

The Nameless 1831

Chapter 1831: Who Dares?

Suddenly, an explosion shook him awake from his thoughts. The scene before him was simply too shocking.

Just moments ago, a sheet of black flames that looked more solid than a plate of steel abruptly appeared before the charging Eight. It happened so quickly that he didn't even get a chance to slow himself down before he crashed headlong into it.

'He didn't have to use his body as a medium for his will?!'

Those who understood the significance of this felt their hearts tremble. To be able to activate one's will anywhere and without restriction like this... The flexibility you gained in battle was inconceivable!

Dyon uproarious laughter filled the Gate.

"Lesson one! Soul cultivators can use their divine sense as a medium to activate their wills!"

Eight was broken and haggard in an instant. The solidification characteristic of Dyon's flames was potent enough, but the sheer chaotic violence and heat of them was another matter entirely. Eight didn't feel like he ran into a brick wall, he felt like he had slammed into a sheet of radioactive waste, his body was being destroyed from the outside in.

Dyon's body began to flicker around madly. The fierce lion-like gaze of Eight attempted to keep track of him, but he was simply moving too fast. Now that Little Yang had also awakened his battle bloodline, Dyon had not only gained the spatial comprehension of the twins, but he had also finally gained the second affinity of the celestial hamster as well... time will!

Using time will to influence living beings was far too difficult. Even Gin, who was a Kitsune of the Jikan Clan with time will affinity, was forced to sacrifice one of his tails just to slow Dyon down for a split second.

Back then, Dyon's cultivation had been sealed and he had the body of a mere saint. If the price was so high for him, one could imagine what the price would be for a dao formation expert like Eight.

However, Dyon had no intention of using his time will like this. Instead, he made use of it to make his soul strength amplify to an ungodly level.

Decades ago, he created his [Split Minds Technique]. It allowed him to create arrays at speeds others couldn't imagine.

Today, in his very own self-created technique, he reached the One with Self realm, perfectly fusing it with time will and making it near infallible.

Right now, there was no one on the Mortal Plane who could form arrays as quickly as Dyon could.

"[Shrink]!"

Dyon spun Eight around in a circle, countless bloody spears shrunk to the form of needles pelting him continuously. With the power of [Carnage] shrunk to tenths of a centimeter, even if they didn't injure Eight, it felt as though every inch of his body was being pounded by a mallet.

The Shruti warriors felt numb. That was a Peak Dao Formation expert... Being toyed with as though he was a child!

The Crimson Legion was enraged and tried to go and save their Commander, only to find a curtain of bloodied spears blocking their way.

At that moment, the adorable little cauldron bobbed up and down as though to say: 'My turn, my turn!'

Dyon laughed, his soul qi wrapping around the cauldron and forcefully expanding it to several hundred meters in an instant.

"Lesson two! Always treat your pill cauldron well! They tend to have bad tempers!"

The weight of a thousand worlds crashed down from above. It felt as though the whole Gate trembled, being forcefully sealed under the might of the Battle Cauldron.

Eight felt his blood slow down to a crawl, his qi no longer moved to his will, he could only watch as a wall of black slammed down upon him, sending him body barreling through the air and through the ground below.

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The cauldron shrunk down to its original size, a bit of steam exiting its lid. The sound almost sounded like a whimpering pout, as though the little thing was disappointed with how weak its opponent was.

This made sense. After all, as Orcus' main weapon, this little guy had done battle with Higher Existences before, how could it be satisfied with dao realm experts?

Dyon hand stretched outward, causing Eight's massive body to shoot up into the air and into his hand.

Holding him in place, he waved his hand, dusting off the grime and dirt from his red-gold armor.

"Is there a need to be so angry." Dyon said jokingly to Eight who was staring at him with daggers in his eyes. "I only said those words to provoke you. You know Glorianice's situation in BPA wasn't very good. After I killed four of your numbered warriors, she had no choice but to join me."

A bit of enlightenment shone through the rage in Eight's crimson eyes. How could he not know how many people hated Glorianice in BPA? And because her Dream Panther race had such a pitiful reproductive rate, she didn't have large armies at her command like they did. So, she was in an even worse position. If she failed a mission she led that horribly, those who hated her would definitely not miss the opportunity to suppress her completely. In such a case, the Dream Panther race would be finished...

"She's become a General of my Sacharro Clan. You should follow suit, or else someone else will really steal her away."

"Who dares?!" Eight said in a rage.

His heated breath caused Dyon's violet hair to whip about wildly.

Dyon's nose scrunched up. "Before you see her, you should probably deal with that foul breath situation. I can practically see the meat carcasses you've eaten for the last century in there."

"I have no intention of joining you." Eight growled, not caring about Dyon's commentary. "I am not such a disloyal person. It's either you kill me here, or wait for my Crimson Legion to grow strong enough to lay your Sacharro Clan to waste and snatch my Glorianice back."

"Is that so?" Dyon said casually. "Will you maintain that stance even if I slaughter them all?"

Chapter 1832: He Alone

Dyon's head tilted toward the Crimson Legion below, struggling to block his rain of red spears. Every so often, the blue spear [Torment] would appear, knocking even Dao experts back with its might.

"I'm not such a nice person, you know. This Shruti Empire happens to have a dear friend of my little cousin's here, yet your Crimson Legion is actually trying to push them into a corner. It's either you join me, or your brothers and sisters die."

"WE ARE WILLING TO DIE!"

The Crimson Legion roared up from below, not taking even a single step back.

Dyon's eyes shone. "What good warriors, valiantly protecting their Commander. But why does it seem to me that so much time has passed yet your supposed allies haven't raised a single finger to help you and your Clansmen?"

"You!" Eight's blood felt agitated. Or rather it would, if the odd little cauldron wasn't arrogantly bobbing above his head. Its ability seemed to make even his hot blood run cold.

Dyon palm stretched forward, firmly placing itself upon Eight's forehead.

"Lesson Three! Before a soul path cultivator, those with weak souls are nothing but useful puppets."

In an instant, vast sealing qi swept forward. Eight couldn't even resist before his cultivation was completely locked away and he was tossed into Dyon's inner world.

"You all wait there for a moment." Dyon said calmly. "After this battle is finished, you'll become great warriors for my Sacharro Clan. As long as you follow my orders, your Commander will be just fine."

