

## The Nameless 1851

Chapter 1851: 3000

In the end, the brunt of the blame was on the Diasho Clan's shoulders. Trying to snuff out a genius because you were worried about their growing strength was despicable no matter how powerful you were. So, despite having regained his strength, the gazes of disdain toward the Diasho Clan elder only grew fiercer.

Unfortunately, he could only clench his fists in silence. He was indeed wrong in this matter.

Seeing that the matter was mostly settled, Emperor Star breathed a sigh of relief before his eyes involuntarily shone.

"Sir Sacharro... This may be a bit brazen of me, but I am truly curious. Just what method did you use to heal Sir Diasho's foundation?"

"Oh, that?" Dyon smiled lightly. "It can be considered an Ancient Grand Magic."

Emperor Star, though knowing he should have expected an answer like this, couldn't help but tremble. It wasn't just him, but many leaders of powerful Clans felt their hearts jump to their throats.

Ancient Grand Magic. It was a branch of magic that would forever be out of the reach of regular humans because they could only be used by pinnacle range species.

Phoenix Hymns. Dragon Tongue. The Druid Magic of the Dwarves. All of these were legendary concepts they couldn't dream of touching.

Dyon's words were confirming that he was born of a higher order species. And for this species to have Ancient Grand Magic... It couldn't be of a low ranking!

Of course, this Ancient Grand Magic came from Dyon's Wings of Blessings which allowed him to cast angel magic despite not having an angel bloodline.

In truth, he had downplayed it. [Cleanse] and [Harmonious Whole] were both Ancient Grand Circle Magics, a level even above normal Ancient Grand Magic. But these people didn't need to know this, right?

[Harmonious Whole] contained laws of completion and wholeness. The reason they could only be learned by those with the proper meridian pathways was because these paths of cultivation were too deep for the Mortal Plane. Only transcendents could grasp them without the proper lineage and cast this magic on their own.

This was why these forms of magic were so powerful...

Though the Ancient Grand Magic of angels with white and black wings were powerful, they couldn't hold a candle to the Ancient Grand Circle Magic of those blessed with golden wings.

As for those with red wings that walked a bloodied path, though their magic was more powerful than normal Ancient Grand Magic, they fell short of Ancient Grand Circle Magic.

In the end, because the side of light was so much more powerful for angels, this was the reason why the legends passed on by them became filled with their benevolence and grace.

That said... Though Dyon downplayed his strength, his perception picked up that many elders of the Emperor Giant Clan couldn't stop shaking.

He smiled inwardly. 'It seems they've noticed... Good. If you ever want to become true angels, you'll have to follow me, now won't you?'

Dyon no longer cared about his grudge with Anak. Currently, he was nothing more than an ant before him. Plus, hadn't even Chenglei submitted in the end? There was no need to kill such a talent, it would be better if he came under his wing.

Dyon had long since trained his eyes on the Emperor Giants and their diluted angel blood. As Emperor Star recollected himself and began to animatedly explain the coming process, he had no idea that Dyon was snatching chess pieces from his beloved Federation.

"Welcome youths!" Emperor Star opened with a bright smile. Before him, the various geniuses of the Federation Clans were arranged. It was immediately clear just what kind of foundation each Clan had by the number of youths they had taken with them.

The weakest Clans in attendance were ranked around the 40s to 50s, and they only brought about a dozen to a few dozen youths with them. There was simply no point in taking more as it would only be asking to get embarrassed. Quality was far better than quantity here.

However, the Clans ranked within the top 20s or so had a few hundred disciples each, displaying their superiority.

When one got to the top 10, the number took a fierce jump upward, each of them having thousands.

The lowest ranked geniuses here were of the King grade by Epistemic Tower standards. So, one could see how having so many of these talented individuals was impressive.

Still, there were some exceptions to this.

The Pegasus Clan had more than 50 but less than a 100 geniuses with them. The Dragons had even less, only barely matching the number of geniuses brought by Clans ranked in the low forties. Luckily for them, though, they had almost a dozen clans among them, so the number still totaled over 100. The final exception though was quite sad.

The Atlas Clan was only capable of bringing a little over 100 geniuses. It was clear that their foundations were still too shallow.

Everyone couldn't help but glance toward the Sacharro Clan, wondering which category they fell under. But, those looking for an advantage were quickly disappointed.

The weakest of the Demon Generals were Kings, but one had to remember that they took their trials with their cultivations sealed. In reality, none of them were weaker than Gods, while many of them could be considered False True Gods!

They alone numbered 3000!

In addition to them, the various Clans led by youths Dyon met one by one before their journey here added a great amount to that number, bringing the Sacharro Clan's display up to 5000!

As things stood, the Sacharro Clan only fell short of the Star and Blade Clans. But, it was very obvious with a single glance that the quality of Sacharro Clan geniuses were far higher.

Each and every one of them wore grandmaster grade robes, and of those who didn't keep their weapons within their spatial rings, it was quickly obvious that none of them fell below the grandmaster grade either!

## Chapter 1852

This display of wealth only made that Sacharro Clan's status shoot further upward. At the same time, their respect for Dyon reached an all-time high...

The Dyon they knew always wore a plain white shirt and a pair of comfortable black sweatpants. He came from a Clan of such wealth, yet he directly forsook it all!

"As you all know, there will be an opportunity to train in Sprite Alliance territory in the coming years. You all may be too young to comprehend exactly what this means, so allow me to explain.

"The Tower Quadrants span 105 quadrants total if one included the 5 Drago-Qilin Lands and my Star Clan's two quadrants. However, these quadrants are all controlled by different factions and its Faith is split among too many.

"However, the Sprite Alliance alone control almost 100 quadrants headed by only 5 centers of power who've all entered an alliance with one another!"

Emperor Star didn't need to say any more, this alone made the blood of the youths here boil. They couldn't miss this opportunity! The only ones who seemed to remain calm were those of the Star, Blade and Sacharro Clans.

"So, understand that you are not only working to raise the status of your Clans, but are also working for yourself. Those among you have the top 100 highest individual point totals will gain a spot of entry into the Sprite Alliance to train until the Ancient Battlefield descends!"

The atmosphere boiled over. Those from smaller Clans, and even some larger Clans, shook with anticipation, their eyes lighting with ambition. The world was much larger than they ever thought... This chance was one they had to grasp!

