

## The Nameless 1951

Chapter 1951: Good?

"The matters of today are the matters of the Sacharro Clan. My father had only planned on teaching you four factions a small lesson for your attempting to kidnap me when I was just a child, but since you've thoroughly enraged him by trying to slander my mother, you can forget about a mere small lesson.

"You all have 1 hour to bring out someone worthy of speaking to my father, or else you'll face the consequences for yourselves.

"My father's temperament isn't as good as mine and he happens to love me and my mother very much." Alauna said with a sweet smile. "So, I'm afraid that if your Supreme Leaders don't come forward to apologize personally, he won't let this matter rest."

Though Dyon's expression didn't change, he was inwardly smiling bitterly. This daughter of his really was even better at causing trouble than himself.

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"Did I do good, daddy?"

Dyon chuckled dryly. His daughter had stopped calling him daddy long ago and only occasionally did so whenever she wanted something. It seemed she was hellbent on having him acknowledge Luna this time around.

Sighing, Dyon patted his daughter's head.

"You did good. Let dad handle the rest."

In truth, Dyon's body was still in a terrible state inwardly. After being met with that awkward situation when he tried to bed Ri, he had turned his Immortal Sense inward to find countless internal injuries. The scene within his body was truly ghastly even though he appeared to be fine on the outside.

Still, these so-called Sprites had crossed his bottom line. Trying to slander his women? They were courting death.

Seeing the interaction between Dyon and Alauna, no one any longer had doubt that they were father and daughter. Plus, with them standing side by side, it was clear to see that Alauna shared many of Dyon's features. If it wasn't for Dyon's Titan Diamond Body changing his hair and eye color, they would look even more like father and daughter considering Alauna's hazel-green eyes.

Dyon's warm gaze once more turned cold as he looked forward.

He swept two fingers forward, sending a blinding light of sword qi slicing through the air.

Sixth Elder Waye's scream filled the martial square facing the tower of mystical worlds. He clutched his armless shoulder as he writhed in pain, unable to withstand the horrible qi surging through his body.

"When speaking to your superiors, learn to show some respect. This is a warning. My daughter's words are my own. I'm not a patient person."

Alauna clapped happily. "The Waye Clan shouldn't be unhappy with these events. My father has decided to take Brother Bowaye as a disciple, so exchanging the arm of a Sixth Elder in return is a great deal."

The lips of the elders who had come twitched, but they no longer dared to say anything.

Wasn't Bowaye the disciple of First Grand Elder Wuwaye? He was the most powerful individual outside of Higher Existence Earthen. How could he take such a slight lying down?

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Within the Unblemished Palace, Luna's eyes shone with unshed tears. She hadn't cried since her sister's death all those gloomy years ago, but today's events had brought her quite close. She couldn't help but look on toward the image of the young man subduing the upper echelon of the Sprite Alliance without regard for the consequences with warmth in her heart.

Though Alauna was mischievous, Luna knew her daughter well. Alauna would never cross a line Dyon was unwilling to follow her toward. Alauna knew that Dyon needed a push to give Luna appropriate status, so she took this chance without hesitation. In her eyes, this was a path to her parents finally receiving a happy ending.

Still, Luna didn't shed those tears. In fact, her gaze turned cold and indifferent a moment later as she sensed four auras entering her Palace uninvited.

One was a familiar handsome, blue haired man dressed in azure Alchemy Star Lord robes. This was none other than the very same man who came to speak to her right before they shamelessly tried to kidnap her daughter.

This man was none other than Higher Existence Spiritual, also known as Supreme Spiritual, the Supreme Leader of the Spiritual Sprites and the strongest rival of Luna's Heavenly Sprites.

The next was a wizened woman who seemed to be about forty or so years of age. Of the four, she appeared to be the oldest, but even still, she was only middle-aged.

Despite this, she was a gorgeous woman with a refined, mature air. She had the ability to make a man's blood boil differently than an innocent, inexperienced young woman would.

This woman was Higher Existence Oracle, also known as Supreme Oracle, the Supreme Leader of the Oracle Sprites.

The third of the four was a staunch man with bristling brown facial hair that glowed with a faint dark gold light. It was clear that hidden beneath his unkept beard that he had a handsome countenance beyond words.

This man was Higher Existence Earthen, also known as Supreme Earthen.

Finally, the last was a man with a hidden sharpness that made one's eyes hurt when looking directly at him.

His back was as straight as a javelin, his brows as sharp as swords, and his gaze as menacing as brandished blades. His hair fluctuated with a silver light and his robes occasionally gave off the sharp SHIIING sound of a sharpening edge singing.

"Why have you four come here." Luna asked emotionlessly.

These four didn't usually dare to step foot into Unblemished Palace. Simply put, Luna was by far the most powerful here. She had filled the surroundings with swaths of qi sources. In fact, with Dyon's help, her advantage had become even more exaggerated. It wasn't an overstatement to say that when here, she was the most powerful individual on the whole Mortal Plane by a massive margin – ignoring the matter of Faith, of course.

Knowing this, it was no wonder she found their appearance odd.

#### Chapter 1952: Final Nail

"You've kept secrets from us, oh Unblemished One." Supreme Spiritual emphasized his words appropriately to make it quite obvious that he was dripping with sarcasm.

How many years had he chased for Luna's affection? Only to find out she had actually spread her legs for a boy. He most definitely wouldn't let this one go.

"Wrong. I've been keeping my business, my business." Luna replied without a care.

"Well now it's become our business." Supreme Oracle said lightly. "This matter will greatly affect the Faith of our Sprite Alliance, and at such a crucial time as well."

"Oh? And what would you have me do?"

"Denounce your daughter as being little troublemaker and have her retract her words as a joke. As for this Dyon Sacharro, personally and publicly killing him should end these matters cleanly. Then we will allow these matters to drop."

The one who laid the final nail was none other than Supreme Armament.

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"So this is the decision you've made, hm..." Dyon's expression was dull.

This so-called Sprite Alliance was really pushing their luck...

In this life, their plan to capture his daughter failed. But, hadn't they succeeded in the last?

Just what kind of life had his Little Alauna lived then? Jade never mentioned her existence even once, so did that mean she died before Dyon could ever meet her? And what of Luna? Did that mean the mother of his child suffered a horrible life as well?

What kind of torment were they subjected to? How many days did they spend hating the world and everything in it? How many thoughts of hatred had his little girl had toward the absent father she had never met...?

