

The Nameless 1981

Chapter 1981: Didn't

It was no surprise that many took the initiative to submit themselves to him. Dyon decided to focus his attention on them and ignore those who remained stubborn. It wasn't that Dyon didn't want to conquer it all, but rather that it wasn't as convenient.

Sprite Alliance Territory was entirely controlled by the sprites. Even the most backwater places had their influence. So, by taking down their upper echelon, Dyon easily swept through them just like that.

However, the tower quadrants were different. Often times, Clans would only control 50 to 60% of their quadrants, the rest of which would either be abandoned or controlled by beasts. This made it much more difficult to handle with ease.

This wasn't the only problem either. One had to remember that many of the Outer Powers had pieces and pawns within the Tower Quadrants.

How could the Sprite Alliance not have wanted to quickly conquer four more quadrants and enter the Planet Grade Clan levels? But who would allow them to do so?

This was a problem many of the Outer Powers faced, and was one that faced Dyon now.

Still, this didn't mean Dyon would sit by and do nothing. Aside from the Drago-Qilin Quadrants, Dyon forcefully conquered the universe spirits of all the tower quadrants. Now, even when he declared war... He would have the decisive advantage!

Doing such a thing most definitely incurred public outrage, but Dyon didn't care. Without Faith, there was already no one capable of being his opponent in the Tower Quadrants.

In the end, this move forced many more to willingly submit. In fact, by the end of the second year, the only ones who hadn't were the Golden Crow Sect, the Drago-Qilin Lands, and the Pegasus Clan...

That was right. Even Dyon sneered when he saw that the Water Mist Sect and the Mist Clan was willing to submit. It seemed they didn't want to raise too many eyebrows before the battlefield descended.

Though he knew they were a hidden dagger lurking in the shadows, he still accepted their allegiance.

Maybe the most complicated affair was dealing with the Shruti Clan. After all, Dyon had only just helped them conquer the Kitsune Lands, only for him to take it back now. But who knew what Saru told them... He hadn't heard a single complaint from them.

At the end of the day, strength ruled supreme. Not only was Dyon more powerful than them all, he was actually fractions of their age. This sort of talent shone far too brightly, even in the Outer Powers. There was no doubt in their minds that given enough time, the name Dyon Sacharro would be undefeatable on the mortal plane.

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On this day, while the mortal plane was boiling in anticipation for the pending Nephilim Gathering, Dyon was on a leisurely stroll.

Madeleine was to his right, smiling lightly and looking like every bit of the city toppling goddess she was. To his left, there was Luna. She was of smaller stature, but she had refined a queenly air over her long life that had a hard to match and define elegance.

Little Alauna flitted around the three of them as though she was still a child, happily running from store to store and buying up everything she took a fancy to with her father's money.

"It's probably time by now." Madeleine said with a smile.

"Ah, they can wait." Dyon waved his hand nonchalantly. "Since I'm the most important guest, I have the obligation to appear last."

Luna's veil trembled slightly under her smile. "You're not worried?"

"What is there to be worried about? Just a bunch of jumping clowns."

"If I'm correct, they'll probably label our Sacharro Clan as a traitor to their efforts." Madeleine inputted.

"Mm." Dyon nodded. "It would be reasonable. After all, Clans don't just appear out of nowhere for no reason. If they had good intentions in believing this, I wouldn't mind proving that I wasn't... However..."

Dyon wasn't bloviating, he really could prove it. As long as he released his Faith, it would become clear to everyone that he was the Origin Ancestor of the Sacharro Clan. That would make it obvious he wasn't some enemy that had hidden away for a long time, but rather a rising star.

But, if there was one thing Dyon hated other than being tested by those who believed themselves to be above him, it was having to explain himself. Yet these people actually wanted to make him do both.

If they had good intentions, he wouldn't have minded making an exception toward his personal pet peeves. After all, they would have to fight side by side soon.

However... Since they didn't... He wouldn't give them any face at all.

They actually wanted to use this Nephilim Gathering to test his mettle? His limits?

They were overestimating themselves.

In the distance, a violent wave of qi suddenly erupted. A massive blood red pillar shot into the skies, tearing through space, before it slowly began to rain down pockets of red qi droplets.

