

## The Nameless 1821

Chapter 1821: Who?!

"... I came here to battle with my fists, not my words. What a mess."

A tall young man, standing at about 6'9 suddenly appeared at the center of the hall. Long flowing dark violet hair reached to the small of his back, but his face was obscured by a dark mask that seemed to absorb all light...

Over the shoulder of his beautifully embroidered lavender colored robes, a small cauldron of black, silver and gold bobbed up and down excitedly, like a small child enjoying a completely new scene.

"Sorry about this little guy, he doesn't seem to want to stay in my spatial ring."

"Who are you?!"

It was honestly hard to tell who spoke first, but it seemed that the Shruti Empire was capable of being united when faced with a common enemy, so at least that was a plus. Maybe it wasn't entirely a lost cause.

Dyon wasn't perfectly up to date with the goings on of the Shruti Empire, but he had heard enough from Ri to get the gist of it all. Typical in-house power struggle antics, but this at least seemed more reserved than these kinds of things usually were.

Inwardly, Dyon couldn't help but sigh. No one could live forever, if he had kids and their families split off into branches, would his empire end up in this sort of state after his death?

At least in this case, it was hard to tell who was right and wrong. Grand Elder Vata was right to be angry toward his treatment and want a better life for his great grandson, but at the same time, it wasn't as though Saru was the one who slighted him. In fact, even the current Emperor Shruti hadn't been alive back then.

In addition, though Grand Elder Shruti had been alive, he was nothing but an heir back then. It was, in fact, his late father, an Emperor three generations back from the current Emperor, who was responsible for the Vata Clan's grievances.

"No need to be so hostile." Dyon raised his hands up, showing he meant no harm. "I was sent by Scion Sacharro to help your Empire out a bit. After all, our young master owes your princess and the Shruti Clan a great debt. After hearing of your struggles, though he couldn't come himself, he sent me."

Adonis, the prince of the Atlas Clan frowned, but in the end he could only sigh after seeing Saru's eyes redden with emotions. The normally unshakeable little princess was already sniffing.

'He didn't even come himself, he just sent a lacky... And only one, at that... Didn't I fight by your side and put my life on the line for you...?'

How could Adonis know that Saru's emotions were so turbulent precisely because Dyon had come himself.

She couldn't sense how powerful Dyon was even if he had taken his mask off, let alone now that he had placed it on. So, in her mind, she believed he was still a celestial, which made things even more dangerous.

Plus, she also knew the true circumstances of Dyon's upbringing... She knew that no grand Sacharro Clan existed. In fact, his parents were mortals that died while he was still a child.

As for who that Lady Sacharro Higher Existence was? She had no idea. But she knew that if such a woman was really Dyon's Ancestor, he wouldn't have struggled so much in his youth. There was definitely something more to the story she didn't know about.

While everyone thought Dyon was an arrogant young master who only puffed out his chest because he had great backers, she was the only one who knew that everything he had... He had fought for, for himself.

Emperor Shruti, who had just been part of the exclamation, felt his brows loosen slightly, but he had not completely relaxed.

"Can you prove who you are?"

With a thought, Dyon released a video of himself essentially repeating everything he just said. Since videos were impossible to fake in the martial world, this much was enough.

"... Sorry I couldn't come personally, Little Saru! I'm sure you've grown big and beautiful! You'll be an excellent Empress! I left a gift for you with elder cousin, I'll come see you soon!"

Seeing Dyon very clearly treating Saru like a little sister, and juxtaposing it with their princesses reaction to his words, especially her sparkling eyes as she hung onto every word, the elders of the meeting hall began to feel a bit sorry for this future Empress of theirs.

As far as they were aware, this Dyon was a lecherous fellow with four wives, even if he was willing to take her in, should they allow it?

As for the violet haired man who stood amidst them, he didn't seem to care much. His spatial ring flashed, revealing two sets of items. One set was a pair of skintight battle suits, and the other set was a pair of silver-black gloves.

A cold breath swept through the meeting hall. Two Grandmaster and two Spiritual grade treasures! Could it be?!

It didn't take long for their guesses to be proved correct.

"My younger cousin still remembers your battle from all those years ago. Your palm techniques were exquisite, especially for your age. And your body cultivation was exceptional. These treasures should help you greatly.

"Since you're still a Saint, get used to the Grandmaster level ones first. Once you break into the celestial realm, you can then use the Spiritual Grade ones."

Saru blinked in shock and hardly reacted even as Dyon neatly folded them into her arms.

Emperor Atlas' eyes sharpened. If before he was still skeptical of this man's identity, much of that skepticism was gone now. It was very obvious that these treasures were tailored for Saru, they perfectly understood her strengths and weaknesses... Even his currently 7th ranked Atlas Clan couldn't casually bring out such treasures.

If it wasn't for the fact he was a True God and received great rewards for his trials, even his own weapon might not be of the Spiritual grade.

Dyon subconsciously rubbed Saru's head, a light smile hidden beneath his mask.

"Now, shall we deal with important matters?"

Chapter 1822: Star

The atmosphere settled down after Dyon's words. The brief respite was once more overwhelmed by a solemn air.

"How many warriors is your Sacharro Clan able to provide?"

Emperor Shruti took the helm. It seemed that Grand Elder Vata wasn't happy with yet another variable being introduced, especially one that cared for Saru so much. However, he had learned his lesson from years ago. He wouldn't overplay his hand again, so he took the wait and see approach.

Dyon smiled, he had expected this sort of questioning.

"You know well why I had to sneak in here instead of announcing my arrival, correct? You also know why I must wear a mask?"

Emperor Shruti sighed. Of course he knew. It was for this same reason the Atlas Clan could only provide silent support with resources. If the Atlas Clan sent their warriors, would they be in this sort of situation?

Even with the Federation's creation, the main goal was to parse territory without war. The Federation wouldn't act unless it was absolutely necessary and some Clans wanted to renege on the deal.

Simply put, the anti-war sentiment amid tower quadrants was still preeminent. The Sacharro Clan was in a slightly precarious position. Even with Amphorae and Luna appearing, many Clans were wary of them. In addition, Emperor Star didn't fear Luna as much as he should, meaning the Star Clan had trump cards of their own.

The atmosphere darkened once more. In such a large scale war, what could a single person do?