"In honor of our first true gathering together, your elders and I have already decided on what your first mission will be. As the difficulty is a bit high for your current strengths, this will not be an individual mission, but rather, a collective one.

"Those from Clans who've brought a smaller number of geniuses won't be left out. Due to the nature of the mission, Army Chiefs will be selected, and everyone will be randomly distributed among these leaders. As for who these leaders are, they will of course be the True Gods. We have also selected some who we believe have the strength to match these individuals.

"I'll list these people now. In addition to the True Gods, we've selected God Amora of the Pegasus Clan, Amphorae Sacharro of the Sacharro Clan, Demon General Giralda of the Sacharro Clan, Emperor Diasho Ken of the Blade Clans, Emperor Nagamki of the Blade Clans, Emperor Odachi of the Blade Clans, Empress Aspirant Cativa of the Star Clan ..."

Emperor Star continued to list names. In the end, there totaled 25 Army Chiefs. Of course, Dyon's name didn't need to be said as he was already among the True Gods. As for those listed, they were mostly False True Gods or those youths that displayed outstanding ability in other facets.

"I'm sure you're all curious about what this mission we've chosen for you all is, so this old man won't keep you waiting any longer.

"You're all aware that our Tower Quadrants once had not one, but two dormant quadrants. The first has already made its reappearance thanks to the Sacharro Clan, however the second is still dormant and its fog shroud still covers its Corner.

"This quadrant is, of course, the very last ranked 100th quadrant."

Emperor Star smiled as he saw these words caught his audience's attention.

"Your goal is to conquer this hapless quadrant. Our elders have already scouted this quadrant's strength and we've marked its territory out appropriately.

"The various territories are graded from 1st tier to 6th tier. 1st tier, the easiest, is only protected by Lower Celestials at best, but are mostly made of saints and lower grade experts. The 6th tier, however, has lower dao experts protecting them.

"Before their fall, this 100th ranked quadrant never had such powerful experts except for a few. So, the experts I'm pointing toward now aren't human experts, but rather the beasts of their territory.

"Keep this grading system in mind because in the future, 7th tier will denote middle dao, 8th to higher dao, and 9th to peak dao.

"Now! Are you all prepared to grasp your futures in your own hands?!"

Within the Sage Tower, Dyon who had never bothered to go down grinned a devilishly handsome smile.

"How convenient." He whispered to himself.

Dyon knew this quadrant very well. When he met Legolas and accepted his God of Archery Legacy in the Valley of Geniuses, Legolas had told him that he had a falling out with his Clan and ended up killing them all. In the end, he was wounded to the point of death, so he buried his true treasures in his homeland.

Dyon had been looking for an opportunity to journey to the 100th ranked quadrant, but because their Corner was shrouded and protected by the Epistemic Tower, it was inconvenient to journey for so long. But now, the Star Clan had built a teleportation formation there almost as if it was just for him.

Dyon almost couldn't refrain from uncontrollably laughing. How green would these Star Clan schemers feel if they knew they were practically handing Dyon Hell's Right Eye?!

That was right, the reason Legolas had a falling out with his Clan and the reason why he was chased by so many at once even to the point of death was because he got his hands on this Energy Path Treasure of the 33 Heavens!

Seeing Dyon's smile, Madeleine began to giggle. She knew that smile all too well. Someone was about to take a huge loss at the hands of her husband again.

"We should go down." Madeleine said, tugging Dyon's hand along.

"Mm." Dyon nodded. Usually, his clones were quite unfeeling. But, if he split his consciousness into one, they wouldn't act any differently from his true self. So, though Madeleine knew it was a clone beside her, she still treated it like Dyon himself.

Dyon descended from the tower, holding Madeleine's hand as Ri, Clara and Amphorae followed along.

Chapter 1853: Yandevere

"They are quite shameless, though." Clara said with an amused expression. "They allowed big sister Amphorae to become an Army Chief, but didn't allow the same for Madeleine. Their reasoning is so obvious that it isn't even hidden anymore."

Dyon smiled. "It's better this way. We'll give them a nice surprise in a moment."

Seeing Dyon descend late with so many beauties by his side, though those who were far from him in stature looked on in admiration, those who deemed themselves to be his equals clenched their fists.

True God Star looked on with an apathetic expression. He was among the few who didn't seem to care. After all, he currently had his own three beautiful wives by his side, including Empress Aspirant Cativa. His two elder wives were too old to participate, but they were still great talents in their own right.

True God Diasho Ren, however, couldn't remove his burning gaze from Amphorae. It was to the point where Dyon, who had senses sharper than anyone here, couldn't help but frown.

Madeleine squeezed his hand gently. "You've already vented enough frustration for one day, we can't push it any further or else it'll have the opposite effect."

Dyon turned his gaze toward Madeleine beautiful side profile before sighing. He knew that she was right. If the Sacharro Clan was too overbearing, even if he was in the right, it would be a problem. They had to strike a proper balance.

"You're right..." He muttered. "... I'll let him live for a little while longer."

"Please come up one by one. State your affiliation and receive a wrist band. This wrist band will track your progress and tally your points. In addition, it acts as a life saving mechanism. By activating this feature, the elders of our Federation who are on standby will be able to teleport to your location to save you.

"Be mindful of your use, though. These wrist bands are expensive to manufacture and its life saving mechanism can only be used once. In order to receive another, you'll have to have enough points to exchange."

A Blade Clan elder took over Emperor Star's role for these proceedings. He had a sharp aura, as one would expect from a man of such lineage, but he seemed reserved at the same time.

Like this, he began to call youths forth one by one.

Soon...

"Ah, you are... Alright, here you go, I've slotted in your affiliation to the Sacharro Clan."



"Sorry, I'd like to tie my affiliation to the Flaming Lily Sect." The youth responded, not accepting the wrist band.

Who else could this youth be if not Madeleine? When it was her turn to receive a wrist band, others may have assumed her affiliation, but her words clearly said she had no such intention.

"This..."

"Is there a problem? I am a Legatee of the Flaming Lily Sect. My Sacharro Clan isn't in absolute need of me, so I should repay the senior sisters that helped me reach this stage."

