

## **The Nameless 1841**

Chapter 1841: Maybe...

Dyon gave Saru a weird look, but all he got in response was a smile. In fact, in all his distraction, his precious little girl was swept away by Saru.

"Ah..." Dyon raised a finger as Alauna's adorable little figure was snatched from him, but in the end he sighed and put it down.

In truth, it had only been a day and a half since he last saw Little Alauna, but he enjoyed spending time with his daughter. Seeing her taken away by a pastry succubus holding a plate of cake made his chest ache. But he didn't have the heart to snatch Alauna back, her smile was too bright after she took her first bite.

He had clearly lost this round, so he instead focused his attention to his two disciples.

Sensing his gaze, Brahman and Pjisel involuntarily shivered, tears moistening their sad eyes.

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Dyon's inner world had expanded to the point where it was difficult for him to see to the end of it. Though it was smaller than Earth before it became The Entity's prison, it was still about the size of a small planet now. The only difference was that it wasn't rounded, but was, instead, flat.

At its center, Dyon's manifestation stood tall, its eyes closed. It seemed to have a life of its own, yet it never tired.

Below its feet, six Primordial Yin surrounded a larger Primordial Yang, bobbing gently and wafting an ancient aura.

Not much had changed in Dyon's inner world aside from its size... That is, except for one thing.

The once blue skies were blanketed with two massive pulsing arrays. One was etched with black and white crystals, giving it both a gentle and oppressive presence. The other was a crackling shrine of golden lightning. Every so often, a vicious bolt would descend from its large body, attempting to strike the ground below. But, this seemed to magically cause no damage at all to Dyon's inner world.

After entering the Dao Realm, Dyon's inner world began to manifest some of its core abilities. Though this was true, according to his Grand Teacher, [Inner World: Sanctuary] didn't prove why it was the undisputed greatest cultivation technique ever created until one transcended.

Still, that didn't mean it couldn't display its strength within a mortal. In fact, it already had.

To truly understand the heaven defying nature of Dyon's inner world, one must first understand a True Domain.

Upon entering the celestial realm, one became capable of forming a Pseudo Domain. In this space, depending on the path chosen, one had greater strength and control over their surroundings. However, this strength is incredibly limited and doesn't display shocking power until it evolves into a True Domain.

When Dyon fought the Sapientia Ancestor, because he had grasped a True Domain, Dyon wasn't even capable of controlling the qi within his own body. This was how powerful the comprehension of a True Domain was.

The most mind-numbing part of this was that Oshire's body was too weak for the Sapientia Ancestor to release his True Domain, yet it was still so powerful!

In the end, Dyon was only able to counter this by comprehending Star Qi. The reason this protected him was linked to the basis of Array Alchemy.

One had to remember that Array Alchemy's true purpose was to create. Using its power, one could construct all things, even the living. Even back when Dyon had a mere Master Grade soul, he had already been capable of forming weak life forms like common grade plants.

Star Qi, as the highest level of mortal grade qi, enshrouded Dyon in a protection the Ancestor was no longer capable of budging. Its level of control was too high.

Still, an astute individual would realize the problem here. Even before Dyon battled the Ancestor, many had been shocked when he released his inner world, unable to understand how a mere celestial could form a True Domain.

Since Dyon had a True Domain of his own, and had even released it at that point, how did the Ancestor affect him so profoundly?

The answer was simple. True Domain were separated into several grades of their own and no two were created equal.

When Dyon lost his dao heart to his chaos flames and went to visit The Entity, he saw its world then too... The only difference was that The Entity didn't call it a Domain, it called it its Origin Source.

Back then, Dyon had said that The Entity's Origin Source was too complex. It was so complex, in fact, that Dyon could only glance at it for a split of a split second before his mind felt like it was collapsing.

However, these matters are irrelevant for now. What was important was that this True Domain was a root that laid the foundation for the greatest strength a Transcendent could wield. The Origin Source!

And Dyon's inner world? It was the greatest foundation of them all.

[Inner World: Sanctuary] wouldn't gift its users some oppressively overpowered Origin Source. No, instead it allowed one to continuously build and refine one's foundation. Even after Dyon transcended, he would be able to turn back to his roots and add more strength and comprehension to it.

It was akin to gaining the ability to travel to the past and correct every mistake you had ever made.

The benefit of this wasn't obvious now... and, there were currently only two looming dao arrays in the skies... but in the future, the strength of his inner world would shock the Mortal Plane. And maybe... even the Immortal Plane.

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Dyon smiled lightly as his projection stood in his inner world. After collecting his thoughts, he moved forward toward his destination, soon reaching a small part of his world where he happened to house prisoners.

'This world is really nothing but endless green grass... I should do something about that, it doesn't feel right like this.'

Other than the Pulse Trees and the Heaven's Selfless Breath tea leaves Dyon planted from the Golden Flame Mystical World, there really was nothing but endless green grass here. He felt like he was missing a great opportunity.

#### Chapter 1842: Shock

Since he could control every aspect of this world, and considering the fact he could place a Planet Grade Array here, he decided that he should let Eli expand his garden using his inner world. If the two of them worked together, they could theoretically create the most perfect conditions for any variety of spiritual herb.

Though it was always sunny and warm here, if Dyon wanted, it could become a land of snow or a desert or even an endless ocean.

The issue would be that these projections wouldn't have any real power to them, they would be no different from lands one found on mortal planets like the previous Earth. Though a mortal might feel trepidation toward the cold of a place like Antarctica, even a Foundation Realm cultivator could spend their life there without so much as a sniffle.

Since Dyon hadn't comprehended any ice wills, it was useless to project his world as an ice land. This logic was the same for a land of water as well. The desert was a bit more intriguing because of his fire dao, but Dyon felt that this wasn't the best use for it either.

After entering the Dao Realm, Dyon gained the ability to use his True Domain to its utmost effectiveness, so he was now thinking about these things.

The reason behind the two massive arrays in the sky was that only these two comprehensions of Dyon had reached the minimum requirements for use by [Inner World: Sanctuary]. So, he was currently considering how to change his world to take advantage of fire and lightning.

This was the strength of the greatest cultivation technique ever created! Endless flexibility!

