

## **The Nameless 1791**

### Chapter 1791: Severity

These very geniuses would obviously reach the dao realm far quicker. Those like Lilith would clear the celestial realm within 10 to 15 years, becoming dao experts at about 25 to 30 years old. Those on the lesser end would reach the dao realm at about 50 years old.

If these calculations were used, Dyon would be able to rebuild the lost strength of Celestial Quadrant in due time. In fact, he would be able to make them stronger than they ever had been before.

Although the universes of Celestial Quadrant couldn't hope to match the outer powers in qi density, thus making cultivation slower here, Dyon planned to supplement them all with the support of a Star Lord. If they still lagged behind, it could only be said that they weren't meant for cultivation.

Like this, Dyon began placed the nobles of the Ragnor Clan on trial. Soon, the Three Grades of Severity became the hammer of justice to these very nobles...

At the Zeroth Grade, the crimes were benign enough that they could be pardoned through the changing of the rulership. However, the true punishment reared its head when the First, Second, and Third Grade of Severity appeared...

At the First Degree of Severity, the noble was convicted of being a detriment to society. Their conduct was unbecoming of a noble role, and their title was stripped from them.

Losing their family name, these nobles became commoners. However, knowing Dyon, this punishment wasn't all it seemed on the surface. He wasn't the kind of man to separate nobles and commoners in such a fashion, nor did the Mortal Alliance had such classist biases.

The most poignant point here was that their family name was stripped from them. Essentially, they lost the right to be among the Official Clans of the Mortal Alliance, and thus couldn't benefit from such status.

One had to remember that the Order Ranked Clans of the Mortal Alliance had many special privileges, namely the appointment of Officials to the Mortal Meeting. Without being able to appoint Officials, a Clan would lose much of their power.

The more people a Clan lost, the more difficult it became to accumulate merit. And the more difficult it became to accumulate merit, the harder it would be for a Clan to become an official 1st Tier Clan, let alone climbing and reaching above that.

People could only watch as more and more nobles were ejected from the Ragnor Clan and stripped of their names.

Those who understood the purpose of this spectacle couldn't help but feel a cold shiver take hold of their spines. Remembering Dyon's performance during the War God Commander trial, they confirmed that this ruler was much more than his brawn.

In addition to the Ragnors, there were other noble Clans of Odin City which were weeded out and crippled. Though not as prosperous as the Ragnors, they too had their own power, but could only watch it slowly whittle away.

However... This was just the beginning.

Though the punishment for the First Grade was severe, it could still be recovered from. With enough merits, those stripped of their names could reclaim them or even form Clans of their own by various means.

Dyon refused to allow these Clans to use wealth to take their titles back, so many merits such as donations were barred from counting toward their redemption. Instead, they had to provide benefits militarily, socially and culturally.

But... Redemption from the higher Grades was next to impossible if not completely impossible.

The Second Grade of Severity followed the very same punishments at the first with a few key additions. These were nobles found to be a detriment to society, both as nobles and as people. They were

scourges of society who sought their own benefits, even at the price of the life of others. These people were near irredeemable.

Not only were they stripped of their titles, but they were degraded to the role of Army Mules.

The Mules of the Mortal Alliance Army were introduced during the first Mortal Meeting.

The existence of such a thing functions as one of the most severe punishments available to Dyon. These individuals acted as the vanguard of the army and they weren't allowed to leave this role until they accumulated enough military merits to do so.

Unfortunately, the vast majority would die before they gained the right to cleanse themselves of this status.

Maybe if it was just this, the punishment would be alright and still manageable, but to Dyon, those he graded so severely were individuals he looked down upon from the depths of his soul. The only reason he didn't directly kill them was because there were still wars against the Uidah and Pakal to fight, he couldn't put his people at risk while these scum got easy deaths.

If by some miracle they survived until they gathered enough Mule Merit – with the status of mule every action counts for a quarter of what it usually would, thus the moniker Mule Merit – they would become commoners, unable to ever join Official Clans or Sects.

In addition, these individuals would be unable to join the Business Empire system either. Currently, the Mortal Alliance had many individuals who couldn't form Clans of their own instead attempt to create Business Empires. In fact, Eve's little sister was one such woman.

In the future, Business Empires wouldn't be any weaker than Official Clans, especially in matters of wealth, so how could Dyon leave them a path to prosperity? They didn't deserve it.

However, Dyon didn't completely cut off their hope, or else would they fight properly as mules? He allowed them the possibility to become First Lieutenants – leaders of 1000 men. With this, they'd have enough wealth to be satisfied, but wouldn't gain enough power to harm others again.

Of course, this was another clever ploy by Dyon. By making their only path hidden within the military, they'd be forced to serve until they could retire if they wanted decent lives for themselves.

It was only natural that hearing such punishments, the nobles could only grow more and more nervous. If any had rejections toward the first grade punishments, they could only swallow their anger at the second. What if their attitude made Dyon grade them more harshly?

And... If the second grade was so bad... What of the third?

As expected, Dyon's punishment for Third Grade Severity made their skin crawl...

#### Chapter 1792: Teacher

Those who earned the Third Grade of Severity were known as the irredeemables. These were individuals who caused so much sorrow and pain that no benefits could justify Dyon allowing them to live any longer.

"... Using orphans as experiments, using virgins as sacrifices for fiendish techniques, treating the lives of the common people as the resources of the Ragnor Clan..." Dyon's jaw clenched. "... Sacrificing millions of newborns to tie the Karmic Fate of three Faith Seeds..."

Lord Odin kneeled before Dyon, his blond greying hair hanging over his body in a pitiful manner.

"... Third Grade of Severity."

A cold wind whipped through Odin City.

Lord Odin's death seemed swift, but watching his soul being forcefully extracted by Dyon and imprisoned, those watching understood that it was anything but.

One would think that those earning the Third Grade would be rare, but over half of the Ragnor Clan fell under this category. Though this percentage lessened if the trials Dyon held before coming to their core universe was counted, it was still over 20%.

The Ragnors had committed too many atrocities in the name of strengthening their Clan. But, this purpose became completely empty when the number of horrible deeds outside that purpose were exposed. They had no moral high ground to stand on and could only be executed one after another, their souls trapped for all eternity.