It was simply too difficult to get mad at Madeleine. Even if her actions now were nothing short of declaring war on the Golden Crow Sect, the small smile on her otherworldly features deflated all the hate in one's heart.

"It isn't that this isn't allowed... But the Flaming Lily Sect wasn't present at the first Parliament Meeting, as such their name is among our allies..."

Madeleine frowned slightly. "That's impossible. The Flaming Lily Sect most definitely sent experts to respond to your invitation. When I exited the Golden Flame Mystical World with my husband, they were already gone."

Madeleine looked around with innocent eyes before her gaze lit up after landing on a few figures.

"See, right over there." Madeleine said with a sweet smile. "There are our Sect's Seventh, Fourth, Second and First Elders. How could you say we didn't show up? Has the Star Clan made a mistake?"

The faces of the four women pointed out by Madeleine immediately crumpled. Unfortunately, no one could see their ugly expressions because they all hid behind masks, believing that they had escaped detection.

And why would they be trying to escape such a thing? The answer was obvious when one realized they were standing amid Golden Crow Sect elders and disciples!

Everyone looked toward Madeleine's innocent expression with a cold sweat permeating their backs. They didn't believe for a second that Madeleine didn't understand that these four were traitors to her Sect, yet she so happily called out to them even while they wore masks.

But, if one looked closely, one could see the sorrow and rage in her reflective violet eyes. Since these four were here... It meant that the others that went with them had died... Including the Palace Master of their Sect.

'... You took care of me well for all those years... Allow this disciple to revenge your death...'

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"..." The organizer elder sighed. "... Are you sure about this? The Flaming Lily Sect will only have you now. Even if you do this, there isn't much you can accomplish alone."

"Alone? I won't be alone. How could I be alone when I have Big Sister Yandevere and Little Sister Serbona with me?"

Out from amidst the Sacharro Clan disciples, two women lightly stepped to the forefront.

On the right, there was a petite little girl wearing valiant red-gold armor with a massive hammer three times the size of her small body over her shoulder.

On the left, there was a beauty with cold grey eyes and long brunette hair. In recent years, Yandevere had allowed her hair to grow, it was now so long that it disappeared into the folds of her black dress as it glided across the ground.

Third Legatee Serbona Malleus: Middle Celestial Realm!

Second Legatee Madeleine Sacharro: Peak Celestial Realm!

First Legatee Yandevere Estona: Lower Dao Formation Realm!

The elders of the Golden Crow Sect felt their eyes narrow upon seeing Yandevere's appearance. One of them began muttering something that sounded like an incantation under their breath, but was soon stunned silent.

Somehow, Yandevere had broken free of their control!

Chapter 1854: Chosen

Seeing this display, the organizer elder really had nothing more to say.

They hadn't given Madeleine the Army Chief role for fear she would do something like this, yet who knew she would act in this fashion anyway?

'Leave it be.' A sudden voice entered the organizer's ears. 'They're limited in what they can do without an Army Chief. Just allocate them to a random battalion. As long as they're not under a Sacharro Clan Army Chief, their results will be next to nothing.'

The Federation claimed to be equal for all on the surface, but they had obviously made plans to allow the already powerful Clans to rise to the top. The Golden Flame Quadrant territory was already cornered off for the Golden Crow Sect, how could they allow the Flaming Lily Sect to thrive?

They believed the Golden Crow Sect had everything under control, but they still took the extra step to suppress Madeleine.

The Star Clan couldn't unilaterally make decisions, so those who had roles as Army Chiefs were actually voted on by the collective. Thankfully this was so, or else a free pressure inducing words from the masked dragon tamer might be able to change the result.

But, who knew that Dyon would have a massive grin on his face as the three Legatees walked back to him. He even rubbed Serbona's little head, encouraging her lightly.

His demeanor made his thoughts clear. He didn't believe it mattered how they tried to suppress his wife. She would shine through no matter what.

Unfortunately for the Star Clan, though, the headache didn't seem to be over as it was now Ri's turn.

Not daring to make assumptions anymore, the organizer directly asked.

"Would you like to be affiliated with the Sacharro Clan, or the Water Mist Sect?"

Ri shook her head. "The Water Mist Sect has been purposely hiding their Legatee from me so that I cannot challenge her. It seems they don't want my help, so I'll be under the Sacharro Clan."

Many sighed a breath of relief, but those of the Water Mist Sect clenched their fists. Losing a talent like Ri was a massive blow they couldn't ignore. Since they couldn't bring out the male talents of their Mist Clan, this would make things more difficult in the future...

With that, the rest of the proceedings went smoothly. The only other surprise was that an unknown Olympus Clan suddenly had a few thousand geniuses under their helm. No one was sure which Clan this was, but after the Sacharro Clan's appearance, the blow of the sudden appearance of a new powerful Clan was dampened significantly.

"Alright, the final task is to choose your territory. Be sure to choose wisely and don't overestimate yourselves.

"To ensure that this doesn't happen, you will all be restrained to a 1st Tier territory. You will not be allowed to move on to a 2nd Tier territory until you have conquered three 1st Tier territories. This goes for everyone, without exception. If you've been found to have travelled to a territory outside your designation, your accumulated points from this mission will be wiped, and any subsequent points you earn from this mission will also count for 0.

"First priority to choose territories goes to True Gods. After you've chosen, your battalion will be randomly assigned. If your wrist band glows after an Army Chief selects, it means you've been chosen to be a part of their army. This is a final and random choice, so it will not be changed."

Dyon casually looked at the star map. Though it was too expansive for a normal celestial, or even dao expert, to take in with one glance, it was as easy as breathing for Dyon. He immediately memorized the layout of the whole quadrant in an instant.

'I still need to do some calculations to figure out exactly where Legolas' treasures are buried. If I had paid more attention to the Federation, I wouldn't have been so caught off guard by this.' Dyon silently berated himself.

"As the highest ranked among the True Gods, True God Star will go first, followed by True God Diasho, True God Lux, True God Nativus, True God Aurum, True God Sacharro, True God Damaris ..."

Dyon looked toward his chosen army without much expression. Currently, Little Shere, Biibi, Linlin and Sen were by his side. Luckily, they weren't in their full forms, but had rather shrunk down to the average size of normal tigers, deer and apes. Only Linlin took on the size of a larger than average tortoise, allowing Dyon to sit on her beautiful ancient rune etched shell.