"You all can stop hiding now. I don't know why you bother, you know well that I can see everything in this world."

This place was quant and minimalistic, but it wasn't inhumane. Several simple brick homes of a couple hundred square feet each stood before Dyon.

Soon, five figures appeared.

Three of them were individuals that hadn't been seen in a while.

The eight golden tailed Masako Heaven. The seven silver tailed Gin Jikan. And finally, the castrated and nine black tailed Aki Void.

Well, Gin was no longer seven tailed and had regained the eighth tail he sacrificed to seal Dyon's movement all those years ago, but judging by the apathetic expression on his face, he was neither grateful nor hateful about this.

After so many years of being locked up by Dyon, forced to do nothing but endlessly train, they lost much of the motivation they had in their youth.

They had no idea why Dyon had kept them all this time and even invested so much into them, but they didn't even have the energy to hate anymore.

No matter how fast their cultivation was, Dyon always seemed to be several times faster.

Currently, they had all stepped into the Lower Dao Realm, but they still felt like Dyon hardly had to lift a single finger to kill them all. This was especially so since they were in Dyon's inner world. Even a Higher Existence would have to bow in here.

This said, their current cultivation wasn't too shocking if one thought about.

When Dyon went to Chaos Universe, they had obviously been within his inner world. So, the extra 70 to 80 or so years Dyon gained, they gained as well. However, the difference was fairly large.

For one, while Dyon was cultivation in the chaotic atmosphere, they had the calm and stable atmosphere of his inner world. So, they were unaffected by the increased difficulty of cultivation.

Second, Dyon's inner world had a Spiritual Vein he allowed them to cultivate on, making their cultivation speed even faster.

And thirdly, Dyon had progressed from the Comet Lord realm to the Star Lord realm in all these years, as such, the pills he provided them continuously grew in quality and effect.

In total, they had spent what amounted to almost 100 years here. If they couldn't reach the Dao Realm with so much support, they wouldn't deserve the title of Supreme Grade Beast.

The only reason Dyon hadn't used them to now was because he still wasn't sure what to do with them. They wouldn't have made a big difference in the quadrant war anyway. But now, he felt like his investment had paid off. They were about to be greatly useful.

As for the final two individuals... They were none other than Lionel and Eve. And, unlike the apathetic expressions of the kitsune geniuses, their eyes still smoldered with rage.

"It's about time that the three of you became useful to me." Dyon ignored the married couple, focusing instead on the kitsune. "Your Kitsune Quadrant has been conquered and soon an influx of your people will join my Mortal Alliance.

"I'll be appointing you three as the figure heads of the kitsune race. You will help them to organize themselves and build strength. Perform well and your Supreme Kitsune Clans will rise above anything they ever accomplished before."

The first feeling the three kitsune geniuses felt was shock.

Their territory had been conquered? How? When? How could 100 years be enough to force their downfall?

Of course, to them, at least that amount of time had passed. They had no idea Dyon went to Chaos Universe, so their perception of time was a bit different to the real matter of things.

Afterward, they felt incredibly complex.

Somewhere in their hearts they knew that Dyon couldn't possibly be training them to such an extent for no reason, but even then, they weren't certain. That caused a slight hint of happiness to enter their hearts, there was even a bit of gratefulness.

If psychologists of Dyon's world knew about this, they would most definitely label it as a symptom of Stockholm's Syndrome.

On the other hand, though, they felt bitter. This was their home, after all.

"What... What happened?" Masako mustered up her courage. These were probably the first words she had spoken in decades. Even to Aki and Gin, she hadn't said a word.

Chapter 1843: Bet

Of the three, she arguably suffered the worst trauma. Back then, she had had her throat pierced and torn apart by Dyon. If it wasn't for her bloodline's innate vitality and that Dyon saved her, she would have crossed death's door.

She wasn't like Dyon who experienced death countless times during the Fifth Trial, her mind was far more fragile, so it affected her even now despite her vast power improvement.

"Kaori Void allied with the Beast Protection Association but lost the key battle to me. Your grand elders died, so the pillars of strength that held up your Supreme Kitsune Clans are now gone. With Kaori fleeing and BPA no longer able to help, your universes are being swiftly conquered by the Shruti as we speak."

Waves of emotion crossed the eyes of the three kitsune. Hearing his father's name, Aki's fists couldn't help but clench. His existence was obviously far more impactful to him than the Grand Elder's were...

This was the world of cultivation, often times, even ten generations could exist at once, but the greatest relationships would be maintained by more immediate family members. Those who were more powerful tended to distance themselves over time from the younger generation, it saved them the possibility of pain down the line.

Grand Elder Void was Kaori's grandfather, so that obviously made him Aki's great grandfather. Considering how many countless kin Grand Elder Void had, even though Aki was the most outstanding, their relationship wasn't very deep. So even after hearing his great grandfather died, his emotions only fluctuated slightly.

In fact, hearing that his father escaped, he sighed a breath of relief.

"There's always the possibility of summoning your Ancestors I guess, but if that happens I'll be sure to appear. And, even with this said, I don't think there's anyone left in your Clan with the lineage to awaken them." Dyon finished casually.

"Why are you using us... Why don't you just use Alexandria." Aki asked plainly.

"My wife is busy. In case you didn't know, she's the Queen of the Elves. And, for reasons you must know, she hates your Supreme Kitsune Clan with a burning passion, not only for what they did to her, but also for what they did to her mother. I'm sure I don't need to explain any further."

Dyon's cold retort caused Aki to tremble. He didn't dare say or ask any more.

"You three will be figure heads, but the true Matriarch will be my mother-in-law. She has awakened her Celestial Fox bloodline, and I trust her more than you three, so you will be under her command."



"What?!" The three kitsune geniuses felt that their world had collapsed.

The legend of the Celestial Fox wasn't just a casual mention in Kitsune Lore, it was practically their God, their Guardian Deity. Hearing Dyon mention it so casually made them feel like he didn't understand what his words truly meant.

Yes, that had to be it. He was simply speaking too casually. Right...?

Dyon didn't bother to answer and casually waved his hand, sending the three of them out toward Clara. She would allow them to pick an allocated land and begin to help them prepare for the mass migration that was about to occur. Luckily, with Planet Grade arrays, it would be much easier.