It wasn't that they didn't want to fight back, but how could they? Even the arrogant Lord Odin lowered his head in defeat, it destroyed all thoughts of resistance.

The number of Champions fell to less than 10% of their original number. All of the Elder Fey were slaughtered as well. By then end, only a little over half of the Fey remained.

The Ragnor Empire was completely decimated in just a week, but no one dared to raise a word of complaint. Thinking of Dyon's valiant figure, fighting with his life on the line against a Planet Grade Empire, he had earned the respect of even those he killed. His Presence was undeniable.

\*\*

"I keep my promises. You've played a great role in the success of my Mortal Alliance so you are now an official citizen of outstanding merit.

"You can use these merits as you please and transfer them as you please."

Madeleine's former master stood across from him in a hall that was once the Ragnor's Throne Room, a complicated expression on her face.

She remembered when she scoffed when Madeleine said that Dyon would become a Saint in just 30 years and beat her... Not only had he shattered such a prediction, he stood so high above her head now that she couldn't hope to see his limits.

The worst mistake she had ever made in her life was doubting this young man... Maybe the relationship they could have had would never be seen now. She knew well that Dyon only gave her this opportunity out of consideration for his wife's feelings. It had nothing to do with the thought of forgiving her, nor would there ever be a chance for her to gain his forgiveness.

When something crossed Dyon's bottom line, there was no going back. She had tried to kill Ri, no matter what reasons she had, no matter how she tried to justify it, Dyon would never forgive her.

She could stand here today in thanks to her relationship with Madeleine and Ri's Uncle Acacia. Nothing more, nothing less.

Her eyes lost focus... She remembered the day she first met Dyon.

He had stormed in and saved Madeleine from a Fate that even she couldn't, stopping her from having to marry Akihiko.

Somehow, that day, he saw through her disguise as an elderly lady and called out to her, subtly finding a way to add a layer of protection to both himself and Madeleine.

Her first impressions of Dyon were great due to this reason, but she allowed various matters to cloud her judgement. She simply didn't believe that even a talented person could make it so far on their own...

Back then, she had sensed the unwillingness in Dyon's eyes when he handed Madeleine over to her, she had sensed his rage. But, she thought nothing of it. No amount of passion in the world could surmount the accumulation of powerful Clans...

Yet, this very day proved her thoughts wrong. Not only did Dyon destroy the Ragnor Clan whose mere branch Clan threw their universe into Chaos, but he subdued an enemy far beyond her imagination.

"Daddy, who is she?" Alauna asked curiously, sitting on Dyon's lap as he sat on the throne.

"Her name is Evelyn. She did your dad a very big favor, we owe her a lot." Dyon said with a light smile.

"Oh?" Alauna's large eyes blinked. She didn't believe her dad would lie to her, but why did it seem like the lady was very sad and that her father did like her very much?

"Thank you for helping my daddy!" Alauna said innocently, unable to understand the complex emotions in the room.

Evelyn snapped out of her thoughts, bowing slightly.

"I appreciate your kind words, Princess. This Evelyn will keep them in her heart."

With those final words, Evelyn bowed to Dyon once more, then turned to leave.

Certain actions of the past were unforgivable, but at least Dyon gave her a path to live. Still, she was very surprised to find the Madeleine had appeared before her just as she closed the large double doors.

...

Madeleine smiled lightly. "Teacher."

Hearing this address, Evelyn felt that something had torn at her heart. There was a subtle difference between the title of master and teacher, but it was a striking one nonetheless.

A master was a loving parent, a nurturer for life. But, a teacher was fleeting, a person who could have a small or large impact on a person's life for a limited time.

By calling her teacher, Madeleine had drawn a clear line between her and Evelyn, but she hadn't been too distant either... It left the bitter taste in Evelyn's mouth feeling even more sour.

"Madeleine, I hope you've been well." Evelyn squeezed out a smile, tempering down the discomfort in her heart.

## Chapter 1793: Well

Madeleine's smile brightened. "I've been very well teacher. It's been hard on you, I didn't know my husband gave you such a difficult mission until recently. I hope it wasn't too difficult."

Evelyn waved her hand. "It was nothing compared to what he had to go through. In fact, it was only difficult because my own foolishness made it so. If I trusted Leader Sacharro's array plates more, I wouldn't have been so nervous... Much of the trouble was controlling my own emotions."

How could Evelyn know that Dyon's arrays wouldn't be easily seen through even by a Dao expert? Let alone Oshire who was a mere Higher Celestial.

For her, it was still difficult to get used to this new Dyon. Her biases had been so deeply ingrained that if it hadn't been for the chance to see her beloved again, maybe she would have ignored Dyon's asks all together.

Even to now, she didn't know if he could ever forgive her... After all, she had attempted to kill his niece. That wasn't something that could be easily forgotten, especially since Uncle Acacia had raised Ri like his own daughter in the absence of her parents.

But, she could only try. Maybe this was the first good decision Evelyn had ever made in her life...

"That's good to know..." Madeleine said softly, seemingly oblivious to the fact the care in her voice made Evelyn tremble, her eyes slightly watering.

"Can you take me to see my foster family, teacher? I haven't seen them in a very long time."

Feeling the discomfort in her heart wiped away, Evelyn smiled her first genuine smile, taking Madeleine's arm in hers.

"Come with me. Teacher will bring you to where you want to go."



From the other side of the throne room doors, Dyon felt the crease in his brows soften. The difficulty he felt in giving Evelyn this path to live lessened considerably sensing Madeleine's happiness.

No matter what, Evelyn was a woman who threw away her status as elder of a God Clan to spend years watching over Madeleine disguised as an elderly cleaning lady. Though her actions were detestable, her willingness to sacrifice for his wife was undeniable.

Even if he didn't forgive her, he didn't need to act hostile either...

Sometimes, those of differing perspectives would always stand on opposite sides of the aisle, but this didn't mean they couldn't understand each other...

How many nieces had Dyon killed? Let alone nieces, what about daughters, sons, mothers and fathers? By now, the number was countless. And what was their crime?

In some cases, it was well deserved. These people were scum that didn't deserve to live. But, there were other cases where these individuals simply stood in his way. Their crime was nothing more than not being his ally...