The warriors below felt agitated, but there was nothing they could do. They knew Eight would never want them to lower their heads, but they couldn't stand and watch him die either.

In a war of such powerful experts... They could do nothing.

"Finally moving?" Dyon laughed. "Hey, you grand elders of the Kitsune Clan. How about you three sit this one out?"

At the moment, several peak dao experts were charging over. It was almost as though they were waiting for Eight to fall first.

Who knew that this was exactly the case? The moment Eight disobeyed his order, Kaori coldly ordered that they allow him to die at Dyon's hands. He refused to have individuals who couldn't follow orders on his side.

Seeing that they didn't bother with his words, Dyon understood something.

"Tsk. This Kaori is quite cold hearted. Even knowing his only son is in my hands, he still dares to order this attack."

Kaori's eyes trembled slightly, but they became firm once more. If he dared to retract this attack because of his own son, the faith he had built among these warriors would shatter. In order to be cold with them, he had to be cold with himself.

He had long been prepared for this possibility. His heart was ready.

At this moment, not just Four, but Five, Six, Seven, as well as Grand Elder Jikan, Heaven and Void were all surging forward, each with powerful auras beyond reason.

Currently, Dyon could at most match a 10th stage Dao Formation expert alone. His easy victory against Eight was mostly due to the surprise attack of his black flame solidification, causing him heavy injuries before the battle even begun.

However, now there were six 10th stage Dao Formation experts, and one 11th stage Dao Formation expert, all gunning for him at once. What a troublesome situation.

It was a good thing that before this battle had begun... Dyon had already accumulated massive amounts of Baleful Aura, allowing his War God Martial Intent to boost his strength by a few times.

And... Wouldn't he be a fool to forget how useful these floating islands could be to him? After all, he promised his disciple he would use nothing but his soul in this battle.

"Lesson Four!" Dyon laughter shook the Gate's world. "A soul path cultivator is most powerful when outnumbered!"

In that moment, a Black Jade Dragon appeared below Dyon, its glistening black scale absorbing the rays from the high hung sun.

Its aura was domineering, and its roar even more so. In that moment, the several dhino subspecies warriors under them collapsed to the ground. What was a bloodline infinitesimally close to dragons in the face of a True Dragon?

Brahman felt like his heart seized. His... His master tamed a Dragon?! He hadn't even realized that he subconsciously acknowledged Dyon.

"Chenglei!" Dyon grinned. "This will be our first battle together, don't let me down!"

Chenglei snorted, his hot breath scorching the earth below as his massive body snaked through the skies. The two black horns on his head seemed to pierce the Heavens as he looked down upon everything but the man who stood on his head. His arrogance towered to the skies and his roar shook the universe. And yet, he didn't know why he felt so... so excited, as though being a mount was something that he had always aspired toward, a thought that was ridiculous on its face.

After watching Dyon battle, he no longer felt shame being under him. It was beyond that, he almost felt prideful, causing a cognitive dissonance within him that rattled his head....Even so, thanks to Dyon, not only had the infernal qi been cleansed from his body, but he subsequently broke into the 10th Dao Realm charging upward to the point he was just a step away from the 11th.

He too was eager to battle... More than eager, his blood was roaring within him.

Chenglei's mouth opened, revealing a long row of shining sharp teeth as he roared.

Space shattered into tiny bits of broken glass under his might. It was only now Emperor Shruti and Atlas truly believed it... Just he alone really was enough...

Chapter 1833: Dragon Soul

Five, Six and Seven immediately felt as though their bodies were being ripped from the inside out. Let alone 50% of their strength, they found it difficult to display even 30%.

After Dyon's battle with the Ancestor Sapientia, he made his plans to forcibly take Lionel, Eve and Chenglei under his wing even clearer. The moment he saw their talents, he knew he couldn't just arbitrarily kill them. Experts of such caliber were hard to come by, especially when he was a mere startup empire.

Though Eve hated him to her core for what he did to her foster mother, Matriarch Niveus, and Lionel stood by his wife's side in the same way she stood by his all those years ago, Chenglei was a bit different.

Inherently, Dragons were a prideful race. Their sense of kinship was relatively weak, or else there wouldn't be so many instances of young Dragon geniuses going off to form their own Clan, something that was a good portion of the reason why despite arguably being the strongest race on the Mortal Plane, the Dragons occupied just 5 quadrants and had no cohesion.

This wasn't to say that Chenglei wasn't enraged by his grandfather's death, but it was rather to say that he was more logical about it. Since his grandfather dared to scheme against Dyon, any loss he suffered was his own to bear. This was the ideology of the Dragons of the mortal Plane. The only one who seemed to go against this was True God Titus who Dyon hadn't seen since he sliced him in half.

Watching Dyon battle, Chenglei felt a change within himself...

Though Dragons were a powerful race beyond the imaginations of most, they had a thickest barrier of entry to the Immortal Plane.

The truth was that of all the Higher Existences on the Mortal Plane, the highest concentration wasn't in the Nephilim Alliance, nor was it with the Sapientia Clan... The Drago-Qilin Quadrants had more Higher Existences than the whole rest of the Mortal Plane combined!

However, despite this truth, Dragons had by far the lowest tally of successful Transcendants.

When Chenglei was watching Dyon battle... Feeling changes within himself... He suddenly felt he understood what this barrier was...

How could one transcend and begin to forge one's own path... When one was so bound by one's inherent nature? A nature handed forward by the very Heavens you were trying to break from?

This was it. This was the secret of the Dragon and Qilin races. They were birthed to be the representation of Sovereignty on the Mortal Plane. This talent made them the strongest beast race on the Mortal Plane, without competition.

Yet... This very talent was holding them back from their true potential.

When Chenglei was watching Dyon battle, deep down, he knew what he was feeling was respect. But, something in his body kept fighting against it, as though he, as a Dragon, had no need to respect another living creature.

Before a Dragon, all others must bow down!

Those were his thoughts back then... but why did he feel such disgust toward them? Why wasn't he allowed to appreciate what was before him... Was Dyon not worthy of respect...?

As Dyon battled, this disgust grew within Chenglei. The fight within his soul warred on for several months, until the balance finally shattered.

It was then Chenglei realized that his path toward sovereignty wasn't even his own path. Dyon was born and chose sovereignty, he chose to lord all others. Yet his Dragon race was born with this implanted into their minds...