In addition, using that method, Dyon would be able to hide much of these matters from the Federation.

In the end, the only two left were the seething Lionel and Eve.

"I've told you two once before, but you're too powerful and too useful for me to not make use of. I could kill you, but it would be too much of a waste."

The two grit their teeth, but remained silent.

"For you, your situation is much better than your wife. Your mother and father are here, your little sister is here, and all grown up without an elder brother. I've obviously treated them.

"The matters of the past are your fault, I'm sure you understand this most clearly. And, after relying on your wife for so long, I'm also sure you're no longer as arrogant as you once were."

Dyon turned to Eve.

"Your adoptive mother coldly slaughter tens of billions of people with a casual swipe of her finger. To you, her life might be worth more than all of theirs, but to me, such thoughts are worse than disgusting. No matter how useful you are to me, no matter how much you do for me, I will never release her.

"However..." Dyon sneered. "... If you're feeling confident in yourself, I don't mind giving you power. You can grow as strong as you want as fast as you want. In fact, soon, I'll have a breakthrough in my comprehension of my Wings of Blessings, and I'll be able to fix the injury to your foundation."

Eve's pupils constricted.

All those years ago, in order to help Lionel achieve his tall ambitions, she gave her virginity to him even knowing that she cultivated a technique that would punish her heavily for giving up her Primordial Yin to another before the dao realm.

All these years later, that crack in her foundation was still there. As a result, she could only use 5% of what her true strength should be, maybe even less. This was how devastating her choice back then was.

"Our contract is simple, you will work for me to the utmost of your abilities. You can use my resources as you please to grow your strength. If there comes a day where you surpass me, I'll happily die at your hands."

Dyon's meaning was clear. Eve was restricted from scheming to kill him, but as long as she could do so in a clean duel between the two of them, he would allow it without complaint.

But the contempt in his eyes was clear to the point of lighting a fiercer fire within Eve. She could almost hear his thoughts speaking out to her.

'Who are you to ever think of defeating me...?'

No... That wasn't it... Those were just the surface thoughts.... In reality it was...

'There's no one in existence who I've already surpassed who can even dream of one day defeating me!'

Unbridled arrogance... unbridled to the point of casually betting his life on it!

## Chapter 1844: Blessing

"Mm.... mm mm... hm..."

Dyon held Madeleine's waist close to his torso, so closely in fact that it was as though he was determined to meld her body into his own.

A faint translucent liquid fell from between her legs, and considering the panties hung from a single slender leg's ankle to the side, there was nothing left between it and the floor below.

Madeleine could feel Dyon deep inside of her, but their movements were shallow and intimate. If it wasn't for the slow grinding rotation of their hips, one would almost think that nothing too lewd was occurring.

A part of her yearned for the speed to increase, but another enjoyed Dyon's gentle but firm caressing. The feeling of his body pressed flush against hers, of his hard, toned torso opened to her every touch and pleasure, it filled her with an endless contentment.

'You really want me to represent the Flaming Lily Sect and not the Mortal Alliance?'

Madeleine's sweet voice filled Dyon's mind. She couldn't bear to remove her lips from his, to untangle her tongue from his own, so she simply sent her voice in this way.

When Dyon came to ambush she had been dealing with Sapiencia related matters in their new large territory. As much as Dyon wanted to, he couldn't just ship all Sapiencias out. He could only force them to destroy their glasses after he took hold of all their means of possible communication with the main Clan.

Plus, he was beginning to feel that his prejudice against the Sapiencia might lead to results he wouldn't like to see the fruit of. It reminded him too much of racial bias. If he allowed that sort of mentality to seep into his Mortal Alliance, it would fester uncontrollably. This wasn't something Dyon wanted to see.

Since only key Sapientia were at fault, Dyon decided to only punish them and slowly integrate the rest into his society. The Sapientia were cultivating talents of their own, the only reason this wasn't displayed was because of the strict neutrality they imposed. Maybe if Dyon could change this, they could become a strong fighting force for him.

Plus, the Sapientia housed a wealth of knowledge. Dyon would never assume himself to be infallible. Their contributions to the Mortal Library would be indispensable.

In the end, Madeleine's role became leading them much like Ri took hold of the elves, Amphorae took hold of the Pakals, and Clara oversaw the mortals.

Though, Amphorae was quite reluctant to do much at all for the Pakals. Unfortunately, the Demon Sage was still rebuilding his body. And since he needed to share the Soul Tome with Esmeralda, Dyon's master, it was taking some time. So, she had no one to pawn off this job to because Caedlum was still too weak.

Suddenly, Madeleine felt the heated rod within her tremble.

Dyon pulled out much further than he had to now before thrusting forward firmly.

Madeleine gasped, biting Dyon's lips and clutching his neck.

'It seems that if you still have the time to think about other things, my skills must be dulling.'

Dyon inwardly grinned, teasing Madeleine.

Truly, thinking about the Flaming Lily Sect while being intimate with your husband? This sort of slight couldn't be taken lying down.

For the next few hours, Madeleine felt Dyon's wrath. She felt like a tiny boat amid an ocean of waves, unable to even breathe, let alone think about other things.

By the time Dyon finished venting his frustration, releasing his pent up 'anger' within his wife, she lay boneless in his arms.

Dyon had gotten so carried away that the two had been standing the whole time. Or rather, he had been standing. As for Madeleine, her limbs weakly wrapped around him as though she was only there for the ride.

Her eyes fluttered close weakly as rested her head on Dyon's shoulder.

"I've been getting weekly treatments from Eilei, maybe it won't be too long before I too give you a child."

Eilei was Donari's mother, the wielder of the Fruit of Life constitution.

As Dyon noted before, her talents extended past just allowing her children to gain great talent. In addition to this, she could increase the fertility of cultivators as well. Such a talent was invaluable, especially for the Dream Panthers.

Unfortunately, she had two major weaknesses.

Just like her son Donari with his Assassin's Symphony constitution, Fruit of Life had three grades as well. It could manifest at the God, Heaven and Earth Grades.

Obviously, by the tone of this news, it was clear that Eilei had manifested the weakest Earth Grade. And, unlike Donari's constitution which could constantly improve with killing, Eilei's progression path wasn't so simple. Though it wasn't impossible, it might as well be.

