs on the 99 universes, hm...? Interesting."

Dyon looked up and into the skies, his blood matted white fur slowly retracting into his skin.

But the moment this happened, a rumbling of golden clouds began to circulate above.

Dyon sighed. "... Why can't I have nice things..."

Dyon looked up and into the skies and sighed again. It would have been smarter of him to heal before he released his celestial beast transformation, but there were two problems with that. First, he had fallen victim to wishful thinking. He thought that maybe he wouldn't have to face his dao tribulation at all after skipping it, so such a thought wasn't even on his mind. Second, even if he had thought this far, after maintaining the transformation for four months, even he was quickly approaching his limit.

Maintaining his celestial beast form through his manifestation wasn't that taxing on his soul, Dyon wondered if there was anything besides the treasures of the 33 heavens that could test his soul stamina at all at this point. The issue was his body.

His Titan Diamond Body didn't like relying on his celestial beast body at all. Titans were created for the purpose of humans climbing over beasts and wresting away from their rule.

By relying on a beast to survive, Dyon was essentially slapping the face of his own constitution. The push and pull effect had been one of the greatest stresses on his body in the last few months, even beyond the battle with the Sapientia Ancestor itself.

Such a reality made Dyon sigh. He had been looking forward to what benefits his Demon Qilin transformation might bring him, but who knew he'd hit such a roadblock.

It wasn't all completely useless considering Dyon could still last four months in the transformation, but this truth made it certain that he would be unable to bring out the manifestation's full potential.

"Well... Come then."

Dyon's 12 wings spread. Hovering while attached to the halo a small distance from his back, it gave him a majestic look despite his beaten and bloodied appearance.

It seemed the Heavens really wouldn't ever allow him the chance to take on his tribulations while fully healthy. What a sick game it liked to play...



The skies opened up, churning with killing intent.

Of the War God tribulations, Dyon had faced two. The first was the War God Avatar tribulation and the second was the War God Heart tribulation. Of them, the second was what resulted in the War God's death for various reasons Little Yang explained to Madeleine back in the Golden Flame Mystical Realm.

#### Chapter 1788: Benefits

Of course, these 9 tribulations don't count the Heavenly Step tribulations needed to become Higher Existences. But this trial is special for reasons you'll all learn in the future...]

Due to comprehending the Weapon's Master will, Dyon had a chance of facing a War God tribulation every time he crossed a large barrier. So, he couldn't help but wonder what would appear this time.

A crack of thunder tore across the skies. Not long after, the beating of a drum filled the ears of those spectating. The loud, reverberating booms seemed to dictate the beating of billions of hearts, pulling the strings of their emotions as it saw fit.

Dyon's eyes sharpened. Amid the splitting clouds, countless descending feet could be seen. Each was clad in beautiful ethereal royal blue armor.

The more of their figures that appeared, the stronger the beating of the drums became.

Blood rushed through the veins of the spectators. They couldn't decide if they wanted to run for their lives, or if they wanted to run through a brick wall. The mixture of youthful vigor and killing intent balanced a harsh dichotomy that grated on their nerves.

Soon, the endless swarm of warriors appeared in full view.

They could only be described as an army of discipline, power and intimidation. They stood in perfect symmetrical rows, divided by nine weapons types Dyon recognized immediately – the battle ax, the dagger, the spear, the rod, the halberd, the bow, the saber, the glaive, and the sword!

Over the past few months, though they worried about Dyon's safety still, Dyon's wives had been relatively relaxed. They were confident in Dyon's ability to win.

Though they were still confident now as Dyon had never lost before, their worry couldn't help but intensify. After all, Dyon had just left a grueling battle, only to be thrust into a situation where he was forced to face countless millions of warriors alone?

The worst part was that tribulations always scaled to one's talent, didn't that mean that Dyon's tribulation might be the hardest to ever appear?

All of this said... Dyon couldn't have been more relaxed. It wasn't because he looked down on this tribulation, but rather because he realized something very important.

Where did most of Dyon's strength come from? There were three main factors. His soul, his Presence, and his qi's fusion with his vital qi, or the energy of his blood.

What did all three of these things have in common...? None of them were directly related to his qi talent!