Was it still sovereignty if you didn't have a choice in the matter? How could you claim to control all things when something larger than yourself was always controlling you?

Chenglei felt his dao heart shatter, but he didn't feel any sadness. In fact, he didn't even experience any backlash.

He finally understood. The reason Dragons couldn't transcend was because they were chained to these Mortal Planes. If he wanted to rise up beyond this, he had to cast this so-called sovereignty aside...

That wasn't to say he couldn't still be arrogant, nor was it to say he couldn't still be a sovereign. But if he chose to do so in the future, it would be his choice!

He would respect those he wanted to respect. He wouldn't blindly be arrogant for the sake of being arrogant, nor would he turn down a helping hand simply for the sake of being prideful. This was true sovereignty, the control over one's self!

Chenglei roared once more, his Dragon Soul blooming.

The reason these dao experts couldn't bring out more than a portion of their strength was because he no longer had a Bronze Dragon Soul. Thanks to Dyon, he fused with the Half-Step Emperor Grade Golden Dragon Scale. Because the Golden Dragon Race was known for their powerful Dragon Souls, the benefits were even more obvious that fusing with another Dragon Soul.

This was how Dragons improved, by swallowing the Dragon Souls of other Dragons and Qilins.

The Chenglei of the past would have never accepted this gift. But the current Chenglei simply wanted to grow stronger, he wanted to see what the top of the world looked like, he wanted to find his own path!

The seven Peak Dao Experts were blown back by the pressure of his breath, their skin blistering under the unconscionable heat.

Chengeli massive several kilometer-long body snaked through the air, his deep black scales pulsing with a dark gold hue.

'Peak King Grade Dragon Soul!'

Kaori's calm piercing eyes faltered.

Presence and Dragon Souls were often equated, but the simple truth was that the latter was far more potent.

A Gold Grade Dragon Soul, which Dyon's little brother Zaire was born with, was already the equivalent of King Grade Presence. A step forward, and King Grade Dragon Souls were already equal to Emperor Grade Presence!

What did this mean? It meant that the Half-Step Emperor Grade Dragon Chenglei absorbed was Half-Step into God Realm Presence!

Chapter 1834: Despair

Though the resultant Dragon Soul Chenglei ended up with after absorbing it all was a half-step below that grade, it still meant that Chenglei was only a step away from having the strongest Dragon Soul in countless eras. Even the Dragon King only reached this stage!

This was hardly the only benefit of Chenglei's mental breakthrough.

For one, he felt that his cultivation speed had skyrocketed. He felt like he only needed 10 years to reach the peak of the 12th Dao Formation Stage, 100 years to become a Higher Existence, and that he could transcend immediately after clearing his Higher Existence trial! This was the benefit of breaking free from the shackles of the Heavens!

To make matters more shocking, this was only if he didn't reform his Dao Heart first. If he managed to find his path and form it, he would be able to transcend in as little as a decade!

However, at this moment, Chenglei felt something Dragons rarely felt... A deep sense of gratitude. He swore in his heart that even if he formed his Dao Heart, he wouldn't transcend until Dyon did.

For this life, and even if there was a next, he would always be Dyon's partner!

Dyon suddenly erupted into an uproarious laughter. He felt that his soul had been so unfettered recently, as though he had not a care in the world.

"Since that's the case, I humbly accept! Chenglei!" A pill appeared in Dyon's hand. Without hesitation, he flicked it up into the air, forcing to arc upward several hundred meters.

Chenglei snorted. "Do I look like a dog to you?"

Even though he said this, he grinned wildly. His sharp teeth glistened like silver as his body shot into the air.

His jaw opened, devouring the pill whole.

In that instant, Chenglei's aura exploded to a new height. He roared as the meridians of his body were forcibly rearranged. But, it wasn't one of pain, but rather... Delight.

How could he not feel this way after swallowing a Martial Saint pill?

Under the suppression of his Dragon Soul, qi was forcefully pulled into his body. Even if this meant it would take him longer to reach the Higher Existence Realm now, he didn't feel an ounce of reluctance. Following Dyon truly was the greatest short to reaching the top of the world!

Looking toward the pitiful dao experts, Chenglei almost felt bad for them as his meridians began to form one after another. Who asked them to offend Dyon?

Logically speaking, he should have been in a coma for several months after forming so many meridians at the dao realm... But he had already broken Heaven's Shackles!

Just like a Heaven's Child would instantly become one of the greatest experts in all of existence if they managed to break their chains, so too was Chenglei experiencing this now. The restrictions normal people faced didn't apply to him!

"Aiya, I can't let you have all the fun, Chenglei. How am I supposed to show my disciple my might like this?"

The poor dao experts hadn't even managed to reach a kilometer radius around them, yet all Chenglei had done was roar and snort.

Brahman felt his lip twitch. He looked toward the seven dao experts with an apologetic expression. He was truly sorry, their pain was all his fault. Maybe if he accepted Dyon's kind intentions immediately, they would have had a less painful experience.

He didn't believe Dyon was cheating by calling on Chenglei... First of all, since when was subduing a Dragon an easy affair? And second, the path of the beast tamer was a soul path endeavor.

Still, it seemed like Dyon wasn't satisfied with only this, as though he wanted the world to know he had arrived.

"In the past the kitsune clan saw fit to bully my little sister in law."

The amusement in Dyon's eyes had completely faded, replaced by an emotionless cold.

The three Grand Elders felt their souls tremble.

"I hear that although Aki Void was the main culprit, the elders of the Jikan, Heaven and Void Clans all silently assented. I hear that you believed that although Kukan's Faith Seed chose my little sister-in-law, that she didn't have the right to wield it... That only your three Clans could decide who held power and who didn't... And if she wanted to wield something she had no right to, she had to break her marriage with my little cousin and marry your clan's heir..."

"Is all of that right?"

Though Dyon said this as though he was asking, the images of the scene were already replaying from the tower spirit.

[Author's Note: Remember the reason Ri could escape was because Dyon gave her the tower back then. So it recorded everything that happened as usual].

The more they watched, the more despair the Grand Elder's felt.

"Though I'm not a murderous individual who would wipe your Clans from existence, today, you will all die. You, along with the upper echelon of the Jikan, Heaven and Void Clan will all die here today..."