Soon, those droplets formed an impenetrable barrier, covering over half the planet.

Luna sighed. "They're really going to regret deploying that array in a few minutes..."

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"He really didn't come." Rose's brow furrowed.

Within the dome of red, the atmosphere was quite lively. This was an exciting gathering that only took place once every thousand years. One couldn't imagine the exorbitant sum that was necessary to secure just one ticket.

Of course, for Rose, as a Higher Existence, securing one was exceptionally easy. But there were less than 100 Higher Existences on the Mortal Plane, how many could possibly use their status to get their way?

Jade, Saru and Lilith stood silently to the side. However, it didn't take long for the three of them to smile.

"He will come." Jade said lightly. She seemed completely certain of this fact.

Rose frowned. "Can't you see that barrier? Even if he did come, it would be meaningless."

"Oh? What about the barrier?"

Chapter 1982: Lacking

"This is not just any barrier, it's the Immortal Blood Gong barrier. It's an ancient array that's been here since the Primordial Era. If it wasn't for the fact its core was easy for laymen to deploy as long as one paid a great enough price, no one would of this Era would even be worthy to see it in all its glory.

"Even though it's much weaker than it was during its peak, it's still known as an array infinitely close to the Half-Step Immortal Grade."

"Oh. Is that all?" Lilith said with a giggle.

"You...!" Rose clashed with Lilith once more, but the latter didn't seem to care.

"You really do know very little about Dyon..." Saru, who usually tried to mediate the situation, actually took a firm stance opposite Rose this time. "... Firstly, Dyon doesn't know what it means to run. Secondly, Dyon doesn't know what it means to lose. Thirdly, Dyon never fails to replay slights levied against him... And is even more dogged in making those who touch his family pay.

"Unfortunately for the Sapientia, they're guilty on all accounts. And, unfortunately for the Nephilim and Transcendent Beast Alliance... They've become complicit."

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"He really didn't come."

Just as Rose was saying these words, so too were those of the Nephilim, Transcendent Beast, and Sapientia upper echelon.

"It seems that all of our planning has gone to waste. If we had known this would happen, we would have just started the Gathering over a year ago like we were meant to instead of stirring all of those sleeping old monsters."

"It's useful for them to be awake either way." Another elder rebutted. "If we want to conquer Sprite Alliance territory within the next 70 years, this is the only way."

"Not leaving them for a critical moment during the second phase was rash. I still believe we should have tolerated this new existence while maintaining a balance of caution."

"Fool." An elder sneered. "Since this Dyon Sacharro is from a lurking Clan, why do you think he's suddenly come out now? Why not wait until the second phase of the Ancient Battlefield's descent to show his true colors?"

"Isn't that obvious? His daughter had a slip of the tongue. He had no choice."

"You think that just because she's a little girl she would make such an elementary mistake? Have you ever heard of a Dao Expert having a slip of the tongue? Are you really so naïve?"

"He's right. It's impossible for a dao expert, even if they're a child, to make such a careless mistake. She most definitely did it on purpose. Since that's the case, it means that this Sacharro Clan is confident that appearing now is not a problem. In fact, there's likely a deeper scheme behind their sudden appearance.

"If we don't go all out to crush them as soon as possible and show some decisiveness, it will be us on the losing end when the dust settles."

On an elevated platform, three individuals watched on as their subordinates debated back and forth as though this matter had nothing to do with them, each of them with faces filled with deep wrinkles.

These three had elevated statuses beyond imagining, but even between them, there were tiers. Or, rather, there were two tiers.

The lowest among them was an Ancestor of the Transcendent Beast Alliance. His name had long been lost to history and he was simply known as Old Claw.

Above Old Claw, the remaining two old men sat on the same level.

Sitting in the middle of the three, the center Ancestor was of massive stature. His throne was huge, accommodating his almost 30-meter height. However, with his size, one could hear the creaking of his bones with every slight movement he made.

Still, the one on the left was maybe the most mysterious of them all. His moustache and beard were as long as the white hair on his head, each reaching to his waist and radiating a slight golden aura. His wrinkled face was adorned with crystal framed glasses, hiding his piercing golden gaze.