Dyon's dull gaze began to boil over.

Alauna felt the change in her father's emotions. She didn't know exactly what happened, but her playful demeanor faded away. Had she gone too far? Did she cause too much trouble this time?

"Little Alauna." Dyon said softly.

"Yes, dad?"

"Dad is sorry."

The gentle tone in Dyon's voice made Alauna's eyes involuntarily glisten with tears. She had lived such a carefree life under Dyon's protection. She could practically remember all of the times she had ever cried in her life, and even then many of them weren't out of true sadness.

Dyon smiled a sad smile, bringing his daughter to face him and lightly pinching her cheek.

"I actually had thoughts of letting those who wronged you live... I'm a failure as a father. I hope you'll forgive me."

"Dad..." Alauna looked up at Dyon, finding it difficult to control her emotions.

"Watch carefully." Dyon continued gently. "Dad is going to wash this Sprite Capital in blood."

"Apology? I don't want one any longer. This is a blood debt that will be paid. To dare lay hands on my daughter... The Sprite Alliance deserves to be obliterated on this day."

Dyon had never in his life blamed the subordinates of a Clan or Sect for the wrongs of their Heads. Whenever he sought revenge, he forced those who had acted as catalysts to pay their dues, and allowed those who had little to do with the matter to live.

He fancied himself as a man who showed mercy. But time and time again, he found his blade dulling. How many times already in the last few decades had he had to remind himself to maintain his sharpness? But hadn't he almost failed to do so once again?

Dyon's Dao Heart grew another stage brighter, shimmering with blinding rainbow lights.

This was a Sprite Alliance that tried to lay hands on his daughter. A Sprite Alliance that forced his child to live a life of torment even if it was on another plane of existence.

Yet, how was he going to make them pay? By slapping their faces a few times? Toying around with their younger generation? Forcing them to concede some resources?...

HOW WERE THESE THINGS COMPARABLE?

"Die."

Countless sword lights erupted from Dyon's body as a bloody massacre ensued.

With every blade, another head flew into the skies. With every death, his Dao Heart grew firmer and brighter.

Alauna watched this scene with tears in her eyes. Only now did she regret her actions from before. She felt that she was truly too selfish back then.

Even as her father killed, she buried her head into his chest, sobbing quietly as she blamed herself.

"Don't blame yourself." Dyon said with a bright smile. Even as he slaughtered, the words he spoke to his daughter never lost their softness. "You've truly helped dad today."

"But dad... Your body."

Dyon grinned. "Even if this father of yours is on his death bed, there is no one in existence worthy of standing before him!"

Alauna knew her father's words were ridiculous. However, there was still an inexplicable part of her heart that believed him.

Wasn't this how it always was? Dyon's own father was a mere mortal, but even to this day, Dyon felt he was the strongest man he had ever met. Dao experts? Higher Existences? Transcendents? They couldn't hold a candle to his father!

The love of a father was as tall as a mountain and the protection of his back was as sturdy as one.

Dyon wanted his little girl to know that even if she poked a hole through the skies above, he would be there to cover it up. Even if those skies themselves fell, he would be there to catch it!

Elder after elder fell. When had such a scene ever occurred to the Sprite Alliance? Let alone in their Capital City?! But here it was, happening before them all.

Dyon killed them one after another as though he was slaughtering chickens. They couldn't even raise a hand to defend themselves. They could only watch in despair as Dyon reaped their lives.

Spectators found themselves speechless. Even the continuously comment Sapientia Clan individuals were completely mum.

Bowaye hovered behind Dyon, his expression colored with shock. But slowly, his gaze began to burn like a torch, searing their presence into his back.

It was then that a roar of anger shook the skies. It seemed the true powerhouses had begun to appear.

#### Chapter 1953: Kill

Infuriated auras poured out.

Dyon wasn't very surprised to see these individuals. He was well aware that they had been here the entire time. Where else would the secret space pocket of the Sprite Alliance be if not near their Capital? These individuals had been quietly watching this scene unfold for a long time already, but they hadn't thought that Dyon would suddenly begin killing, and as such were one step late.

In the end, they could only watch as the elders of their Clans were killed one after another. Nearly four dozen Peak Dao Experts slaughtered like pigs. No matter how deep the foundations of the Sprite Alliance, there was no way they wouldn't feel pain at such an event.

Though their foundations were definitely not impacted by this loss, it was a severe loss, nonetheless.



Numerous elders who had just taken part in their classified meeting poured out. However, there were only a handful worthy of capturing Dyon's attention: the Great Elders of the Sprite Alliance.

Of them, the very weakest of within the 12th Dao Realm, with aspirations of one day challenging Heaven's Staircase. However, they were the minority. The vast majority of Grand Elders were individuals with the strength of Fallen.

Those who managed to survive failing to climb Heaven's Staircase were rare, this was true. However, consider for a moment just how many 12th Stage Dao Formation Realm experts the Sprite Alliance would have produced in their existence. Every generation, there would easily be thousands if not tens of thousands. Of these individuals, one or two would always survive their failure by luck, allowing their numbers to rise up to their current number today.

This was the true strength of the Sprite Alliance. If it hadn't been for their meeting, so many of them would not have gathered up in this one place. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that aside from the Supreme Leaders, this was the main strength of the Sprite Alliance right here!

"Stop crying little girl. Stand to dad's side and watch him get revenge for you." Dyon pretended as though he hadn't noticed the appearance of these individuals and patted his daughter's head lightly.

Alauna, who didn't want to be a bother any longer quietly stood to the side, her eyes reddened with tears.

Dyon's immortal sense had already seen through the situation clearly. There were thousands of Higher and Peak Dao Experts before him now, he couldn't be bothered to count them all. To him, these individuals were already nothing but canon fodder unless they evoked their Faith. What he did pay attention to were the Fallen.

There were a total of 13 Fallen. It seemed that each of the four factions had 3, except for the Armament Sprites who unsurprisingly had 4.

As for the roar of anger Dyon heard, it was from First Grand Elder Wuwaye, Bowaye's master. It seemed he had quite the unstable temperament despite his disciple's calmness.

However, before he could charge, he was stopped.

A Fallen Armament Sprite halted his charge.

"What is the meaning of this, Hastam swine?!"

The Fallen member of the Hastam Clan completely ignored Wuwaye, focusing instead on Dyon.