Dyon took a deep breath, his heart settling down. He felt that he had understood something quite profound, and the pulsing light of his dao heart instead became a steady glow, slowly growing in strength.

The weight on the heart of a Commander at War was heavy beyond imagining. Pretending that this weight didn't exist would be nothing more than naivete. In the worst cases, it was inhuman.

This was the simple truth that the War God didn't understand, but it was one that Dyon had only just begun to grasp.

A cycle of life, a cycle of creation, a cycle destruction.

"Daddy, can we go get cherry ice cream now?" Little Alauna who had waited more patiently than any toddler could possibly expect to finally couldn't handle it anymore.

Dyon smiled, rubbing his little girl's head.

"Of course, dad will bring you to eat the best ice cream in the world."

The little girl cheered, wetting her lips to plant a big kiss on her father's cheek.

\*\*

In the next months, Dyon swept through Pakal territory, dealing with their nobles in the same way. Though their sins were relatively lesser, they still lost 10% of their mightiest experts. Unfortunately, Emperor Pakal didn't survive either, falling victim to the same fate Lord Odin did.

It was then that Dyon did something shocking. For the Ragnors, he named Thor as the head of their Clan. And for the Pakals, he named Caedlum their leader!

The Pakals and Ragnors could have never imagined that their Thor and Asura Faith Seeds would have been in the hands of Dyon this whole time... This final move squashed any hostility that might have remained...

Like this, over 75% of Celestial Quadrant fell under Dyon's control, the only stronghold that remained was the Uidah.

However, curiously, Dyon didn't personal action in this final war. Instead, his Right Hand, Alidor Guatama, controlled the operation from start to end.

The operation came to be known as Guatama's Revenge. However, the Uidah only knew it as their Nightmare.

...

The Uidah stronghold wasn't as lavish as the core lands of the Ragnors, but it was a magnificent view in its own unique way.

While Odin City was lit with countless energy stones, Ethereal City shimmered a beautiful dark gold to bronze.

Its cityscape was filled with short, robust buildings that gave the atmosphere an earthen vibe, while its architecture was reminiscent of west Asian culture from Dyon's home world. In contrast to the sharp edges of Ragnor architecture, the Uidah preferred beautifully rounded and arched structures that gave off a wholesome feel.

Still, this once calming city had become a Nightmare for many.

Just one month ago, the Pakals suddenly flooded their eastern border with a level of attack force the Uidah had never faced before. The sudden change was so abrupt that the Uidah were completely caught on their backfoot.

One might wonder how such a large Empire could make such a blunder, but the answer was actually quite simple. When the attack was initiated, the Gates should have been closed down for maintenance. Even to this moment, the Uidah had no idea how the Pakal circumvented these rules.

The Uidah completely lost initiative. Their only saving grace was the fact that their warriors were still fresh. For some reason, the Pakals hadn't attacked them during the last campaign. Initially, they believed that this was being they were far too occupied with the Ragnors and sighed a breath of relief. But who would have known they were just gathering their striking force for a fatal blow?

#### Chapter 1794: Avenge

The Uidah completely lost control of their border Gates and were forced to retreat and regroup. But they had no way of knowing that this was just the beginning.

Just as they were regrouping to counter the Pakals, a sudden attack came from their northwest. The Five Beast Clans and the Ragnors flooded their territory from the top, catching them off guard once more.

Just what was going on? First the Pakals, but now the Ragnors and Five Beast Clan Alliance was capable of attacking while the Gates were closed?

Despair cloaked Uidah territory. By now, they understood the kind of trouble they were in. There was no coincidence, their three rivals had allied to deal with them swiftly.

No, that shouldn't be it. In all likelihood, the Five Beast Clans had likely already been split amongst the two powerhouses. There was no way they were qualified to be in an alliance with the Pakals and Ragnors.

King Uidah's already short fuse became shorter. There was no lack of unlucky servants that lost their lives during this time. He couldn't believe what was happening.

Just a few days ago, the Uidah were on the greatest trajectory they had ever been on in their history. They had so many talents and were only a single universe away from becoming an Emperor God Clan. How could this happen now?

That was when King Uidah received news that caused him to faint from anger. The army that was trampling across his territory as he sat there in a rage was led by a youth whose name should have been crossed from the history book – Alidor Guatama!

Almost 50 years ago now, he had finally rid himself of a thorn at his side. After receiving help from a mysterious group of individuals, he eradicated the Guatama and solidified the rule of his Uidah Clan.

Initially, the benefits were instantaneous. Without splitting their Faith through an Alliance system, the Faith of the Uidah skyrocketed, allowing them to stave off the Pakals for so many years.

He knew back then that two had escaped, but he hadn't lost any sleep over it. Everyone knew how difficult it was to raise one's Clan up, what could two orphans do?

How could he had ever guessed that the very two orphans he didn't care for would be leading the army of his demise?

He didn't know what to think. He had too many questions, as anyone would. Just how could this have happened?

King Uidah had no choice but to leave the task up to his two sons. He had yet to decide who would inherit his throne, so he could only test them in this way, sending Dravil to the Northwest and sending Abraham to the East.

But, all he received in return was news of a series of defeats. Whether it was Dravil or Abraham, they couldn't stop the momentum of the armies.

To make matters worse, it wasn't just them either. None of the Sons or Daughters could seem to win even a single battle. In fact, the only one who managed to do so was the former First Celestial Daughter, and Dravil's current fiancée, Nora.

By the time King Uidah came to realize that all of his brightest children had betrayed him, the armies were already upon Ethereal City.

Alidor held his little sister's hand as they stood above the city, looking toward the beaten and bloodied King Uidah. Of course, neither of them had the strength to do this just yet, so they relied on Glorianice.

"Mother... Father... We've come to avenge your deaths..." Alidor whispered softly.

King Uidah wiped the blood from his lips, looking up toward Alidor and Kaeara with a vicious light in his eyes.

He had tried to call his Ancestors to assist him long ago, but for some reason the connection had been cut. To make matters worse, even his Faith was useless before his opponent.

Beasts like the Dream Panthers and Dragons weren't completely helpless before Faith. If they were, they likely wouldn't have survived so long. Dragons had their Dragon Souls and humanoid transformations. Unfortunately for Chenglei, his Dragon bloodline only birthed him a Bronze Dragon Soul. In addition, as he was in the Celestial Quadrant this whole time, he had no opportunity to hunt other Dragons to improve his Dragon Soul. As a result, his Dragon Soul was useless before Dyon.