In that moment, everyone finally noticed the changes in the distance.

Countless yellow stone floating islands charged toward them. The closer they got, the more suppression the qi and body paths felt.

In an instant, the island slammed into one another, forming a massive continent so large it blocked out the skies and descended the Gate into darkness.

Knowing the rules of the Gate, Dyon's enemies paled.

One after another, they fell from the skies, unable to control their qi to stay afloat.

They couldn't understand how this had happened. All of the soul floating islands had been moved to the edge of the Gate, they should have been far out of reach. Much less conquer them, one couldn't even see or sense them from here!

How could they know that Dyon's Divine Sense reached the edge of these gates? How could they know a single string of Dyon's soul qi was enough to force these yellow islands into submission?

Chapter 1835: Clouds of Blood

"Hey Chenglei, I destroyed your skeleton army right? Don't you think these BPA Legions would be a suitable replacement?"

Chenglei didn't answer, but his laughter shook the skies, causing the massive yellow continent above their heads to tremble.

"Want to escape?" Dyon's eyes sharpened. "Unfortunately, I can't allow that."

Dyon's hands clap together. 'I still haven't grasped that technique, but... just imitating it for now is enough.'

How could [Judgement] be the only attack technique of the [Dao of Array Alchemy]. It's just that all the others required star qi. Well, [Judgement] also required star qi, it was just that with Dyon's understanding of array alchemy, he could lower its standards.

However, Dyon had been on vacation. No matter how talented his soul was, he could just grasp such grand techniques with a glance, he had to practice... Something he hadn't been doing much of. And, since his clones could use planet qi at best, only his main body could do the practice he needed.

But, wasn't now as good a time as ever to get into the swing of things?

'First...'

Dyon's eyes glowed with a fiendish light. "[RAZE]!"

The fourth Judgement had finally made its appearance. A thick black formation appeared in the skies. It didn't seem to be formed of just one array, but rather multiple, each stack above the last in ever growing complexity.

A black spear slowly made its presence known.

Illusion of a hell of black fire, one of torture of despair, filled the minds of those who looked upon the Fourth Judgement. Under its might, a lower dao expert could only wait to die.

In an instant, Dyon formed seven.

His hands slowly clapped together as they shot forward, streaking across the skies. No matter how hard they tried, the seven dao experts couldn't muster up any strength, the suppression of their bodies and qi was too much... Coupled with Chenglei's Dragon Soul and it felt like they were celestials again...

PSHUUUU

The attack on their minds was too vicious. They realized too late that it wasn't that they couldn't gather up strength, but rather that the Fourth Judgement made them feel as though they couldn't... As though they were worth nothing.

By the time they understood this, the spears had pierced through their chests. Even though they were dao experts and could survive such a blow, looking toward Dyon's clasped hands... They realized it would never be their turn to do so.

Dyon's hands formed a symbol for prayer, but he had no intention of doing such a thing.

"[Sage's Decree]."

His right hand raised as his left maintained its position. The skies above trembled, his soul qi madly gathering as his Weapon's Master Array appeared to his back, shimmering a beautiful diamond royal blue.

'My weapon's will is too weak to use this to even a substandard. But... It's enough...'

"[First Arm: ...]"

An illusory hand began to form in the skies. A radiating golden light filled with benevolent energies surged, slowly forming its wrist and forearm, and finally up toward its shoulder.

Energy surged once more as a massive great sword swirled into existence in its hand. The image looked so weak that it could collapse at any moment, but Dyon's calm visage showed that he didn't believe this would happen for even a single moment.

The grand sword vibrated with moving runes far too unclear to see the form of. But just this was enough.

"[... Patience]."

Dyon's raised arm fell. It felt slow, so slow that even a child could dodge it. Yet, the seven dao experts felt as though they couldn't budge an inch... The incomplete sword felt like the most beautiful thing they had ever seen... So beautiful they couldn't bear to dodge it.

Kaori could only watch, despair etched into his visage as he watched the sword descend. Even if they were at full power, such an attack would be difficult to deal with. Yet... now they were not only suppressed by Chenglei's Dragon Soul, but their most important paths of cultivation were almost completely sealed.

It was impossible for them to use their Domains to protect their minds because they couldn't activate them in the first place!

By the time these thoughts were completed, the sword had reached its target.

The three Grand Elders... Grand Elder Jikan. Grand Elder Heaven. Grand Elder Void....

All directly burst into three clouds of blood.

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A steamy hot breath left Dyon's lips.

It took a lot to even dent his soul stamina, let alone for him to feel as drained as he was now. It was quite a rare feeling, but it only made him smile.

He realized immediately that this drain on his soul wasn't actually due to the requirements of the technique, but rather because he forcefully activated it without comprehending even a single percent of its true essence.

If it wasn't for the fact his opponent's were both suppressed by Chenglei's Dragon Soul and the massive floating continent above, the three Grand Elders wouldn't have died so tragically.

But, hadn't Dyon specifically picked this Gate? This wasn't the Gate housing the Epistemic Tower, or else it would have 9 key towers instead of 8. Why would Dyon pick this Gate out of all of his options?

Judging by the current situation, the answer to that question was obvious.

Still, the fact he could activate the technique at all without having spent the time to comprehend it was a testament to how oppressive his soul qi reserves had become.

"Oh?" Dyon's gaze casually turned back to Kaori.

Because he focused his strike on the three Grand Elders, they were already dead. But, the four numbered warriors were only heavily injured. Dyon was more interested in letting Chenglei refine them into one of his skeleton warriors, so he had left their bodies intact.

This was all to say that Dyon hardly paid attention to Kaori. Though, 'hardly', in Dyon case was a hundred times better than what someone else could do with their full and undivided attention. After all, his divine sense was locked on to the Void Clan Patriarch, there was nothing Kaori could do that he wouldn't see through immediately.

But, it seemed Dyon had underestimated the value BPA placed on Kaori.

Chapter 1836: Dangerous

He, who was several hundred kilometers away, had suddenly taken out a spatial treasure of some sort. Dyon himself didn't need to confirm this because Little Yin and Yang were more than enough.

It seemed this treasure was actually great enough to escape Dyon's spatial seal. He could only watch as Kaori held tightly onto the disk plate, its sharp edges tearing into his flesh.

