

The Nameless 1901

Chapter 1901: Please

But after a few moments he relaxed. The humanoid shape of the angel spirit no longer took form. Instead, it became a beautiful white dove, staring at Dyon curiously.

The connection between them had already formed. Though Dyon had only cast [Cleanse], this was already the equivalent of defeating the universe spirit. As a result, it had become his 300th conquered universe.

In the Mortal Alliance, the auspicious changes could already be seen.

Little Alauna felt her Faith swell once more, as did Dyon's wives. The energy density increased by a fraction, and many felt an inexplicable feeling of happiness even though they weren't entirely certain of what had just happened.

Still, the faintly understood that... Their Mortal Alliance had grown stronger once more!

Sensing the changes, Dyon smiled.

'Even weakened, this dove spirit provides a 40% boost to energy cultivation talent. It's no weaker than Soul Universe in this regard.'

As one conquered more universes and quadrants, their abilities would begin to provide a synergistic effect. Eventually, after enough years, the benefits of every universe would become equally spread across the whole of the territory.

To put matters simply, given enough time, the soul qi density of Soul Universe would be distributed and shared, for example. Not only would this not decrease Soul Universe's usefulness, but it would actually increase it!

Dyon also believe the previous angel spirit wasn't so simple. However, it had lost this strength after being cleansed.

Still, Dyon wasn't regretful of this. He believed that the Olympus Clan had too many underhanded schemes. What if they placed other contingences to hurt those who tried to take advantage of what they left behind? Dyon refused to get caught with his pants around his ankles. It was better safe than sorry.

"Alright, let's go. You all can slowly enjoy the benefits of this place later. For now... We have more universes to conquer!"

The Emperor Giants watched in awe as Dyon made something that should have been as difficult as finding universe spirits look as easy as taking a stroll.

They felt a faint bit of heartache as their Faith decreased right before their eyes, but reaffirmed their resolve after seeing Dyon's strength. They were certain that their decision was correct. If they didn't have someone so powerful to rely upon... Their only ending would be death.

Just a month later, all 100 universes of the Emperor Giant Quadrant had been added to Dyon's strength. It was hard to believe, but they had all personally witnessed it. This was something they could only accept.

Finally, they reappeared within the Emperor Giant Grand Hall, harboring dazed expressions.

Was this truly the strength of a Higher Existence? Why did it seem even more exaggerated than what they initially believed?

Dyon smiled. "Now that you have become one of my own, I guess I should fulfill my promises, right?"

Dyon scanned them all with a calm expression, observing their excitement.

"Now... Which of you will be the first to become an angel?"

Once more, Dyon felt several gazes boring into his soul. This Emperor Giants truly knew how to wear their emotions on their sleeve.

"Before we begin, I think I should pour a bit of cold water on your dreams." Dyon suddenly said. "I'm sure as Giants, you're aware of how your race came about, correct?"

Emperor Angelus frowned, but still answered in the end.

"Yes... Giants are humans at the end of the day. It's just that we've integrated with high grade bloodlines, whether that be from other higher race humans or beasts. As a result, our bodies expanded in size to accommodate these bloodlines. If we remained our original size, we'd live miserable lives and die miserable deaths... Wait!"

Dyon nodded. "Once I cleanse your bloodlines, you will lose your overwhelming size. Even a fool will understand that you've perfectly integrated your bloodlines. At that point, it will no longer be a harbored secret.

"This means that if you want to accept my blessings now, you have one of two choices: Either disappear from the Federation entirely until the Ancient Battlefield descends, or be very selective of who gains my blessing until the time is right..."

"Whoever accepts my blessing cannot, under any circumstances, reveal themselves to the public.

"You're all very focused on the Titans as enemies, but the truth is that there are lurking hazards even within our Tower Quadrants. These individuals care about nothing but their own benefits. To them, this isn't a war of Failed Clans versus us. It's a war simply for survival. Even if they have to sellout one of their own, they will do it!"

Dyon's gaze turned cold. All this time, he hadn't forgotten about the Mist Clan for even a moment and he had been monitoring them all this time.

The fact that, even now, they hadn't revealed their strength, even at the risk of losing their territory, meant that they were gearing up for the penultimate moment.

The Water Mist Sect performed terribly during the first mission. But this didn't put Dyon at ease at all!

After thinking for a moment, Emperor Angelus made a decision.

"I believe that disappearing from the Federation will only bring us more problems. There's already talks of using our alliance's power to sweep through the quadrants that had been too weak to make it to the first parliament gathering. If we do this, they may very well turn their pitch forks toward us."

Emperor Angelus took a deep breath. "Please begin with the pillars of our Clans. It will be easier to excuse their absence from the Federation. After the Sprite Alliance matters are concluded, we can then do the younger generation."

Dyon nodded. "There's only one more matter to speak about... Anak's marriage with Chrysanthemum of the Water Mist Sect is a bit... problematic."

"Please enlighten me, Higher Existence Sacharro."

"The Water Mist Sect isn't to be trusted. My Sacharro Clan's intelligence unit has more than enough evidence to believe that they are pawns of a Failed Clan."

"Luckily, Chrysanthemum isn't very important to the Water Mist Sect. If she had been a genius, it would be very possible that they had also set their sights on your Emperor Giant Clan, believing you to be useful to them in some way... but since she isn't..."

"However, this isn't enough for me to feel at ease. Maybe it's precisely because Chrysanthemum is lacking that they felt this would be the perfect cover. The Water Mist Sect may very well be targeting you all through Anak."

BOOM!

Chapter 1902: Gratitude

The atmosphere within the Grand Hall immediately became tense. Revelations Dyon casually spoke of were no different from thunder in their ears.

Could it be that the Titans already set their sights on them? Without them even being aware?!

"Call Little Anak here." Emperor Angelus immediately commanded.

It didn't take long for a confused Anak to be looking around the Grand Hall in a bit of a daze. He didn't understand why the pillars of his Clan had called him here, and he understood even less why a member of the Sacharro Clan he hated so much was being treated with such respect by his father.

Dyon didn't say anything as he scanned Anak, sweeping through his body once, twice, and even thrice over.

Though he didn't have much of a reaction, he was inwardly frowning.

'Was I too sensitive...? Could it be the Mist Clan and the Titans are completely unrelated?'