These two old men were Ancestor Giant and Ancestor Scholar, the highest gifted title of the Sapientia!

However, one shouldn't look down on Old Claw. Since he could sit here... He was of course worthy! His only flaw was that his Transcendent Beast Alliance was too weak in comparison to these two. But, individually, if Faith was ignored... He was just as strong!

It was then that a single voice blanketed the millions below with incomparable ease.

"Tsk, you all actually locked me out, this sincerity of the Nephilim is truly lacking."

Dyon's figure stood above the dome of red. However, what was more astounding than a random youth making a mockery of such a monumental event was the fact he had actually brought three women with him!

Instead of appearing afraid or apprehensive, each of the three were not only gorgeous, but they were completely indifferent to the situation at hand.

Even if this youth was oblivious to the tremendous harm his actions could cause him, could it really be possible that three others would also be just as ignorant as him? Just what was going on?

The elders, however, hidden deep within the Gathering's coliseum, were frowning.

Laymen might not fully understand, but how could they not know who Dyon was? They had received multiple descriptions of the boy from that day.

But, even this wasn't the end of their shock. The Immortal Blood Gong barrier was known to block any and everything, even a ray of sunlight would find it impossible to make its way in, which was why the surroundings had to be artificially lit after the array was laid.

Yet, not only could they very clearly see Dyon's figure from the inside, something that should have been impossible, but they could also hear his voice as though he was speaking right beside them! How could they not be shocked by this realization?

Rose, however, seemed ignorant of these details. The only reason she knew the name of the array at all was because the elder Jade casually mentioned it in passing during their time together. Jade had spent

quite some time helping Rose familiarize herself with Nephilim territory before heading to Soul Rending Peak, and this was just one of the few things she had learned.

Chapter 1983: Trouble

But, Rose could have never expected that the reason her master knew the name of this array wasn't because of her own breadth of knowledge, but rather because she had learned it from Dyon himself on the day he shattered that barrier and finally united the mortal plane!

Unfortunately, she was unaware, so seeing Dyon's figure, she panicked.

"This idiot! Master wasted her life so that he could live yet he's come here to throw it away so casually?!"

Rose flew into a rage, readying herself to interfere. She knew well that she wasn't a match for even normal Higher Existences, let alone the true elite Higher Existences of the Nephilim and Sapientia. However, her master had still hoped she would protect Dyon while he needed it... She could feign ignorance if she was all the way across the mortal plane from him, but if she was right before him... She couldn't in good conscience!

Dyon didn't seem to hear the commotion below.

He curled his forefinger's knuckle, using it to tap on the exterior shell of the array.

"Oh my, what a hard shell you all have here. Do you mind pulling it down for me, please?"

The faces of those below twisted. Was he really taking this to be a game? Since when could the Immortal Blood Gong Array be put up and taken down as some nobody pleased?

However, once again, Dyon's actions caused the elders to be in no small shock.

The Immortal Blood Gong array couldn't be touched simply because you were near it. In fact, the reason for its blood title wasn't because of its red color, but rather because every touch sucked the life blood of the instigator away.

That was right. Not regular blood... But Blood Essence!

Those who understood this truth knew how shocking it was. Blood Essence was impossible to access without the consent of its owner. This was how beasts were able to protect their bloodlines from falling into the hands of humans. Yet, this array was actually able to forcefully snatch it!

But, even more shocking was the fact that Dyon casually touched its exterior without anything happening to him!

"Oh? No one wants to help me out?" Dyon frowned as though he felt wronged. After several seconds of no one responding to him, of course he had to follow up.

Unable to take it anymore, a member of the Giant Clans stepped forward.

"The Immortal Blood Gong barrier can't be raised and lowered on a whim!" He roared.

It was clear that this Giant was enraged. He had been looking forward to displaying his battle prowess for the whole mortal plane to witness and maybe earn himself a place on the Heaven Scroll. Yet, some nobody was actually mucking up the proceedings.

"Why not?" Dyon asked innocently.

"An ignorant fool like yourself can't imagine the amount of resources needed to put it up just once. This barrier can withstand the assault of dozens of Higher Existences for several weeks, even months if necessary!"