He had lost his father, his son... and now his grandfather to the Sacharro Clan. The hatred in his heart couldn't be quelled by normal means, but he also knew it was useless to stay here.

His gaze met Dyon's across the long distance, a cold calmness in his eyes despite the trembling of his hands.

"What a bother." Dyon muttered.

He wasn't a fan of letting enemies go. The only reason Lionel and his wife survived was because he had been in a coma at the time. The only reason Chenglei survived was because Dyon made a promise to Ancestor Daiyu to help the Daiyu Clan rise back up once again. Since he had made such a promise, how could he arbitrarily kill Chenglei just because the latter didn't want to follow him? So he let Chenglei go as well, something that ended up greatly benefitting him in the end.

But this time, it seemed he had no choice. The disk in Kaori's hand had already sealed the space around him. Though Dyon could see him clearly, they were the equivalent of several universes apart already.

Though Kaori was relatively untalented in cultivation, he still had the void affinity of a Void Kitsune. Giving him such a treasure was akin to giving wings to a tiger.

'A treasure capable of making an inch a mile... It has similar concepts to my [One Inch. One Mile] movement technique, but far deeper and more exaggerated... It's definitely a Pseudo Treasure of the 33 Heavens...'

Dyon's heart turned cold. If such a treasure was actively used in war, one could imagine the devastation it could cause.

There was a true Treasure of the 33 Heavens, one of the 11 Energy Path treasures, that had this ability as well. At first, Dyon's heart seized, thinking that BPA actually had such a treasure on hand. But he relaxed after realizing it was a replica...

However, even as a replica, the ability of this treasure was too devastating. If Kaori wasn't saving it as a trump card and used it from the very beginning, this battle wouldn't have ended so simply.

Kaori's calm gaze became a frown. He realized that Dyon wasn't underestimating him due to his poor cultivation, nor was there greed in his eyes when he realized the treasure he had in his possession.

As Kaori's place in Dyon's heart was rising, so too was the vice versa occurring.

Without a word, Kaori finally disappeared.

'This person is too decisive. He didn't even try to alert the Holy Mammoth warriors, nor did he take any of his own kitsune warriors...'

In fact, Dyon had a hunch that Kaori didn't even return to the Kitsune Clan. If he was correct, Kaori was a long way from this quadrant already, entirely giving it up without an ounce of hesitation.

Dyon shook his head, 'What does such a man have to lose? He's lost his son, father and grandfather to me, why should he care about the Kitsune Clan anymore?'

Though Dyon said these words, he only grew more serious.

Kaori had put over ten years of blood sweat and tears into this moment, into finally forcing the Shruti Empire to kneel, yet he threw it all away...

This person was dangerous.

...

"That's unfortunate." Chenglei deep rumbling voice made the ground below quake. "Did you have to smash them into meat paste like that? Kitsune might make very good corpse puppets. Now the strongest of them is dead, too unfortunate."

Dyon ignored Chenglei's grumbling. He couldn't have controlled [Patience] much even if he wanted to. He only barely shifted its trajectory right at the end to allow the numbered warriors to keep their bodies intact.

Still, he wanted to kill them with his own hands, so even though he could have left it to Chenglei, he didn't. A hatred of several long decades had finally been vented. He didn't care to hear their excuses or pleadings, so he directly smashed them to waste.

In the future, he'd do the very same to Aritzia. All those who dared to scheme against his loved ones would pay a heavy price.

"There'll be plenty of other opportunities to gain kitsune corpses. The main battle is over, but there are still over 30 universes left to conquer. Plus, shouldn't you be satisfied? The Six-Winged Legion, the Shadow Legion, the Sparrow Legion and the Holy Mammoth Legion are all famous, after refining them all you'll be able to conquer universes on your own."

In the past, this was impossible for Chenglei. Though his Death God Body had improved his innate poor soul path talent, it wasn't by much. Luckily, many things had changed recently.

For one, his soul talent no longer seemed to have a hard cap. After breaking through Heaven's Chains, he didn't face the same restrictions as most other beasts.

However, the second reason was the most potent. His partner was now Dyon. As such, he could borrow from Dyon's soul prowess whenever he wanted as long as they were within range of Dyon's divine sense of one another. Essentially, his limited ability in controlled his skeleton army had been completely overturned.

Still, he grumbled.

"You don't understand. In some cases, it's beneficial to allow refined corpse puppets to maintain some of the skill they had when they were alive. Having three Kitsune Grand Elders would be massive.

"Because they would now be corpse puppets, their weak bodies would no longer be an issue. Plus, I could easily sacrifice the Jikan Grand Elder if I wanted to manipulate time will past normal standards. But you went and ruined it all."

Dyon laughed. "Here, take this as compensation."

Chapter 1837: Accept

A flood of information entered Chenglei's mind through their soul connection. It was none other than Orcus' corpse refinement technique, [Lord Creator]. Though Dyon didn't bother to comprehend any of it, he had skimmed through its covers long ago. Memorizing a technique was as easy as breathing for him, even if it was of the Divine Grade.

Chenglei was stunned into silence before his uproarious laughter shook the skies. As a wielder of Death God Body, how could he not understand the significance of such a technique? With it, his corpse refining abilities would be brought to an entirely new level.

In the distance, the Shruti Army felt awkward, a deep shame taking root in their hearts as they listen to human and dragon chatting away with one another.

They had just been scared out of their wits, yet the battle was won without them lifting a single finger. How could they feel anything but shame?

To make matters worse, the adorable little cauldron on Dyon's shoulder seemed to turn toward them, its lid steaming with disdain. Then, it turned around and wiggled what they could only assume was its butt. Their already red faces could only turn a deeper crimson.

Sensing a presence behind him, Dyon turned to see Emperor Shruti and Atlas. At first he wondered why they were so far away and why they were struggling so much, but then he remembered that he was still standing on Chenglei's head.

Chenglei's yellow reptilian eyes shifted slightly as his snake-like body turned.

Snorting with disdain, he went to return to Dyon's inner world. "If you want to ally with people, you should find Clans with some actual strength. If you ask me, this so-called Atlas and Shruti Empire would be better off as vassal states if all they're going to do it mooch.

"Call me when there's bone to grind. Oh, and do send those corpses in." He finished happily.

With that, the massive beast disappeared, as did its constant suppression of the area.