"Son." Emperor Angelus said firmly. "From this day forth, your marriage with Chrysanthemum is void."

"Father!" Anak was astonished to the point of near silence.

Even if he wasn't head over heels in love with Chrysanthemum, she had still followed by his side for a long time. In the end, she was his woman. How could he just throw her away like this?

His head spun. He couldn't help but look toward Dyon, his hatred deepening.

Did the Sacharro Clan to pressure his father into humiliating their Clan like this?

He could imagine it now, all the laughing and jeering. The so-called Emperor Giants aren't even able to keep the women that marry into their family, what a joke!

Suddenly, Dyon's eyes glowed. "So that's what it is! How sinister."

Dyon's sneer deepened.

"Cancelling this marriage is unnecessary, Emperor Angelus. In fact, it's best if we don't alert the Mist Clan at all. They're still... useful to me. Though I can already wipe them from the face of the Mortal Plane, this is not the best route to take..."

In the end, Anak was still a True God. After having the situation explained to him, even he was willing to kill Chrysanthemum himself. However, Dyon believed that even the victim in question wasn't aware of her involvement in all of this.

The more Dyon observed Anak's body, the more impressed he began. Such a technique... Whoever created it was a genius beyond words!

Was this really the same Titan Clan Emperor Angelus said were made of nothing but meat heads who lost the route of innovation?

No... It wasn't yet certain that the Mist Clan was tied to the Titans. But even then, Dyon was 99% sure.

"... This dual cultivation technique uses an understanding of the body deeper than I can imagine. It slowly shifts the alignment of the blood vessels, forming an array within the body. This happens over the course of several years, decades, maybe even centuries.

"At the same time, it gives benefits good enough that the victim would be completely unaware until its too late to change.

"The reason I didn't notice immediately is because I'm not familiar with the structure of your bodies and how they're meant to be. But the problem became obvious after I compared your meridian pathways to that of your father and other family members."

Dyon had seen this sort of seal before, one that directly used the human body as its medium. Back then, he had to sever all of Yandevere's meridians before she was set free of the Golden Crow Sect's control.

Anak's situation was even more sinister. This time, the technique didn't use the meridians, but the blood vessels. Severing one's blood vessels was far more life threatening than severing one's meridians. This made the technique almost impossible to overcome.

Anak clenched his fists, his body trembling with rage.

He was a True God! His future was limitless! Yet these bastards actually wanted to ruin his life for their schemes... Fuck them!

As he listened to how troublesome his situation was, Anak only seemed capable of trembling fiercer.

"If you want revenge, the plan will have to change..." Dyon said after a moment of thought. "... First, announce that Anak will be going into closed door cultivation and won't appear for a while. I believe that Anak was born with the highest angel blood density of your Emperor Giant Clan, correct?"

Emperor Angelus nodded.

"If Anak was of any other race, I would have to spend a bit of time to cure him. But since he has angel blood, curing this is as easy as flipping over a hand. I simply have to awaken his wings.

"The shift in his meridian pathways will disrupt his blood vessels as well. After all, the body is interconnected in all sorts of ways. This will effectively "reset" his state.

"Following this, when you dual cultivate with Chrysanthemum, you'll need certain measure to protect yourself from this change occurring again. Of course, I will help you with this."

Anak grit his teeth, but in the end, he took a deep breath and lowered his head.

"Thank you!" He said firmly, the gratitude in his eyes weighing as heavy as a mountain.

Dyon smiled and waved his hand. This really was no big deal for him, it had taken minimal effort. In fact, the Emperor Giants actually made his future preparations far easier.

"Once Anak comes out of closed-door cultivation, he will be a true angel! Do not hide this. In fact, I believe this will only benefit us more. Simply say that Anak experienced a breakthrough in his bloodline, allowing him to become a true angel in the greatest sense.

"When that time comes... I don't believe the Mist Clan will be able to continue to sit idle. They will definitely take control of Anak immediately following this. Anak will then become our valuable trump card on the inside..."

The Emperor Giants looked at Dyon with a hint of fear in their eyes. They suddenly understood the scariest thing about this man wasn't his strength... but his mind!

Chapter 1903: Loose

The years continued to tick by. Dyon felt that his preparations were nearing perfection. The day the Ancient Battlefield descended would be the day he bathed the Titans and the Mortal Plane in blood!

The man who seemed to have the world in the palm of his hand, though, was relaxing with a calm expression on his face.

Some days, he would spend time with daughter, diligently guiding and teaching her. Other days he would play around with his wives, dual cultivating with them to increase their strength and also showering them with tender love and affection. And still yet other days, he would torture his disciples with an evil grin on his face, becoming the nightmare that haunted their dreams.

Soon, Little Alauna's 21st birthday came and went and Dyon sharpened his battle intent once more.

His gaze turned toward the 99 universes, a fire lighting in his heart. He had given them too many years of peace. The idea of having a ticking time bomb sitting right beside his Mortal Alliance didn't sit well with him. Why not go wreak some havoc?

Maybe Dyon was the only man in existence conceited enough to claim he could do such a thing alone. But he truly did have the capital to be this arrogant! He would make the 99 universes his playground!

And, while he was doing that, why not also make his Master happy and pick up a Celestial Deer Sect Legacy along the way?

It had been too long since he let loose.

He enjoyed spending endless days with wives, drowning in pleasure. But, that other side of him still existed... The side of him that saw the bloody battlefield of his first campaign all those years ago, yet grinned like a madman.

In Dyon's mind, the strongest man to ever exist would always be his father. At the end of it all, he was still the mighty General Sacharro's son! He felt the most alive on the battlefield!

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The 99 universes were controlled by four centers of power. The Profound Earth Sect, the Ceres Clan, the Sona Clan, and finally, the most powerful Nova Clan.

Elder Nova, who had given Dyon so much trouble back when he dealt with The Cathedral, was the second prince of this very Nova Clan. In fact, this wasn't the only interaction Dyon had had with this Clan either.

Before Dyon left Soul Universe after the matters with The Cathedral, he fought against their geniuses in the Gates. Unfortunately for those youths back then, they were far too weak, having only stepped into the Pseudo-Saint Realm.

Still, Dyon knew they were no normal geniuses. Back then, they had only been 15 years old. But, to put matters in their proper perspective, they only began to cultivate at 12 years old! That speed of cultivation was astounding!