But the second issue was even more potent. Eilei's Fruit of Life constitution manifested with Soul Cultivation. Like Dyon's Titan Diamond Body did with body cultivation and Ava's Silver Mirror Constitution did for energy cultivation.

What did this mean?

Having grown up under The Cathedral's influence, in order to hide her soul talent, Eilei's soul was purposely crippled in her youth. In addition, because her constitution had never been fully awakened, she experienced decades of having a weak, crippled body and poor energy cultivation.

After noticing her talent thanks to the Soul Tags, Dyon began paying special attention to her development, even using the Soul Tome to heal her soul, but even though her talent had recovered, it would still take her time to progress.

Simply put, though Madeleine saw hope in Dyon's seed taking root, it would be unlikely even if Eilei managed to enter the Dao Realm. The husband-wife pair was simply far too talented.

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Dyon had several God and Heaven Grade constitutions within him, and Madeleine herself had a God Constitution. This also didn't mention the massive change in Dyon's body after regaining his energy cultivation talent.

One only needs to look toward the mortals to understand. In recent years, their fertility rate had plummeted. Though those older mortals who had permanently lost their talent gave birth just fine, the new generation was struggling to do so.

Thanks to Clara and the Soul Tags, Dyon had up to date numbers on all of these matters. Their extraordinary talent actually came with such a strong weakness.

In a way, having their talent sealed away was actually a blessing.

Chapter 1845: I'm Sure...

Currently, there were billions of energy talent nodes within the energy kernel, but that was only possible because their fertility rate rose after their talent was snatched away.

Essentially, The Entity had actually helped the mortals raise their population to this level. If not for him, they would be lucky to have a Clan population in the tens of thousands after so many generations.

This was normal for the peak humanoid race of an era. The elves, angels, and titans had all had poor fertility. Even the weaker version of the elves today did. So this wasn't surprising.

Still, though Dyon was aware of this, he gently held his wife, teleporting to their bedroom in Soul Palace and laying her down as though he was afraid of breaking her.

Since Madeleine wanted a family, he would give it to her. Even if it took pouring everything he had into Eilei, he'd do it. Plus, this selfish reasoning would have benefits to it as well. If she could reach the God Grade and comprehend Star Qi, maybe the plight of the Dream Panthers could be fixed as well.

Dyon wasn't blind. He saw how happy Madeleine was after Junior was born. He also saw how well she treated Alauna. Her smile was never brighter than when Alauna called her Momma Madeleine.

But, even though Madeleine treated Alauna like her own daughter, there was a hard to explain barrier that remained. Dyon could understand that Madeleine wanted to hold her own child...

Of his wives, maybe only Madeleine thought this way. None of Ri, Clara or Amphorae truly wanted children. Though Ri sometimes joked about Dyon putting a child in her, Dyon knew that this was more so her vixen-like tendencies trying to arouse him than it was her true thoughts.

Though those three wives of his shared the same conclusion, they did so for different reasons.

Ri, though she tried to bury it, still held on to those years her parents had disappeared from her life. With how dangerous the situation they were constantly in was, she always worried that she might one day be forced to leave her child as well. She knew that she couldn't bear such a thing.

As for Clara, she had always been a tomboy. The idea of having swollen feet and be incapacitated for nine months was a massive turn off for her. So though on the surface her reasoning was similar to Ri's, Dyon saw through her.

Still, he knew that one day he would hold a child that was the seed of him and Clara. Even if she didn't do it for herself, she would do it for him. She had always been like that.

Then there was Amphorae. It wasn't that she was particularly turned off by the idea of being a mother, after all, with her memories as a Princess of the Angel Clan, she knew that it would one day be her duty to bear Dyon an heir. She had long since been mentally prepared for this.

It was just that she worried she wouldn't be a good mother. Being around children frightened her, she always worried about how they perceived her and was always fretting about accidentally hurting them.

She had a cold and blood thirsty aura around her constantly, and she enjoyed battle and killing too much... She was afraid that her child would hate her because of this.

Though Dyon made fun of Amphorae's nervousness around Alauna, he knew that it was rooted in a much deeper anxiety that would take some time to weed out.

In the end, Madeleine was the only one willing and wanting to have a child. On one hand, this made Dyon breathe a sigh of relief, but on the other, he was worried she may get her hopes up too high. For all he knew, it may take countless millennia before she finally got pregnant.

Dyon climbed into bed beside Madeleine, allowing her to shift into his embrace once more. There were still months until he had to handle the Federation matters, so after helping the Shruti out, he returned to his vacation.

"You don't have to worry." She said softly. "I know how low the odds are... But if I don't birth you a strong son, how could I have the face to call myself First Wife."

Hearing Madeleine joke around like this made Dyon feel better. He knew she didn't mean such a ridiculous thing. Dyon had no interest in having a 'strong son', Little Alauna could take over his mantle just fine. Even if others didn't like it, he would make them like it.

"You never answered my question. Clara was right... You're only getting more and more perverted these days."

Dyon grinned evilly. "It sounds like you haven't learned your lesson."



The dull ache between Madeleine's legs caused her to squirm as she silently pled for mercy.

Finally, Dyon let it be, feeling satisfied.

"... As for the Flaming Lily Sect... I just want to see what kind of face the Golden Crow Sect would have after they realize that their territory was completely eaten away by a Sect so much weaker than them. This Federation truly made things much simpler for me.

"I'm sure you've all been constantly drilled about the importance of this matter, so I won't bore you with the details, but do understand that this mission is strongly tied to the future of our Mortal Alliance."

Dyon stood with his wives by his side. Madeleine and Ri stood a half step behind him to his right, while Clara and Amphorae did the same to his left.

Before him, the carefully chosen geniuses of their Mortal Alliance stood with a mixture of pride and nervousness.

The second gathering of the Federation was in just a few hours, so Dyon took this opportunity to brief these youths one more time. How the next 100 years played out would directly affect the prosperity of the Mortal Alliance, so they all had to take this seriously.

"First, learn to control your emotions. I'm not a very good example of this, so do as I say, not as I do."

#### Chapter 1846: Gates of Hell

Dyon smiled lightly as a slight relieving laughter swept through the group.