In an instant, thousands of beautiful white flowers the over three meters tall appeared in the skies. A moment later, they opened up to reveal countless men completely identical to Dyon!

Dyon's weapon pagoda opened in a flash, equipping each and every one with weapons and armor of the supreme grade.

After resting for so long... Dyon's soul strength was ready to unleash.

Dyon calmly watched as his clones demolished the blue armored army. For an army made up entirely of Lower Dao Formation avatars, there was nothing difficult about the task.

The Mortal Alliance watched in awe. Was a dao tribulation meant to be so easy?

Maybe the Heavens were enraged, but by the time the second tribulation descended, it was almost easier than the first.

Dyon's qi was sealed, and his body's movements were locked in place. Not long afterward, yet another army descended, but the difference this time was that Dyon was given an army of his own as well.

It didn't take a genius to understand that this was yet another War God Tribulation, except this time, Dyon was tasked with taking on the role of Commander.

Unable to use your own prowess, the tribulation was without a doubt meant to be quite difficult. In fact, the War God himself struggled with this trial very much as a man who believed in his own strength first and foremost.

But, the Heavens made one mistake... While his qi was sealed and his body was restricted from movement, there were no such measures taken on his soul at all.

Commanding his troops, Dyon systematically dismantled the opposing army. His attacks and counterattacks were so precise and ferocious that Emperor Pakal could only lower his head in respect. Both he and Lord Odin had already been unwilling to fight back any longer after the first 4 weeks of Dyon's battle with Oshire, but now they found it hard to raise their heads.

Much like the first two War God trials Dyon faced, these two came with rewards of their own.

The War God Avatar trial taught Dyon True Weapon Wills, a path many sought for all of their lives but could never find. Yet, Dyon had grasped the start of not just one, but nine of them.

The War God Heart trial laid the very foundation Dyon used to form his Dao Heart. It may have seemed that the Pride Clan was the sole reason, but the truth was that Dyon had been slowly laying the groundwork for his breakthrough for a long time. In truth, even now, he was still doing exactly that. The secrets of his Dao Heart were a mystery even to him...

Maybe it was quite apropos that Dyon's Dao Heart was just as arrogant as himself.

This aside, this time around, Dyon gained some interesting benefits as well.

His first dao trial, the War God Army trial, gained him an interesting new energy he didn't exactly know how to classify. It was kind of like Presence, but also like a Domain at the same time.

It was only after slaughtering half of the army that Dyon came to realize exactly what it was... It was War God Martial Intent!

When Dyon saw this, he immediately stopped going through the motions of his trial, activating his soul qi halo and basking in the feeling. It would be too late to regret it if he didn't comprehend as much as he could before the tribulation ended.

Chapter 1789: Doubt?

Like he expected, Dyon wasn't disappointed.

War God Martial Intent, it was a Martial Intent that stole the will of others by killing them. Essentially, the more enemies one faced, the more one killed, the stronger you would grow through battle. It was like exchanging the life of your enemies for strength.

When outside of battle, the intent would fade away, slowly bringing you back to your original strength. But despite this, Dyon was very intrigued. He often fell into unlucky situations where he was forced to face many enemies at once, who knew that such disadvantageous situations could bring him benefits?

Dyon's second Dao Trial, however, made him realize that he had comprehended only a portion of the true War God Martial Intent.

Being able to strengthen yourself was one aspect, but the strengthening of your subordinates was the second aspect!

The War God Commander trial showed Dyon exactly this. Not only could he now gain strength from the kills of the warriors he commanded, his warriors could gain strength from the kills he gained as well!

This was why he felt that the new energy was both like Presence and a Domain. It was like Presence in that its first form could only benefit him, but it became like a Domain when its second form was fused with the first. Now, anyone within the Martial Intent's range of influence would gain the same benefits!

Dyon suddenly became very happy that he didn't actually skip over these tribulations. If he had, who knows if he would have ever comprehended such a useful Martial Intent? He hadn't even known Martial Intents could be used in this way!

At this point, Dyon couldn't help but wonder what other rewards there were for clearing the War God Trials... Unfortunately, he wouldn't face any other tribulations until he became a Higher Existence, and he didn't even know if War God tribulations would appear then.

Could this Martial Intent have more pieces? He had no way of knowing...