"What do you mean by all of this? Did you not just say that her words were your own? Why have you begun to kill? I believe your hour time limit is nowhere near completed."

Alauna had just said that Dyon would give them an hour to produce someone worthy of speaking to him to give an apology. Yet, Dyon reneged on this so easily even after saying her words spoke for him. Since the situation had already reached this point, why not paint Dyon in a terrible light?

A man who could not even keep his own word was indeed one worthy of disdain. All pretenses had already been thrown away, but the Sprite Alliance still had to worry about its face! The matters of their attempted kidnapping of Alauna had already been spoken many times. If they managed to paint Dyon out to be a liar, it would be easier to refute this to the general public at a later date.

However, who knew that Dyon was not in the mood to play a game of words and politics with this dancing clown? As things stood now, he only wanted to do one thing...

Kill.

Seeing Dyon's expressionless gaze meet his own, Fallen Hastam felt a shiver tear across his spine. Though he stood in the skies above Dyon, he felt as though he was an ant beneath his feet.

Dyon had already proved without a shadow of a doubt that he was a foolish choice by Luna. A Lower Dao Expert capable of slaughter over 40 Peak Dao Experts without any effort at all? Who cared about his age?

In fact, the fact Dyon was so young only made his future all the more fear inducing. What of when he crossed into the Middle Dao Realm? The Higher Dao Realm? God forbid the Half-Step Transcendent Realm? Wouldn't he be undefeatable?

He had to die. This was the true reason he had to lose his life here. The face of the Sprite Alliance was already a none issue. They wouldn't let Dyon off with the level of animosity he had toward them.

However... They had made one massive mistake.

'It isn't us who will no longer let him off... But him who will no longer let us off...'

"Chenglei!"

This was Dyon's only response. A roar that shook the skies, a single name that seemed frozen in time.

Chenglei responded in an instant, his roar melding with Dyon's and causing the Sprite Capital to tremble and quake, its foundational protection arrays shattering one after another.

His massive black scaled body snaked through the skies, carrying Dyon, Luna and Bowaye on his head.

Not far behind Chenglei, the four celestial beast babies appeared as well, their auras completely changed. Each one was large an imposing, their presences suffocating.

"Today... We kill!"

## Chapter 1954: Fools

Those from the tower quadrants had long since recovered from the matters of weeks ago. Not knowing how to deal with them, the Sprite Alliance had just thrown them into a corner of capital, letting them do as they pleased while they figured out how to deal with Dyon. Many of those who had been killed by Dyon on that day had already come back and were laying low... Only to see the matters of today unfold.

They didn't know how to deal with all of these revelations. Never in their wildest dreams could they have thought that Dyon and the mysterious masked man who subdued a Dragon were one in the same. But even that revelation seemed to pale in comparison to the others...

That little girl who followed Dyon couldn't have been more than 15 years old when they last saw her. They all thought that she was in the Essence Gathering Realm back then because she could fly, but was she actually in the Dao Realm all this time?! Just what was going on with this Sacharro Clan?!

And Dyon had a child with a Higher Existence who ruled over a fifth of an Outer Power?! Just when had the world decided to up was down and down was up?!

The expression of the Fallen all changed at once. A Dragon?! He had subdued a Dragon!? And four Celestial Beasts one top of this?!

The extent of the knowledge of those of the outer powers couldn't compare to those of the tower quadrants. Even if those who saw Linlin, Biibi, Shere and Sen in the tower quadrants had speculations, they didn't dare to be certain. However, those pinnacle experts of the Sprite Alliance understood immediately what they were seeing!

The Fallen suddenly felt as though they had truly kicked a steel plate this time around. Just what kind of hidden existence was this monster? Was the Sacharro Clan really some hidden Ancient Clan that was only now appearing in preparation for the Ancient Battlefield?! If so, just what level of experts did Dyon have to his back?!

However, this young lord before them didn't seem to have any intention of discussing matters with them.

Dyon's soul force exploded.

Within Luna's Palace, Supreme Spiritual's expression changed in an instant. His snide and sarcastic demeanor froze, his heart trembling fiercely.

"How is that possible?!"

"Oh... You've only just realized?" Luna said expressionlessly. "My man's energy cultivation may be a bit lacking due to his age, but his soul strength has already reached the pinnacle. You are already no match for him in this regard."

Luna had remained silent after hearing the words of Supreme Armament, casual, even. Her only response was to turn toward the events taking place at the capital. As for Supreme Armament's words, she couldn't have cared any less.

Supreme Spiritual grit his teeth. "Do you really believe that this is enough?!"

"Nothing would ever be enough." Luna replied. "Your goal here was never to condemn my love life. Your goal was always to suppress me. Unfortunately, you don't have the capabilities to do so."

"Mistress Unblemished, this matter cannot be allowed to rest so easily." Supreme Oracle replied calmly. "Now that this Dyon Sacharro has killed so many, he must die no matter what, or else the face of the Sprite Alliance will be tarnished."

"You still don't understand, do you?"

Supreme Oracle frowned at these words.

"Since he's decided to take action, it means that today is the day the Sprite Alliance will be eradicated. You've already so magnanimously gathered up all of your elites for him, how could he not accept this great gift of yours?"

"You...!" Supreme Spiritual roared, his aura involuntarily shattering the ground beneath his feet.

Luna waved her arm. A palm strike slapped toward Supreme Spiritual, sending him flying and skidding across the ground.

"This is my Unblemished Palace and it is not a place where you can act so unbridled. Control yourself or face the consequences."

Of the Sprite Supremes, only Luna, Supreme Earthen and Supreme Armament had great battle prowess amongst Higher Existences. Supreme Oracle and Spiritual were severely lacking in this aspect because they both focused on the soul path. Sending one of them flying away with a single strike was no major surprise.

A surge of sealing energy wrapped around the Palace grounds.

"To come here and ask me to kill the father of my child so arrogantly... It seems that the Sprite Alliance has forgotten my strength."

Supreme Earthen, who had been silent this whole time, frowned and attempted to mediate the situation.

"Supreme Heavenly, please calm your anger. Supreme Armament does not speak for us all."

"It's very clear that three of the four of you insist on my man's death. Was I supposed to take your silence before as disapproval?"

Maybe if Luna wasn't so expressionless, she would have sneered. Obviously, Supreme Earthen's silence had been representative of tacit consent. Yet now he was saying the opposite. What a joke.