Recollecting himself, Emperor Shruti straightened his back. His demeanor returned, causing Dyon to nod to himself inwardly. If Saru's father was spineless, it would be a problem.

"I will accept the help of the Sacharro Clan on behalf of the Shruti Empire. We will repay this aid in the future."

Dyon shook his head. "Like I said, my action is to repay a debt I owe to the princess. You all owe me nothing."

Though not many believed a single person could change much of anything, they felt good about Dyon's attitude. He didn't seem to be extorting them, nor did he seem arrogant.

"There is something that I hope you would consider, though. Well, two things." Dyon suddenly said.

At these words, the goodwill many felt tensed before they smiled bitterly. Maybe they were too optimistic. Many decided that if this elder cousin of True God Sacharro was too excessive, they would directly reject his aid.

"My Sacharro Clan has taken the Mino Clan as a vassal..."

The vast majority of the meeting hall was completely confused by these words. Some thought that Dyon was asking the Shruti Empire to become a vassal, making them immediately feel a fiery rage, but others wondered what this Mino Clan was and what its relevance to the topic at hand was...

Only a single figure, standing silently to Saru's side, suddenly trembled fiercely.

"Hm..." Dyon paused. "... Maybe I shouldn't expose this so suddenly. I only want to know if it's possible for a Death Guard to be released from their duty."

Emperor Shruti's pupils constricted. What kind of question was this?

A Death Guard had a sworn duty from the time of their birth to serve. This matter was incredibly strict. How could they be casually released?

"Of course, this matter won't be for free. For example... Your Grand Elder Vata has been stuck at the 9th Dao Realm for quite some time now, no? What if I allowed him to gain another 100 000 years of life?"

Emperor Shruti suddenly felt a contradictory sharpness in Dyon's eyes. No matter how he looked, Dyon only seemed to be casually mentioning it. But why did he feel as though a sudden weight had dropped to his chest?

Emperor Shruti closed his eyes.

Everyone knew what he was thinking. If Grand Elder Vata so suddenly gained so much more life, what would be the ending of his Shruti Clan?

But, this was all so confusing. Didn't this Sacharro man come here to help Saru? So why was he suddenly speaking of helping Saru's enemy?

Grand Elder Vata felt his heart seize. Inwardly, he was already smiling bitterly. How could his Emperor ever allow this?

In all likelihood, this man didn't pay much attention to the situation. He might think that the enmity between us is shallow, so he's attempting to mend our relationship with this method.

'It's clever... This young man has great foresight... Unfortunately, the enmity between me and the Shruti Clan is far too deep –."

"If that's the case, then I accept." Emperor Shruti eyes flashed open, a resoluteness hidden within. "I am willing to release a Death Guard from their duty if young master is willing to help our Grand Elder Vata."

A stunned, pregnant silence filled the meeting hall. Some thought they hadn't heard correctly, even Grand Elder Shruti frowned.

Still, no one was more shocked than Grand Elder Vata himself.

Dyon's eyes shone. "Good!"

"Originally, I wanted to exchange the conquering of the Supreme Kitsune Lands in exchange for becoming the Sacharro Clan's vassal. If not, I would simply help you repel the attack alone and maintain a stalemate. However, you, Emperor Shruti, are worthy of my help without such payment!

"Bring me Weeping Weed, White Thyne, Looming Grass..." A rapid-fire torrent of words flew from Dyon's mouth.

At first, Emperor Shruti felt pained by the list of ingredients Dyon asked for. Still, he immediately called a trusted servant to bring them over.

Just like Dyon had said to Palace Master Jasmine, the tower quadrants had many comet, moon, planet and even star grade ingredients, but most of them sit collecting dust, without anyone with the capability to use them in a concoction.

So, though Dyon asked for half a dozen planet grade ingredients and tens of comet and grandmaster grade ingredients, and Empire of the Shruti Clan's stature had them all.

The moment the ingredients touched Dyon's hands, the pain in Emperor Shruti's eyes vanished.

'Star Qi! He's a Star Lord!'

#### Chapter 1823: Whim

There was no one more shocked than Saru, because only she knew that this so-called elder cousin of Dyon was actually Dyon himself. Now she understood why he chose to hide his identity... He was shining too brightly.

At this moment, the little prince of the Vata Clan sat in silence behind his Great Grandfather. He was a quiet, brooding young man. The only tinge of emotion he had was when his blue eyes fell on his grandfather's fragile back. No one could doubt that he loved Grand Elder Vata who had taken care of him since his youth.

He was feeling an exceptionally complex emotion right now. Unlike Prince Atlas, he had no feelings for Saru. His only goal was to help his great grandfather realize his dreams, to pay him back for all the love he received all these years.

But what now? He knew his great grandfather's heart better than anyone. He had a hard and domineering exterior, but he was loyal and soft to his core. This much was obvious to anyone with half a brain. Despite being by far the strongest individual of their Shruti Empire, he never used this strength to destroy the Shruti Clan...

Watching Dyon caress an adorable little cauldron before his soul qi erupted, he felt an awkward mixture of happiness and bitterness.

As they say, it was easy to forgive a slight against one's self, but if the one harmed was a loved one... Was it still so easy? Even if they accepted it, could you?

An hour later, Heavenly Chimes descended upon the Shruti Empire, washing the battle cauldron which had expanded to about a meter in diameter in golden light.



If Grand Elder Vata had only filled a few meridians of the 9th Dao Realm, Dyon couldn't be able to so suddenly help him breakthrough. However, the old man had long since filled all 9, he just couldn't seem to break the next barrier.

Since this was the case... Dyon had a 90% certainty in succeeding. And now that this pill had been washed by Heaven's Blessings, he was 99% certain.

When a pill is of the top-grade, it won't release any fragrance as its medicinal strength is perfectly trapped within. However, when a pill reaches beyond 100% purity, reaching the perfect-grade, a heavenly scent will waft from it, allowing those around to experience life in its truest sense.

Just from the smell of the lifted cauldron lid, numerous popping noises resounded through the meeting hall as a few lucky individuals directly broke through two and sometimes even three meridians.

A beautiful golden pill crackling with white-gold flames fell into Dyon's palm.

'One time strengthened...' Emperor Shruti sucked in a cold breath. 'Even if he doesn't lift a finger to fight, wouldn't he be able to lift our Empire to an unprecedented level? To concoct a planet grade pill in just an hour... How many talents does the Sacharro Clan have?!