As of right now, all the other armies had already left, only Dyon remained in the dust field, even the various elders had either gone to their posts to oversee the first mission, or had gone to Star Palace in order to leisurely observe the proceedings.

Those here were feeling a bit anxious, as one might expect. Though Dyon had many Sacharro Clan geniuses to accumulate points for him, many of them were the only hope of their Clans and Sects, they couldn't just stand here without a purpose or goal.

"I understand if you're all anxious. I won't claim to share your plight, but you all must understand that our best chance is if we come together as one.

"I'm sure you all know this, but this mission will take years to complete. It's a long process. Trust me, a few hours won't make or break your futures. You don't have to trust me now, but you'll see that my methods are correct in the future."

Hearing Dyon's words, many of them calmed down. He was right, this process, even with how weak the 100th quadrant was, would take years. Even a conservative estimate would be around two or so decades.

Dyon could of course conquer the entire quadrant in just a few months if he had his whole army, but right now, he was restricted to just a count of ten thousand. Only about a single thousand of which were the actually youth geniuses of their Federation, the rest were lower celestials who had most reached the end of the potential who were taking on this task for the pay.

Chapter 1855: Mad

This was the first problem Dyon faced. His army was built of two completely distinct groups.

On one side, there were geniuses willing to lay their lives on the line for a chance to raise their potentials. But on the other side, there were celestials who had already lost their right to enter the Epistemic Tower any longer and had only come here to seek small benefits.

Still, Dyon was in a good mood. Every time he remembered their twisted expressions, he would laugh internally.

Those bastards actually tried to tamper with his wife's placement? They tried to fool around with formations and arrays before him? What a fucking joke.

They actually tried to place Madeleine, Serbona and Yandevere within the battalion of an Army Chief headed by a masked man from the Golden Crow Sect. Obviously, they wouldn't dare to scheme for Madeleine's life, but this would definitely suppress her achievements.

Since geniuses lost points for disobeying the commands of their Army Chief, Madeleine would have no choice but to follow their lead.

But, obviously, Dyon wouldn't allow this. He tampered with the settings without lifting a single finger, allowing Madeleine to enter God Amora Pegasus' battalion.

In truth, he allowed Madeleine to follow her not because he trusted this unknown woman, but because he didn't know enough about the Pegasus Clan.

If he wanted to conquer the tower quadrants, how could he allow there to be a Clan he knew so little about? So he left the task to his wife. Of course, he also gave Madeleine Orchus' Star Lord Robe so she would be able to protect herself from unforeseen incidents.

In truth, he wanted to have his wife by his side, but he felt that that would make it too obvious that he was responsible for the change. It would be better if they thought it was a mistake on their part.

Like this, Madeleine entered Amora's battalion, Ri entered True God Lux's battalion, and Clara actually ended up entering Amphorae's battalion. Of course, this last one was organized by Dyon as well. He was the most worried about Clara's battle prowess despite her recent constitution awakening, so he left her under Amphorae's protection.

As for Dyon's own battalion, he had been lucky to get his lucky Star Chef Saru. Though she was also a True God, she had only recently exited and was even still on the Saint Floors. Since she had yet to enter the Celestial Realm, the elders decided that she would be treated as a normal genius for now. Once she grew, she'd of course be given her own battalion in the future.

'Luck?' Shere snorted in Dyon's mind. She hadn't been happy with him ever since she found out Dyon signed a pact with Chenglei.

Dyon rubbed his nose in embarrassment. 'Okay... Maybe I was a little hungry.'

Shere turned her head, not bothering with him anymore.

In addition to forcefully adding Saru to his battalion, Dyon also added his two disciples – of which Brahman had finally found out his true identity – in addition to his little brother Zaire and his little sister Lyla. On top of this, he had the mute Ryu join and also added Alidor's little sister Kaeara because she seemed to be the only one capable of reading his thoughts.

With them, he was confident in forming the core of his battalion. In addition, since they were relatively unknown, their addition wasn't enough to raise any eyebrows. After all, the Sapientia had done their

best to suppress what happened on the Middle Celestial Floor for fear that it would expose their dark side. And though they were still exposed in the end, Zaire and Lyla remained relative unknowns, relatively speaking, of course.

"Alright, how about we start with some team building exercises then?" Dyon said with a smile. "We'll hold a single elimination tournament wherein everyone's cultivation will be sealed down to the Lower Celestial Realm. The better you perform, the higher your ranking in my battalion will be.

"This will be your first test. Don't hold back or else it'll be too late to regret it later..."

When everyone heard his words, they felt their lips twitched. How was beating each other to a pulp a form of 'team building'?

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"Don't be mad at me anymore Shere, you know big brother adores you."

For what might have been the millionth time in just the last few months, Dyon tried to coax Shere once more, but a Celestial Tiger truly had a fiery temper.

Currently, Dyon sat Linlin, hovering in the skies as the tournament below raged onward. Though he seemed to not be paying much attention, he was actually thoroughly scanning the abilities of each and every one below.

After announcing the tournament, he split his battalion in two. On one side, there were the young geniuses, and on the other, there were the older warriors who had lost the right to enter the Tower any longer.

Dyon thought that he should stoke some competition between them. Though too much might become a detriment, just enough would become a spark to raise their strength.

The younger generation resented the older veterans for acting like know-it-alls, while the elder generation disdained the younger for their luck and talent. A healthy resentment might not be too bad.



It was in Dyon's best interest that the matters of the 100th quadrant be dealt with quickly. After all, though his main body could train while his clone dealt with these matters, his clone still needed to perform well. If things went too poorly, all his bravado would go up in smoke.

So, he was simultaneously holding two tournaments. One for the younger generation, and another for the elder. After they were completed, a final tournament would be held between their highest seeds.

"Hmph." Shere snorted, turning her large head as she napped on Linlin's back.

Dyon knew that the celestial babies were more frustrated than angry.

One had to remember that just like the kitsune geniuses, they too had been with Dyon in Chaos Universe. So, one might wonder why it was that the kitsune geniuses had become Dao experts, while the celestial babies still hadn't.