The sealing qi feel, trapping the four Higher Existences with an oppressive feeling.

Luna had lived for trillions of years. Though she couldn't master the control of immortal qi so easily, her grasp of mortal qis was beyond anyone in existence. To challenge her on her own home grounds... Weren't they looking down on her too much?!

But this was exactly the truth that made Luna have trepidations. These four hadn't risen to their current strength by being fools.

Almost as though to answer her worries, Supreme Oracle spoke calmly as she slowly felt her strength being sealed.

"We would not come here without adequate preparations, Supreme Heavenly. We just hoped we wouldn't have to make use of this trump card. But it seems you've insisted on forcing our hand..."

In that moment, a fifth figure who had been hidden even from Luna slowly appeared.

This figure's looks were truly too shocking... Because he looked no different from an 8 year old little boy!

It was none other than Heaven's Child Apollos!

Luna's pupils constricted into pin holes. She already felt her senses distorting severely. It was already difficult for her to control her qi as planes of existences layered before her eyes, confusing her to no end.

She understood what was happening in an instant. The scheme to enter the Timeless Library. Apollos' seeming lack of ability to age. The confidence of the four Supremes...

Apollos' ability was to manipulate time!

Supreme Earthen's expression turned to a sneer. All of his intentions of mediating the situation were clearly gone.

Today, the Unblemished One would fall.

Chapter 1955: Succeeded

Dyon's rage tore into the skies as Chenglei's mighty dragon's breath bathed the Sprite Capital in flames of black.

A soul pressure the likes of which these Fallen and Dao experts had never seen before crushed their hearts, infiltrating their bones and savagely tearing apart their confidence.

Since when could the soul path display such strength? Since when could it apply such pressure?

These Fallen here had obviously all had the opportunity to mingle with their respective Supreme Leaders and even the Supreme Leaders of the other factions as well. After all, even if one is a Higher Existence, it isn't as though one would avoid human contact entirely. Even if they wouldn't spend time lounging with celestials, Fallen were definitely qualified to stand by their side to a certain extent.

Yet, even with this being the case, these 13 Fallen had never in their lives faced such overwhelming pressure before!

"I think it's best if the Sprite Alliance simply doesn't exist any longer..." Dyon said emotionlessly.

In the next instant, the skies became filled with pulsing arrays. A bloody illusion descended upon the Sprite Capital, grasping at their hearts and plunging their minds into the depths of hell.

The first stage of [Judgement] was [Carnage]... Following carnage came [Torment]... Then [Suffering]...

The first was a gorgeous ruby red. The next was a sapphire blue as resplendent as an ocean's pearl. The third was a beautiful violet, etched with runes of ancient history.

However, these three were just the beginning. Dyon might use them to slaughter swaths of celestials or pseudo-dao experts, but his current opponents were far beyond this level...

The next, [Raze], could slaughter lower dao experts like weeds of grass. It was an oppressive black, very much willing to see the world itself collapse.

[Nether] was next. Its aura was so fierce that it no longer appeared as gentle, well drawn array lines and instead became etched with red fires of hell. Before it, even middle dao experts could only drop to their knees and await death.

[Purgatory] was the sixth. A fiery blue hell, flickering with an oppressive heat. If one dared to weather the illusions to look closely, it would seem as though you were staring into the eyes of the devil himself... Before its might, even higher dao experts would be like lambs to the slaughter.



[Extinction], however, the enigmatic seventh judgement, was what Dyon had used this time...

A violet fiery hell was etched across the skies. A new world reflected in the minds of those with weak minds... one filled with skeletons of the dead, their eye sockets flickering with what remained of their consciousness as they screamed out in pain.

Men, women, children, beasts, all of existence itself... It didn't seem to matter... The seventh judgement didn't discriminate.

Dyon raised a single finger, his arm remaining lightly bent as though he couldn't bother to stretch to his full height. He watched like a God from the skies as Chenglei's dragon's breath sent them scurrying like rats.

"[Manipulate... Mass]."

The countless violet flame arrays in the sky began to tremble. Space shook under their presence, bending and twisting as though each had suddenly gained the weight of a planet.

Dyon used the fourth Degree of Freedom as though he was born to do so. He hadn't found the second and third parts of [Soul Aid] until just a few hours ago... But the first tier of the second portion was already mastered by him.

"[Accelerate]."

The thirteen Fallen could only tremble in shock. They had put all of their effort into blocking Chenglei's breath of fire, trying to save the lives of their juniors. But, this left them with no strength to deal with Dyon's strike.

The skies rained with violet flame spears, tearing through space at speeds that were inconceivable for those of low cultivation to perceive fully.

"No!" Fallen Wuway roared, his aura erupting. However, it was then the beast babies took action.

The time they spent consolidating their foundation at the Pseudo Dao Realm was not wasted. In addition, it wasn't only Chenglei who gained benefits from being withstanding the suppression of that Realm's Immortal Plane atmosphere either.

This was in fact a shocking realization for even Dyon himself. Though he had heard Chenglei roaring out in pain, he hadn't heard a thing from the four beast babies.

Initially, he thought that this might have been another bloodline ability of the celestial beasts. After all, they had always been the closest to the Heavens to begin it, it also wasn't a fluke that a celestial beast had become one of Abraxus' disciples either. Maybe they had the ability to ignore the pressure of the Immortal Plane.

But the truth was far more fantastical than this. What Dyon missed was the matter of Heaven's Chains. These Chains restricted all beasts, even celestial beasts were no different. In fact, the more you were beloved by the Heavens, the stronger the Chains were!

However, in the same way [One Above All] could only be cultivated on the Immortal Plane due to its deeper laws, beasts could more easily sense their true selves on the Immortal Plane as well, allowing them to break the shackles that held them far easier!

This was something Dyon could have never guessed. Maybe even those beasts already on the Immortal Plane were unaware as well. After all, since they transcended, they had obviously already broken those Chains. This information was useless to them.

That was right... The reason for the silence of the Celestial Beast Babies was precisely because they had put all of their effort toward shattering those chains! After five years, they had succeeded!

Celestial Beasts were already blessed with ungodly cultivation and the ability to skip tribulations entirely. Just what would the result be if they also shattered Heaven's Chains?

There's roar filled the skies with streaks of blue flames. The beauty of a white tiger grasped the heart of those spectating this battle.