As for Dream Panthers, they could weaken their opponents will by forcing them to enter their Dream Domains. This gave opponents the illusion that their Faith was weakened, when the reality was that they were foolishly accessing only a small part of it. Glorianice had tried to use her Dream Domain against Dyon while they were signing the soul contract between them, unfortunately for her, Dyon had The Seal protecting his mind.

Before Glorianice, a mere King God Clan, even if it was the King in question, it was all useless.

Alidor and his sister looked down upon King Uidah. Though Alidor had to maintain his dignity as the Commander Dyon entrusted with this operation, Kaeara could no longer hold back her tears. The gushed forward like a flood. Though revenge was sweet, she realized that even after they completed this goal they had dreamt of all their lives, their parents, their friends, their family... Would never come back to them.

"I see that you don't regret what you did, even now." Alidor said emotionlessly.

King Uidah sneered. "The world of cultivation is a place where the strong rule the weak. This time, I am the weak one. Nothing more, nothing less. Kill me and be done with it."

Alidor shook his head. "It seems you still don't understand. Your words seem to imply that you were ever the strong one, when the truth was that you were always weak."

Chapter 1795: Domain

King Uidah's temper seemed to flair, but he calmed it in an instant, knowing that his anger was useless. If he was going to die, he would keep his dignity as a King. In the afterworld, he would apologize to his Ancestors for his incompetence.

"Almost 50 years ago, you slaughtered a Clan of innocents individuals."

"Innocent?" King Uidah spat to the ground below, a swath of blood following suit. "There is no such thing in the martial world. The Guatama has blood on their hands. You just aren't aware because you were a child."

"Is that so? Then I guess this was your justification for murdering a Clan of people you once called family? How many of your concubines once carried the name Guatama? How many of your Clansmen carry Guatama blood even if they do not carry our name?"

"Did my grandfather not call you son? Did my father not call you brother?! DID I NOT CALL YOU UNCLE?!"

Alidor's voice boomed, a swirling tempest of Ethereal Permeation washing over the city below.

King Uidah flinched at Alidor's sudden outburst. He had known Alidor since his youth, he had always been a child of few words and even fewer emotions. The fact he lost control of himself in this instant spoke volumes.

Still, what was even more shocking was the depth of his cultivation. In the Uidah Clan, their staple Will was Ethereal Permeation. They had special blood that allowed them to comprehend this will a bit better than others.

However, even still, their best Clansmen only reached the 6th or 7th will level. Even King Uidah himself was only at the 7th will level. Despite this, because Ethereal Permeation was a Supreme Law, its strength was undeniable. Even at such a low level, it had a multiplicative effect on all of your techniques and gave your strikes a persistent damage effect.

Yet... Somehow... This youth who was only a fraction of his age... Was at the 9th Intent level!

"You can try to justify it how you like, but you yourself know how much of a coward you are."

"You speak of strength, but it was it your strength that destroyed my Guatama Clan? Or was it your underhanded schemes and outside help that did?"

Alidor sneered, knowing by King Uidah's reaction that he was perfectly correct.

"That's the kind of strength the mighty King Uidah hangs his hat on, huh?"

Alidor's piercing gaze met the King's. "Do you want to know why your children betrayed you?"

"You spent all of that effort scheming like a little rat to kill my loved ones that you began to fear being backstabbed yourself, hm? So what did your minor intellect conclude? Something like 'If I place my flesh and blood at the best and highest positions, I'll never be betrayed', is that right?"

King Uidah trembled fiercely, his eyes reddening. Whatever so-called calm exterior he had vanished.

"But how could someone of such pitiful intelligence realize that the harder you pushed your so-called flesh and blood, the more you expected from them, the more competition you created amongst them, the less and less they would see you as a father."

Alidor's sneer deepened as King Uidah's world seemed to collapse.

"You can go off to the next world now. I wonder how your Uidah Ancestors will react knowing you spit in the face of the brotherhood of two Clans they built with their blood and tears, only to lose it all in a single lifetime. You're truly quite "strong"."

Those were the final words King Uidah heard before his head was severed from his neck.

His bodiless head spun in the air, a clear look of despair etched into his face.

Like this, the Celestial Quadrant became the domain of the Mortal Alliance. To many cultivators, just creating a King God Clan in their lifetime would be a momentous feat. In fact, for many throughout history, this was the absolute peak that could be accomplished in a single lifetime. Only the Demon Sage and a few others managed to become infinitesimally close, only to fail at the final step.

However, Dyon had succeeded. In fact, he hadn't conquered just 25 universes, but a total of 101.

Soon, he began to sweep through the universe spirits one after another. In just three months, he had conquered 98 universes and the Faith of the Sacharro Clan surged.



At this point, Dyon ran into a bit of a dilemma. The only remaining universes in this quadrant were Chaos Universe, Soul Universe, and his home universe.

Unfortunately, each of these universes came with problems of their own problems.

Chaos Universe's changes couldn't be mapped by Researcher Ton's Big Bang Formula. After going through a catastrophic change, the universe had deviated too much from its initial path of growth. In order to map its lands, a new equation would have to be computed. The issue was that it was simply too difficult a task to accomplish.

Chaos Universe was filled with pockets of time qi of varying wave lengths and densities. Essentially, even by taking a single step, you could enter a completely new environment with a completely different timeline. Trying to account for all of these changes, especially when they weren't static, was near impossible.

Without an appropriate formula, it would be impossible to generate a map. Without the ability to generate a map, it would be impossible to find its Universe Spirit in a short time.

Clans sometimes spent hundred to thousands of years, even more, carefully mapping out universes before using complex astrological computations to find the location of Universe Spirits. Researcher Ton had cut all of this work out for Dyon, allowing him to instantly find their locations. However, now they were facing a roadblock.

Soul Universe was another issue. At this point, Dyon still wasn't absolutely confident in taking control of it, he knew it would be a tough battle.

In reality, this wasn't the biggest issue. Though he wasn't 100% confident, he was still 90%. If Soul Universe was the 100th universe on his docket, he wouldn't even hesitate for a single moment. Unfortunately, it wasn't his 100th... If he conquered it now, it would be his 99th...