They knew well how fiery the temper of their leader was, but they also appreciated that he could joke around with them like this.

Some among the geniuses chosen had been by Dyon's side long before he reached such an overwhelming height, so they knew his words weren't empty.

"That said... Anyone who slights our Mortal Alliance deserves a punishment fitting of their crimes. You are all my Sacharro Clan's chosen seedlings. I have high hopes for you all. I don't expect you to lower your heads to anybody, nor would I ever ask you such a thing.

"Perform well and earn the right to your pride. Maybe in a hundred years, the tower quadrants will be our own to command."

The involuntary Presence laced within Dyon's words made the geniuses tremble. It was clear a fire had been lit in each and every one of them.

To the far left, the elvin geniuses stood. They were led by Zaltarish, Dyon's devilishly handsome former rival with a light shade of grey skin and sparkling red eyes. To his back, familiar figures like his elder hulking sister, his now wife Mithrandir, and Ri's childhood friend Primrose stood.

Next came the Pakals. Their youths could obviously only be led by Caedlum whose strength had spiked after comprehending the true Legacy of the Pakals.

Next came the Belmonts. They were led by Lionel's little sister Stella who had grown into a fine woman. Her violet hair flowed, and her one blue and one red eye twinkled with battle intent.

Not far from her rival came Aoife. One would think that after reuniting with her mother, she would be a bit less abrasive in her relationships, but it seemed that Saru's Death Guard had the opposite effect on her child.

When one thought about it, it made sense. Since this was the same woman who supposedly bedded a man as ferocious as Patriarch Mino, she would of course birth such a daughter.

There was no doubt that Aoife was the leader of the Mino Clan youths.

Next came the Ragnors. Many of their upper echelon had been completely weeded out, and many of their talents had had their cultivations cleansed by Dyon's pills, but they still had strength. How could they not when they were led by Thor?

Without the need to shackle and hide his Faith Seed any longer, both he and Caedlum had soared to new heights. Dyon was already considering making them both Vice Commanders.

They weren't the only ones in consideration either, because next came...

The Sicarius Clan. A Clan of assassins that were once sworn to protect the Belmont Clan. They were led by none other a proudly standing Ava!

Her curves were tightly held by silver armor alternating into white leather, her fiery red hair whipped in the wind, and the light smile on her face played with the hearts of the men around her. She was truly a perfect balance of beauty and power.

Then came the Raven Clan. Who else could they be led by if not Dyon's own disciple? They didn't have the talent to make a large impact, but Pjisel most certainly did.

Though his cultivation had been cleansed, his body had improved to the higher celestial realm due to Dyon's pills. In addition, thanks to his increased talent and resources, he had already cultivated back up to the Essence Gathering Realm in the less than year since his energy cultivation was taken.

Then, there was the Silver Clan. They were another Clan that should have been too weak to participate but were lifted up by their leader – Silver Fang!

Thanks to Dyon, Silver Fang's human path had been refined to a new height. He still had much room for improvement and pleaded for this chance to prove himself and fight for a place for his Clan.

Silver Fang knew well that the merits earned in the next hundred years would lay the foundation for many powerful Clans of the Mortal Alliance. He couldn't allow his Silver Clan to fall behind!

Then there was the Guatama. Having erased the Uidah name, Alidor proudly led the former Uidah. Familiar faces like Abraham and Dravil stood to his back, eager for battle. Though Nora was still enraged by their actions as the former First Celestial Daughter, she too participated.

Following this, there were the Soul Universe Clans. They were too weak to survive on their own, so many had decided to come under one banner, the Soul Clan! They were led by Donari!

Then there came Dyon's own God Son Sarid, leader of the Jafari Clan! After returning from his Emperor Trials, he had gained a hidden sharpness. Dyon was eager to see his improvement.

At the center of it all, the Demon Generals proudly took the helm. No matter how much support Dyon gained, he would always remember that they were the first.

Back then, Dyon had only been a weak boy with no cultivation. Yet, they had the integrity to follow him...

One might think that they did so simply because he was named that annoying old man's successor, but Dyon knew how much these Generals loved and were thankful for old man Sageras. Since the Demon Sage hated his successor so much, how could they not also hate him?

Yet, they put those feelings aside to express their gratitude, knowing Dyon had saved their lives.

Now, years later, their choice had been proven correct. For Dyon, they ride through the Gates of Hell!

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Soul Clan territory was once more as bustling as it had been just a year or so prior. The only difference this time was that it was filled with the spring of youth. Geniuses from all across the tower quadrants, led by their various elders and patriarchs, had all come to this one place.

Though these youths often gathered within the Epistemic Tower, one had to remember that the tower had an inner world spanning countless million kilometers. Even if they all entered at once, these genius among geniuses wouldn't be likely to meet each other.

## Chapter 1847: Ranked

However, the Soul Clan Dome was very different. This feat of masterful engineering only covered a single continent of an averaged size planet. It didn't need to be said that these geniuses who rarely met one another stumbled upon a new rival with every step they took.

It was no surprise that many brawls broke out, but interestingly enough, the Star Clan took no steps to stop any of it, allowing the youths to test one another freely.

This only went to prove just how sturdy the Star Clan's Dome was. It became very obvious that the reason they constructed this place was so that battles could take place even amongst Dao Realm experts while on the planets face. This was much more convenient than having to soar into Space in order to fight or using a portion of your True Domain's strength to protect the planet as Dyon had done before.

This wasn't a rare occurrence among the highest echelon Clans of the Mortal Plane. Because planets were so fragile, these strong clans often reconstructed their own in various ways in order to increase their sturdiness and durability.

If one wanted to know why they might do this outside of convenience, you only have to look toward what happened to the Sapientia after Dyon blew out a chunk of their planet. With a single move, he easily forced such a massive and powerful Clan to completely uproot their foundation and flee.

Knowing that it was so easy to do such a thing, how could those outer powers not take precautions?

Of course, the Star Clan's method was the crudest and most straight forward. If one thinks back, when Dyon went to Unblemished Planet, they didn't have a dome above their heads constantly. But, it was still impressive nonetheless.