Though the two Emperors felt bitter toward the Dragon's words, they couldn't deny that they felt much better without his presence pressing down their souls.

"I want to thank Sir Sacharro for helping my Shruti Empire. I don't have much to repay you with, but please make your demands. My Shruti Empire has never been ungrateful."

Having witnessed Dyon's power personally, Emperor Shruti suddenly understood that this man was very humble. He had every right to trample across their Shruti Empire as he pleased, but he actually pretended as though they were on equal footing yesterday.

Dyon descended from the skies, facing the two Emperors with a light smile on his face.

"Like I said, I came here at the request of my little cousin to repay a debt. Also, don't mind Chenglei's words, he's just a bit abrasive. Though I won't lie – I do prefer if your Clans come under our banner – still, I won't force you to do so.

"If you'd like to repay me, allow me to take what remains of the Kitsune Clan's population. As for the territory, you can have it."

The two Emperors looked at each other after hearing these words.

"We accept." They both said without hesitation.

In truth, they felt like they were taking advantage of Dyon. The greatest trouble in controlling territory was managing the people under it. But now Dyon was suddenly giving them all of the territory and taking all the troubles that would have come with it, how could they not accept?

What they didn't know was that Dyon held back on them quite a bit.

Even if they took over the kitsune universes, how long would it take them to find their universe spirits? Thousands? Tens of thousands?

With a simple call to Researcher Ton, Dyon could have the appropriate coordinates in just a few days. Then, it would at most take him a few weeks to conquer all over 30 kitsune universes.

But, obviously, Emperor Shruti and Atlas had no idea about this. Since they hadn't agreed to become his vassal states, why would he help them out more than he already had?

The universe spirits would definitely hide from them just like the universe spirit of the Five Beast Clan Alliance did to Dyon. Even if they interrogated the kitsune elders, it wouldn't be any help.

As for the kitsune's population, after Dyon cleansed the top Clan elders, controlling them would be easy.

Why? Because he had not only been grooming the heirs and heiress of the Jikan, Void and Heaven Clans for several decades already, but he also had Kawa and Ri, both of whom controlled Faith Seeds of their Supreme Kitsune Clans.

Simply put, Dyon's threshold toward controlling the hearts of their people was far lower than it would be for others.

This wasn't all either, there was something else Dyon was excited about.

Now that he was a Star Lord with the [Dao of Array Alchemy] under his control, he had the ability to cleanse bloodlines by a certain extent. If more eight and nine tail kitsune began to be born, they'd begin to display the true prowess of a Supreme grade beast Clan once more.

On top of this, some nine tails could be selected to take the Fate Breaking Pill and become Celestial Foxes. The potential of this kitsune clan population was no less than that of the elves.

After these matters were settled, Dyon turned his attention to what remained of the Legions.

Subduing them without their Commanders was as easy as breathing for him. Aside from telling Chenglei to leave the Crimson Lion Legion alone, he let him do whatever he pleased with the other four.

"... You have no idea who you've offended."

Four, who lay on the ground too injured to move, sneered as she looked up toward Dyon, a clear defiance on her delicate features.

"Oh? You mean the Transcendent Beast Alliance? Do I look like I care?"

Four's brows visibly trembled. She really hadn't expected Dyon to know.

Chapter 1838: Disgust

"I hear your Humming Sparrow Clan is quite good. How unfortunate, I promised Chenglei the Sparrow Legion, but it seems you really did come alone."

Four glared at Dyon. "Even if you know about this connection, it wasn't them I was referring to. Do you believe someone who can gain my acknowledgement despite being so weak is a normal person? The person you shouldn't have offended is my Kaori!"

"Is that so? I seem to have a habit of offending weak bodied geniuses. The last one who offended me had her Clan run out of the tower quadrants..."

"Don't tell me, let me guess. Along with Aritzia Sapientia, Kaori Void is one of the top 3 most intelligent minds of the Mortal Plane. I should be quaking in my boots waiting for their revenge, is that correct?"

Four's eyelashes trembled, suddenly feeling an insurmountable aura coming from this man kneeling by her injured body.

Suddenly, Dyon's black mask sunk into his face, revealing a visage handsome beyond words. Unfortunately, the dark, sinister light in his eyes forced those who gazed upon him to be unable to appreciate it, they would instead be filled with an endless ocean of dread.

The trembling of Four's body grew fiercer. That face, she knew it too well. No, anyone of the tower quadrants knew it.

How was this possible?! How could it be him?!

No, if this is true...

Tears of rage and unwillingness filled Four's eyes. Her emotions were so fierce that the veins coursing through her body turned a deep black, making her once beautiful features turn ghastly and unsightly.

Unfortunately, Dyon was here alone. In this Gate, there was only him, her, and a silently waiting Saru and Brahman in the distance. Even the Shruti Army had already left to begin slowly conquering Kitsune territory. There was no one else to witness this scene before her.

"Let me tell you something before you become my Dragon's prized corpse puppet." Dyon's piercing gaze bore into her body. "I don't know who made that list of genius minds, but they should consider remaking it. Don't you think it's embarrassing that two of your top three fell to me because they weren't smart enough...?"

A deep chuckle left Dyon's lips. "... If they were as intelligent as you all say... Shouldn't they know not to offend me?"

Dyon's finger touched Four's forehead. She instantly felt that her soul was being ripped from her body, but there was nothing she could do to fight it.

Her last thoughts were ones of despair.

If the face she saw was real and not an illusion, her beloved Kaori stood no chance.

For him to grow so fast... No one stood a chance...

...

Dyon swept Four's corpse into his spatial ring after scouring the information in her mind.

It seemed that the reason the Sparrow Legion hadn't come was because there was no Sparrow Legion in the tower quadrants at all.

Four was actually a Princess of not the Beast Protection Association, but of the Transcendent Beast Alliance.

Though the Dhino Subspecies controlled 50% of the Transcendent Beast Alliance, they obviously weren't a cohesive whole. They were, after all, a subspecies, not a Clan. There were many different cultures and goals within their masses.

As such, there was room for many other powerful Clans to exist. One such Clan was the Humming Sparrow Clan where Four originated from. They could be considered one of the least powers of the Alliance, controlling about five or so quadrants alone.

It was a shame that Kaori overestimated Dyon.