One had to remember, that for most individuals, one must wait for their meridians to mature before they can begin to cultivate. The only way to accelerate this process is either with resources, or awakening one's constitution fully.

Even for Dyon, back when he first entered the martial world, he waited a good amount time for his meridians to mature. It was just that, in the end, he learned that he actually hadn't had any meridians to begin with.

Of course, someone like Little Alauna who had a Star Lord for a father didn't need to do any of this so-called waiting. So she began to cultivate the moment Dyon felt she was mature enough to understand the dangers, which had actually been fairly young, all considering.

This aside, though Dyon knew they were good little seedlings, he decided against killing them back then. Dyon was usually against letting enemies get away, but he felt like killing teenagers was going too far. Though he was ruthless often times, he had his own bottom line.

Now, though, those very geniuses should be quite mature. If they dared to cross his path, he wouldn't hesitate to kill them this time around.

Dyon strolled through the black expanse of one of the 99 universes, his expression relaxed. He wore his most comfortable white T and black sweats and didn't bother with a mask, though an adorable cauldron bobbed over his shoulder.

At this point, this mask was only aesthetic. With his Immortal Sense, no one could observe him if he didn't want them to. Their only chance was to lay their eyes on him personally, but with the Celestial Twins by his side, was that even possible?

If the 99 universes knew that an unknown enemy was casually strolling through their domain, observing their deepest secrets without even a hint of effort, who knew how they would react?

However, this was exactly how you'd describe the situation here...

'Hm... How best to raise hell...' Dyon mumbled to himself, crossing through several territories.

For others it took years to cross the barriers between universes and quadrants. But for Dyon, thanks to Hell's Right Eye, it simply took a single thought.

Dyon knew that doing such a thing should have taken up a ridiculous amount of energy. Before, he had estimated that he should only be able to do it once or twice before resting. However, reality was well outside of his expectations.

When Hell's Right Eye reforged the meridians of his pupils, they connected with the network of meridian pathways in his brain. In addition, thanks to retrieving his energy cultivation talent, the meridian pathways of Dyon's mind had become capable of accepting his soul qi.

What did this mean...? It meant that Dyon was able to use soul qi to power an energy path treasure of the 33 heavens!

Like this, Dyon felt that crossing even a thousand universes and quadrants would hardly put a dent in his stamina. If he wanted to, even reaching the core of the Main Sapientia Clan's territory would be nothing but child's play.

'... If I remember correctly, Elder Nova's story is a bit complex. He was banished to guard Soul Universe...'

Thinking more deeply, Dyon remembered the story.

Chapter 1904: I Can Use

Elder Nova allegedly attempted to rape the First Princess of the Sona Clan. This attempt ended in failure.

However, in a fit of humiliation, Princess Sona attempted suicide. Ironically, this also failed. But, it landed her in a coma she was still in to this day.

The Sona Clan rightly wanted Elder Nova killed, however, Elder Nova's elder brother protected him, allowing him to be banished instead.

This was the story of how the Second Prince of the grand Nova Clan, a Clan that Dyon actually believed was no weaker than a power of the outer quadrants, became a mere gate watcher for a sect far below his stature.

To now, Elder Nova had been sealed and imprisoned by Dyon for several decades. He lived a plain lifestyle, honestly. He had already given up on much of everything long ago.

'Though the power of the 99 Universes is great, they're lacking in many areas.

'First, soul cultivation is banned here, so their secondary professions are greatly lacking. This is why even their greatest geniuses can't begin cultivating until they're 12 years old. Even if they were born with a constitution, they could only awaken it naturally.

'Second, they aren't united. Because the Sapientia Clan's influence, or who they called their 'Employer', has dwindled, the internal struggle between the Clans ramped up considerably. According to my information, the Ceres and Profound Earth Sect are allies. The Nova and Sona Clan were once allies, but the attempted rape case and the deep coma of Princess Sona tore that relationship apart.

'In the end, the Sona Clan is neutral, while the Nova Clan is powerful enough to hold off both Sect's alone...'

Dyon smiled. '... This... This I can use.'

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DONG! DONG! DONG! DONG! DONG! DONG!

The reverberating ring a vibrant bell penetrated through the universe.

They were just six simple sounds, but they alone caused a population of trillions to freeze in their tracks and look into the skies.

"That's..."

"The Challenge Bell..."

How long had it been since the Challenge Bell rung for so long?

A single resonance meant a challenge of the Foundation Realm. Two resonances meant a challenge of the Meridian Formation Realm. Three resonances meant a challenge of the Essence Gathering Realm. Four resonances meant a challenge of the Saint Realm! Five? The Celestial Realm! And six?! The Dao Formation Realm!

How could this happen today of all day?

This very moment, the Universe Tournament was about to begin. Youths from all across their 99 universes had come to allow their names to etch into the skies. It was their time to be remembered for generations to come.

Every five hundred years, this tournament would take place. This time, it was the Profound Earth Sect's turn to host. But who knew that before the four Heads of their central powers could end the formalities and ring the starting bells of this legendary tournament, someone would ruin the proceedings entirely?!

Master Ores, the Palace Master of the Profound Earth Sect, suddenly gripped his throne. To his sides, the three Heads of the Sona, Nova and Ceres Clans sat without a care in the world. Why would they care? After all, it wasn't their Clan's Challenge Bell that had been rung.

One might think this wasn't a big deal, but the reality was far from this. Was it really possible for a normal bell to make a sound that resonated throughout an entire universe?

The so-called Challenge Bell was actually known as the Profound Resonance Bell. It was a Supreme Grade Treasure that represented the prestige of the Profound Earth Sect! Its challenge couldn't be ignored, or else it would be directly impugning on their own Faith!

"Is the Profound Earth Sect filled with cowards?"

The voice was soft, yet somehow resonated along with the Profound Resonance Bell's ring.

It was only then that those present understood another problem...

With how mighty the Profound Resonance Bell was, it was grandly displayed for all to see. They were the Profound Earth Sect! Who would dare to steal or even think to touch their things outside the bounds of reason?

As the center piece of the Sect, of course it took center stage while they were hosting an event as important as the Universe Tournament. So the question was simple... How had this challenger rung the bell without them first noticing his presence?!