"So amazing!" Dyon's mouth widened in surprise.

"Hmph. Scram!" The Giant roared. "Once the barrier is lowered, there'll naturally be someone to deal with you!"

"I do have a question though." Dyon said with a light smile, completely ignoring his threats. "What exactly is the point of this barrier? All of the elites of the mortal plane are already gathered inside and there isn't some grand enemy on the outside, right? So why waste so many resources? It can't just be that the Nephilim like to show off their wealth, right?"

The Giant's face froze, because as Dyon was speaking, not only had he taken a casual step forward and slipped through the barrier... But so had the three women behind him!

Suddenly, everyone sensed the mocking intent behind his words... This person had come to stir trouble!

"Aiya." Dyon looked around in disappointment. "I thought you said that array was amazing? Seems I just slipped and fell in..."

Little Alauna covered her lips and giggled. She had never seen her father in action before, he mostly hid it from her. But, it seemed he was even more mischievous than she was. Even in the face of so many Higher Existences, he was actually slapping their faces so severely.

It was obvious Dyon could have strolled in whenever he felt like it. But he actually first goaded an 'expert' into explaining just how amazing the array was first before doing so. It seemed like a minor change, but judging by the ugly expressions on the faces of the elders, it was still a resounding blow.

Dyon shook his head, taking a casual glance around. His eyes lit up when he noticed Rose and Jade. A weight on his heart was dropped immediately afterward. It seemed Jade had finally resolved her manifestation's problem.

By then, Saru and Lilith had inexplicably disappeared. From start to end, Dyon was never aware of their appearance.

Jade's gaze darted around nervously. Though she was eager to return to Dyon, she was also nervous to face him head on... Her memories had been sealed, but she was still an intelligent individual. She could

tell by the odd relationship between her master and Dyon that something deeper was going on. And, she could faintly feel that it was somehow her fault.

The final result was a apprehensive and jumpy Jade, whereas the Jade Dyon had always known was as confident and witty as himself. The change was far too drastic.

Unfortunately, he could only sigh in his heart. Sealing her memories probably wasn't the ideal solution... Still, now wasn't the time to deal with these things.

'Maybe Miss Everdeen's spirit found its way to the Elvin Tombs... In that case, maybe the only way Jade can let this stone rest from her heart is to speak with her directly...'

With this final thought, Dyon turned his attention back to coliseum below.

It had quite an ancient design, reminiscent of Roman times. A section of its body was cut out to form an elevated platform that loomed high in the skies. There was no doubt that this housed the most qualified elders, of which the most obvious at a single glance was the old man whose height was looming even while he sat on his throne.

As Dyon casually scanned the surroundings, he suddenly found something interesting that made him tilt his head in surprise. His gaze met the panicked gazes of Amell and Nora, Madeleine's biological parents!

Chapter 1984: Will Not

In the end, Dyon smiled. If he thought about it, he couldn't be too surprised by their appearance. They were indeed high-level Dao experts, and they were young at that. They weren't more than 300 years old by Dyon's estimations. So, considering their cultivation, they could actually enter the Ancient Battlefield. In all likelihood, their standing was very high amidst the Sapientia.

Dyon thought for a bit and decided not to expose them.

Judging by the actions of the couple, there was definitely some secret brewing within the Sapientia. Maybe the entire Clan wasn't his enemy after all...

The couple, however, were shocked by Dyon's immediate recognition of them. They had always taken cautions in the past. Not only did they change their appearances, but they changed their auras as well. For Dyon to see through them with a single glance...

"This little brat... Not only did he wring my dry of my precious money, he's actually brought my daughter to such a dangerous place!" Amell grit his teeth.

"Amell... What do we do? What do we do?" Nora gripped her husband's hands, clearly not taking Dyon's calm gaze as any sort of insurance.

Amell's brow frowned. "That boy is reckless, but he isn't stupid. Maybe he already has a way out."

"What way out?" Nora continued to panic. "Foolish tricks don't work against Higher Existences. This isn't a joke."