What he said was true. In order to keep a low profile, although BPA had cards in almost every quadrant, and knew where the universe spirits of most of them were already, they hadn't made a move to conquer them just yet.

This made sense. After all, the Transcendent Beast Alliance was the weakest of the five outer powers, just a margin weaker than the Devil Quadrants. Though suddenly taking over these territories would net them a massive boon of Faith, it would also alert the other Outer Quadrants, giving them a reason to come together and split their territory amongst themselves.

Though the tower quadrants might be ignorant to the true roots of BPA, but outer quadrants weren't so stupid. The only reason they had let it go to this point was because the Transcendent Beast Alliance did

have a right to protect their fellow beasts, but that didn't mean they'd be allowed to go as far as strengthening themselves with their territory.

Due to this, Kaori was careful about Faith and played his cards sparingly. In the end, he decided it was safest to battle within the Gates instead of potentially being met with Faith stronger than they could handle. He was essentially hedging for the possibility that their opponent was also from the outer quadrants.

Unfortunately, his bet was incorrect. Had Dyon had to fight against Four's Faith, even though he now controlled 131 universes, he would still fall very short.

One had to remember that he technically only had the Faith of 98 universes right now. In addition, though the Transcendent Beast Alliance only had Moon Grade Faith and not the Sapientia's Planet Grade Faith, and were also an Alliance instead of a single Clan, Four was a Peak Dao Realm expert, not a Higher Celestial like Oshire.

All in all, Dyon was correct. Technically, Kaori's choice was the smartest. But, he made the same mistake Aritzia had except this time, in the opposite direction. While the latter underestimated him, the former overestimated him!

Wasn't it too sad to have such 'genius minds' make such fundamental mistakes?

This was all essentially to say that Four's Sparrow Legion wasn't here because she wasn't technically meant to be here either.

She was a genius of the Humming Sparrow Clan. At less than 20 000 years old, she had stepped into the 11th Dao Realm. They had more than just high hopes in her, they felt like her genius could raise their Clan to the level of the Sapientia.

Unfortunately, she fell in love and died here for a man who didn't blink twice in abandoning her.

The disgust in Dyon's heart spilled over.

Chapter 1839: Not Yet

If Kaori had no feelings for this Princess, it would be one thing. But according to her memories, Kaori would affectionately call her Allaleya when they were alone, and even in public, he couldn't bear to call her Four, so he called her Ms. Humming.

It was either Kaori had feelings for this woman and still fled, or, he never had feelings for her at all and only sought to use her status to give himself power.

No matter which one was true, Dyon couldn't feel anything but disgust.

Even if he felt that he was too weak to face Dyon, with the spatial disk in his hand, saving one more person wouldn't have been impossible. Though not guaranteed, he would have had a 60% likelihood of succeeding. But, he actually threw away such an option to save a woman who loved him because he felt his life was worth more than the risk.

"He really deserves to die." Dyon's gaze turned cold.

Before the last wisp of Allaleya's soul was taken by his [Devour], Dyon suddenly felt bad for this woman who loved such a useless man.

In the end, he wrapped the last wisp in star qi and let it hover within his Mind's Eye.

Even when her life was ending, she still called that man 'my Kaori'. It was clear she didn't hate him for his decision at all. It seemed love wasn't always rational.

Dyon wasn't sure what to do with her, but at least keep her last bit of lifeforce like this meant that the Humming Sparrow Clan wouldn't be alerted to her death. This would give him so breathing room.

After settling things, Dyon returned to Saru and Brahman. The former still had a sweet smile on her face, but the former looked on with an exceptionally complicated gaze.

Finally, unable to bear it, he sunk to his knees and kowtowed, laying down his pride and accepting Dyon as his master.

...

Dyon grinned. "What a shameless disciple. You see how many treasures your master has and now you want to recognize me quickly to get your hands on some, is that it?"

Surprisingly, Brahman stood, his delicate blue eyes sparkling. "Yes!"

Dyon started laughing uncontrollably.

"My fifth lesson to you was going to be that shamelessness is good, but it seems I don't have to teach you this."

"Master! I want to grow as strong as you." Brahman's gloomy appearance had seemingly disappeared, causing Saru to giggle.

Her and Brahman had a bit of an estranged relationship, but when they were youthful and ignorant, they could have been considered good friends. The Brahman she knew was exactly like this. Willing to do whatever it took to win. Even when they were playing simple card games he would cheat if it meant victory.

As for the gloomy Brahman, he didn't appear until he grew old enough to understand the struggles of his grandfather.

Dyon smiled. Though he had understood Pjisel's talents long before he took him in as a disciple, Brahman was a bit of a mystery to him. He just instinctually felt he should take him on as a disciple. As for why, even he didn't know the reason.

For all his life, he had felt this subtle feeling, pulling him to do certain things as though this inner voice was certain it was the correct path. In fact, some of these choices seemed wrong on the surface, only for them to work out perfectly in the end.

Dyon remembered clearly that one of the first times he felt this feeling was when he met Madeleine. Then it happened again when he met Ri. Then, for some reason, Clara, who he hadn't felt that pull toward before, when he met her again, he felt the same inescapable attraction. This last one was the most baffling to him...

Dyon found himself recently having to ignore this pull when it came to women. He felt it had been appeared too often lately... Luckily, it wasn't just for his wives this happened for either.

When he was first choosing his secondary profession at Focus Academy, he felt that pull. When he catalyzed his master's blood essence to form the Florence Clan's Humanoid manifestation, he had felt that pull. When he was choosing his Constitutions, he felt that pull once more.

How was it that he managed to randomly select his true manifestation out of a sea of thousands, while Clara didn't manage to do the same?

Most recently, he felt that pull again when he chose to let Lionel, Eve and Chenglei live. Then again when he chose Pjisel as a disciple. Then once more, right now, as he was taking on Brahman as a disciple.

Whatever that instinctual pull was, it had always helped him and never harmed him... If this pull was just an innate ability of Dyon himself, then it was good. But... If he was on someone else's puppet string, that was something Dyon would never accept.

His inner gaze couldn't help but turn his nascent soul.

Most of the time, Dyon subconsciously forgot this miniature version of himself even existed. What he still didn't understand to this day was how he didn't realize it was there until Lillianna tried to kill him?

Dyon had been able to look into his Mind's Eye ever since he was a student at Focus Academy, so how had he neglected something so important? And why was it that its existence seemed to slip his mind so often? As though it wanted him to forget that it was there...?