Her claws tore through space, sending a torrent of slaughter qi toward Fallen Wuwaye and completely stopping his momentum.

Even as this happened, a savage red aura was steadily building around Dyon. The more agonizing screams befell the Sprites, the stronger the aura grew.

#### Chapter 1956: Intent

Dyon knew well that this sort of battle wasn't to be taken lightly. He had never doubted his victory, no matter how far he was pushed into a corner, but that didn't mean he wouldn't prepare.

War God Martial Intent. This legacy of a man who wielded an Ancient Constitution was on an entirely different level.

Think for a moment. From Dyon's understanding, no person born with an Ancient Constitution had ever succeeded in crossing their Dao Tribulations. Yet... Their names resounded throughout time! Just what did this mean?

In all likelihood, those born with Ancient Constitutions all had abilities to battle across realms even more perverse than Dyon himself. It was already sickening to have the talent to battle a Fallen as a Lower Dao Expert. But it may very well be possible that some with Ancient Constitutions had been capable of battling Higher Existences as Celestials!

Dyon had yet to be in a situation where he could make true use of this Martial Intent. But now...

Power swelled through his veins. Dyon could faintly feel that the injuries he still couldn't feel were worsening, but he had been thoroughly enraged on this day. This Sprite Alliance would pay a price.

The agonizing screams of dying elders colored the airwaves.

"You've truly decided to make an enemy of my Sprite Alliance."

By this point, Fallen Hastam was incensed. He hardly cared about the deaths of the Peak Dao Experts around him, but he knew well how important they were to the foundation of the Sprite Alliance.

"This fool is still speaking?" Chenglei's voice in his draconic form was akin to rumbling boulders barrelling down a mountain. In an instant, the aura that the Armament Fallen was attempting to scrounge up was shattered.

It was only then the matters happening this day truly sank in...

It was no normal beast before him now, this was a Dragon. Those were no normal white furred animals... They were Celestial Beasts. This wasn't a child of the younger generation before him... This was an enemy that stood even above his head!

Fallen Hastam's heart palpitated as spears of violet flames continued to fall from the skies. Just who had they provoked...?

"First arm... [Patience]."

Dyon didn't care for this Fallen's thoughts, nor for the thoughts of the other twelve. Dozens of Peak Dao Experts had already fallen under his blade, already more than a hundred, in fact. His strength had sufficiently risen... The real slaughter would begin now!

A golden palm descended from the skies. Fallen Hastam's pupils constricted as he hurried to prep his qi. However, it was at this moment that everything changed.

A massive Seal appeared in the skies the likes of which none here had ever laid eyes.

The trembling of the thirteen Fallen grew fiercer. They weren't facing a man... They were facing a monster.

BOOM!

Fallen Hastam was blasted into the planet below.

"The air you breathe, is owned by me. The earth you walk on, is owned by me. The qi you deem to use for yourself... Is owned by me. To try and mobilize this strength to harm the one that gave it all to you... aren't you too naïve?"

Dyon suddenly didn't seem like himself. His Dao Heart pulsed madly as his voice layered, echoing and projecting outward as though it came from the skies above.

These words, arrogant beyond compare, unbridled without equal... Maybe under normal circumstances one would refute them in a rage. But watching Dyon belittle Fallen as though they were children forced many to keep these feelings down. Even those who felt the most pride in the Sprite Capital didn't dare to utter a single word.

"Second arm... [Modesty]."

The form of a golden buddha was slowly manifesting in the air. Those watching on couldn't believe what they were seeing. How could a man who just uttered such words use a technique that went by such a name?

It was only then their hearts trembled in understanding... It wasn't him who had to comprehend [Modesty]... but them...

Fallen Hastam and his companions tried to circulate their strength, but they felt as though the laws of the world had completely changed. The Seal in the sky was completely beyond their comprehension, transcended beyond their wildest imaginations. Not only couldn't they feel their qi, but their Faith was suddenly cut off.

The celestial babies and Chenglei led a vicious slaughter. With every kill, their strengths skyrocketed as well, benefitting under Dyon's War God Martial Intent.

Fallen Hastam simply couldn't understand what was happening. How could he imagine that The Seal in the skies was a mighty Treasure of the 33 Heavens? It was just that even with it before him, he didn't have the qualifications to decipher its origins under the influence of Dyon's Immortal Sense.

But, even more damning... He couldn't understand why the Supreme Leaders had yet to appear... Would they wait until their backbone of strength was entirely eradicated...?

..

Luna's gaze lost focus even as Supreme Spiritual slowly rose from her strike and wiped blood from his lips.

His gaze turned furious as he shifted his line of sight from the man riding a Dragon to the woman sitting on the Throne.

"This bitch!"

Supreme Spiritual was nothing like the Higher Existence he was worshipped to be. Those at his cultivation level were meant to be calm and level-headed, having experienced years of toil and hardship to reach their current heights. Yet, he had completely lost his composure.

Luna's words were still tearing into his heart. He had dedicated his life to that path of alchemy. Though he wasn't the strongest, he was most definitely the most important of the Supremes. But his face had actually been slapped to this extent on this day.

To his face, a woman he chased actually claimed a youth was his better. To make matters worse, he truly found no falsehoods in her words. Even if he didn't believe Dyon's actual alchemic skill could match his, there was no question that his soul strength far surpassed his own. With that kind of level, as long as this Dyon spent a bit of effort on his path, surpassing him would only be a matter of time.

## Chapter 1957: My Man

Who knew how this already enraged Supreme Spiritual would act if he knew he couldn't even shine Dyon's shoes in the field of alchemy? Dyon wouldn't even accept him as an assistant.

"Control yourself Supreme Spiritual." Supreme Armament said emotionlessly. "We still need to decide who will go and end this farce. I don't think all four of us have to appear, correct?"

"Those thirteen can handle this, why should we step in?" Supreme Earthen said with a sneer. "It's better than we handle this Supreme Heavenly situation."

"Give her to me." Supreme Spiritual said with a twisted expression. "I'll turn her into an obedient puppet."

"Controlling her will be easy, we don't need you to do such a thing." Supreme Oracle said with a hint of disdain. "Just go and capture her daughter and throw her into a cell. That'll make her obedient."