The answer was simple. Back then, and even to now, the vast majority of the time Dyon spent on Shere, Linlin, Biibi and Sen, was spent refining their bloodlines and solidifying their foundations.

#### Chapter 1856: Beast Babies

The Celestial Beast bloodline had been plunging downward for several generations already. Back when Dyon first met his master, a bit later, he learned that the marriage between her and Zaire's father hadn't been so simple. The matters surrounding this were related to how Dyon and the Daiyu Clan became enemies. This was because his master, Esmeralda, had been promised to the Daiyu line.

However, Zaire's father won in the end, thus resulting in a blood enmity.

This was all to say that the reason Esmeralda's marriage had been arranged in the first place was as a last effort to raise the Celestial Deer bloodline. Luckily, Zaire's birth succeeded, resulting in a King of King Beasts. Unluckily, Zaire was just one person. His mission wouldn't technically be fulfilled until he became a breeding stallion for the Celestial Deer Clan.

Long story short, this matter had been ravaging the Celestial Beasts for a long time and Dyon had been diligently trying to fix these foundation issues for decades already.

He had made good progress already, actually.

He birthed the Demon Tiger bloodline within Shere back in the Golden Flame Mystical Realm. After the more than decade since then, Shere's bloodline had broken through the transcendent barrier and had once more become supreme, in addition to her being a King Beast.

At the same time, back then, he also birthed the Diamond Ape bloodline within Sen, and his improvements were similar to Shere's, he too having broken into the Supreme Grade.

As for Linlin, she had been diligently learning under Little Yin and Yang now. The ancestral qi they practiced was very good for her improvement, and her foundations were actually the deepest among the four of them.

Finally, there was Biibi. Actually, back then, Dyon had been a bit neglectful of her. It wasn't on purpose, but his hands were fairly tied.

Bloodline compatible with her were too rare. So, Dyon had already decided to slaughter a few Qilin to help her out.

That said, the best way for Biibi to improve would be to dual cultivate with Zaire. If she did so, her cultivation would explosively increase along with her bloodline.

However, even with this being the case, Dyon wasn't willing to force such things. If they were meant to be, it was fine. But... though Dyon nor Zaire had ever said anything, Dyon was fairly certain that Zaire's heart was set on Little Lyla.

If the celestial babies had cultivated normally, with their minds focused on nothing but raising their cultivation realms, not only would they already be dao experts, but they'd be deep within the realm. After all, unrivaled cultivation speed was one of the special abilities of celestial beast blood.

Because they didn't face tribulations, they didn't need to consolidate their foundations and could just keep charging forward.

However, this was a double-edged sword. And it was precisely because of this Dyon forcefully suppressed their cultivation.

Tribulation were painful, but they also came with numerous benefits. It wasn't an entirely good things to miss out on them, so the four of them had to make it up in other ways.

The four of them were working hard constantly. Every time they saw Dyon get further and further away from them, they would feel a stifling humiliation and helplessness.

They were supposed to be partners, but they couldn't even help Dyon. This both enraged and stimulated them.

But after Dyon signed a beast pact with Chenglei, it felt as though all their hard work was being looked down upon. Though they knew Dyon wouldn't abandon them, they couldn't help but feel this way.

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Dyon sighed. The four beast babies, last time they appeared in the world, had been middle celestials. Their cultivation had even been higher than Dyon's own back then. Currently, though, they were already Pseudo Dao experts. Yet, they were unsatisfied.

Dyon wasn't angry that they felt that way. Though only Shere outwardly showed her anger, he could tell that Sen, Linlin and Biibi weren't happy either.

He lightly stroked Shere's head. Though she was mad, she at least didn't move away from his touch.

Dyon actually believed he had the ability to help their bloodline reach the peak once more. If he combined [Cleanse] with his 4th level Dao white flames, he could cleanse them of all their impurities. Then, if he followed up with [Harmonious Whole], any weak foundations created by their previously weak talent would also be fixed.

But, if he did everything for them, their futures would without a doubt be limited. They had already relied on him too much. It was time for them to find strength within themselves, or they'd be stuck on the mortal plane just like all those other Higher Existence Dragons.

Dyon didn't know why, but the immortal plane entered his mind more and more frequently lately.

It was a bit ridiculous when he thought about it. Even now, the immortal plane was so far from him. And, even if it was close, he couldn't leave until he defeated The Entity first. But, that didn't stop his thoughts from spinning out of control.

Dyon was very familiar with this feeling... It was the feeling he got when his subconscious worked faster than his conscious... It meant that his mind had silently pieced something together he himself hadn't quite grasped yet.

Dyon had relied on this very instinct many times before to make it to where he was now. He didn't know what it was, but something big was about to happen, something even bigger than the Ancient Battlefield, maybe even bigger than The Entity itself.

'I have to be prepared...'

Dyon looked toward his beast companions.

Sen shrunk to the form of a little monkey napping on his shoulder. Biibi lay her head on his right lap, while Shere napped to his left allowing him to touch her, but unwilling to touch him herself. As for Linlin, she silently floated in the air, overlooking the battlefield.

Of course, one couldn't forget Little Yin and Yang who were always by his side.

'Improve quickly... Maybe soon Chenglei alone won't be enough.' Dyon mumbled to himself quietly.

## Chapter 1857: Taller

Though they couldn't hear Dyon's thoughts, they could clearly feel enough of his emotions to understand what he was thinking. These words alone were enough to light a fire under them.

"If you lift a finger during this expedition, I won't forgive you again!" Shere roared, her battle intent spreading across the dusty. A dense slaughter qi sliced the air apart as though reminding them all below how mighty she was.

Dyon smiled. "This was my intention all along. I'll be relying on you four to sweep through the 100th quadrant. Take hold of this opportunity well, don't let Chenglei look down on you!"

Shere growled, her deep white eyes flickering with a devilish blue flame.

She was itching on the inside. It wasn't just her, but Biibi, Linlin and Sen as well. They knew that they only needed a thought to enter the dao realm, but they continuously suppressed it.

They weren't fools, they knew Dyon needed. He could already battle Peak Dao experts alone, he didn't need normal beast partners. He needed supreme grade allies no weaker than a Dragon! Only then could they stand proudly by Chenglei and Dyon's sides.

Under Shere's raging battle intent, the tournament below reached its apex.