Like this, the powder keg that was this Star Clan Dome reached a fever pitch as the fateful day arrived. This time, however, the Clans didn't meet in the horseshoe shaped Parliament, but rather in a dusty training field spanning several kilometers.

Of course, one shouldn't look down upon this seemingly empty field. One only needs to sweep their divine sense once around to see the countless arrays that dotted this lands underground.

Below, there were everything from combat puppets, to sword formations, to environment projections. This was the ideal training spot for many youths.

However, the purpose of gathering in this field of dust wasn't to train. If training in a single place was the goal, even the Star Clan couldn't match the Epistemic Tower. No, this place was simply the Gathering Center where youths would come to accept missions and form teams.

The purpose of the Federation was three-fold.

First, it was to build relationships between Clans to make their alliance stronger.

Second, it was to test which Clans had the strongest younger generation and thus deserved a larger piece of the strength they all collectively held as they faced this coming crisis together.

And third, these missions weren't without purpose either. All of the missions carefully selected by the upper echelon of the Federation were tailored toward morphing the Tower Quadrants into a safer and stronger place.

They ranged from everything like finding rare spiritual herb deposits, to clearing out rueful beast clans that refused their hand of comradery.

The goal was to forge the tower quadrants into an impenetrable steel plate within 100 years by relying on the same youths that would hold their hopes and aspirations upon the Ancient Battlefield's descent.

In return, based on contribution, Clans and Sects would receive points they could use to either buy more resources, or purchase territory within the Federation's jurisdiction.

In the future, missions would have a special category simply named 'Conquering Mission'. These were slightly different from dealing with rueful Clans as these missions would be tailored toward helping alliance members who claimed territories with points that were owned by those not of the alliance.

Obviously, this was the most attractive feature of the Federation and why many decided to join.

Like this, the Clans began to gather, each with grandiose displays of their own.

Though they were all now allies, everyone here understood that without strength, this so-called alliance was meaningless. If they allowed others to think they were weak, they would simply be trampled upon!

Every Clan appeared with their greatest treasures.

Massive flying ships, powerful protector beasts, and sharp auras were abound.

However, try as these smaller Clans might, they were simply unable to match the momentum of the top ten ranked Clans.

One after another they began to appear, each riding in treasures no weaker than the Supreme Grade.

With their strength, each had at least one True God among their ancestors. How could they not have supreme grade treasures...?

And today, they were all displayed, filling the Star Clan Dome with an unstoppable momentum.

The ninth ranked Emperor Giant Clan.

For a clan made of large men and women, it was obvious that their entrance could be grand even if they walked on foot. However, one could have never imagined that their appearance would be so... elegant.

Hundreds of them, with even the shortest being over three meters tall, stood upon a transparent golden platform as they entered the wide field. However, what made it so beautiful were the translucent crystalline wings that flapped every so often.

Everything was so gentle that not even the wind below picked up...

At their helm, a hulking man that could have only been Emperor Angelus stood. To his back, who else could the youths have been led by if not True God Anak?

A fiery light sparked in his eyes as he looked around. There was only one man who made him feel this level of rage, but he had yet to appear.

Then there came the next...

The eighth ranked Golden Crow Sect.

They rode in upon a golden bird with a wingspan of several hundred meters. If one looked closely, it was possible to see the faint nub of what should have been a third leg near the majestic bird's mid-section, causing endless shock to those below.

#### Chapter 1848: Shock

Even though this bird's bloodline was too weak to form its third leg, the fact it was showing at all was shocking enough!

The Three-Legged Golden Crow was a legendary beast no weaker in fame than the Dragons and Phoenixes! To have any beast that was its descendant was a matter of pride!

The bird's call shook the skies, announcing the presence of the Golden Crow Sect. Everyone was so shocked that they completely forgot that the youths this Sect had brought were completely unknown... With the death of the God grade genius, just who had they brought?

The seventh ranked Atlas Clan.

Their foundation was much weaker than the clans amidst their rank, but their display was strong, nonetheless.



Led by a True God of the last generation, Emperor Atlas, they rode upon a massive trident, shimmering in gentle sapphire light. This was Emperor Atlas' main weapon, one that had already made itself famous throughout his lifetime! Its aura could not be looked down upon.

Unfortunately, the Atlas Clan only had Emperor Atlas' son to lead the youths. Though he was an Emperor grade talent, this was too weak compared to the other top nine Clans and Sects.

The sixth ranked Enigmatic Sect.

Maybe fitting for their name, their entrance was the most mysterious. The few hundred of them rode upon what looked to be a river of dark gold, yet none of them fell through or became wet.

At their helm, Sect Master Enigmatic stood with a light smile on his face, giving off an amiable and kind presence. To his back, his son God Malthor stood, his eyes too shifting around with rage much like Anak.

The fifth ranked Hydra Clan.

A roar shook the dome rang outward as a massive eight headed creature appeared. Its scales shimmered with a beautiful royal blue and its scent was a gentle salty sea smell that made one's heart comfortable.

It was no surprise that the Hydra Clan would ride in upon an elder who had chosen the beast path, but what was surprising was that elder's cultivation... Peak Dao Realm!

If the Hydra Clan was willing to use such an elder to hitch a ride, just what was the strength of their true powerhouses?!

Who else could their youths be led by if not True God Falkor?

The fourth ranked Pegasus Clan.

They brought no elaborate treasures, much like their usual lowkey demeanors. But, their entrance was no less beautiful than the Emperor Giant Clan.

Gorgeous ethereal white wings spread from their back as they glided through the skies without much expression.

Their youths were led by a young lady with beauty capable of making one's heart bleed.

Her flowing white dress, her pure heavenly wings, the gentle slope of her pink lips and small nose... This was Princess Pegasus, also known as God Amora. Though she wasn't a True God... They had yet to see the true limit of her strength.

The third ranked Blade Clans.

A formation of five unique blades took hold of the sky, each controlled by a different patriarch and led by a different youth.

At the center of it all, standing of a blade combined of a long and short sword, was True God Diasho!

The second ranked Drago Qilin Lands.

Much like the Pegasus Clan, they hardly cared for their appearance. They were disorderly, some flew alone, others flew in groups, but somehow, an ancient aura that made it difficult for others to breathe shrouded them all!