The Universe Tournament took place on a grand mountain range filled with countless peaks. They sat so high in the sky that even they could even see clouds below. One could almost overlook the whole planet from this vantage point, a mesh of white clouds, green and brown pastures, and blue oceans.

The tournament itself was taking place on a flat surface of one of these mountain peaks. As for the Profound Resonance Bell? It had been moved to be grandly displayed in the skies. In fact, Master Ores had actually planned to ring the bell to signal the start of the tournament.

Simply put, the Challenge Bell was actually directly above their heads!

Everyone's gaze shot up into the skies, only to see a young man dressed in odd and plain clothing, leaning on the bell as though it was a hammock and not the supreme grade treasure it truly was.

His eyes were practically closed. The only animated part of his whole appearance was the small cauldron that excitedly hopped up and down.

"You dare!"

Master Ores was completely enraged. His body glowed with a brown-gold light as he struck toward the young man with full force.

This was complete humiliation. The Universe Tournament was broadcasted throughout the whole of the 99 universes for all to see. For someone to disrespect the sacred treasure of their sect like this... How could they allow it!?

Even though the 99 universes banned the soul path, there was still magic. Using it to project these events was no different from using arrays. They had wanted to use this tournament, as they always did, to ensure the masses knew their strength. But who knew it would come back to bite them in this way?

Many believed that it was all over for this youth. To reach the Dao Formation Realm at such a young age... Why did he have to be so reckless?

It was true that the four core powers didn't allow their lesser clans and sects to rise up, even sometimes directly poaching or even killing their talents, but this method of retaliation was too foolish!

BOOM!

Chapter 1905: Reverberating

Contrary to what they expected, however... Not only did the young man not move a single inch, neither did the cauldron on his shoulder. In fact, there weren't any fluctuations of qi at all... And yet...

Master Ores' blow was completely blocked!

The young man chuckled. "You call yourself the Palace Master of the Profound Earth Sect, yet you don't even know the abilities of your own treasure?"

Those around sucked in a cold breath as they suddenly remembered. After the bell was rung, no one above the age of the one who rung it could enter its domain, and no more than one person could at a time! This was why it was the perfect Challenge Bell!

"My name is Dyon Sacharro. I'm here to show you all the might of the Soul Path. Send your best up here if you'd like to kill me."

The reverberating impact of Dyon's words were felt throughout all 99 universes. The worst part about it all was that the blow was truly vicious!

What would happen if the four core powers cut off the images of these events? Wouldn't it sow doubt into the population they ruled?

With how viciously they had banned soul cultivation, wouldn't it be akin to admitting they were afraid?

They knew well the reason for this ban. This quadrant simply birthed too many soul talents. If too many were born, one with enough talent and foresight might begin to realize just how ridiculous the ban on fusing Formation Theory and Alchemy was. If that happened, the rise of Array Alchemy may once more begin!

They were tasked by their Employer to ensure that this never happened. Soul talents were crippled, and those who were too blessed were often killed.

Of course, those with strong backgrounds would always survive while those who lacked backing could only die miserable deaths or live miserable lives...

They had to ensure that this fear maintained its stability. It was simply impossible to peer into the secrets of trillions of individuals. If they didn't maintain this deterrent, how many would begin experimenting with their souls in secret? Once that begins, how would they contain this problem?!

To make matters worse, this still wasn't the worst case scenario.

If things got too out of hand, their Employer could be alerted. If this occurred, maybe the end of the four core powers would be nigh! Their only path remaining would be death!

At this point, the other three heads aside Master Ores who had previously not cared about this change suddenly felt a weight crash onto their chests. This was no longer a problem of just the Profound Earth Sect!

"Leave this to me, Master Ores!"

A robust young man brimming with vitality shot upward. He looked no different from a steroid infused body builder. His muscles rippled with a bronze sheen that almost seemed inhuman.

"Ai..." Master Ores descended back to his throne. This was no longer a matter he could take of personally. It had to be a member of the younger generation, or this would become a disaster! "... I'll leave it to you."

This young man was the 7th ranked Core Disciple of their Profound Earth Sect. He was almost guaranteed to reach the top 100. As a result, he wasn't too overwhelmingly strong, nor was he too weak either. If he wins, it would be good. This way, no one would say they were bullying others.

"Since you've decided to offend my Profound Earth Sect... Die!"

The young man roared, his body rippling to life as he shot a fist that could collapse the skies forward.

BOOM!

Many looked away from their screens, sighing inwardly. Too impulse!... This was their only thought.

However, when they looked back, they saw a scene they could have never imagined.

Not only had this young man still not moved... But he was completely untouched!

"No way..."

The geniuses below were stunned.

Dyon frowned, feigning anger. "What's with all of these old people trying to take advantage of me. Can it be the Core Disciples don't know the rules of your Profound Resonance Bell either?"

The 7th ranked disciple turned red with embarrassment. It can't be. This young man who had already stepped into the Dao Realm... He was younger than him?

How could that be?!

For Master Ores to be older, that was still acceptable. But he was the 7th ranked disciple of the Profound Earth Sect! He had been groomed due to his genius since his youth! He had even stepped into the Dao Realm before 200 years old! How could this young man be younger than him?!

The faces of the four Heads turned stiff.

Genius! This was the only way they could describe this young man.

In the end, the core disciple could only descend from the skies.

"Let me..."

Another soon took his place.

BOOM!

6th ranked core disciple failed.

"I'll go..."

BOOM!

4th ranked core disciple failed.

BOOM!

2nd ranked core disciple failed.

"Let me...!"

BOOM!

1st ranked core disciple failed!

Dyon shook his head. "I guess the Profound Earth Sect is just so..."

"Why does he... Look so familiar..." Prince Nova looked into the skies, his brows furrowed as he looked toward Dyon. Why did he feel like he knew this man? But if he did... How could he forget him? There's no way he would forget such a genius!"

"Prince...?" Tova, as usual, followed behind the Nova Clan Prince like a lovely little wife.

Master Ores' face turned bright red with rage.

The Profound Resonance Bell! It wasn't anywhere near the most powerful treasure they had in their Sect, but it was still the one which represented their prestige the most! It was the one that acted as their face, their pride!

No one not of the Ceres, Sona or Nova Clan had ever successfully challenged them! Would this really be the day this streak was broken? Would their Legatees really have to make a move?

BOOM!

"I know who you are!" Prince Nova suddenly remembered.