In the end, the final eight of the younger generation were Saru, Ryu, Pjisel, Brahman, two young men and two young women from lesser Clans.

The two light grey skinned young men were from a very familiar Clan to Dyon, the 21st ranked Gemini Clan.

The Gemini Clan were formed of an odd race of humans that were guaranteed to be born as twins. In addition to this, there was even a good chance they'd be born as triplets, quadruplets, or even quintuplets!

Their foremost geniuses of this generation were two sets of identical triplets born to the same mother at the same time. These two young men were from the male set of triplets. Unfortunately, their younger brother hadn't managed to make it into the top 8 though he too was part of Dyon's battalion.

When others saw that all three triplets landed in Dyon's hands, they couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. But Dyon stood silently, his skin as thick as a city wall. Even if they beat him to death, he would never admit foul play.

The other two women were familiar to Dyon as well. One was from the Streluna Clan, the current 12th ranked among the quadrants. Dyon had fought a battle with her elder brother back when his cultivation was sealed. Dyon thought she might have held a grudge about this, but her eyes shone with nothing but reverence when she looked at him.

Of course, as a woman of the Streluna Clan, in addition to be a blood boiling beauty, she had two gorgeous moon sabers strapped to her wide curved hips.

The final woman was actually a member of the 17th ranked Amazonian Clan. But, unlike the she-man Dyon had fought back when his cultivation was sealed, this lady was incredibly delicate. Well... As delicate as an 8-foot-tall woman could be.

Still, despite her height, she was a city toppling beauty. And, the way her bow strapped across her chest, pushing those proud mounds outward, stimulated the soul of every man present.

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to bed a taller woman...

...

Dyon was quite satisfied with these results. The only reason Kaeara, Zaire and Little Lyla hadn't been in the top 8 was because Dyon hadn't allowed them to participate.

Kaeara had an eccentric personality and was even madly in love with Ryu who was several years younger than her, but her power was indisputable. Though not as intelligent as her elder brother Alidor, her battle prowess was actually greater than Alidor's.

While Alidor was Dyon's right hand man and most trusted commander, he was best used for his mind. In fact, Dyon believed that Alidor was no less intelligent than himself. He was a man far more worthy of the genius minds list than Kaori and Aritzia.

Of course, this wasn't to say Alidor was weak. Alidor was worthy of being placed within the Vice Commanders of the Demon Generals. Kaeara was just that much of a monster.

She grasped Ethereal Permeation far faster than her brother did, her energy cultivation speed was much quicker, having reached the Higher Celestial Realm, and she was battle hungry.

It was as though Alidor got all of their family's soul talent, while his little sister took over all of the energy and body talent.

As for Little Lyla, it hardly needed to be explained why she shouldn't participate. Her doing so would just be a form of bullying.

The same reasons stood for Zaire.

In fact, the only reason Dyon even let Ryu participate was to prove a point.

"It seems my words were proven correct." Dyon said with a light smile.

Though the geniuses below showed some indignation, there was nothing they could do. Ryu easily took first place among them all and hadn't even broken a sweat. The most humiliating part was that he hadn't said a word the entire time.

Originally, Dyon was going to have Ryu stand off to the side as well, but others found this unfair. So, Dyon changed his mind.

He told them that if they could beat Ryu, he'd demote Kaeara, Lyla and Zaire to regular foot soldiers.

Unfortunately, their dreams were too easily crushed.

Maybe the greatest shame was that they had allowed a Saint to make it into the final 8. In fact, Saru ranked 4th, above the Gemini triplets, the Amazonian girl and the Streylluna Clan girl, despite only being a Peak Saint!

"There's nothing to feel ashamed about." Dyon said lightly. "I haven't come here to humiliate you all. In fact, following me for the next few years will bring you endless benefits, that I promise. I'll provide you with all the resources you need to improve and I have no intention of using you as canon fodder as some others might.

"That said, don't take my word for it. Time will show all that it needs to show. Now..."

#### Chapter 1858: Progress

Though some were still unhappy, it couldn't be denied that Dyon's words made them more comfortable.

"... Please introduce yourselves." Dyon looked toward the top eight finishers of the elder generation. Though he was familiar with those of the younger, he didn't know much about these men.

While it was true that these eight weren't talented enough to continue climbing the Tower, Dyon didn't blame them for this. In fact, there might even be some hidden talents among them.

Cultivation past the celestial realm was incredibly difficult. Even a single step after the saint realm was like ascending them heavens... No one was guaranteed to enter the dao realm, especially if you didn't have enough backing.

"I am Kuro. This are my brothers Aoi, Xi, and Kie. We've long since thrown away our given names and chosen these simple names. We will reclaim our names once we've climbed to the top of the world."

A middle-aged man with an aged greying beard stepped forward.

In truth, based on his appearance, his words were ridiculous. To appear so old as a celestial, he was already nearing the end of his life, no? Even his brothers were no less grizzled. Yet, Dyon didn't laugh.



The resolution in the man's eyes were very real. In fact, the look in the eyes of his three brothers was no less fiery.

Dyon hardly paid attention to the introductions of the last four final sixteen participants. His mind was entirely on these four men. He wanted to know more about them, but this setting was entirely appropriate.

After their introductions, Dyon nodded.

"The Army Chief of this Battalion will be myself. Under me, there will be the Four Cardinal Generals. North General Zaire Sacharro. South General Lyla Sacharro. West General Ryu Ricci. And East General Kaeara Guatama.

"They will each control 2 500 of you and have 5 Corps Captains beneath them. These 20 spots have been decided by your ordered ranking within this tournament and will be assigned as follows..."

Dyon smiled after he finished organizing the army to his liking, his mind filled with every individual's strengths and weaknesses.

"Now, as promised, the top 8 from each tournament will be adequately rewarded. Here!"

Dyon's arm waved. In but a moment, the battalion below trembled as 15 Spiritual grade treasures appeared, floating into the arm of every top 16 individual with the exception of Ryu.

"From today forth, you will be the Blood Phoenix Battalion. Others will cower before danger, but we will bathe in it and be reborn!"

Shere stood, expanding to her full length of over 500 meters and roared into the skies. Slaughter qi shattered space as though baptizing the newly formed legion.