How could their display not make one's heart tremble? Because at their helm, while other lands only had one True God, they were led by five!

True God Damaris Agios. True God Drathal Aurum. True God Rahl Lux. True God Kere Nativus. And the long disappeared True God Titus!

Like this, the first ranked Star Clan welcomed them all. As the host why would they need to make such grand displays? Everyone already knew their strength!

But as expected, there was one territory missing. And judging by the massive aura approaching from the distance and the roar that suddenly shook the skies, the Sacharro Clan was now here!

The recently entered experts of the Drago-Qilin lands felt a sudden shock. That roar, there was only one beast it could come from!

It didn't take long for their thoughts to be proved correct. An oppressive, demonic aura descended from above. Even the shining star that hung from the center of the Star Clan Dome was completely blotted out, covered by the massive snaking body of a black scaled Dragon.

Chenglei's scaled glistened with a dark light, accented but shining hues of dark gold.

Upon his head, Dyon stood masked, his hands clasped behind his back as his violet hair billowed.

"A... A dragon!" The lesser Clans felt their hearts freeze over with shock. They couldn't help but steal glances toward the experts of the Drago-Qilin lands, but what they found weren't expressions of anger, but rather, expressions of shock and trepidation.

They could all feel it... Somehow, though this Dragon had become the steed of someone else... It was within a much higher realm than them all!

In truth, even if a Dragon was enslaved before them all, the dragons of the Drago-Qilin Lands wouldn't care. This wasn't the type of people they were. They believed that every dragon and qilin had a responsibility to themselves. If you were enslaved, that just meant you were too weak.

Of course, some might challenge the enslaver to a battle so that others wouldn't conclude that that Dragons were weak, but it wouldn't be for the purpose of saving one of their own kind. Sometimes, even after beating the enslaver, the dragon would leave their enslaved kin without a care.

However, all dragons present could instantly tell that this wasn't an 'enslaved' dragon. This mighty beast before them, with reflective yellow reptilian eyes looking down on the world with a sneer, with great branching horns that pierced even the skies above its head... This beast had chosen the man upon its back with its own free will!

At that moment, Emperor Star who had been without a care toward the displays of the Clans that appeared one after another, suddenly felt his smile freeze.

This dragon... It was more powerful than him!

It was then that it appeared.

Chapter 1849: Wash Your Neck

To the back of the mighty dragon, a tower that stood kilometers tall glided through the air, exuding a radiating black-red aura.

They were all cultivators, so they could clearly see it. Dyon stood on the top floor of the tower, a light smile playing his features as he was surrounded by four beauties.

The dazzling but petite Alexandria Sacharro.

The cold and blood thirsty Amphorae Sacharro.

The roguish and temperamental Clara Sacharro.

And last but not least, the gentle goddess Madeleine Sacharro.

If they weren't clear that Dyon and the Masked Wife Stealer were one in the same yet, right now, they were absolutely certain. Many eyes couldn't help but land on True God Anak whose gaze seemed to be spitting fire.

Within the Blade Clan elders, a familiar white-haired man looked up, the utmost seriousness on his features. He hoped what he was worried about wouldn't happen... Unfortunately, there was no free lunch in this martial world.

"You..." The masked man riding the majestic dragon suddenly stopped in the air, his gaze landing on the white-haired man. "... You're the one who wanted my little cousin's life, are you not? What a bold man you are."

Who could this masked man be if not Dyon? As for the Dyon standing within the tower, that was nothing more than a 0.5% clone of himself. Despite being a clone with only 1/200th of his strength, any Lower Dao Expert would easily fall to him. Not that Dyon would allow it to display that kind of strength.

Seeing that the situation had suddenly taken a turn for the worst, Emperor Star had no choice but to step forward. If things got out of hand, how would he control the Federation in the future?

"Sir..." Not knowing Dyon's name, he could only make a guess. "... Sacharro, please remember that we are now allies. Past grievances should be forgotten, what do you say?"

Dyon's gaze swept over Emperor Star as Chenglei snorted. The oppressive aura made Emperor Star tremble, but he remained steadfast. He couldn't allow his hard work to be snatched by the Sacharro Clan so easily.

"This is for the good of the Federation, don't you think?" Dyon responded plainly. "The entire point of this endeavor is to nurture the youths, but if we have supposed elders so willing to use the advantage of years to do as they please to young budding seeds, what kind of message does that send?"

Emperor Star was suddenly put in a difficult position. Everyone had seen this Elder of the Diasho Clan raise a hand against Dyon because he defeated his nephew. There was no denying it... Having such a man here, so willing to stamp out talents as they pleased... It wouldn't make anyone comfortable.

"This..."

Emperor Star turned his gaze to Patriarch Diasho who was currently doing his best to suppress his anger. He didn't care that his younger brother had tried to kill a youth, he cared that he tried to kill the wrong youth!

Back then, when his younger brother told him that he had angered a Higher Existence, and even that his cultivation had fallen to the 10th Dao Realm because of it, he had been completely enraged to the point of beating his younger brother bloody. But now, even after venting back then, he felt like that beating hadn't been enough!

Seeing the man who could have killed him like an ant just a few years prior tremble before him, Dyon sneered from the depths of his heart. This once lofty man didn't even dare to meet his gaze.

"I want to take your head..."

The atmosphere suddenly froze over. Many elders of the Diasho Clan reached for their weapons.

"... However, my kid cousin said that he wants to take it himself in a few years, so I'll leave you neck attached to your body..."

Though many sighed a breath of relief, the Blade Clans felt rage building up in their chests.

"... I compromised and said I'd take your arms and legs..."

Unfortunately, the 'calm' didn't last for long. The moment these words fell, the stifling atmosphere returned many times stronger.

"... But then my kid cousin said he didn't want you to have the excuse of being a cripple after he killed you..."

The neutral parties below didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Why was everyone in this Sacharro Clan so difficult to handle?

Dyon finger pointed forward. "[Harmonious Whole]."

A beam of golden light wrapped in flames of white tore through the air, slamming into the Diasho Elder's chest before any of them could react.

The Blade Clans were about to erupt in anger when they were suddenly stunned silent.