Suddenly remember Dyon's words about making them a vassal state, Emperor Shruti felt a deep temptation. However, he could only shake his head.

It wasn't just the pills that tempted him, but the idea of protection. He and Emperor Atlas knew too little about the Ancient Battlefield. After all, even though the Atlas Quadrant was ranked 7th currently, its foundations were too shallow. It had to be remembered that they only rose so high because they had 1 True God, his brother-in-law...

Grand Elder Vata carefully took the pill his wrinkled hands, a complicated look coloring his expression.

"This is the planet grade Path Cleansing Pill. It's able to wash over the meridians, clear them and expand them slightly. Since it's one time strengthened, it will be greatly beneficial to you."

Those who didn't have eyes as sharp as Emperor Shruti were shocked at these words. Planet grade?! One time strengthened?!

In truth, Dyon was only able to concoct planet grade pills to about 50 or 60% purity currently. But, with the Battle Cauldron by his side, there was actually such a massive leap.

Before, even with its help, he was only able to form the moon grade Meridian Restoration pill to 70%. Now he had an even greater boost. In all likelihood, the cauldron could only show its true strength when its owner could utilize Star Qi.

Dyon smiled. 'Thanks for helping me show off little buddy.'

The cauldron spun down to its adorable miniature size, bouncing up and down in the air over his shoulder happily.

Grand Elder Vata bowed toward Dyon solemnly then swallowed the pill.

His body was suddenly enveloped by white-gold flames, but they weren't hot. Instead, they couldn't have been more comfortable.

Impurities suddenly began to burn from within himself, disappearing in a wisp of smoke within the white-gold flames.

A moment later, the resounding sound of a shattering barrier filled the meeting hall.

The Grand Elder's wrinkled skin instantly began to tighten. His tired, solemn features grew in handsomeness, his greying eyes once more becoming a piercing blue and his aged spot filled skin becoming a strong, beautiful brown. Seconds later, he was no different from a 25-year-old young man in his prime.

Without hesitation, he flashed to the stairs below Emperor Shruti's throne, lowering himself to a single knee and crossing his fist over his chest.

"This humble servant is willing to serve the Shruti Clan with his life!" His voice boomed with resolution.

Emperor Shruti's gaze was filled with endless gratitude as he looked toward Dyon.

"Grand Elder Vata, my Shruti Clan owes you too much. I will use this minor life of mine to make up for my Ancestor's transgressions! Please rise!"

The little prince's fists tightened over his crossed legs. In the end, he sighed, releasing them, a tender affection lighting his eyes as he watched his great grandfather rise.

Dyon silently watched this quietly from start to end, nodding inwardly.

Looking over the little prince, he felt suddenly endlessly satisfied.

"Are you willing to become my disciple?"

The meeting hall shook once more, countless gazes following Dyon's own to the little prince who couldn't help but be shocked himself.

Dyon asked this on a whim... For some reason, he felt the same pull toward Pjisel as he did this young man here.

Chapter 1824: Cold

"... Me?"

The little prince who hadn't said a word from start to finish, until now, that is, was astonished. He hadn't thought anyone was paying attention to him, so how had these words so suddenly come out?

As for Dyon, he wasn't thinking about the little prince's reaction at all. Instead, he was happy that he would finally have a disciple younger than him, the way things were meant to be.

Seeing Dyon neither confirm nor deny, the little prince realized that he really was the one Dyon was speaking to. Unfortunately, just as Dyon was dreaming about ridiculous things, the words that came next threw cold water over his aspirations.

"... I appreciate your over-evaluating me, Sir Sacharro... But I want to be a warrior, not an alchemist."

Dyon was speechless. Though he had asked, he hadn't even considered for a moment that he might be rejected. What a blunder.

The small cauldron over Dyon's shoulder suddenly began to spin furiously once more, violently shaking every which way as though to say: 'Who said alchemists can't be warriors?'

Grand Elder Vata smiled bitterly. "Please forgive my grandson, he's always been very straight forward."

Though Grand Elder Vata apologized, it seemed he had no intention of forcing his kin to accept Dyon's offer. It wasn't that he didn't understand the value of having such a master, but rather that he wanted to respect the little prince's decision.

"Ai..." Dyon sighed, patting his forehead. "... I really have to destroy that damned Sacharro Clan, brainwashing everyone into believing soul path cultivators are weak, what an embarrassment."

He waved his hand. "It's fine, we'll see how you still feel the same way in a week. I was planning on going all out for this war, but I will use nothing but my soul and my wills from start to finish. If you somehow still haven't changed your mind after seeing how valiant your Master is, forget it."

The little prince's lip twitched. Why was this man already calling himself his master?

"You and Saru will follow me to the vanguard. Emperor Shruti." Dyon looked toward Saru's father. "It's a lot to ask, but I hope you'll give me command of your warriors."

As expected, the clamoring began the moment these words left Dyon's lips. How could an outsider command their warriors? It was preposterous.

Even Emperor Shruti frowned. Despite knowing Dyon's value, he really couldn't agree to such a thing.

"How about you leave joint command to Saru and Brahman?"

The frown on Emperor Shruti's brow lessened slightly, but that was all. In truth, he was thinking about having his brother-in-law take the Commander role already, but he decided against it due to optics. Grand Elder Vata was already accusing him of using outside influence to suppress him, so this was obviously a move he couldn't make without losing more support.

But this Sacharro's suggestion was good. The only issue was that was he truly worthy of commanding their armies? Even if his alchemist abilities were great, that didn't make him a star General.

"Take it one battle at a time." Dyon said nonchalantly. "The moment I lose a single battle, feel free to take this right of command from me. Of course, though there's a 0% probability this will happen, I will still help your Shruti Empire to the end. Depending on how much the Beast Protection Association is supporting them, it's not impossible to subdue Supreme Kitsune Territory within a year."

"What did you just say?" Emperor Atlas suddenly sat as tall as a spear in his chair, his aura shining. He didn't bother with Dyon's boasts, his mind was on something completely different. He had remained silent this whole time, but he couldn't contain himself any longer.

"Oh, it seems you didn't know." Dyon said calmly. "The reason you're struggling against the Kitsune is because they're receiving help from BPA."

"How... Do you know this...?" Emperor Shruti asked, his deep frown returning.