Chapter 1796: Why?

What was the reason the Uidah never went all out to conquer Dyon's home universe? Of course, the Pakals were one reason, but if one had power waiting for them on a platter, would you let something

like that stop you? It would be worth it to take a hit from the Pakals if it meant becoming an Emperor God Clan.

The most poignant reason is that every milestone of Faith provided a unique opportunity. The stronger the universe used as a milestone, the greater boon there would be.

The Uidah were reluctant to have Dyon's home universe as their 25th because it was simply far too weak. If they entered the Emperor God Clan ranks with it, it might be better if they had just remained a King God Clan. This was how important it was.

For similar reasons, Dyon wanted Soul Universe to be his Comet Grade Empire milestone. He wanted the day he conquered it to be the founding day of his Mortal Empire as well...

Also, Soul Universe held a symbolic meaning to him. This was the place the Celestial Deer Sect once thrived before it moved to his home universe. Using it as a steppingstone to form a Comet Grade Empire had endless depths to its significance. Such seemingly useless symbolism was quite potent when it came to accumulating Faith.

Still, this truth might have been ignored by Dyon previously if he hadn't experienced it himself. After officially becoming an Emperor God Clan, he realized that these milestones began to really count once one became an Emperor God Clan.

For his 25th Universe, Dyon chose Pakal Universe just as an experiment. Upon completion, he smiled when he realized the significance, thanking himself for his foresight.

Now, those born within the Sacharro Clan would be born with bodies about 1% stronger on average. In addition, there would be a marginal increase body cultivation talent.

Though these matters seemed small, when applied on a scale of countless individuals, the benefits would stack up. 1% was marginal at the Foundation Realm, but what about the Dao Realm? Could it be ignored then?

After conquering 50 universes, this percentage increased to 2%. After 75, it increased to 3%.

Dyon realized then just what milestone universes represented. He couldn't just nonchalantly choose as he pleased. These matters would dictate the future of his Empire.

Finally, there was Dyon's home universe. Not much needed to be said about this at all. How could Dyon conquer a Universe Spirit that no longer existed? His hands were completely tied...

Dyon sighed. It seemed his only path toward becoming a Comet Grade Empire would be to either attack the 99 universes, or take the Mortal Plane Federation more seriously.

"Why don't you use the 30 universes, Big Brother?" Zaire asked, munching away at a beast leg three times the size of his head.

Dyon hadn't eaten in so long he practically lost himself in a sea of dishes. Watching him eat everything from whale to wyvern meat and eyeing his toned physique, many couldn't help but wonder just where all the food went.

The worst part was that his actions were having a direct effect on the little princess who seemed to have a void in her stomach the same size as her father's. Sitting on Dyon's lap, Little Alauna alternated between eating spoonfuls of cherry ice cream and chicken wings. Her little belly hardly even bulged.

"The 30 universes haven't gone through any catastrophic events, but remember that they were fused into one. Currently, Researcher Ton is working on a formula for them, but it might take a few years to complete. Still, a couple years is better than several millennia, so we can only be patient."

"Oh!"

Zaire finally understood. He thought his elder brother was making a foolish mistake before. He remembered Dyon complaining about how he couldn't gain Emperor Grade Faith before battling the Pakals and Ragnors. Back then, he had wondered if Dyon had just forgotten about the 30 universes he already had under his control from Water Mist Quadrant, but it seemed he had already thought of it.

"I was a bit too eager in trying to conquer both Celestial Quadrant and the 99 universes in just 100 years honestly. I was trying to overcompensate for with what I thought would be a lack of culture with

numbers, but that ended up working itself out. For now, let's focus on the 131 universes under our control.

"The 30 universes always provided us with more resources than we could ever use, but now we finally have a true population to filter those resources to. We should be able to grow rapidly as long as everything goes to plan."

Because of Dyon's performance against Oshire, a large majority of the Mortal Alliance revered him. In addition, thanks to his public execution of the Ragnor and Pakal nobles, not to mention 'Project Goddess' – a plan where he shamelessly used the beauty of his wives to have them confused with goddesses – public support for his rule was at a high among them as well.

The Uidah presented a bit of a unique problem, but with a bit of finesse, Dyon was able to handle it as well.

First, he used Kaeara and Alidor to set the record straight on those matters of 50 years ago, exposing the rotting underbelly of the Uidah elite. Then, he used the Uidah Sons and Daughters under his control to ease the acceptance of his rule.

Following this, it went quite well. The only resister was Nora, the former First Celestial Daughter. It seemed she wasn't taking things very well at all. But, Dyon had his own plans for these matters.

Still, Dyon wasn't content. Looking around at the large dinner table, filled with family and friends, he couldn't help but feel comfortable.

#### Chapter 1797: Choice

"It's good that you all have come." Dyon spoke with a light smile.

Currently, he was within the world hidden below Soul Palace. It was the very same grey filled expanse he met the Researchers for the first time in. Except this time, he wasn't meeting Researchers, he was meeting the young geniuses of the Five Beast, Ragnor, Pakal and Uidah Clans.

Not only were they here, but the Mortal Clan geniuses had come as well. For almost a year now, Dyon's clone had been guiding them diligently through battle, helping them to grasp more confidence. Today, Dyon decided to bring them here for a first true test.

To now, he had been coddling them, but he couldn't do so forever. Though he felt bad about neglecting them originally, now was the time for them to grasp their own path.

There was a mixture of reactions amidst the geniuses. Some showed reverence, others showed haughtiness, and yet others still showed hatred and rage.

This latter emotion made sense to Dyon. After all, he had uprooted all of their lives and destroyed the homes they grew up in. For many of them, he was the reason their parents died, whether that was in battle, or by execution after the war was already over. If they didn't feel this way, it would only disappoint Dyon.

After taking special note of those among the several ten thousand that felt this way, Dyon began to speak once more.

"Though it wasn't exactly your choice to be here, you all represent the peak talent your Clans once had to offer. But... I should tell you an infallible truth."

Dyon's smile disappeared, his gaze unwittingly placing an immovable mountain on the chests of the young ones before him.

"In as little as 10 years, you'll be forgotten. You've lived long enough to become the geniuses of your Clans, but that's not a good thing. This truth only means you've spent more time without my guidance and as such, your paths have already mostly been set.