In that moment, the elder's aura suddenly grew. From the 10th stage, he once more broke into the 11th stage, and in a few minutes, he reached the very peak of the 11th stage.

"Wash your neck." Dyon said indifferently as Chenglei descended from the skies, allowing the Sage Tower to land before disappearing into Dyon's inner world.

Not only were the surrounding Clans stunned by the Sacharro Clan's brazenness, they were even more stunned by their power.

The injury to Diasho elder's foundation was caused by a Higher Existence! Yet this man casually fixed it with the wave of a finger!

Despite the good news, Patriarch Diasho's face was ashen. His younger brother was standing right beside him, yet he couldn't even lift a finger. The technique had flown right by his cheek, yet he hadn't even realized it happened until it was far too late.

What if Dyon had been trying to kill his younger brother instead? Wouldn't that have meant that his little brother would have died without a doubt?

There was no doubt about it... Not only was the Sacharro Clan's display powerful, but it was also without comparison. The momentum of the other Clans was shattered in an instant.

Elder Diasho gripped his fists. He should have felt happy that his foundation was suddenly fixed, but all he felt was humiliated. This man was so certain that Dyon would one day kill him that he directly brought him back to his peak condition. This was more than just looking down on him, it was directly slapping him in the face!

## Chapter 1850: Seriously

If Eve knew that the technique Dyon promised he'd master soon to repair her foundation was used in this way, she would feel pity for her fellow comrade at arms. In fact, pity didn't seem like a strong enough word, because this person was still unaware that the person who had just healed him was actually Dyon himself!

Elder Diasho collected himself, trying his best to meet Dyon's gaze. With Chenglei gone, it was easier, but not as easy as he felt it should have been. Usually, Dyon kept his Presence hidden like a sword in a sheath, but right now, it was taking everything in him to not have directly killed this Diasho Clan elder, so it spilled out uncontrollably.

Dyon still hadn't peered into the secrets of his newly formed Presence after absorbing the Pride Clan's pool of blood, but he knew that it was no longer limited by usual hindrances.

"What's the point of this display?" He said with a sneer. "Even if I defeat your younger cousin in the future, won't I still die just the same?"

Dyon suddenly erupted into a fit of laughter. This poor soul, he really didn't know.

In truth, after healing him, Dyon truly couldn't defeat this man alone anymore. But the fact remained that this was only because he had healed him. If Dyon hadn't done so, killing this man would only take an half an hour or so battle, if that.

Plus, if he had Chenglei's help, even this man at his peak wasn't his match.

Dyon obviously had his own reasons for healing this man outside of the slap to the face.

The Blade Clans couldn't help but be enraged at Dyon's blatant disregard. But unfortunately, there was nothing they could do. He had proved in the boldest way possible just how little regard he had for this shameless Diasho Clan elder. Even now as he spoke of Dyon's 'hypocrisy' he was really just trying to find a lane for his own survival.



"Well, that's not exactly something you have to worry about." Dyon said casually, catching his breath.

"But here, tell you what. Since you're so scared of retaliation, in the impossible event that you defeat my kid cousin, even if you kill him, the Sacharro Clan will not seek grievances.

"I'll also make sure that my woman doesn't touch a hair on your insignificant head."

Not just Elder Diasho, but the whole of the Blade Clans felt a stifling pressure on their chests.

They didn't need to think much to understand. This masked man... His woman was a Higher Existence?!

The fear they felt toward this man was suddenly multiplied many times over. Others finally realized that no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't see through this man's cultivation. It was then that a beautiful misunderstanding occurred.

Dyon couldn't call Jade his wife, he felt it was unfair to do so. However, not calling her his woman would also be unfair. She had done too much for him, given up too much.

Obviously, his words weren't a lie. It was just that he didn't understand what it meant to have a Higher Existence as your woman.

Simply by virtue of societal structures within the martial world, powerful women tended not to marry, least of all ones powerful enough to become half-step transcendents.

When a woman was seen to have this much talent in their families, they would never be married off. After all, giving away your Primordial Yin was as good as giving away that level of power to another family.

Simply put, Higher Existence women who married were exceptionally rare. And the only ones who had... Had another Higher Existence for a spouse!

The entirety of the dust field fell silent.

Years ago, a Higher Existence appeared to dote on Dyon.

Years following, another Higher Existence appeared protecting Amphorae to join the Federation.

And today, yet another Higher Existence appeared riding upon a Dragon infinitesimally close in aura to being a Higher Existence itself!

Three confirmed Higher Existences! Just how deep was the Sacharro Clan?!

Emperor Star suddenly felt that these matters he thought were in his control were slipping out of his hands.

And... as the perception of the Sacharro Clan skyrocketed, so too did Dyon feel his Faith thicken. It seems his plan had worked...

Emperor Star cleared his throat.

"I'm aware that the grudge between your two Clans has not come to an end, but I hope it won't go further than this. Sir Sacharro has agreed that their Sacharro Clan's Heir will settle this matter himself. Once True God Sacharro is prepared, I don't mind overseeing this battle personally if you all will have me.

"However, what I do not want is for underhanded schemes to proliferate our Federation. We have to come together out of necessity. How strong we become in the next century will dictate whether or not we have the right to survive in this chaotic era."

Dyon nodded. "Of course, I agree. The Sacharro Clan will not provoke anyone who does not provoke us first. As I remember it, the grudge between my kid cousin and your False True God Diasho Ken occurred because many youths saw it fit to bully Little Dyon's personal guard.

"Back then, the Sacharro Clan did not step in and help my kid cousin deal with this matter, so he sought revenge for himself. The proof itself shows that we will maintain our integrity. I hope that the Diasho Clan does the same."

Hearing these words, those that believed that Sacharro Clan had been a bit too arrogant laid down their biased opinions. Dyon's words were true. If it wasn't for Dyon's life being on the line, maybe no one would be aware that the Sacharro Clan had even one Higher Existence, let alone three.

From Dyon's very first appearance in the Valley of Geniuses, he had always relied on his own strength to battle. Unlike some others who were followed by grand entourages, Dyon even often travelled alone. If he was arrogant, it was because he had the right to be.

It was only then that some began to take Dyon's challenge toward Diasho Ken's uncle seriously. Maybe he really would be able to defeat him in time...