"Even without much evidence, this is the only possible answer. Though the Kitsune managed to keep their supreme grade bloodline, it was at the expense of having weak bodies. They're in no position to become so powerful so quickly.

"However, if this isn't good enough for you, I can only say that I have my... sources."

Of course, these sources were Glorianice and her sisters. Though normal individuals wouldn't recognize BPA experts, how could they not? With the footage the war circulating, it was a simple matter for her to point out those she recognized.

Because BPA was normally so secretive, hiding under the guise of protecting the rights of beasts, not many knew how strong they truly were. But, Glorianice, as a number warrior, was very much aware.

"To BPA, though the kitsune are practically fake supreme grade beasts, their bloodlines are still powerful. If they agree to inter-marry, the bloodlines of their offspring would be similarly powerful as long as they don't clash too much.

"Plus, in all likelihood, BPA is also aware of the matters of the Federation. Even though beasts are a part of that endeavor, I'm sure you're all not foolish enough to think that BPA actually has the best interest of beast-kind at heart, right?"

The hearts of the two emperors seized. They hadn't even considered that such a massive matter might become a problem. Could it be that the tower quadrants would become embroiled in war even before the Ancient Battlefield descended?

"BPA has been laying the foundation for something... Don't forget that beasts alone control an average of 30 to 40 universes in every quadrant. It's very possible that we will soon be faced with a widescale civil war just when we believed peace was at hand."

The elders of the meeting hall sucked in a cold breath, realizing Dyon was correct. Just as they were preparing to compete with one another, they might be faced with an enemy they least expected.

Even in the Kitsune-Shruti Quadrant, both leading Clans only controlled about 30 universes each, leaving about 40 universes completely untamed.

## Chapter 1825: Vassal

This matter was similar in almost every quadrant, with only a few exceptions. There was a reason why the Star Clan was the only Comet Grade Empire of their tower quadrants. Other than a few quadrants like the Golden Flame Quadrant where the territory was completely occupied by humans, or the Water

Mist Quadrant where its unoccupied zones were a danger zone like the Dark Ocean, this was the almost universal truth.

These untamed universes were almost always the hellscape of beasts. Earth and Heaven grade beasts ruled these areas, completely unimpeded...

If those stronger quadrants were suddenly attacked by these beasts under the control of BPA, they might be fine, but what about those clans too weak to make it to the Federation meeting? The participating Federation Clans and Sects believed that they'd be able to split this territory amongst themselves... But what if the beasts got to it first?!

Thinking carefully, Dyon realized that much of this might be his fault.

According to Jade, in the previous timeline, BPA didn't play much of a role, nor did the Federation.

BPA dragged on its plans for too long, by the time they were about to act, their foundations weren't sturdy enough to protect against the Failed Clans, causing the collapse of both the organization and the Transcendent Beast Alliance.

As for the Federation, they were the pawn of the Sprite Alliance. But, because Dyon was in place to protect Little Alauna, the Sprites never gained a hostage to blackmail Luna. As a result, they didn't open up the Timeless Library as they had planned.

In that timeline, Dyon was almost certain that the calamity that befell the Sprite Alliance, which caused them to abandon their plans in the tower quadrants, was related to the opening of the Timeless Library. Since they never opened it, they were now free to continue their plans in the tower quadrants... In fact, they were likely placing even more resources than they originally planned into this endeavor now that their Plan A was thwarted.

The more he thought about it, the greater Dyon's headache grew. Who knew that Jade's help in releasing him of his cultivation seal early would actually make his future road harder and not easier?

Still, he smiled. He wouldn't trade his little girl's life for anything, let alone something as meaningless as an 'easier path.' Since the Sprite Alliance had dared to have designs on his daughter, not only would he

make certain their insides bled as they watched their Federation fail, but he would also behead all those responsible.

"I won't ask the Shruti Empire to become my Sacharro Clan's vassal, but I'm sure you wouldn't mind an alliance, correct?"

Emperor Shruti blinked in surprise before nodding in affirmation. "Yes, we would gladly accept."

The various elders of the meeting hall nodded in acknowledgement. Dyon had more than proved his worth in just the little over an hour he had been here. And, even if he hadn't, who wouldn't want to ally with the Sacharro Clan?

"Of course, the Atlas Clan is more than invited to join." Dyon followed up, his gaze turning toward Emperor Atlas, only to see the latter sigh.

"It's hard for me to agree to such a thing." Emperor Atlas said calmly. "We know too little about your Sacharro Clan. Even if Little Saru and True God Sacharro have a great bond, can your young master speak for the whole of the Sacharro Clan?"

Dyon chuckled inwardly. He was the leader of the Mortal Alliance, his word carried more weight than anyone else's. If he couldn't speak for his Clan, then who could?

"I dare to say that no one's word holds more weight than my young master's."

Saru stifled a giggle, covering her mouth and leaning into her elder brother's shoulder. Tej could only look at his little sister weirdly.

Emperor Atlas didn't expect these words. In fact, he was immediately shocked.

"... Are there others in this alliance?"



Dyon thought for a moment. In reality, before he left, he sent Little Lyla under the protection of Luna on a few diplomatic missions. Namely, he was on the verge of pulling in the Kong Clan and the Grand Templar Sect as vassals.

The Grand Templar Sect was the very Sect Dyon nearly razed to the ground in order to save Giralda. As for the Kong Clan, their heir had been in Soul Universe for a very long time now.

In addition, there was his alliance with the Water Mist Sect's Palace Master, the Flaming Lily Sect's Vice Master, and the Enigmatic Sect. But, Dyon still wasn't aware if he could trust this Emperor Atlas. Even if he was Saru's uncle.

"In this alliance?... No." Dyon said calmly. "But our Sacharro Clan has many hidden vassal states."

These words caused Emperor Atlas' aura to sharpen. If this was true, the Sacharro Clan's roots were deeper than any of them could imagine.

What he didn't know was that Dyon was currently putting a plan in motion to subdue many more...

The concept of a vassal state was very different from an alliance. In an Alliance, the Faith was split equally and wasn't as good as the sum of the whole. However, with every given vassal state, one could gain Faith without sharing.

Essentially, in exchange for a portion of their Faith, a vassal state can gain the protection of a great Clan. Dyon had more of a mind to conquer all of these quadrants instead, but in the end, he changed his mind. Even if these quadrants were incredibly weak, if they raised up a fuss about the Sacharro Clan's action, it would have an ill affect on his future plans.