"I've never had any qualms about playing with a mother and daughter at the same time. Why do you suddenly believe I can't?" Supreme Spiritual sneered, not caring even a small bit for Supreme Oracle's disdain. In his mind, she only acted like this because she was a woman. Who cared about her opinion of himself? It wasn't as though she was warming his bed.

"Brother Apollos, how long will this barrier hold up?" Supreme Armament cut off their conversation before it escalated.

Apollos shrugged. "For as long as I deem it fit. She's currently experiencing countless timelines at once, though. If she remains in this state for too long, she may very well lose her mind. Not everyone can withstand such a thing, though she is in a unique position to do so considering how long she's lived..."

"This is good." Supreme Armament nodded. "The plan can move forward then."

"Ai." Apollos said with a smile. "You'll be rewarded greatly for your service. This Luna is the last piece of the puzzle."

"I hope so. My Sprite Alliance has sacrificed a lot all for the sake of weathering the descent of the Ancient Battlefield."

"... Though he said watching losers act as though they had won would be funny... I didn't think it would be amusing to this extent."

The amiable atmosphere suddenly froze as five gazes once more turned toward the Unblemished Throne.

Luna, who was meant to have been incapacitated, once more had a clear gaze. She looked toward the four Supremes and Apollos as though they were nothing but dancing clowns.

"You... How?" Apollos' eyes narrowed.

Even among Heaven's Children, he was a supreme existence. The ability to casually manipulate time as one pleased couldn't be described in mere simple terms. To say that Apollos was near invincible wasn't an exaggeration at all!

Before him, Dyon's time will was nothing but a joke. Even the Celestial Hamsters could only bow their heads despite the fact they had now shattered their Heaven's Chains. The gap was simply too large.

So how... How was it that Luna sat there completely unscathed?

Was Dyon a fool? The reason why he was so apprehensive about showing his true strength was because he didn't want others to have the capacity to prepare for him. But, if others could prepare, why couldn't Dyon prepare?

To now, it had already been almost two decades since Apollos appeared for the Federation meeting. Could it be that Dyon simply ignored such a massive variable and never made any countermeasures?

On top of this, even if Apollos never appeared, Dyon would have been prepared nonetheless because he knew from the very beginning that the power of the Timeless Library was controlled by a Heaven's Child thanks to Jade!

"You...! How do you have that!?" Apollos' gaze shivered with understanding and fear.



"Oh... This...?"

An illusory array placed on Luna's throne shimmered and faded out of existence, revealing an ancient archway that King Mino and his daughter Aoife would recognize in an instant...

It was the Jafari Clan Treasure!

Back when the Kitsune attacked Dyon's home universe, it was this very archway etched with ancient runes that protected King Mino's life until Dyon arrived. The truth was that everyone usually forgot that the Jafari Clan Treasure... Was fundamentally a defensive treasure!

Why was it that all those years ago Apollos went out of his way to coax Sargerass into the Timeless Library...? Even if Sargerass was powerful, it wasn't to the extent of threatening those massive Outer Powers, right?

The reason was right before them now. While the Mino Clan had had the Space half of the Jafari Clan Treasure, Sargerass had had the Time half! The very Time half that had always been Apollos' Achilles Heel!

Luna's emotionless expression gave way to a gorgeous smile that seemed to light the world.

"... My man gave it to me..."

"You... You can't mean that he was the one to draw this array...?"

Supreme Spiritual couldn't stop the trembling of his body. He felt as though his entire world was collapsing.

Which genius of the soul path didn't practice multiple professions? Didn't even the Tower Quadrant's Sapientia Quadrant have those white robed youths? How could Supreme Spiritual, a man who reached the pinnacle of the Mortal Plane, not also practice multiple paths?

Of course, there was a reason the taboo on array alchemy was in place. Many saw studying the two professions at once was too difficult – though this was obviously only a surface excuse levied by those lurking in the shadows toward its suppression. This was all to say that Supreme Spiritual's formation knowledge fell far short of his alchemy, however, he knew enough to understand the level of attainments it took to hide something before the eyes of Higher Existences...

What Supreme Spiritual had no way of knowing was that Dyon had drawn this array with a casual wave of his hand. Even with his nonchalance, he never considered for a single moment that one of them would see through his creation. Dyon comprehension of array alchemy had long since left the scope of the Mortal Plane.

#### Chapter 1958: Enraged

"This... This isn't what's supposed to happen... Someone distorted this timeline!" Apollos' immature voice projected outward in a shrill.

The scope of his heavenly abilities wasn't within normal margins. When it came to matters of time, he touched upon a level that had never existed from the beginning of existence to now. The fact that something had caught him off guard was completely unprecedented.

No... This wasn't true... hadn't he felt those uncomfortable itches for decades now already...? Ever since... Ever since the Sacharro Clan appeared for the Federation meeting!

However, when he received news that the Olympus Clan's universe spirit had perished, he assumed that it was this matter that had been pulling on his heart.

But, who cared about a mere universe spirit past its prime? They could build up many more, there was no need to worry at all. In fact, he believed that this secret knowledge gave him a leg up on the Sacharros.

Dyon wanted to make the Emperor Giant Clan his trump card, but was it still a trump card if his enemies were ready and waiting for it?

This was the reason Apollos ignored that unpleasant feeling... he thought that everything was in hand already...

However, who knew that the wool had been pulled over his eyes? The Jafari Clan treasure, his achilles heel of so long ago, the very treasure that resulted in him tying himself to the Timeless Library so tightly, had actually been in the hands of his enemies all along.

The scenes of various timelines he had witnessed were distorted from the very beginning. The so-called clear future he had seen was only what his enemies had wanted him to see. He had actually been so thoroughly defeated after so many years... And the worst part was that his opponent couldn't even be bothered to deal with him personally!

"Did I not already say that you weren't fit to shine his shoes?" Luna's smile disappeared, replaced by a practiced indifference.

She lightly waved her small hand. But, this minor gesture caused the atmospheric qi to boil to an unprecedented level of agitation.

Supreme Spiritual was smacked into the marbled throne room floor. His handsome countenance was completely devastated, becoming a mangled mess of displaced bone and flesh.

"... To have placed your sights on my daughter once more... Death is too good for you!"

"Supreme Heavenly!" Supreme Oracle called out. Her calm demeanor had shifted slightly. "Don't go too far! This is still our Sprite Alliance."

"Was it still the Sprite Alliance when you attempted to kidnap my daughter? How about when you commanded me to murder the father of my child? Or how about when you colluded with outsiders to hold me hostage?"