"Taejeer?" Head Nova frowned, looking toward his son.

Prince Nova had always been levelheaded. He never displayed such chaotic emotions. Never!

"He's the one father! He's the one who defeated us all at the gates back then!"

Chapter 1906: Range

Those of low status had no idea what the Nova Clan Prince was talking about. Why would those four core powers advertise the devastating losses of their greatest geniuses? In fact, the whole operation was kept a secret because the Soul Universe was a taboo topic struck from the history of their 99 Universes.

But, the four Heads knew exactly what Prince Nova was referring to. And, if the little prince was correct... This was the worst-case scenario!

This young man defeated their heirs single handedly with absolute ease! In fact, according to Prince Nova's reports, it had been a child's game to him!

Prince Nova was never one to exaggerate or hide his failures. He very clearly reported the situation to his father, not leaving out a single detail. Everything from the disasters they faced as they traveled toward the Epistemic Tower, to their resounding defeat at the end of it all, they were aware of it all!

Dyon continued to leisurely recline upon the large bell's curve. It was as though the situation below had next to nothing to do with him.

Prince Nova gripped his fists. That defeat from back then, he had dreamed for years of payback. But, this sort of meeting wasn't at all like he had dreamt of. It felt like Dyon didn't even remember who he was. Such a thing made him feel incredibly uncomfortable in his heart, no matter how usually steady he was.

Of course, Dyon didn't forget Prince Nova. His memory was too good for that. It was just that Prince Nova was simply a blip on his radar. To Dyon, anyone he had already defeated once, would never have

the chance to surpass him again. And, if you were currently ahead of him, it was in your best interest that you lower your head and practice hard, lest you be surpassed too quickly.

In this more than 30 years, Prince Nova and the other geniuses of that time managed to step into the Dao Realm at about 50 years old. This was quite impressive... But their current selves still wouldn't last even half a move against Dyon.

"Aiya, can it be that you magnificent four powers have no geniuses amongst you?" Dyon mumbled to him. "What a wasted trip..."

The disciples below were incredibly enraged. Just moments ago, they were preparing for the whole of the 99 universes to remember their names. How could they know that they'd so suddenly be humiliated without reservation? How could they stand for this?!

"If you're really so powerful, stop hiding in that turtle shell!" The 7th ranked core disciple roared.

When those words left his lips, Master Ores' face turned a deep shade of black.

'This fool!' He roared in his mind.

Calling your own Sect Treasure a turtle shell? Where would they put their faces in the future!?

"Oh." Dyon said unperturbed. "I was under the impression that the Profound Resonance Bell was a magnificent treasure that your Profound Earth Sect treated as its dignity. I wasn't aware that you core disciples looked down on your own Sect Treasure like so..."

The 7th ranked core disciple felt his face turn green. He had obviously not meant it this way, but he was too hot blooded to think before he spoke.

"The truth, though, is that I don't actually need this turtle bell to defeat you."

"YOU!"

However, the moment he wanted to speak more, and overwhelming fear gripped his heart. He felt that his life was already forfeit, that these were truly his last moments.

Dyon smiled lightly. But this smile was akin to the reaper come to collect souls.

His finger stretched outward, his eyes swirling with golden gears.

"[Shrink]... [Accelerate]... [Raze]."

A pitch-black array was slowly etched into being before the seventh core disciple. Its creation almost seemed too slow... But why was it that no one could react in time?

Their minds were sent in a murky purgatory, as though a liquid denser than quicksand had wrapped around their ankles, pulling them down with a force they couldn't resist.

All they saw was death. Endless death. Piles of black bones and corpses, dense oceans of flesh and blood, a deep resentment that tore into their hearts....

PUUU

By the time the disciples regained their bearings, their hearts trembled at the sight before them. As for the audience watching on, the sight was even more shocking for them. All they had seen was Dyon stretch out a finger and form an array... just like that a disciple ranked in the top 100 of their younger generation... died...

The seventh core disciple's body still stood tall. But, a blood hole the three times the size of a baseball had torn its way through half of his face.

Before his body could even collapse, it began to disintegrate, turning into fine flecks of black-grey ash.

The Universe Tournament grounds were gripped by a frightening silence. In fact, the only sound that could be heard was the steam that left an adorable cauldron's lid as it followed Dyon who strolled out of the range of protection the Profound Resonance Bell provided.

Scratching the back of his head, Dyon looked down below with an awkward expression.

"My bad." He said with an innocent expression. "I meant to defeat him, not kill him, as I said. How could I know that a supposed genius even older than me couldn't take a single strike?"

Somehow, even though he had left the range of their supposed turtle bell, no one dared to attack him.

That illusion... It was simply too fierce. Even though it had only reaped the life of one person, every single genius below had been dragged into it.

What if he had targeted them instead?

To make matters worse, it was only now they understood Dyon's true purpose.

It was difficult to tell the age of a cultivator unless you had keen senses. Someone capable of doing so was even rarer in a land where soul cultivation was effectively banned. If Dyon had strolled into the tournament and started killing people, many watching on from home might believe that he was an expert who retained his young looks thanks to his high cultivation. But now, because of the Challenge Bell's abilities... They knew that this was wrong!

Chapter 1907: Good!

This made it all the more certain... It was as though Dyon was slapping them awake, telling him that there was no path stronger than the soul path.

'Our heirs don't stand a chance. Even if it's shameless, we must attack. Since he's so boldly left the range of the Challenge Bell, kill him while he's being arrogant! You all know as well as I how important this is. This is no longer just about the face of my Profound Earth Sect!' Master Ores immediately communicated secretly with the other Heads.

But who knew that his qi would be intercepted and projected out for all to hear?

Dyon covered his lips, shaking his head in pity.

"Without strong soul cultivation, do you really believe you have the power to hide your secret conversations from me?"

Dyon laughed as the faces of the four Heads turned green.

It was all over. Dyon had used this small trick against Oshire once before, but it was even more useful now.

Master Ores roared into the skies. He no longer bothered with frivolous words as he immediately appeared above Dyon's head, his palm striking downward with a force that threatened to shatter the whole planet.

Since it had already come to this, they couldn't cut off the video feed no matter what. Since they could no longer suppress the curiosity toward soul cultivation, they'd instead crush it with absolute strength!

Master Ores wanted all of those commoners to know the price for offending their dignity!