Whether they were onboard from the beginning or not, the warriors below felt their blood boil.

Dyon's laughing figure disappeared into teleportation array followed by ten thousand soldiers. The elders watching on from a distance suddenly felt a tinge of regret. Why had their youths been in such a rush?

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Within the tower of elders, the mysterious masked man laughed jovially as an adorable cauldron bobbed up and down on his shoulder, seemingly laughing as well.

"My little cousin is a little useless, but there is one thing he's unmatched in, and that's leading an army! Sit back and enjoy the show."

The lips of the various elders and Clan Heads were already twitching at this masked man's careless demeanor. But, if they knew that this masked man was actually Dyon praising a clone of himself, there wouldn't be enough words in all the languages created across time and space for them to express just how shameless they thought he was.

The difference between Dyon and the other elders was too striking.

Some of the weaker elders sat as straight as a javelin, being extremely careful and sparse with their words to avoid offending anyone they couldn't afford to, while the stronger elders still retained their respectable appearances, casually forming lasting relationships.

Yet, Dyon reclined and kicked his feet up, eating piles of food that seemingly appeared out of nowhere. Of course, these piles of food were all cooked by Saru. Even when he ran out, he would just have his clone send him more through their connected inner worlds. He was really leading a comfortable life.

To make matters worse, his words were simply too much. If 'Dyon' was useless, what words could describe their own clan heirs then?

"To tell you the truth." Dyon casually glanced over at Emperor Star. "I thought the Star Clan was being a bit too prideful in not asking my Sacharro Clan for help in designing the formations for the Federation. But, I'll have to retract that thought, your formation masters are quite good."

Though Dyon's words were casual, Emperor Star sensed a hint of playfulness in them.

In that moment, he suddenly had a thought. Could it be that he knows they tried to rig Madeleine's placement?

A cold sweat permeated Emperor Star's back, but Dyon had already turned his attention back to the large screens before them, smiling happily as he ate through the hole he formed in his mask.

"Such sharp picture quality!"

Emperor Star coughed lightly. "Yes, thank you for the praise, Sir Sacharro."

Dyon sneered inwardly, but didn't say much else. He didn't like being a magnanimous person, but for the sake of the bigger picture, he'd let it go for now. Plus, he had rigged a few things himself, he had more than sought revenge for that slight.

Still, if others heard him describe himself as magnanimous...

The atmosphere within the elder tower grew steady, each of them focusing their attention of toward the battalions and their progress.

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At this moment, Dyon's clone and his Blood Phoenix Battalion had landed upon a planet controlled by a 1st tier entity. Simply put, even Dyon's clone could sweep through this planet in just a few seconds. Unfortunately...

Dyon stood on Linlin's back, looking over his Battalion, perfectly split into the Four Cardinal Armies.

## Chapter 1859: True God

With a thought, Dyon silently connected with his main body through their inner world connection. Thanks to this ability, he could use the strength of The Seal.

Before, during the elimination tournament, he had sealed everyone's cultivation to the 1st Celestial Stage. However, this time, he took it even a step further, sealing their cultivations to the 9th Saint Stage. Simply put, they weren't even Peak Saints, they were Higher Saints!

As thousands of golden beams seeped into each and every one of them, solemn expressions coated their features. They realized that the difference between them and Dyon was actually so large... They couldn't even resist, yet they had lost more than 90% of their strength.

This was a True God!

If Dyon heard their thoughts, he would chuckle. At this point, calling him a True God was insulting him. He had long since surpassed that title.

"The strength of an army isn't about the individual, it's about the whole. You've been taught that strength in the martial world only comes down to yourself, but this isn't always the case.

"There exist armies of celestials that can threaten even dao experts!"

Murmurs of astonishment spread through Dyon's battalion, but they found it too hard to believe.

However, Dyon wasn't lying. In the information Jade left behind, Dyon relied on his comprehension of the God of War's Martial Intent to form one such army. But, he wasn't alone. Those outer powers, especially the Nephilim, all had numerous armies of this caliber!

"Until this mission concludes, I will not lift a single finger unless all your lives will be forfeit without me. You, along with my partners, will have to forge this strength on your own under my command.

"I have no intention of forming you all into such an army. You are not of my Sacharro Clan and each of you have your own individual goals. But, I promise that merits we accumulate will be split evenly.

"All warriors will receive the same points. Vice Squadron Leaders, Squadron Leaders and Corps Captains will receive a higher total respective of themselves and normal warriors. All Cardinal Generals will receive equal points to each other as well according to their status. And I will receive a slightly higher total than that.

"If you are unsatisfied with your points total, claim a higher position for yourself.

"Now, we will start with this very planet here. Within a month, we will sweep through it and claim the 1st tier reward for ourselves."

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The Blood Phoenix Battalion immediately began to struggle. It wasn't because their cultivation bases were too weak, but rather because they soon noticed that Dyon hadn't only sealed their cultivation, but also their comprehensions!

The reality of such a matter made them shiver in fear. They had never heard of a seal strong enough to stifle even intents.

When some raised the question as to why Dyon did this, he simply smiled and responded.

"In an army, the only will should be that of the whole! Relying on your own comprehensions will only hinder your progress toward becoming the true Blood Phoenix Battalion."

Within the elder tower, some couldn't help but sigh.

"Is it necessary to go this far? This mission will take two to three decades at most, if they continue at this pace, the Sacharro Clan will suffer."

"True God Sacharro is a genius among geniuses, but he's a bit too youthful.

"Though he can be at ease because the Sacharro Clan has numerous geniuses to pick up his slack, how can others be as calm at heart? And if they're not calm, how can they comprehend what he wants them to?"

The true Dyon only smiled and didn't say much.

In reality, this was a form of training for himself. He only had a vague idea of how to form such an army, so though he spoke with confidence, he was only testing out some theories based on his own comprehension.

This Federation and their mission was next to meaningless to him. If his true body took action, all he had to do was form an army of a thousand or so dao clones and he could conquer the 100th quadrant in as little as a single year, if that.

But for the sake of his plans, he had to take a bit of a back seat... But that didn't mean he was willing to waste time.

To Dyon, who wasn't even technically 100 years old yet, 100 years was a very long time despite his prowess. He couldn't sit aside and do nothing during that time, so he formed a training program for himself that came in three facets.