As though to disappoint him, Dyon's final dao trial gathered tribulation lightning clouds.

Those below trembled, their mouths twitching when they saw Dyon's disappointed face.

Why are you feeling disappointed?! Those are Six-Color Tribulation Clouds! Usually only Higher Existences would face such a thing!

But the result made them lament they ever said something.

... Forget it, the difference between him and us is too much... We'll kill ourselves if we think about it anymore...

Dyon raised a beautiful silver-gold mask to the skies, standing patiently as it absorbed the tribulation lightning to its heart's content.

Finally, the Lightning Willow Mask was complete, becoming a 12th Stage Supreme Grade Treasure – a mighty Pseudo Treasure of the 33 Heavens.

Dyon looked down at the mask in his hands, feeling that it was very much alive. In fact, he could feel its spirit although he couldn't directly see it with his eyes.

'This came right on time... The lightning legacy hidden within will be of great help to me...'

Dyon felt that he was missing something when it came to his Lightning Dao. It should have been far more powerful than it was, but for some reason it could only exhibit a portion of its true strength.

One had to remember that Dyon's lightning dao was birthed from tribulation lightning. This wasn't just any tribulation lightning either, it was the tribulation lightning that descended after Amphorae exhibited the first instance of Music Will to ever appear on the mortal plane.

There was another matter to take into account as well. Faith was sealed when one took their tribulations, making tribulation lightning a unique enemy to Faith. Yet, Dyon hadn't felt any unique reaction when his lightning dao battled Oshire. There was definitely something missing.

Dyon still felt that his Lightning Dao was more powerful than most, but he still didn't feel that it was as powerful as it should be.

Finally, Dyon put the mask into his spatial ring and closed his eyes, his True Domain slowly shimmering out of reality.

There was silence for long time. It felt as though almost the whole Celestial Quadrant bowed their heads in respect to one man.

For so long, Dyon wondered just how he would bring those of the Celestial Quadrant together as one. He felt that he needed to conquer them all with speed before slowly assimilating them over many decades. But who would have known that his own near-death experience would practically wash away that need for hard work completely?

It was then the silence erupted. A blaze of fiery passion overflowed. The sound of cheering citizens could be heard all across all 101 universes.

Dyon's closed eyes opened as he looked toward his army in the skies, a light smile on his face.

These past few months had been hard on them. Forced to hover above Planet Ragnor, many of them had long since run out of energy and had to rely on the support of others. After all, space didn't have energy.

Objectively, Dyon's appearance was pretty ghastly. He wore torn black sweatpants matted in blood. His toned torso was covered in dried and flaking chips of red. It truly wasn't the appearance a ruler should have, but such a thing only made the cheering grow louder.

Dyon thought of using [Violet Revival Flame], but by his calculations, he could only use it once a week. It wasn't very smart to use it when it wasn't absolutely necessary. So in the end, he maintained his imperfect appearance.

Three shadows streaking across the skies suddenly caught Dyon's attention. Before he could react, they had already crashed into him.

"Oof..." Dyon winced, but the grin on his face never faded. "What are you three crying for, don't tell me you doubted me?"

"Shut up." Clara furiously kicked Dyon's shin without regard for condition, even Ri used far more strength than she usually did to flick his forehead.

"Okay, okay, I give, I give." Dyon laughed, embracing Madeleine, Ri and Clara.

In the distance, Amphorae and Luna smiled.

## Chapter 1790: Missed You

Amphorae, who had remained cold for so long, finally released the tension in her body. Unwittingly, tears she had been holding back fell, but they were quickly evaporated by her qi.

Suddenly thinking of someone, Dyon's qi whipped around his body, shattering the dried blood around him. Right afterward, he used arrays to conceal the cuts and bruises on his body and replaced his pants with a clean pair.

Knowing his reactions, Delia was already ready.

"Daddy!"

Little Alauna appeared in Dyon's inner world. She spun around, looking for Dyon every which way, calling out to him. The excited look on her face both broke Dyon's heart and filled it with warmth. He had really left her for too long.

It was only a second later Dyon brought her out from his inner world.

Gasping, Little Alauna looked around at the billions of people surrounding her father, even seeing her three mommas, but it wasn't until she saw Dyon that her eyes lit up like adorable lanterns.