Dyon shivered, suddenly remembering something Jade had done to him.

Jade knew how intelligent he was and that if he was left to his own devices, he would comprehend her true identity quickly. So, taking control of The Seal, she blocked his ability to think so far, thus protecting him from the time will backlash until he was strong enough.

It was a level of sealing too deep for Dyon to comprehend. It was as though the answer was right before him, but he wasn't allowed to think about it, comprehend it, or even reflect on the path leading up to it. Even when Dyon tried to probe his nascent soul now, a strong feeling told him he shouldn't, causing every attempt to end in no attempt at all. Then he forgot about ever having made an attempt at all...

It was no wonder he had hardly felt the effects of his dao heart. Other than helping him cultivate faster, it hardly responded to him at all.

Dyon shook his head, his eyes suddenly becoming vacant. He suddenly couldn't remember what he had just been thinking about, a completely novel feeling to him.

What he didn't know was that this was not only not the first time, but it was the several hundredth time that day alone. Yet, Dyon never noticed. Despite thinking these same exact things every say, thousands of times a day, for every day since his nascent soul appeared before him, he didn't remember at all.

Not only did he not remember, he completely missed the flash in Saru's reflective sapphire eyes in his distraction.

'Even if we come to know... You can't know yet.' Saru thought silently.

Chapter 1840: Aunty

There wasn't any sinister intention in her eyes. In fact, there was a deep sense of reminiscence and happiness, as though there was no one else's side she would rather be by.

Having forgotten his train of thought, Dyon remembered Brahman's last words and grinned.

"Too bad. As punishment for slighting your master, not only will you not receive treasures, I'll train you until your marrow hurts.

"If I recall correct, in the last day, you've cursed me 5408 times. Don't worry, I have a beautiful punishment ready for each and every one."

Brahman's handsome features paled under Dyon's laughter. He seemed to be enjoying his new role as a master a bit too much. But such was the cycle of life, pain he had gone through, he had the obligation to pass along.

"Come, let's go, I haven't seen my little girl in too long."

...

"Daddy!"

Dyon smiled widely, sweeping the little girl into his arms. Though he was still in his mask, Little Alauna saw through him immediately. In fact, it wasn't just her, Dyon was sure Saru also recognized him immediately.

It seemed he was correct in showing a bit of prudence and not taking Amphorae and Madeleine with him. There were some things that were too unpredictable.

"Cool! Cool!" Alauna's favorite color had always been purple, seeing her dad's hair turn violet, she couldn't have been happier. It was as though two things she loved suddenly became one, making them even better.

Little Alauna was almost four years old now, so she was quickly growing. Luckily, she was still attached to Dyon so he wasn't too heart broken over this. That said, if his little girl ever went through a phase where she hated even the sight of his face, he would be too pained to live anymore.

Still, listening to Alauna regale him with tales of her adventures, he felt too content to think about such a potential depressing future.

"... And then Momma Amphorae showed me her wings! They're so pretty! And then – Oh, hello!"

Little Alauna finally noticed that Saru was standing by Dyon's side with a light smile on her face, patiently waiting as though she was expecting the little girl to finally notice her presence.

"Daddy, who is this?"

"This is Saru, she's a Princess too, just like you."

Little Alauna's eyes sparkled as she looked toward Saru with great interest. She seemed to want to peer into all of Saru's secrets with a single glance.

Dyon found this behavior quite odd. This wouldn't be Alauna's normal reaction, but he didn't think too much about it.

"Where's your kingdom, Big Sister Saru? Can I visit?" Alauna asked excitedly.

Saru smiled. "It's not very far. In fact, it's right next to yours. Right now it's not too convenient to visit, but after things settle down, Little Princess Alauna is more than welcome to visit.

"Also, you can call me Aunty Saru."

Dyon choked on air. He had to turn his face away so as not to cough spittle onto Alauna's small, chubby little face.

Had all his years of slowly coming to understand women been for nothing? There was a woman who existed that would rather be called aunty than big sister? What was happening? And why was he having such a mental crisis about this?

It wasn't just him. In the distance, Pjisel and Brahman felt their understanding of the world shatter.

Currently, Pjisel was sitting in the middle of countless piles of biology related textbooks and research papers, a pained expression on his face.

As for Brahman, his pain was no less, if not more. He was planking over a trench of black flames that stretched from the very tip of his toes to his elbow, beads of sweat continuously falling down his brow.

Every time a drop fell from his body and into the flames below, they would crackle, sending a small ember upward to heat the armor on his torso.

And this was only the first punishment! How was he supposed to survive 5407 more?!

If it was a normal plank, it would be fine. But, Dyon had formed him an armor of Dwarf's Diamond, one of the hardest and heaviest substances of the entire mortal plane! He had several hundred thousand jin on his body right now!

To make matters worse, before this began, Dyon force fed him a pill that washed away all of his cultivation. And though that pill turned his dispersed qi into bodily strength, there were many things the energy path could do that the body path could not.

For example, qi was far better at regulating body temperature. Also, it was qi that helped one's body go long periods of time without food, but a stronger body only made one hungrier.

So not only could he not stop himself from feeling excessively hot, his grumbling stomach also wouldn't stop! This experience made what should have been the beautiful paradise at the back of Soul Palace a living hell.

He wanted to shed tears, but every time he tried, they dried up in an instant.

Yet, even in this situation, when he heard Saru's words, he almost collapsed despite the heat.

"Aunty?" Little Alauna tilted her head in confusion. "But big sister is so young!"

Saru smiled. "It's okay." She reached forward, lightly pinching Little Alauna's chubby cheeks.

Seeing that the little girl was still hesitant, Saru's spatial ring flashed, bringing out a slice of cake. But, if one thought it was normal, they'd be furiously kicked out of the room.

Since when could a normal cake have a shining halo around it?

"Tell you what. If you call me aunty from now on, I'll let you eat all of delicious food you want."

Alauna's hazel green eyes lit up. Not only had she inherited some of her father's looks, but she had especially inherited his love of food. She didn't even hesitate before accepting.

"Okay! Okay! Thank you, Aunty Saru!"

Dyon's confusion deepened to a realm he had never been to before. Why were Saru's delicate features filled with so much satisfaction?