#### Chapter 1826: Compensate

Instead, he decided to begin slowly taking in vassal states, and slowly raising up their standards to the point where they'd be able to help him. It wouldn't be too late in the future to completely swallow them. In fact, after seeing the benefits, many might decide to directly join.

Currently, Dyon had no vassal states, but he believed that very soon he would have two. The Kong Clan was practically guaranteed. As for the Grand Templar Sect, though it wasn't 100% certain, Dyon had a level of confidence that wasn't small.

This Grand Templar Sect had always piqued his curiosity... He felt that their Patriarch was far stronger than he had led on all those years ago... and their beast raising abilities caught more than just Dyon's attention.

"That's enough." Dyon said casually. "I'll allow you to choose again after you witness this battle. I'm sure you'll realize soon that the umbrella of the Sacharro Clan is safest..."

Without much thought, Dyon looked toward Elinor, Patriarch Mino's wife, with a smile.

"This is the Death Guard I'd like to release, Emperor Shruti."

Emperor Shruti blinked in surprise, suddenly feeling complex. This was his daughter's own Death Guard, a great talent with a very good chance of reaching the dao realm, though she was current a pseudo dao expert. Had he known that Dyon wanted to free Elinor, he likely wouldn't have agreed so easily...

"There's no need to worry, Emperor Shruti. If you agree, I don't mind taking Little Saru under my wing. There's also no problem with her staying with our Sacharro Clan for an extended period of time, of course that includes my disciple as well."

Numerous lips twitched. This man really was shameless.

"I'll ensure she receives the best resources."

Emperor Shruti tilted his head slightly in thought, looking toward Empress Shruti who only lightly smiled, her eyes shining with a peculiar light as she looked from Saru to the masked man and back. It seemed as though she was in deep thought as well.

"You don't want to take my daughter as your disciple?" He asked curiously.

Dyon shook his head. "I don't feel much destiny between me and the princess. Also, it may be seen as inappropriate if I take your Empire's princess as a disciple. I don't want others to think that I'm trying to manipulate you all by using her for leverage."

The elder nodded in acknowledgement, unknowingly relaxing their previous tension.

"Is that so, I don't believe my daughter is any less talented than Brahman, though."

"She's not just not any less, but she's decidedly more talented. However, I don't choose disciples by just this metric alone."

"Either way, my point is that even without her Death Guard, no one would dare harm a hair on her head, this I promise."

Dyon strolled forward, reaching Elinor and patting her on the shoulder.

"Off you go, Aoife and that big-headed fool are waiting for you."

Elinor's eyes, glistening with unshed tears, were filled with shock from beginning to end. Just as she wanted to protest about her duty, a surging soul qi swept forward. She didn't even have a chance to react before she disappeared.

The elders of the meeting hall felt numb. How much shock could they take in a single day? How was it even possible to send someone across so many universes so casually? Even if their quadrant was adjacent to Dyon's quadrant, this was still too much.

Dyon turned back to Brahman, a wide grin beneath his mask and his hand formed into a peace sign. The adorable cauldron over his shoulder bobbed up and down arrogantly, as though to say: 'See? See?!'

"I really want to see who dares say soul path cultivators are weak after tomorrow."

As for the little prince Brahman, he felt black lines forming on his forehead. How had he gotten himself caught up in this calamity?

"Come now!" Dyon clapped his hands, a gentle wind sweeping up Saru and Brahman as he walked out of the meeting hall.

Though Saru was still fine, a gentle smile on her face, the struggling Brahman was completely disheveled, spinning around in the tornado of wind around him. Compared to his usually solemn demeanor, this was too much of a stark contrast.

"At dawn, I will lead the armies. No need for any special preparation. If there are any big losses, the Sacharro Clan will compensate ten times that amount!"

Grand Elder Vata sighed, pretending as though he couldn't see his great grandson's pleading gaze.

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"Try this."

Saru handed Dyon another platter of food, smiling sweetly.

The soldiers below could only smile bitterly. Their princess was basically an apron away from being a typical housewife.

They thought this princess of theirs had a crush on True God Sacharro, why was she treating this masked man so well?

It was only some 'clever' individuals who believed that Saru was trying to win the heart of Dyon by gaining the heart of his elder cousin first.

Still, at least this was a distraction from the current ridiculous situation they were in. Just moments ago, the princess had informed them that she turned all of the gate thresholds down to the Foundation Stage with the exception of one, which she placed at the dao realm.

This might seem like a good strategy, but in reality, it was horrible. The kitsune would obviously be informed of these changes as the Gates were fair, after all, they were technically a Game, both sides had rules to follow.

If the Shruti were in the power position, this tactic would be just fine. It would essentially be forcing a decisive battle. But, because the Shruti were in the weaker position, this loss of flexibility could be the end of them all.

Before, the Kitsune wouldn't be certain where their main forces would appear, so they would have to disperse their strength over several Gates. This was the tactic that minimized their losses to this point. But now, it was completely thrown out the window.

#### Chapter 1827: Gate

"This is meat from a gold horned bull. Its skin is as tough as diamond, taking most of the brunt of its weight, so its meat is really tender as they're hardly worked. I seasoned it with some special herbs I collected and marinated it for a few days before putting it away in my spatial ring to preserve.

"This is jade rice boiled in cleansing waters. It had a satisfying crunch to it and an herby, garlic-like essence, but its contradictorily soft at the same time.

"Try it!"

Dyon happily dug in. Saru's cooking skills shocked him to the point where he could only calm himself by eating more. Dyon had always been a food connoisseur, but he was at best an average cook. He had never had such good food in his life.

She really put her heart into this meal. He couldn't help but thank and praise her after every bite.

How could Dyon know that Saru had prepared thousands of meals over the years, preserving them all in perfect condition in her spatial ring, all for this moment?

Even before she entered the tower trials, Saru had been a good cook. It wasn't entirely her choice, but rather that the conservative culture of the Shruti Empire had forced it upon her. Only after she showed her talent was irrefutable did she partially break away from the constraints women faced in this Shruti Empire's territory.

However, the rewards of her trials practically gave wings to a tiger.

She only received four rewards because the second trial disappeared, likely due to Dyon as she speculated. Among those rewards, she chose an ancient book with deep rune etchings on its cover. It introduced the long lost ancient secondary profession of the Spiritual Cook.