Realizing she was in Dyon's arms, she wiggled her little body to wrap her short arms around his neck.

She wanted to call out her father's name again, but she found her voice didn't work anymore. The little girl began to cry uncontrollably, her little body trembling under her father's embrace.

She tried to stifle her tears, but no matter how hard she tried, it didn't work.

Madeleine, Ri and Clara found their eyes pooling. They could only imagine how this little girl felt during the past months.

"It's okay Little Precious..." Dyon's eyes reddened. "... What'd Dad say? Didn't I say you can still be strong and cry?"

Dyon's words were like the final drop of water needed to shatter the dam.



The whole world fell silent once more as a little girl cried in her father's arms.

"...D-Daddy... I missed you so, so, so, so, so much..."

Dyon held on tightly, never wanting to let go.

...

"Look at you." Dyon smiled brightly, holding up his puffy eyed daughter to the skies. "You've gotten so big! You're growing up too fast, dad can barely hold you up."

Little Alauna wiped her cheeks, giggling.

Knowing that his daughter's third birthday was quickly approaching, Dyon sighed. He already felt that she was getting too old too quickly. Was this how all parents felt?

"Want to follow me around today?"

Her head bobbed up and down eagerly, causing a wave of warm laughter to fill Planet Ragnor before it quickly became somber once more. After all these months had passed, it seemed the citizens of Odin City had forgotten that this young man had come to conquer their lands. They almost felt that he was one of their own now, so they were filled with inexplicable feelings.

Little Alauna, though, completely oblivious to their complicated feelings, happily staying in her father's arms.

"Momma!" Alauna called out seeing Amphorae and Luna descending from the skies to stand by Dyon's side. Though she hadn't seen Dyon in almost half a year, Luna visited her quite often. After all, even if she was worried about Dyon's battle, she couldn't possibly leave Little Alauna parentless for so long. This was why her daughter's yearning for Dyon was so much stronger.

Seeing five beauties surrounding Dyon, the warriors of the Mortal Alliance could only smile bitterly. Even Emperor Pakal and Lord Odin who could have the pick of any woman of their empires they wanted paled in comparison. Even if they could pick any woman, just where would they find even one of such caliber, let alone five.

Dyon was still before the gates of Odin City and his prisoners were still kneeling to the ground, the only difference was that the magnificent lightning formation was gone and the hostility of the guards that stood on the tall walls had deflated.

Before Dyon could say another word, the city gates slowly opened, resulting in a deep sigh from Lord Odin.

Dyon hadn't forgotten about all of the horrible things the Ragnor Clan had done. Even if he had already subdued him with his power, his conscious wouldn't allow them off the hook so easily.

Odin City easily fell under Dyon's control.

The upper echelon of the Ragnor Clan was soon collected, and Little Lyla was brought forward.

Dyon began to systematically question the nobles of the Ragnor Clan about the deeds they had committed in their lives, leaving not a single stone unturned.

He didn't hide these proceedings from the eyes the common people either. Even if it meant losing much of the fighting strength the Ragnor Clan had to offer, Dyon refused to have vile weeds within his Kingdom. With more than 100 years still left to the descent of the Ancient Battlefield, Dyon believed that with his resources and the guidance of Chancellor Lind's education system, the Mortal Alliance would be overflowing with talents soon enough.

In fact, it might be better this way. Those who had already entered the celestial realm practically had their futures already set in stone, no amount of resources and guidance could change much. It was better if Dyon focused on the younger generation, anyway.

If they didn't have to enter the tower, most geniuses would be able to enter the celestial realm within 30 years, with only the very best being able to enter within 20. Those who succeeded within 30 years

would need at least a hundred years more to become dao experts, but those who succeeded within 20 likely would only need about half that time.

Of course, these were under normal circumstances. These calculations were done with the top 20 quadrants in mind. However, did these top quadrants have a Star Lord like Dyon at their back?

In the outer powers, absolute geniuses reached the celestial realm while they were still teenagers, between 13 and 16 years old. Fringe geniuses succeeded within 20 years.

Lilith herself was a prime example of this. If it hadn't been because she was waiting to buy a Sovereign Spark, she would have entered the celestial realm long before she met Dyon. And, one had to remember that she was only 16 years old when she met Dyon for the first time.