"Whoa, whoa, whoa." Dyon clicked his tongue, looking at the palm descending from above.

He took a step forward, making others believe that he was courting death. But an instant later, he appeared behind Master Ores, completely dodging his strike as though he was strolling through a park.

"What harsh bullying... I'm still a fragile budding youth of the future. Master Ores is truly grand... But I'm not so easy to intimidate." Dyon's innocent expression turned into a savage grin. "For every strike you levy against me, another one of your disciples dies."

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The words had barely left his lips before another Profound Earth Sect disciple collapsed. This time, it was the 6th ranked Core Disciple!

Master Ores' rage reached new heights as he completely ignored Dyon's words to attack again. But...

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5th ranked core disciple... dead!

Many of the geniuses below collapsed in their own piles of waste. Facing that devastating illusion once was already terrible enough, but facing it three times... their minds were collapsing.

Some of them began to cry, their cheeks flooded with tears and their nostrils running with snot.

Others soiled their pants, unable to control their bodily functions. Cultivators of their realms should have long since been above expelling waste in this fashion, but they were unable to do anything about it.

"Yikes. That's not a pretty sight." Dyon laughed as he dodged another attack and yet another disciple fell.

Master Ores wasn't so easy to face at all. In fact, if Dyon fought him head on, it would probably take him several hours to win since this hot-blooded sect head was actually a 12th stage Dao Formation expert. However, Dyon didn't need to fight him head on.

As things stood now, maybe only a Higher Existence could match Dyon's speed, and this would only be thanks to their ability to tear the void. Unless you were an absolute genius above the 9th Order within the Dao Realm, fighting Dyon was a foolish dream. He could already look down upon all normal Dao experts.

After taking back ownership of the Energy Core, Dyon crossed into the 3rd Dao Realm and on the verge of entering the 4th and becoming a Middle Dao Formation expert. On top of this, he was also on the

verge of completing the Gold Silk Realm of his Titan Diamond Body, making his body already comparable to the strength of a Middle Dao Expert alone!

Dyon, if the Higher Existences of the top 3 quadrants and likely these 99 Universes were ignored, could already boast the greatest strength in the Tower Quadrants. When this strength was combined with Hell's Right Eye's ability to ignore space and void, his battle prowess was beyond normal logic.

Master Ores' eyes turned a bloody red as he watched his disciples fall one after another.

"WHAT ARE YOU ALL DOING?!" He roared. "ATTACK TOGETHER!"

The three Heads looked at one another and knew they had no choice. Not only did they suddenly move as one, but a powerful surge of Faith Qi suddenly erupted from all four of them.

Dyon's eyes narrowed. By all logic, since they only shared 99 universes together, their Faith shouldn't be so powerful. Yet, it was enough for Dyon to feel as though he was once more facing an insurmountable mountain.

In the next moment he understood and sneered. 'So that's why... They were taken in as Vassal States of the Sapientia Clan...'

Vassal States were a method of entering an alliance that didn't require sharing Faith. It was essentially like gaining the territory without the effort of finding and conquering the universe spirits.

However, if there were no benefits for the Vassal State, why would they join?

The first benefit was obviously protection. The status of a Vassal State was easy to introduce, but it was also easy to retrieve. If a Vassal State was unsatisfied, a single thought was enough to sever the connection between them and their protectors. This gave Vassal States leverage in asking for assistance.

But, the second benefit was that Vassal States could borrow the Faith of their supporters when they faced a troublesome issue. Of course, they didn't have access to the full Faith prowess, or else Dyon would have already turned tail and run. After all, even with his battle prowess, he nearly lost to a mere

celestial who wielded the Sapiencia Clan's Faith. How horribly would he lose if four 12th stage Dao experts attacked him?

However, even still, the battle prowess of the four Heads shot up considerably.

"Good!"

Despite the situation, Dyon grinned like madman. This was what he was waiting for. A battle to sharpen himself.

Things had been too easy recently. For Dyon who was used to struggling every step of the way, he almost resented the feeling. Even though he knew he earned his current strength, it didn't stop him from feeling uncomfortable.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1908: Patience

As for the Ancient Battlefield, he didn't dare to play around in it. How well he performed on its stage would directly decide the Fate of his wives... of his daughter. Unless he had no choice but to fight, he avoided it in that realm, not because he was scared, but rather because his greatest strength was in Commanding large armies.

But now, he could completely unleash.

These four Heads... They would be his grinding stones!

'You Higher Existences of the 99 Universes stay put for now...' Dyon thought, a devilishly handsome smile on his face. '... I'm not quite ready to play with you all yet. But, these four...'

Dyon's palms slammed together. A rippling current of concentric pressurized wind rippled outward, devastating the grounded below.

"[Nine Suns of Armageddon]!"

Nine beautiful pearls appeared above Dyon's head. Four of them were a gorgeous silvery white, another four were a tempting, devilish flickering black, while the very last was a gentle combination of the two.

In an instant, they expanded to the size of nine moons, looming of Planet Profound with a menacing air.

Master Ores' facial expression immediately changed.

"PUT UP THE PROTECTIVE FORMATIONS! NOW!"

He could sense it immediately. If they didn't act... Their entire solar system would be ripped to shreds!

"Attack!"

Prince Nova trembled below, his eyes turning red. He hardly felt Tove's small hand slip into his own in a bid to comfort him.

The difference between them... It was actually so large!

Dyon stood in the skies like a Moon Deity. To his right, four black moons curved in a large semi-circle. To his left, four white moons mirrored their formation. Finally, directly above his head, a beautiful grey moon flickering like a silver star sat, its aura menacing beyond compare.

The original [Nine Suns of Armageddon] was about mirroring the strength of stars. The Golden Crow Clan had the ability to borrow the strength of fire stars held to directly exponentially boost their strength. However, when they were away from stars, they couldn't use these abilities... As a result, they created this technique in order to simulation the strength of stars!

But Dyon's version was completely different. Not only could he borrow the strength of these stars... But they held power of their own!

Dyon grinned as he watched the four soar forward. The benefits of attacking with numbers was clear, but the disadvantage was also clear... They couldn't use their True Domains!

"[Sun God Halo]."

Dyon spoke softly as rings of black and white appeared above his palms.