The founder of the Spiritual Cook path believed it was lamentable that Celestials and Dao Realm cultivators often ate nothing but tasteless pills. To make matters worse, sometimes these pills were bitter due to impurities. Maybe only a rare few might taste good...

Though he had great accomplishments in the latter portion of his life, he was a late bloomer. So he remembered well what it was like to be mortal and to have a love of food. The issue was that even when cultivators ate food, it was often for leisure, rarely did eating actually improve one's cultivation.

So, this founder set out to change this and forge a path that could compete with array alchemy. The ancient tome Saru chose was in fact this legacy.

She chose it for two reasons. Firstly, though eating rarely improved cultivation, that was in terms of energy and soul path cultivators. As a body path cultivator as well as an energy path cultivator, Saru knew the importance of food to her bodily strength.

And second... She really wanted to wow Dyon with her cooking, to be praised just like she was today.

Though it was a petty and foolish reason, the use of the tome couldn't be denied. The beauty in the path of the Spiritual Cook was their ability to take simple ingredients and to not only make them delicious, but nutritious as well.

Despite the fact the ingredients Saru used were mostly of the Grandmaster grade, even with his overbearing body, Dyon felt a slight, but still apparent improvement. His eyes couldn't help but shine.

Unfortunately, it seemed that only Dyon and Saru were enjoying themselves.

Brahman, who stood to the side of them in the air, felt that he had lost all face. Last night, Dyon said he wouldn't give him any treasures as a disciple since he rejected him, but still trained him to the point his bones ached.

'If you acknowledge that I rejected you, why are you still calling me your disciple?!'

He had said these words too many times already, but Dyon ignored them every time.

As lost as Brahman was, the three Grand Elder, Emperor Shruti and Atlas, not to mention the countless ten billion celestial warriors below, were even more lost than that.

The Gates vibrated open the large ocean surface. Unfortunately, it was already too late to change anything. They could only hope the Shruti Empire survived until the Gates closed once more...

On the other side of the gate, despite what the Shruti might have assumed was cheering and excitement toward the foolishness of their enemies, the atmosphere was solemn. Or, rather, it was solemn within a minimalistically decorated Commander's Tent.

Within, there were several individuals. The Patriarchs and Grand Elders of the Heaven, Jikan and Void Clans, as well as a few individuals dressed in beast skins.

Outside the tent, however, there was happiness. The soldiers believed that Shruti had lost their minds and their victory was at hand. In truth, many within the Commander's Tent felt this way as well. However, there was one reason they didn't dare to celebrate, and that was because the person who had brought them all together was still frowning deeply.

The person at the head of them all was none other than Head Void's son and Aki Void's father, Kaori Void.

Over the years of the Kitsune Clans' seclusion, this person had proved himself to be near infallible. If he wasn't so talented, he wouldn't be able to pull BPA to act for him so early on.

Of course, in the former timeline, Kaori failed to entice the Beast Protection Association into action, something they later regretted greatly. This alone showed the amount of foresight that Kaori had. Though he technically relied on Dyon killing 4 numbered warriors and forcing 2 to betray their organization in order to get his way, his method was right in the end.

"This is too odd." Kaori finally spoke. "The Shruti aren't stupid. It's either they're luring us into a trap, or they've gained substantial help. Enough that they're willing to go against us now."

"It can't be forgotten that the relationship between Atlas and Shruti Clan is deep. Maybe they believe that with the creation of the Federation, they can get away with ignoring the inter-quadrant war taboo."

Chapter 1828: Ended

A snort resounded through the room. "The Atlas Clan? Their ranking is nothing but a mirage. Their foundations aren't anywhere near as deep as the other top 9 quadrants. In just one generation, they already fell two spots, from 5th to 7th. They'll definitely be the next to fall from the top 9, following the Water Mist Sect's lead."

The man who spoke stood at almost 9 feet tall and had a fiery red mane for a beard. Technically, his bloodline was actually from a mere Earth Grade race of Crimson Lion, but due to fortuitous encounters, he broke through continuously to raise himself to the Transcendent Grade.

He was Eight!

Kaori shook his head. "There is a 69% probability that Emperor Atlas chose a treasure capable of benefitting his entire Clan instead of choosing selfishly, possibly one capable of cleansing Faith to birth greater talents or increasing the qi density of a territory. He's an ambitious individual who hides himself deeply. If you underestimate the Atlas Clan due to their foundations, you will lose."



Eight snorted once more, but didn't refute.

"What does Head Void suggest we do?"

A woman with narrow eyes spoke. Her visage was exceptionally venomous, but she didn't have a serpentine bloodline. Though her eyes were sharp, the astounding beauty she held was no doubt from the Humming Sparrow Clan, a Peak Transcendent Grade bird race.

She was Four, the highest ranked numbered warrior dispatched. Since she spoke, the other numbered warriors didn't dare to speak again.

"Ms. Humming, I think it's best that we enter the Gate, we have no choice. Because your BPA is attempting to remain hidden, you haven't accumulated any Faith on a large scale. If the Atlas Clan has truly come to help, we won't stand a chance against their Faith and can only use the Gate's help to block it."

Four nodded her head. If it was someone else who called her by her true name, she might have killed him or her directly. But since it was Kaori... She allowed it.

"However, we can't enter without a plan of action." Kaori turned to an unassuming petite man who seemed invisible despite the fact he was clearly before them all.

"Five, I'll have to rely on you and your Shadow Dhino warriors to scout the situation." Kaori turned once more, this time to a tall and lanky woman. "Seven, I would like your Six-Wing Dhino warriors to act at the vanguard. Be swift and be prepared to retreat at a moment's notice. In fact, I'd like you to launch only a single assault before quickly retreating.

"Eight, you Crimson Legion will act as the protectors of Seven's warriors, holding up the backline and allowing them to retreat at a moment's notice."

The Dhino Race. It was a subspecies that controlled 50% of the Transcendent Beast Alliance. They were a group of beasts infinitesimally close to Dragons. Their dragon bloodline couldn't be described as a few strands like Ten who Dyon killed... In fact, wyverns were a part of this subspecies.

The Shadow Dhino Clan had the bloodline of the extinct Shadow Dragon Race... The Six-Wing Dhino Clan had the bloodline of the extinct Six-Wing Rainbow Dragon Race... Their strength should be underestimated...