"In which of these instances was this still our Sprite Alliance?!"

Luna's voice boomed. Her rage was hidden behind an indifferent veil, but when she took action, the heavens themselves were at her beck and call.

Supreme Oracle felt an oppressive pressure descend upon her from above. Her knees couldn't help but bend, leaving two spherical holes in the ground below.

"You are the worst of them." Luna said without holding back her disdain. "You think yourself to be a voice of reason? Of compassion? You are nothing but the very dregs you claim to protect others from, a dirty stain on the very dignity you claim to have."

Supreme Oracle had never been so humiliated in her life. Numerous emotions of rage, pain and embarrassment colored her features. However, remorse was simply not among them.

"What I've done, I've done for us to survive!"

"Survive?" Luna sneered, her hand swiping once more to force Supreme Armament and Earthen to the ground in a single breath.

To come to this place to face her, they had entirely relied on Apollos. Now that very Apollos was stuck in a daze, countless timelines running through his mind as the backlash of his own abilities assaulted him severely.

"You know well that the first phase only allows those who have yet to experience a millennium to enter. You know even better that the reason for this is because those youths are our true hope. Yet, you sentenced the very best among them to death for nothing more than an attempt to control me.

"To survive...? Ha. Even a child would have more instincts toward survival than you do. After making such a foolish choice, you actually have the face to say such a thing?

"Just kneel here and watch the fruits of your choice. You've thoroughly enraged him."

The skies above the Sprite Capital Trembled. But, whether or not anyone noticed was a different matter entirely. They simply couldn't see the skies, it was entirely blotted out by a massive golden array that had increased to a radius ten times even that of the very planet they stood on.

"This... Is impossible..."

Fallen Hastam felt as though Dyon's words had become far too true far too suddenly. Let alone mobilize atmospheric qi, he was having trouble manifesting the abilities of his own qi. On top of this, he seemed to have completely lost connection with his Faith.

Originally, the Fallen hadn't even planned on ever needing to use their Faith. However, obviously, when their backs were pushed against the wall, it would most definitely be their final resort. But, who knew when they needed it most, it would so suddenly be stripped from them?

Unfortunately for the Sprite Alliance, they had stimulated Dyon's rage to an impossible degree.

The Seal alone wasn't capable of cutting off Faith. Truthfully, maybe it was capable of such a feat, but Dyon's comprehension of the sealing path simply wasn't deep enough to achieve such a thing.

Dyon had spread himself incredibly thin. He had already dabbled in Runic Vein Theory in order to rebuild his master's body. On top of that, he began learning magic from Lillianna, all while maintaining his level of Array Alchemy and mastering thousands of techniques.

No matter how talented he was, he wasn't a God... just yet. There were only so many things he could learn with the limited time he had entered the martial world for.

Still, Dyon's ingenuity was on another level.

Chapter 1959: Were You?

It felt like everyday Dyon was learning more and more about his Inner World. The more he delved into its abilities, the more convinced he became that it truly earned its title as the greatest cultivation technique ever created.

For a long time already, Dyon had been contemplating on how to improve his use of his Domain. Of course, integrating his Daos was the obvious choice, but what then? The uses of one's Inner World were so enigmatic and numerous that Dyon felt that this was closing himself off.

Until recently, he had continued to project his Inner World as a bland world of grass and sun. The embarrassing part was that even his own daughter's use of her Inner World had actually surpassed his own.

After gaining 108 Stars, the strength of Little Alauna's Domain could be imagined, even though she still didn't have the strength to use all 108 simultaneously.

However, breaking into the world of World Seers gave Dyon new inspiration. For so long, he had hid his Treasures of the 33 Heavens because he was afraid of being chased for his fortuitous encounters. But, after awakening his Immortal Sense, there was no longer anyone on the Mortal Plane capable of seeing through anything Dyon wanted to hide.

Dyon could essentially use the abilities of these treasures freely now and hide their true forms in plain sight with absolute ease.

This reality opened up a new door for Dyon.

It was his Inner World, right? His daughter's matters already proved that Daos weren't the only things that could be integrated with this godly cultivation technique. Outside resources could be used to supplement what one lacked in strength...

So if this was the case... What would happen if he fused his Domain with a Treasure of the 33 Heavens?! What if he made its strength irrefutably his own?!

The final inspiration needed for this matter was actually the final two portions of [Soul Aid]. This was right, Dyon's greatest trump card had actually only been created just a few moments ago. If these Fallen knew this, maybe they'd cough up blood in rage.

While studying [Soul Aid], Dyon had a breakthrough in his comprehension while studying the Fifth Degree of Freedom, [Change].

[Change] had the ability to fundamentally change a technique, even turning a fire technique into its opposing water element with ease.

At the time, Dyon had only grasped the Fourth Degree of Freedom and hadn't entirely understood [Change], a shocking feat considering he had only had the compete technique for a few hours to now. But just as he was starting to comprehend [Change], he was reminded of Oneness...

Like this, his comprehension of [One Above All] deepened. What was the trouble of changing one element to another if everything was the same to begin with? If one made many, and many made one, they all shared the same roots to begin with. There was no difficulty at all!

This newfound comprehension is what allowed Dyon to accomplish his current feat... What if a Domain fused with a Seal to become a Sealed World?

Suddenly, Dyon's Inner World gained characteristics of The Seal.

Getting a Treasure of the 33 Heavens to become perfectly compatible with his cultivation technique shouldn't have been an easy feat. But, for Dyon who had studied [One Above All] to now the 3rd Will Level, it had suddenly become as easy as breathing.

With The Seal, Dyon's Inner World suddenly cut off its connection to the Heavens. The Passive Ability of The Seal had actually mutated after coming into contact with [Inner World: Sanctuary].

In a human owner, its passive ability was to protect the mind. Whether it be odd status effect abilities, illusions, or mind reading, it was all useless before The Seal.

However, now that its 'owner' had technically become a World, what The Seal protected it from was not just mere illusion techniques... But the Heavens themselves!

When Dyon projected out his Domain now, he completely cut off the surrounding area from the Mortal Plane. In such a situation... How could one make use of Faith?!

Dyon had become no different from a deity of his own world. Though he didn't know it now, this sort of effect was something only the Origin Source of a Transcendent could replicate!