"With my guidance, my resources, and my Mortal Alliance, those budding talents who are younger than you all will become the true geniuses in as little as a decade."

Hearing these words, the number of those who felt rage multiplied several times over. The sound of gripping fists and grinding teeth couldn't be ignored.

"But, I'll give you all an opportunity. If you're willing to die to grow stronger, step forward. If you're willing to live a life of mediocrity, feel free to leave to now."

Dyon's eyes deeply scanned the crowd of young geniuses.

"The choice is yours."

"And we're just supposed to believe that?"

A Ragnor genius with blond hair and blue eyes, as typical for his clan, lashed out, unable to rein in his emotions any longer.

Not only had his father been sentenced with Third Grade Severity, his mother had been as well. On top of all of this, he only barely squeaked by with First Grade Severity, meaning he had fallen from the status of young noble with the world in his palm, to mere mule.

It could be said that the only thing he had remaining in life was the battle prowess he had accumulated to now. He believed that he would climb back up from his dreadful circumstances in a matter of time and find a place for himself in this society.

Some nobles, no matter how clear the spoon feeding had been throughout their lives, still somehow believed that they were simply a cut above everyone else, not realizing that much of their achievements had been handed to them on a silver platter. This young man was no different. He really believed that with or without the backing of his noble status, he would become a great man.

Yet, Dyon was now telling him the exact opposite. Not only that, but he was directly saying that they would be useless without him. How could he take such a thing lying down?

"Well, you can believe what you want." Dyon without care. "Ten years isn't very long for cultivators, so you'd see how right I am in the blink of an eye.

"Plus, I'm not here to convince you. Like I said, I'll have talents easily capable of more than replacing you within a decade. I'm only here to give you a chance that many of you don't deserve.

"Feel free to leave if you don't want that opportunity, but I personally think it's quite high-headed of you as a mere mule to turn down an easy opportunity to earn merits."

"YOU –!"

A Presence descended from the skies, forcing the young man to kneel so quickly that the sickening sound of his kneecaps shattering reverberated through the underground space.

An agonizing roar escaped his lips, or rather, tried to... In the end, not only could he not move a single muscle, his voice refused to work.

"It seems you've forgotten that you're speaking to a ruler of over a hundred universes." Dyon's nonchalant tone became cold.

"Since you seem to have forgotten, how about I remind you of a little something.

"Brady Ragnor. First Son of Fifth Branch Head of the Ragnor Clan and his first wife.

"Your father was responsible for the death of over 13 000 innocent female commoners for his sick lustful pleasure, and over 3 000 male commoners for little more than looking at him incorrectly.

"Lest you forget the meaning behind my words, how about I explain them in further depth to you?

"...Took Rayai Jun because he like the look of her plump ass. Got bored of her in 46 days and burnt her to ash due to unwillingness to pay for another mouth to eat...

"...Stole Lina Karim from her husband and four children because her breasts were to his liking. Got bored of her in 4 days because he didn't like the look of her stretch marks. He handed her to his servants, but when she inevitably became pregnant just a few months later, he killed her by stamping his foot through her impregnated stomach...

"...Enticed Minni Meo with dreams of riches and prosperity, knowing that her aging grandfather was soon to be gone. After stringing her along for 4 years without ever raising a finger to help her grandfather, he finally passed away. Because Minni dared to cry about this news, your father accidentally killed her because he slapped her across the room...

"... Hazel Gent...

"... Avena Enger...

"... Kendle Varma..."

The more Dyon spoke, the paler Brady grew.

#### Chapter 1798: A Chance

Dyon didn't stop. He forced them to listen for days as he listened over almost 20 000 names and how each and every one met their gruesome death.

Then, as if it wasn't enough, once he was finished with his father, he began to list the crimes of his mother.

Those who had been called by Dyon, but had lesser degrees of severity attached to their names couldn't help but toward him with disgust. Even those who had comparable degrees of freedom bowed their heads in shame.

On the day to day basis, they nonchalantly killed as they pleased, but never had they heard their deeds read back to them in this way.

Of course, there were still individuals who believed that their lives were simply worth more than these 'vermin'. As for those individuals, Dyon took mental note of them all. Their paths would end here, they would never rise in his Mortal Alliance.



"Your parents have done all of these horrible things, yet you dare to feel enraged about their deaths? You yourself have done such horrible things, yet you dare to stick your chest out and pretend to be important before me?"

"Let me make one thing very clear. I did not call you here because I value you. In fact, in my thoughts, you're all quite useless. Each of you has already entered the celestial realm, it's far too difficult to mold you into anything better."

"Here, I am the noble and you are the commoners. The only difference is that while I also look down on you, I'm willing to give you a chance."

The shock of Dyon's display was fully ingrained into the memories of the geniuses gathered there.

Though cultivators had great memories, it wasn't to the point of being infallible. On top of that, which dao expert would take the time to learn the names of long dead commoners? And to remember how they died on top of that?

By Brady's lack of a rebuttal, it became clear to all there that he had at least witnessed some of these cruel murders personally. Even the most thick-skinned individual would find it shameless to still speak with your chest puffed out after such an ordeal was exposed.

This wasn't the most shocking part either. They had all been there at the trials. If Dyon spent his time going through each and every victim, it would take years to finish going through everyone. But, they all knew that each trial only last a couple days at most...

So not only did he manage to remember such a large amount of information, he was capable of processing it all at ungodly speeds. If it wasn't for the fact he deliberately spoke out every syllable this time around, would he really have needed days to finish? Of course not!

Seeing through all of this, the more astute geniuses couldn't help but raise Dyon's position in their heart by several notches. At the same time, they grew more cautious.

"Your role here today is simple. You will fight."

"Those who meet my standards will be brought into a special program of mine while those unworthy will be left to their own devices, free to prove me wrong with your effort."

Dyon's eyes scanned the room. "This program will give you the opportunity to seek a path toward becoming Demon Generals, though the truth of the matter is that this is a fleeting dream.

"There are three requirements for becoming a Demon General. First, you must cultivate my chosen cultivation technique, this means abolishing your cultivation. Second, you must completely enter the celestial realm with the standard of a 7th Order Celestial at a minimum. And, thirdly, your loyalty cannot be questioned.