If [Nine Suns of Armageddon] was an auxiliary technique, [Sun God Body] was how it was used. However, Orcus found this technique incompatible with his Death God Body, so he modified it to become extensions of himself rather than its original purpose of directly fusing with the body. The result? [Sun God Halo] and [Sun God Domain]!

Dyon's white ring trembled.

"Repel."

WOOONG

A nearly insurmountable barrier appeared before the four Heads. It felt like every step forward increased their weight by millions of jin. This was too exaggerated, no!

"Like I said, I'm fragile." Dyon smiled lightly. "It's best if you all stay over there..."

Dyon clapped his palms together once more, but this time, the result was even more devastating.

Laws of attraction and repulsion violently interacted, seeking to shatter existence itself.

Dyon raised his right arm into the sky as his left stayed in place as though in half prayer. For a moment, the devil that rained terror upon their 99 universes suddenly became a saintly buddha.

"Don't worry... I'll diligently guide you all..."

A golden palm appeared in the skies. Those below could only shiver as the gentle hand touched the surface of one of Dyon's black moons.

"... [Patience]."

Like this, a palm and moon sped forward as one...

This power... How was it anything different from a God...?

What did it feel like to watch a moon fall down upon you?

If one was asked such a question, how would they possible answer? Was it even possible for a normal individual to even fathom such an image in their minds, let alone understand that gravity of the moment in reality?

Well, at this moment, countless billion of Planet Profound were learning of this feeling right now.

A single young man stood in the skies, any one movement of his commanding stars, planets and moons. If it wasn't for the magic arrays that protected the structure of Planet Profound, the simple presence of the nine suns of Armageddon would have ripped the ball of earth apart at its seams.

The four Heads grit their teeth. Though this attack was fearsome, they were confident in receiving it alone thanks to the support of Faith, let alone the four of them together. But, what infuriated them was this display of strength.

Just who was this young man?! How could he possess such formidable strength at such a young age?!

The four Heads roared, forcibly breaking through Dyon's repel.

Master Ores shot toward the descending moon, his body expanding to the size of several kilometers in an instant, but he still looked like nothing more than an ant before it.

"[Profound Body Incarnation]!"

Confident in Master Ores' abilities, the other three Heads shot toward the smiling Dyon, making it to within a hundred meters of him in the blink of an eye.

The speed of such a battle was hard to keep up with. Many simply weren't even qualified to see anything rippling currents of wind that resounded from their clashes.

Master Ores' palms struck outward together.

"[Resonance Palms]!"

Dyon sneered. "Engulf."

At that moment, the descending black moon, glistening like a gorgeous pearl, became Master Ores' nightmare.

At first, he thought he had had a sudden breakthrough in his [Resonance Palms]. For some odd reason, his striking speed had skyrocketed. But, in the next instant, his face was shrouded in horror.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1909: Dragon

It wasn't his own strength that boosted his speed, but it was the sudden change in this massive black pearl that caused it. He suddenly felt an irresistible current pulling him in. The space around him distorted, making it difficult for him to understand which way was up, and which way was down. It was as if the laws of the mortal plane had become nothing but play puddy in the hands of this young man.

Master Ores broke out with a stronger strength, immediately pulling away.

"You should focus on those before you!" Head Ceres sneered, his lanky figure exploding with strength as he shot toward Dyon.

Dyon almost shook his head and laughed. These four were truly too amusing. Did they think that just because he was controlling a battle with Master Ores hundreds of kilometers away that he didn't have the concentration necessary to spend on them...?

They underestimated Immortal Sense far too much!

"[Raze]."

In the blink of an eye, thousands of arrays as black as the depths of space appeared in the air.

The geniuses below felt their hearts clench, many of them directly gripped their chests, finding it difficult to breathe.

They had naively believed that since Dyon only formed one at a time before, that this was limit. But suddenly seeing thousands appear at the snap of a finger... Was this the true strength of soul cultivation?! Had their elders lied to them?!

"I've already said it before... I'll show you the true strength of soul cultivation!"

Spears etched in intricate, but sinister grey runes began to appear from within each and every one of those black arrays. Slowly, they began to spin. But, almost as if in contradiction to this previous depiction, the shot forward with speeds so blinding that they disappeared into the void before appearing before Head Ceres once more.

'Time will!' Head Ceres' pupils constricted. 'And such a high attainment at that!'

Using time will against living beings, especially powerful living beings, required too much sacrifice. But, using time will in synergy with one's creations took barely a fraction of the cost!

The first will that Dyon used from the twins was space will. He had used it so often that he almost forgot that to celestial hamsters, especially their Royals, space will comprehension was a mere auxiliary ability.

How could they be worthy to be the Emperors and Empresses of the Celestial Beasts if their main affinity was a will not even named among the Supreme Laws?

Their true power lay within Time Will! After Little Yang awakened, Dyon gained access to their comprehension, allowing him to apply this understanding to his arrays.

And the results... it spoke for themselves.

Head Ceres was pelted with black spears marked by grey runes. It felt as though he was being simultaneously attacked by thousands of lower dao experts at once. Even if they were far below his strength and he could deal with them easily... he couldn't simply ignore them!

"Chenglei!"

In that moment, a mighty roar shook the skies. In fact, Planet Profounds true moon shattered in an instant, becoming nothing more than a ring of grey rock blasting outward under the strength of its own destruction.

"Dr.... Dragon!"

Chenglei's massive body snaked through the skies, his black scales glowing with a dark gold luster.

The four Heads looked on with incredulous expressions on their face.

They knew well Dyon was powerful, but he still wasn't strong enough to take the four of them on alone, especially with the support of Faith. But this... It changed everything!

"Tch." Chenglei snorted. "You called me so I thought there would be something good. But it turns out you're just useless."

Dyon laughed. "I can't cheat. I said I would show off the prowess of my soul. You'll have to make up what I'm lacking for now."

"Stop handicapping yourself with such ridiculous things and maybe you wouldn't have to worry so much."

The conversation between dragon and man made those below on the planet's surface feel as though their lives were worth nothing, as though they could be reaped whenever it was that young man saw it fit...

"Ridiculous!" Head Ceres roared, gathering up his courage and shooting forward.

"Annoying fly!" Chenglei's claw shot forward at a speed too quick for Head Ceres to react.

BOOM!