Of course, there were still some differences between this and that. Cutting off the Mortal Plane from his Inner World wasn't a problem. But, the current Dyon was still too far from cutting ties with the Immortal Plane while true Origin Sources could most definitely do so.

It wasn't that The Seal was incapable, but rather than Dyon's stamina could definitely not hold up such an oppressive projection.

Though The Seal's passive ability had mutated, it wasn't without side effect. Since it was melded with his Inner World and had been cut from the Heavens, it required Dyon's own strength to sustain. As a result, this once passive ability that could be used with ease, had become a great struggle for Dyon to maintain.

Still, there was some good that came with this. This ability changed the form of The Seal. Essentially, even without his Immortal Sense's protection, it was impossible to link the seal in the sky with The Seal of the 33 Heavens.

Unfortunately, Dyon couldn't handle this strain for long. A few minutes was his limit... But this was already impressive beyond compare, and... This amount of time was more than enough!

"Were you part of it?"

Dyon descended from Chenglei's back, grasping Fallen Hastam's throat. His aura had become baleful, his eyes reddening with thick killing intent under the influence of the War God Martial Intent.

"[Devour]."

He couldn't be bothered to wait for an answer, directly scouring Fallen Hastam's mind as he pleased.



Spectator's watched on in horror as a mighty Fallen screamed for his life, unable to control himself at the pain of his soul rending apart.

"Good. Good." Dyon's jaw clenched. "You actually voted in favor of kidnapping a baby. A mighty Fallen, making a move on a child... You deserve death!"

Chapter 1960: Sacharro

Dyon's palm struck downward. It seemed incomparably simple and bland, but the profundity was simply beyond those of the Mortal Plane. This was product of fusing countless hundred palm strike techniques into one!

Without suspense, Fallen Hastam's head shattered, spewing bits of white and grey brain matter into the air as the final screams of his soul dissipated.

"And you..."

Dyon swept through each and every one of the 13 Fallen.

The execution of such experts made those watching shudder. Were the Supremes really not showing up even after all of this?

"Aiya, what did he call us out for if he was going to take all the true fun for himself." Chenglei complained.

Biibi giggled. "Big Brother Chenglei is too willful. If he's taking revenge for little niece Alauna, we can't step in personally, right?"

How could they know that Dyon only called them out because he hadn't been certain that fusing The Seal with his Inner World would work?

As Dyon's five beast companions chortled and bantered back and forth, Little Alauna stood on Chenglei black scaled head, tears pooling in her eyes as she watched Dyon's furious slaughter.

All for her, he had completely decimated the strength of an Outer Power single handedly. Unlike others, she wasn't surprised at her father's strength. She knew better than anyone how much he hated to leave her side... If he did so for as much as five years, seeing his strength take such a massive leap forward was only appropriate. He wouldn't leave her for so long without something to show for it.

What truly riled up Alauna's emotions was her father's love. Even when she was spoiled and mischievous, he stood on her side without hesitation.

The events of today might very well make Dyon the number one public enemy of the Mortal Plane.

To wipe out the foundational strength of an entire Outer Power just before the Ancient Battlefield descended? If this didn't make one the enemy of the world, nothing would...

Alauna knew well that her father wouldn't be ignorant of this fact, nor could the matters of today be hidden. Even if Dyon detained all those here, eventually the change would be sensed, especially since the ill time Nephilim Gathering was already quickly approaching. If no one from the Sprite Alliance showed up... The consequences were obvious.

Yet, Dyon had acted today nonetheless. He didn't care about the consequences, all for her sake, all so that she knew he would always be on her side.

This sort of doting couldn't be compared to simply buying her anything she wanted or bowing to all her wants... Dyon's actions today, though they racked Alauna with guilt, also filled her with a warmth that burned so bright it scorched her heart...

"From today onward, the Sprite Alliance will be under the sole rulership of Luna Sacharro and the Sacharro Clan. Feel free to go back and inform your powers. But do tell them that my temper isn't the best... Don't provoke me for foolish reasons or your outcome will be the same."

Dyon dropped the final corpse from his hand, allowing it to plop to the floor with a disgusting splat that echoed through the silent city.

Maybe Dyon would have never seen being covered in blood as a good thing in the past, but this moment was most definitely an exception. Though he stood tall and hadn't been so much as touched by these Fallen during this battle, much of this blood was actually his own...

Luna looked toward the projection of Dyon with a lost expression. In her mind, she constantly replayed those words he spoke again and again... Not because she was now the ruler of this Sprite Alliance. She hardly cared as long as Alauna and Dyon were safe. But rather because Dyon had called her by a name she pined after for trillions of years... A name that had been stripped from her due to her own actions...

Sacharro.

Alauna ran forward, not minding the fact her father was covered in blood to support him.

As the daughter of a Heaven's Child, Little Alauna had of course should have received the very best of her father's soul talent. Unfortunately, for whatever reason, it seemed that even though her soul talent was indeed overwhelming compared to others, it still fell well short of Dyon's.

Even still, her comprehension toward the path was still great, having travelled well into the comet grade to this point. This was more than enough for her to tell that her father was most definitely not in a good state currently.

Though Dyon might use his Immortal Sense to hide from others, he rarely did so toward his daughter. This time around, though, his trust in his own kin had led to her tears.

Dyon smiled lightly toward his daughter's over the top concern.

Truthfully, maybe it wasn't so over the top at all. Maybe anyone else would have dropped dead in his situation.

When the battle began, he was only using his soul qi, so the impact of his injuries was minimal. However, in order to evoke his Inner World, he needed the strength of both his soul and his qi. Considering the decimated state his meridians were in, forcefully using his qi like that was asking to die.

Dyon sighed. 'Maybe leaving my clone to comprehend magic with Lillianna wasn't so smart after all...'

As things stood now, Dyon couldn't form a powerful enough clone to use his Immortal Sense. Simply put, his clone's comprehension was not even a tenth of his own, they weren't in the same league. If Dyon personally learned magic with his main body, he would have long since learned this third magic already.

Unfortunately, as things stood now, it was a bit troublesome for him to return to the Mortal Alliance now. There were too many things he needed to do here.

Celestial grade holy type qi surged into Dyon's body. It provided him some relief, but it was wholly unable to fix the root of the issue. Dyon's body had become far too powerful and the immortal qi that caused his injuries to begin with was far beyond what mere celestial grade qi could contend with.