"Calm down, Nora." Amell's words snapped Nora out from her panic attack. "You heard the reports yourself. He killed 13 Fallen alone. I originally didn't believe it was him, but there's no denying it now. Even if we interfere, we would be no help... We can only send word to the elders and hope they can help..."

"Just what happened in all these years... We've tried to return to that universe many times already, but it was sealed off... I thought... I thought Little Maddy was dead..."

A deep swirl of complicated feelings welled in Nora's chest. She was both happy that her daughter was alive, and devastated that she would appear here. It was impossible to sort her feelings out.

Dyon was partially aware of what the couple might be feeling, but his attention was already elsewhere.

"My Sacharro Clan had a recent windfall and accepted the Sprite Alliance's generosity in allowing us to manage their territory. But, to my horror, my brothers in the Sprite Alliance were actually kicked off the Nephilim Gathering Seats of Honor.

"I've come to seek an explanation on their behalf. This sort of slight cannot be accepted. No matter what, the Sprite Alliance is prepared to shoulder a large burden for the sake of our Mortal Plane, yet you all have spit on their efforts.

"I, Dyon Sacharro, will not allow this to stand!"

The lips of the elders twitched violently. Shameless!

Little Alauna couldn't hold back anymore. She laughed so hard that she had to lean her forehead against her father's back.

Dyon took a step forward before his steps suddenly paused.

His hand waved casually to the side, causing an abrupt blade of qi slice through the air faster than the giant could react.

In that moment, the giants felt that his death was imminent, there's was nothing he could do... An attack of his level, despite its simple outward appearance... It was far beyond his means!

Before it even reached him, a firm grip of despair squeezed his heart, causing him to drop to his knees. A proud Giant, just like this, was completely subdued.

But, before the blade reached him, Dyon snapped his fingers and it vanished from thin air.

"Consider that a warning." He said casually. Dyon didn't believe his words were worth him losing his life over. This alone was enough.

At that moment, many people were happy that it hadn't been them who stood out to oppose Dyon.

"Dad, can I participate?" Alauna asked with wide eyes filled with expectation.

Dyon laughed. "Sure. Have fun."

Alauna clapped happily, diving down into the crowd of awaiting warriors. Though there were guards and referees put in place, none dared to stop Alauna. That Giant Dyon subdued with a wave of a hand wasn't just any normal expert...

Dyon floated down to the elevated platform of elders. No, it was more accurate to say that he landed directly before the three thrones that Old Claw, Ancestor Giant and Ancestor Scholar sat upon.

"You old fogies are pretty good." Dyon said with a smile. "Despite knowing I refined a half-step immortal grade pill capable of extending your lives by hundreds of thousands of years, you actually didn't come to see me personally. This sort of will power is commendable."

The eyes of Emperor Giant narrowed.

The atmosphere was far too oppressive, however the area surrounding Dyon, Luna and Madeleine was akin to a fresh breeze.

The truth was that they hadn't known how potent Dyon's pill was. After all, only Dyon, Luna and Alauna had come in direct contact with it.

They were at the end of their lifespan. Who wouldn't want to live longer? However, they had their pride as well. Dyon's origins were simply too illogical. And the things he was able to accomplish.. Even more so.

"I'll tell you the truth, I'm not very fond of the idea of working with Sapientia. I find them to be shameless. They claim to be scholars who only seek knowledge, but the horde all of it for themselves. Plus, what kind of lame fashion choice is it to wear glasses when you have no need of them?"

"That said, your Nephilim Alliance and Transcendent Beast Alliance still have a chance should you choose correctly.

"Both of you struggle with the purity of your bloodlines. With my abilities, purifying them is as easy as flipping over a hand, don't you think?"

Dyon shook his head. "Never mind, never mind. We can talk about these matters later or not at all for all I care. Since everyone has come here to see the reordering of the Heaven's Scroll, it isn't very appropriate for me to stall this for too long.

"I will let the matter of my Sprite Alliance brothers slide for now..."

With a wave of Dyon's hands, three more thrones appeared. If one looked closely, they even seemed to be of higher quality than the ones the three Ancestors sat upon.

Chapter 1985: Begin

Without regard for etiquette, Dyon, Luna, and Madeleine sat on the same level as these three Ancestors without a care in the world.