With just a single strike, a mighty Head that ruled over a quarter of the 99 universes was blasted into a cloud of blood mist. He didn't even have the chance to scream out in pain.

Dyon's lips pursed. "Chenglei."

His tone was like a parent reprimanding a child.

Dyon knew well of Chenglei's strength. After taking the Martial Saint pill, he reached the 18th Order in strength. On top of that, due to breaking the shackles of the Heavens, he was already on the verge of breaking into the 13th Dao Realm.

Just this strength alone was capable of matching those with Fallen level strength.

These so-called Fallen were peak dao experts who failed to reach the top of their Heavenly Staircase after attempting to become Higher Existences. As such, though they had longer lifespans than dao experts and were far stronger than them, they fell short of true Higher Existences. In fact, the gap was still quite large.

Killing the four Heads with that strength was as easy as flipping over a hand for Chenglei. So, obviously, Dyon, who had come here to train and leave a lasting impression of the soul path, hadn't called him here for that.

"Fine... Fine! I'll only use my soul too." Chenglei muttered, feeling indignant.

"Good!" Dyon grinned.

Chenglei's Death God Body could only show its true strength if Chenglei became adept at using his soul. But, unfortunately, this arrogant dragon never cared much for the soul path.

It was a crying shame that someone who should have the strength to sweep through quadrants alone couldn't do so because they ignored what should have been the foundation of their truest strength. He hadn't even comprehended Comet Qi yet!

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1910: No Matter How

The saddest part about Chenglei's flaws was that his Death God Body constitution gave him good soul talent, excellent, even. This was the dream of most beasts! Yet, he ignored it...

Luckily, the soul was a path that could passively grow on its own as long as one cultivated the other paths. Dyon wasn't the only one who experienced this.

So, after thousands of years of cultivation, Chenglei's soul was already within the dao realm even if he hadn't comprehended Comet Qi yet.

The only way for Chenglei to improve was to use his soul more.

"This is good too. You'd struggle if you had to deal with two of them. I'll leave that fool Master Ores to you. As for these two..." Dyon grinned as his eyes landed on Head Nova and Head Sona. "... Leave them to me."

Despair took hold of the four Heads. Was this really their Fate? To be used as sparring partners, then killed?

Just where were their Ancestors?! It can't be that even after all of this, they still hadn't chosen to move, right?!

Unfortunately for them, they had underestimated Dyon far too much.

How could a Higher Existence see anything he didn't want them to see? Let alone a Higher Existence raised in a land that banned soul cultivation?

Even if one of them sent their senses to this place, they would see nothing out of the ordinary!

The only hope of the four Heads was that one of their Higher Existences was watching the live feed of the Universe Tournament they left on, but unfortunately, this was even more of a joke.

A Higher Existence? Wasting time watching a competition between the younger generation? There was likely no Higher Existence on the Mortal Plane that would waste time doing such a thing.

The 99 universes were simply unlucky. Dyon knew that even with what he did today, he had no way of conquering them now because he didn't have the strength to battle Higher Existences yet. No matter how he shrouded their senses, if he conquered even one universe, it was impossible that they wouldn't notice.

But, Dyon did this anyway. In fact, training was only a surface reason. The true reason was to relieve some frustration.

For so many years, he had been forced to duck and hide from these 99 universes, using petty tricks to keep them away while he steadily grew his power. For Dyon, who was prideful beyond one's wildest imaginations, this thoroughly enraged him.

So, on this day, he would become the shadow in their hearts the same way they once shrouded his.

...

No matter how those of the 99 universes begged and pleaded, the end result was the very same.

Two Clan Heads and one Sect Master beaten and bloodied, unable to raise even a single finger as a young man and a dragon loomed high in the skies.

"Father..." Prince Nova felt a burning rage in his heart, but there was nothing he could do. Would he have to watch his father die here before him?

Head Nova looked up at Dyon as sighed, unable to say anything. It was only Master Ores who sneered in the end.

"You've proven nothing. It's still very clear that your strongest strength isn't your soul path."

Many understood what he meant. After all, Chenglei killed Head Ceres in a single strike, but took several days to defeat him alone just using his soul. Still... Those undead skeletons... truly filled them with fear...

"Oh? You're really ignorant." Dyon laughed. "I am a beast tamer, and he is my partner. Are you aware of how a beast comes under the control of a man?"

Master Ores' face contorted.

"It seems you understand. Obviously, one must subdue their soul. If my Soul wasn't strong enough, he would have never been here in the first place! Fool."

Of course, Dyon's relationship with Chenglei hadn't actually started like this, but they didn't need to know that.

"Anyway. It's been fun!" Dyon waved turning to leave as he sat upon Chenglei's head.

The three Heads were stunned. Dyon was... Letting them live?

In Dyon's mind, however, this was only natural. His future plans would be troublesome if their powers were taken over by others. Though it seemed Chenglei lost his temper when he killed Head Ceres, that was actually just a bit of acting on their parts. Head Ceres' death just made things more convenient.

"Oh, I almost forgot." Dyon suddenly paused, causing the hearts of those three who had just felt relief to constrict once more.

"I heard an interesting story from a man who called himself Yuhan Nova. I'm sure you've heard of him?"

Head Nova frowned. "... He... Is my younger brother..."

"Ah, what a coincidence, what a coincidence." Dyon nodded. "He was imprisoned by an elder of mine a few decades ago. We used various means to extract information from him, but we came across a lot of useless things.... Though, some was useful, in some sense."

Head Nova's jaw clenched, unable to understand Dyon's purpose. Was he trying to make him lose his temper and attack so he had the justification to kill him?

"For example, I learned that the Sona Clan's namesake has roots in an ancient language. Some translations have it as meaning 'to end'. But, ironically, others have it as meaning 'endless'. I believe that the sound path Core Teachings of the Sona Clan follow this latter principle very closely, hm?"

Dyon's words were almost nonsensical, but for some reason, those below couldn't stop themselves from listening... from wanting to hear more...

"I wonder why then... this Profound Resonance Bell feels so familiar to me." Dyon said absentmindedly.

In that instant, Master Ores turned pale as a white sheet.

Dyon turned and left within another word, but in that instant, it was no longer Head Nova who was trembling, but rather, Head Sona himself!

"You! What did you do!" Head Sona roared, forgetting his terrible injuries he looked toward Master Ores with a vicious light in his eyes.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God