"The leash of a Demon General is even shorter than that of a common citizen. Even a misdemeanor is grounds for expulsion from our forces, and there will be no appeal, nor will there be any second chances.

"You will be chosen based on my eye test. If you do not like this method, you can leave.

"You will each have a chance to fight a battle. Do your best and maybe you can change your Fate."

"W-w-will we have to fight you?" A timid petite girl of the Pakal Clan managed to squeeze out her question. But, despite her appearance, Dyon wasn't fooled. This 'timid' girl was given the very same First Grade of Severity Brady had been given. In a lot of ways, she was only step away from reaching the Second Grade and losing the right to stand here.

She would often challenge warriors to battles and spars, only to 'accidentally' kill them by using too much force. The only reason Dyon didn't give her a higher grade of Severity was because whether he liked it or not, her murders occurred within legitimate circumstances, and in many cases, she challenged those that should have been stronger than her.

With this information, it would seem that she would deserve the zeroth grade of severity, but Dyon felt that there was something sinister about her spirit. She most definitely entered battle looking to kill. She satiated that desire by challenging warriors to spar...

Thea Pakal. Yet another Dyon would need to keep an eye on.

Unexpected, Dyon smiled coldly at her words.

"Is there a problem with me battling?"

"I-i-it's j-just that... Leader i-is very strong... How could you gauge our talent..."

Dyon's gaze seemed to be amused, causing Thea's innocent expression to freeze.

"I think there's a bit of a misunderstanding. I'm younger than you all by quite a large margin. If I'm not able to gauge your talent, then who is?"

What a joke... In Celestial Quadrant, one could be a genius by reaching the celestial realm within a thousand years. Many Dyon had gathered here were already over a thousand years old, some were over two thousand. In another parallel existence, Dyon would call them elders.

Thea's appearance became flustered. How could she ever expect such a thing?

"Tell me, who has an age stone, lest some believe I'm speaking nonsense."

Chapter 1799: Right?

Unsurprisingly, it was the 'innocent' and 'timid' Thea who reacted first, taking an age stone from her spatial ring and throwing it to Dyon.

But the result was anything but unsurprising. A wave of despair washed over the geniuses here as they realized Dyon wasn't speaking nonsense at all...

'Not even 70 years old yet...!' These were the thoughts that whipped across all of their minds. It was only then that Dyon said something that made them sigh a breath of relief.

"But no. Today, you won't be fighting me. You'll be fighting my juniors."

At this moment, the silent mortal clan geniuses clenched their fists.

They understood well what Dyon was doing. Gathering the geniuses here was just a pretext. The true purpose was to gather those First Grade of Severity murderers here to push them to their limits. The way he had been purposely angering them from the very start made all of this clear.

Those like Brady and Thea were only the tip of iceberg...

Just this alone would have been enough to make the mortal clan geniuses nervous, but that was when Dyon dropped another bomb.

"To me, they are the true geniuses, none of you can compare to them. During your fighting matches, feel free to unleash, I won't blame you if you kill them, that would only mean that they were useless. But, they won't be allowed to land any fatal strikes on you. After all, it's not very fair to allow giants to step on ants as they please, right?"

The mortal clan geniuses silently grit their teeth. Despite knowing what Dyon's purpose was, they couldn't help but feel unresigned.

"Oh, and should any one of you manage to kill these guys here, then I'll personally support your growth until the time of your death. In addition, this obviously means that any mule status you have attached to your name will also be expunged and you'll be allowed to return to your Clans and reclaim your noble status."

The eyes of the youths lit up, a fiery intent in their eyes.

"Great, at least you still have some ambition left. Who wants to go first?"

"Me!"

The words had hardly left Dyon's lips before Brady, still kneeling on the floor with shattered kneecaps spoke up, not allowing anyone else to take the opportunity.

"Good, Good." Dyon nodded with satisfaction. His Presence dissipated over his body and a wisp of holy type qi entered his body. In an instant, the mind-numbing pain Brady had been experiencing vanished.

Brady quickly stood up. At first, he was stunned that he had actually been healed so quickly, but he recollected himself a moment later, his eyes unable to hide the killing intent hidden within them.

Dyon looked back toward the mortal clan geniuses, his eyes blinking innocently.

"And who among you want to go first?" Dyon smiled lightly.

Seeing that he received no response, Dyon spoke again. "Oh, I forgot to tell you this, but until every single one of them is defeated, none of you will be allowed to leave."

A cold shiver took hold of the mortal clan geniuses.

How could Dyon do this to them?! There were only 36 of them, but almost 50 000 opponents to face! How was this fair!?

"Don't give me that look, I didn't say you had to fight them all at once, right? You get the privilege of guiding these lesser commoners in one on one combat, shouldn't you be happy doing such a public service?"

The bitter light in their eyes only grew fiercer.

Realizing that none of them wanted to step forward, Dyon's smiled a devious smile.

"You."

The other 35 geniuses practically dove out of the way of Dyon's pointed finger, leaving only Kedar in his path.

Kedar smiled bitterly, remembering his wish to gain Clara's love. Is this the price for his wishful thinking...? No doubt about it... No doubt at all...

"Leader Sacharro I –"

He didn't have the chance to finish his sentence. Before he could react, a wind he couldn't fight against swept him off his feet. He didn't even get the chance to beg for forgiveness.

The cold sweat matting the skin of the 35 remaining geniuses didn't lessen in the slightest. They made a mental note to never even meet the gazes of Dyon's wives and his daughter, let alone dreaming of having them. Or else one day, they too would be like Kedar.

Kedar gulped a gasp of air down as he faced Brady. His body involuntarily shook, all of the confidence he had that day when Clara took them away from the mortal world vanished into a puff of smoke.

"Ah, it seems I'm very forgetful today." Dyon lightly tapped his own forehead. "Feel free to choose your weapon Brady, Kedar will fight bare handed.

"Also, over the next few years, I'll be choosing three disciples. You know what they say, first impressions are lasting."

Just when the youths believed the atmosphere couldn't become more chaotic, it took another spike toward the worst. They wanted to sow Dyon's lips shut, but who here would even dare to attempt such a thing.