"Six, your Holy Mammoth warriors will stay at our entrance Key Tower and defend that like. And Ms. Humming... If necessary, I need you to hold down their strongest expert should the need arise.

"The goal for this campaign is to defend and retreats safely, we will minimize the losses and control for unexpected variables. Control yourselves, follow my commands, and even if we don't win, we won't lose either."

The meeting ended without another word of protest.

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"Oh? It looks like they're here." Dyon said casually.

The Gate Dyon chose for this battle had the flattest landscape possible. The only oddity were the countless floating islands in the sky. Some were only a couple meters across, while others were up to half a kilometer in diameter.

According to what he understood, these floating islands provided different advantages. Those with red-tinted soil sealed everything but your body cultivation. Those with green-tinted soil sealed everything but your qi. Finally, those with yellowish brown tinted soil sealed everything but your soul.

Depending on the area of the Gate, there were usually larger ratios of one floating island to another. These shifts in ratio impacted the flat lands before, suppressing and even improving certain paths.

The special characteristic of this Gate went a slight bit further than this as well. Along with Key Towers, these floating islands could be conquered. Once conquered, they could be moved and positioned at will.

As one might expect, the Shruti controlled most of the red floating islands while the Kitsune controlled most of the green floating islands. This much made sense, after all, the Shruti were body cultivators first and foremost, while the Kitsune, despite being beasts, were born with relatively weaker bodies. However, their control over the elements and their qi was exceptionally high.

This arrangement of floating islands was what resulted in the stalemate of this Gate and was the reason why the eight Key Towers were perfectly split – four to each side – between the Shruti and Kitsune.

Unfortunately, the yellow floating islands were practically entirely neglected. At this point, Dyon's divine sense could no longer be described in simple kilometer measurements, he could easily see to the edges of this Gate.

He didn't know it now, but he had reached a basic unit of what they called a World Seer on the Immortal Plane. Simply put, he was a First Grade World Seer, meaning he could grasp the intricacies of an entire 'world' with a sweep of his senses.

In truth, Dyon underestimated his own divine sense and had become too careful. He had become so used to not needing to use his divine senses to their maximum capabilities that he handicapped himself.

The Immortal Plane didn't have 'universes' and 'quadrants'. Essentially, being a First Grade World Seer meant that Dyon could see everything occurring in a single universe all at once. Even Dyon himself had yet to realize this, or else he wouldn't have been so careful with his divine sense when he came to Indra City.

#### Chapter 1829: Carnage

Dyon was entirely focused on something else. He laughed bitterly when he noticed that most of the yellow islands were pushed off to the side like Shruti and Kitsune had come to a mutual understanding between themselves to completely ignore them.

However, these bitter thoughts were immediately interrupted as yet another scrumptious scent filled his nose.

Saru smiled sweetly as she handed another large dish to Dyon. It was shaped into a bowl half of his body's size, but Dyon didn't hesitate to take it. He felt shock when he realized this dish weighed thousands of jin.

"This is one of my favorite creations. I call it God's Nectar Soup. I seeped cleansing water with 76 different herbs and spices, but the secret base is dragon marrow. Then, I marinated dragon heart and thigh for three months in 134 different herbs and spices. Finally, I enclosed it all in nectar gold for a year, allowing it to be washed over with cleansing energies."

Dyon completely forgot about the impending war.

Before, when he had said they were here, others hadn't realized it just yet. Even with the flat lands and their high cultivation, the enemy army was still too far away to see. However, by this point, even the weakest warrior amongst them could see the charging warriors.

'Fast!'

It was the only word they could all think of. The Six-Winged Dhino warriors could only be described in such a way.

They looked up toward Dyon with pleading expressions, as though to urge him to do something, but he was too enamored with the dish before him.

Emperor Shruti and Atlas could no longer hold bitter expressions, their visages could only continuously darken.

"Dragon marrow and meat?" Emperor Atlas muttered. "... Wasn't that the gift I prepared for her becoming a True God? She's giving it away so casually?"

Dyon tried to use a spoon to take a sip of the massive bowl of soup, but it completely bent under its weight.

Unable to take it any longer, Dyon's qi swept forward, forming a spoon with enigmatic qi and bringing the rich brown-gold liquid to his mouth.

The moment it hit his tongue, he felt like he had been brought to a higher plane. He had never tasted anything so delicious in his entire life. It felt as though hot blood was surging throughout his body. This single sip added almost 20 jin to his current body weight limit!

He couldn't help but roar to skies.

It wasn't until now that Brahman understood just how powerful Dyon's body was. Even compared to his Great Grandfather, he could only feel the latter was lacking... How was that possible?!

This wasn't entirely true. After all, Grand Elder Vata had entered the peak dao realm while Dyon's body was in the lower dao realm. Objectively speaking, Dyon was weaker in a pure bodily strength sense. It was only because he could perfectly fuse his vital and conventional qi that he was so powerful.

However, Dyon's aura was impossible to match.

In the distance, Kaori spoke to Five who had long since come back from his scouting mission.

"Are you certain?" Kaori asked with a frown.

"I'm certain. Nothing has changed except for the addition of a single masked man. And, from what we can see, other than Princess Saru who treats him warmly, the discontent in the army is high."

"... Is that so..." Kaori shook his head, unable to understand.

If this person was so powerful that they could upturn everything alone, the army wouldn't be so discontent. But, if he really was the only changed factor, he couldn't be weak either... Just what was going on?!

"... Stick with the initial plan. In fact, inform Seven to make her probe and retreat even faster."

"Understood." Five nodded.

Kaori had become even more cautious after Five's report. He didn't understand what was going on... And what he hated most was to not understand...

Unfortunately for the Six-Winged Dhino warriors, his worries were about to be proven correct.

"Watch closely, my disciple!" The hole in Dyon's mask closed as his hand casually stretched out toward the charging Six-Winged Dhino warriors.

The scene was chaotic but had an odd order to it all. Each of the dhino warriors wore beautiful silver armor, three pairs of insect-like transparent wings fluttering faster than the eye could see on their backs. If one blinked, they would have already crossed tens of kilometers.

Brahman suddenly felt his heart shake. It wasn't just him, but even the armies below and the two Emperors. Scenes of a bloody hell and murder sweeping through their minds.

"This is the power of a soul cultivator!"