The first facet were the celestial babies. He had sealed their cultivation as well and was heavily invested in increasing their strength. He hoped that if he could recover their root talent of their ancestors, they would become no less powerful than Chenglei. There was a reason he had yet to feed them the martial saint pills. He wanted them to rely on themselves more! When the time was right, of course he would give them the same treatment as Chenglei.

Of course, this training involved himself because he now had to learn the true essence of being a beast master.

The second facet was himself. Though he seemed to be leisurely reclining and eating, the truth was that he was likely the busiest person on the martial plane.

Within his inner world, his projection was unceasingly comprehending and practicing the Star Lord offensive techniques of the [Dao of Array Alchemy].

[Judgement] and [Sage's Decree] were practically taking up all his time, and Dyon was astonished to find out that even with his soul strength, he couldn't even touch the other techniques yet...

The more Dyon learned about his inner world, the more fascinated he became. He realized that because he was a God in his inner world, training there was actually many times faster than training anyway else because he could control every variable.

If he had realized this before, he would have long since comprehended all several hundred Earth Grade techniques he had to even without using the Soul Tome.

But, this was the unfortunate reality of having a Master who was currently indisposed. Dyon could only rely on himself, and his experience was limited.

Still, there was no use of crying over spilt milk. Looking into the future was what he did best.

Chapter 1860: Pincer

And the third facet, what else could it be if not comprehending how to infuse an army with its own martial intent?

This was the perfect opportunity to learn. And, Dyon didn't feel like he was losing anything either.

The Martial Intent would be useless without the appropriate Commander, in other words, himself. So, even if they chose to leave him in the future, whatever knowledge they gained would be useless. In fact, this truth might make them unwilling to leave him in the first place.

Like this, the Blood Phoenix Battalion continuously fought life and death battles on the weakest of planets while other Battalions had long since surged forward, seeking greater heights for themselves.

The Star Battalion, led by True God Star, had already conquering a 3rd Tier territory! That was right, not planet, but territory! This meant he had swept the equivalent of an entire star cluster under his control.

True God Diasho and his Dual Edge Battalion wasn't too far behind. Not only had they swept through a half dozen 2nd Tier territories, just a few days after True God Star, they too took hold of a 3rd Tier territory.

Similar feats spread far and wide.

The impressive Gentle Wing Battalion, led by God Amora, had purged their battalion of all males, effectively halving their number, yet had still managed to sweep 4 2nd Tier territories and were currently halfway through their first 3rd Tier territory!

The points were continuously mounting. Yet, interestingly enough, the Sacharro Clan still sat 3rd on the Clan leader boards despite Dyon's 'ineptitude'. Their geniuses simply contributed too much...

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'Shere, Sen, pincer.'

Dyon casually gave commands from Linlin's back. However, his casual demeanor was nothing like the raging storm below.

This was the last day of the month-long deadline Dyon had given the Blood Phoenix Battalion, and this penultimate battle had already been waged for four days.

This 1st Tier planet didn't have a name, but it was filled with a red soil with the consistency between that of wet sand and clay. Every step made one feel as though they lost half the energy they put in at once which gave the beasts they faced a decisive home field advantage.

As their cultivations were repressed to the saint realm, they simply didn't have the stamina necessary to sustain flight for several days at a time. In the end, they had no choice but to stand amid this terrible field of red.



In addition to this, the beasts of this planet were also not stupid. After suffering at Dyon's hands due to their disjointed nature, they came together in the end as one, led by 3 lower celestial beasts, all three of whom were equally powerful.

One was a raging bull with horns tinted in black and tapering red. The next was a large vulture with green feathers and a wrinkled long neck. The last was a silver armored four-legged creature with a rounded back and belly and a tail similar to that of a sewer rat.

Sen's twin tails whipped against the ground viciously, propelling him forward at his fastest speed.

His rod extended into the skies, clipping the vulture's wing. But the result was disappointing...

A metallic clang rang outward, sending Sen flying back to the reddened ground.

'Linlin, cover Sen's descent. Shere, coat your claws in demon flames.'

Sen's attack might have seemed completely useless, but it had been perfectly timed under Dyon's watch. His rod's attack had perfectly synced with the vulture's flapping wings, that single instant of time, though it didn't crash to the ground, forced it to glide down almost 20 meters before it could flap once more.

But, this was already enough to give Shere more leverage in her attack.

At the same time, the armored rat had chosen to take advantage of Sen's rapid downward descent, but Linlin was already prepared.

Her delicate mouth opened, revealing a head of smooth white leathery skin and sparkling eyes slithering out from her gorgeous black shell.

A torrent of qi exploded from her body, forming numerous hexagonal shields etched in beautiful ancient runes and stopping the armored rat in its tracks. Dyon hadn't allowed her to use the supreme grade shield he gifted her in the Golden Flame Mystical World, but right now, she didn't need it!

Over this last month, Dyon had been learning more and more about what it meant to be a beast tamer. In the end, he understood that the path of the beast babies would be slightly different from that of Chenglei.

Chenglei had relied on himself to shatter the chains placed on him by the Heavens. He chose to remain by Dyon's side because he felt that without Dyon, this wouldn't have been impossible.

However, the celestial babies were a bit different. Even now, Dyon still thought of them as babies despite the fact they had grown far past that station in life.

He realized that though he was partially correct in believing the four of them had to rely on themselves to grow more powerful, it was just that, partially correct. He came to understand that as a Beast Tamer, and as the person they recognized as their master, they should have a symbiotic relationship.

He had to learn to perfectly balance holding their hand to aid them in improving, and allowing them to forge a path for themselves.

Still, this was very difficult... But, Dyon did have one trump card in this matter: Ri's Primordial Yin.

If there was anyone to learn from in the art of beast taming, the elves, and especially their queen, couldn't be ignored.

By now, Ri had already controlled almost a dozen fairies, each with various abilities of their own. But, this was actually only one aspect of her strength. Ri's main beast partner had become the Celestial Kun Peng.

One shouldn't forget that Ri had subdued the Rainbow Kun Peng Clan long ago after journeying to the Dark Ocean. Back then, she had used her elvin bloodline to agitate the seal placed on them as punishment for disobeying her.