Dyon lightly lifted himself into the air, forming an array to lazily recline upon and endless amounts of food began to pour out from his spatial ring.

"I choose the spear!" Brady called out, his blue eyes reddening.

With a wave of his hand, Dyon formed a bland grey spear for Brady. Yet, despite his nonchalance, it was a weapon created to a Grandmaster quality.

"You can start now." Dyon waved his hand again, creating a defensive barrier around the two of them spanning a hundred meters in each direction. Though this might seem like a lot, such an area to a celestial is akin to a phonebooth to a mortal...

Kedar tried to control his nerves. Though he had become a Pseudo Celestial, his opponent was already a Lower Celestial.

The truth was that Kedar could have attempted his tribulation long ago, but he was too scared after he almost died under his saint tribulation. Failure wasn't something Dyon witnessed often, but the reality was that only 1 in 100 survived their saint tribulation, only 1 in 10 000 survived their celestial tribulation, and it was hard to find 1 in a million who survived their dao tribulation. This was the world non-geniuses faced...

Unfortunately, Kedar didn't get a chance to take hold of his nerves before Brady's spear was already inches from his face.

Chapter 1800: Fck Off!

Kedar stumbled backward, barely dodging the spear, only to trip over his own feet.

Brady was stunned by Kedar's level of incompetency and sent a quick glance over to Dyon. Seeing that he didn't care, he only grew bolder, sending forward another piercing strike.

Lightning crackled along in his grey spear, following a swift boom of thunder.

Brady couldn't help but relish the feeling of the weapon in his hand, he could have never imagined that weapons so good existed.

After Dyon confiscated all of their weapons before, he thought that it was because he wanted to use them for his own army. But who would have known that a casual wave of Dyon's palm could create a weapon far better than he had ever laid eyes upon?

His qi surged through its body with ease and its balance couldn't have been more perfect... The ideal weapon for murder!

Kedar's was cut a sorry figure as he stumbled around the underground grey space. At one point, he directly began to run, avoiding Brady in every way he could.

At this sight, the geniuses of the eight conquered clans felt their lips twitch, their gazes falling upon Dyon's lazy appearance.

Geniuses, you say? If they're geniuses, then isn't everyone in existence a genius?

Soon, Kedar's stamina began to falter. At the end of the day, how could someone who was effectively still a saint match a celestial in qi density?

The saddest part was that, by Dyon's senses, Kedar's qi actually was the denser of the two. Though Brady was a Celestial, Kedar was a Ninth Order Saint, while Brady was a Second Grade Celestial, there should have been a massive gap between them.

But, Kedar foolishly overused his qi, putting his full effort into dodging. Instead of using just as much qi as he needed, he always overdrew himself, not having the calm state of mind a warrior should.

Injuries began to accumulate along his body, none of them shallow.

"I forfeit!" Kedar cried out.

Dyon casually munched on a grape. "Sorry, no such thing in this competition of mine. Also..."

Suddenly the arena shrunk by half.



"Every time you speak such nonsense, the arena will shrink by a fold."

Brady's spear pierced forward, aiming directly for Kedar's heart.

At the last moment, Kedar only just barely managed to dodge to the side, but it wasn't for enough.

A heart-rending scream escaped his lips as his shoulder was skewered. The momentum of Brady's strike was so heavy that two men and a spear cut through the air, slamming into the protective barrier and causing nothing more than a small ripple.

"I'm sorry! I'll never look at your wife again!"

The arena shrunk by another half.

"Please, please save me!"

The arena was halved once more.

Dyon yawned before munching away at a meat filled leg. "Wyvern meat is really too delicious."

What once was a 100 cubic meter arena became barely 10 cubic meters. If before their fighting space was akin to being in a phonebooth, now it was practically as though they were tied down together, sharing the same faith... Unfortunately, there was nothing further from the truth.

Brady yanked his spear from Kedar's shoulder, causing a rain of blood to pour downward.

All of Kedar's boisterousness had disappeared. He had entered the martial world with such confidence, but it had all suddenly vanished.

No, it was deeper than that. Just about a year ago, after watching Dyon man handle the Patriarch of the Raven Clan, he had felt a great shame in his heart. Then, when Dyon found them to apologize, taking responsibility for their failures, the shame in his heart only grew fiercer.

Yet, what had changed? Wasn't he the same coward he had always been?

The 35 geniuses looked away, unable to watch as the spear approaching Kedar's heart once more. This time... There was nowhere else to run.

Kedar suddenly felt that time had slowly. He knew well that he didn't have time to react. His qi was running on empty, and even if it wasn't, there simply wasn't enough space left. There was nowhere for him to go.

His gaze fleetingly turned back toward Dyon who was lazily reclined. He inwardly begged to be saved, for Dyon to move at the final moment, to pull him from this inevitable fate.

But in his current state, he could somehow see that Dyon had no intention whatsoever to move to a single inch. In the final moments he could have acted, Dyon instead reached for another pile of fruit, it was as though he didn't see that Kedar was about to lose his life.

Seeing that Dyon really had no intention to help him, despair took over his entire being.

[I won't blame you if you kill them, that would only mean that they were useless].

'... I guess I'm useless...'

Kedar's eyes dulled. He hardly noticed that an experience that should have taken nothing more than a split second lasted several minutes for him. In fact, he had finally stopped trembling, as though he had finally accepted something. The only part of him that still moved... Was his quaking clenched jaw...

It wasn't due to fear nor unwillingness... It was due to rage...

Once again, everything was going to be taken from him at the whims of someone far more powerful.

His chest burned, fueled by a hidden anger. He met Brady's eyes, one filled with cruelty and disdain, the very same eyes Kedar saw when he closed his eyes at night...

He always wondered just who devastated his people to such a degree... His father died before his birth, and his mother succumbed to her injuries after bringing him into this world because the underground bunkers couldn't spare enough medical supplies.

He had never seen the person who destroyed the mortal world, but whenever he saw their face in his dreams... these were the eyes he saw... every single time...

'Even if I'm useless... Before you, I'm still many times better, you scum! How many families did you tear apart? How many lives did you reap? Did you even regret your actions?!'

"FUCK OFF!"

Kedar's sudden roar sent a ring of qi blasting outward. Before anyone could react, Brady was slowly sliding down the opposite wall of the arena, completely unconscious.