Millions of blood red formations blotted out the skies, washing the Gate in a crimson light.

"[Judgement]!" Dyon's eyes sharpened, golden gears spinning in his eyes as he strengthened the array many times over.

"[Carnage]!"

Dyon laughed joyfully. The shivering warriors below couldn't help but look toward him like some sort of Demon Overlord. To be able to laugh in such a bloody, suppressive atmosphere. How could he be any but a devil incarnate?

How could they know that Dyon was laughing because the soup before him was actually so delicious. Even as the red formations continually formed, he couldn't help but take more sips. It really took a real man to drink such soup. Every spoonful felt like a meteor dropping into his stomach.

Below, Seven's eyes widened. She had never seen such a grand display in her entire life.

'Higher Existences aren't allowed to enter the Gates, how is this possible?! How could one be here?!'

It was unfortunate that she was wrong. Let alone being a Higher Existence, Dyon wasn't even a middle dao expert. That said... when it came to his soul... There was no Higher Existence that could match its strength. They could only accept their own inferiority!

"RETREAT!" Seven had made it just over a kilometer from the front line of the Shruti warriors. With their speed, it would take less than a second to cross that distance. However, she didn't dare to continue!

Brahman felt the need to rub his eyes, but the trembling of his heart was too much. To stretch out a hand and force an army that had killed so many of their kind to retreat... Who was this man?!

Chapter 1830: A Saint?

Unfortunately for Seven, before the words even fully left her lips, a shower of red spears pelted downward, tearing through space and appearing before them all in an instant. She could only stand shocked as her clansmen died one after another.

During Dyon's second trial, he had relied on Amphorae's mother and a spiritual vein to form millions of [Carnage] arrays. Back then, he had been so exhausted despite the help that he was forced into a meditative state for several hours.

However, now he no longer needed to rely on outside sources. This power was his own!

No matter how elite a Seven's forced were, it was impossible for them to be made up entirely of dao realm experts. The vast majority of them were Peak Celestials, about 20% were Pseudo Dao experts, while there were about 4 or 5 dozen dao experts.

Considering their size of half a million, such a lineup could sweep through a universe. Dyon had to admit that if he wasn't allowed to participate, it was impossible for him to scrounge up an army of this strength, especially since their Commander, Seven, was a Peak Dao expert.

Unfortunately for them, they met Dyon.

"Bring up the rear!" Eight roared, charging through the swarm of crimson spears as he did his duty valiantly. His warriors wore red-gold armor, the visage of a roaring lion protruding from their chests.

"Oh?" Dyon laughed. "How brave. My Sacharro Clan has need of such a warrior! Tell me, Crimson Lion, are you willing to join me?"

Eight snarled. "Sacharro Clan? Are you the one who killed Nine?!"

The bloody spears continued to fall without a care, but Eight charged into the air, his roar knocking many of them away. He didn't seem to fear death, nor did he hesitate. As one born with the blood of a mere Earth Grade beast, in order to work to his place now, he obviously took many risks. To him, this wouldn't be the place he fell!

"Killed?" Dyon laughed. "I killed Ten, Eleven, Twelve, and Fourteen. As for Nine and Thirteen... I took a liking to the two of them."

His eyes sharpened with a devious light as though he fully understood the innuendo within his words.

"Since they dared to attack my Clan's young master, do you not think they got what they deserved?"

Seeing the rage in Eight's eyes, Dyon chuckled inwardly. He had obviously not touched Glorianice, he had his beautiful wives, why would he need her. As for Lina – Thirteen's true name – she hadn't appeared in a while because she went to retrieve her warriors.

Before, Dyon hadn't wanted Lina to bring in her jaguar kin because the Mortal Alliance was too weak back then. If so many powerful people of one race suddenly appeared, the balance would be shattered.



But now, it was perfectly fine. So, even before the war for Celestial Quadrant began, he sent her off to collect them all in secret.

If everything went well, she would be back within a month. Dyon was very intrigued by Lina's Earth Jaguar race. Since they were just Heaven Grade beasts, she held great power amongst them.

Eight was so furious that he suddenly laughed.

"The others... I don't care about. Even within our organization, they were just slightly better than average. But since you dared touch my Glorianice... Even if I have to die here, I'll take you with me!"

"Aiya, what a one-sided love." Dyon said pitifully. "She's been with me for years already but hasn't mentioned your name even once."

The veins coursing through Eight's visage burst under his body's trembling. Crimson blood began to run down his face, giving him a fearsome appearance.

By now, the Six-Winged Dhino warriors had retreated far enough, or so they believed. After all, [Carnage] was just the first of nine judgements. Even though it could only just now display its true power thanks to Dyon's Star Qi, at best, it could easily slaughter third grade Pseudo Dao experts. So, with how many dao experts the other side had, it wasn't impossible to block a majority of them.

Now that Eight felt his duty had been completed, he disregarded Kaori's orders entirely. He would rip this masked man apart with his own hands!

A lion's roar filled the skies as Eight's body began to explosively change.

His red mane-like beard burst forth with a fiercer light, his already tall body became even more so, reaching five meters in height, and his eyes turned a bloody red, piercing through the skies with Dyon as his only goal.

In the distance, Kaori felt his heart tremble.

Eight was too enraged to see it, but he saw it very clearly. In just a few words, this masked man had easily probed the situation and grasped Eight's weakness. Kaori felt that the moment this man mentioned the Sacharro Clan, he had already won. All of Kaori's plans to remain cautious had so suddenly been thrown out the window.

Seeing the massive lion humanoid charging for him, Dyon casually took another sip of soup, an endlessly satisfied expression blooming from his face.

"What carefully, little disciple." Dyon said with a grin. "Soul cultivators aren't meant to be trifled with."

This time, Brahman couldn't find it within himself to look upon Dyon with disdain. His gaze couldn't help but shift toward Saru. Why had she been so confident from beginning to end? Was she faking it? Or did she really already know that this would happen?

Dyon suddenly disappeared from his place in the sky, leaving the massive bowl of soup on a defensive array platform. But, if one looked closely, every so often, a spoonful would disappear, teleporting across several kilometers and into his mouth.

Though Brahman felt tempted to have a taste, Saru's sweet smile turned into a glare he didn't dare to go up against. A cold shiver crept up his spine.

'She's only a saint, why is her gaze so deadly...' He mumbled to himself.