Ancestor Scholar gazed deeply at Dyon, but in the end, he said nothing about the matter.

"Let's begin then." Were all the words he said.

Ancestor Giant's temper had been quenched as he grew old, but he was still fiery. He had just been about to lash out when he heard Ancestor Scholar's words. In the end, he reevaluated the situation... Not just anyone could make a mockery of the Immortal Blood Gong array...

"Since Brother Scholar has said so, we will begin.

"The Nephilim Gathering takes place once every thousand years. As you all know, there is no age limit nor cultivation limit in participating, and the rewards will be enticing even to Higher Existences!

"The top 1000 will be placed on the Heaven's Scroll and will be bestowed a Title by this legendary treasure that will be a permanent boost to your strength in the future. This is an opportunity even the elderly among you don't want to miss.

"There are no rules or structure to this battle. The only requirement is that one rely on their own strength!

"Rise!"

Ancestor Giant roared, causing nine silver and gold dragon embroidered pillars to shoot into the skies. Even the Immortal Blood Gong array quaked under their might.

Dyon smiled. 'It seems this is the reason for this formation. Without it, the planet would implode.'

A moment later, a massive golden plated scroll rose to hover above it all. Though the scroll unfurled like paper, the names upon it was actually chiseled in like it was a real metal piece. The sight was odd.

Soon, one name after another began to vanish. With the 1000 year mark met, those of the past were erased, making way for those of the future!

'This Heaven's Scroll is truly arrogant.' Dyon sneered. 'I suddenly feel itchy all over. I wonder if this scroll would dare to erase my name in a thousand years...'

"There is no need to worry about biased judgements. The Scroll will observe every battle itself! Not, let the Gathering begin!"

When Ancestor Giant said that there were no rules, one might find it to be an exaggeration. But the reality was exactly like this. The moment his words fell, the massive space below erupted into chaos.

Luna, despite having absolute confidence in Dyon, couldn't hide the slight worry in her eyes. Of course, this worry had nothing to do with the fact they were sitting right beside three Ancestors of exalted standings, but rather because her daughter was amidst the chaos below.

Dyon might be infallible, but had their daughter reached such a level yet? As a mother, she couldn't place down this stone in her heart.

It was then she felt a large hand envelop her own, seeping with warmth.

"There's nothing to worry about." Dyon said lightly.

Luna smiled a forced smile, but she didn't respond. She of course knew that amongst the younger generation, her daughter had no equal. Even Aiden, Eli and Delia's child, was lacking in comparison to her.

However, this wasn't a competition of the younger generation. There were no age restrictions, no cultivation restrictions, there weren't even restrictions on what kind of hidden means one could make use of. Something that could be considered "cheating" in any other competition was perfectly fine here.

Though no Fallen or Higher Existences had taken action yet, this would only a minor courtesy given to those beneath them. After all, the Scroll tallied 1000 names, but even if you added up all the Fallen and Higher Existences of the mortal plane, you wouldn't be able to make up half that number.

As a result, top tier cultivators tacitly agreed to allow Dao experts to vie for their positions first. Only after the dust settled would they make a move and claim that top 300 to 400 spots or so.

Of the experts of the mortal plane, with the devil cultivators as an exception, they were all here! This wasn't a joking matter. Yet, the troublemaking Alauna had decided to jump in as though it was nothing but a game. This left Luna feeling exasperated.

"With Little Alauna's means, it's probably impossible to enter the top 1000, but she should still experience some things. Don't worry, I'll bring her safe and sound back to her mother." Dyon teased.

Luna's smile became slightly more genuine as she shook her head, ignoring Dyon.

"It seems you are a bit ignorant of the powers of Heaven's Scroll." Ancestor Giant sneered.

"Oh, is that so?" Dyon replied casually.

"There are no rules to this event, however there are still special properties of the Nine Dragon Pillars and the Heaven Scroll itself. Namely... Heavenly Laws are far more stringent under their influence. Legends say that this is the closest one can come to the Immortal Plane on our mortal plane."

Dyon's smile deepened. "And what do you mean by that exactly."

"A few things. Firstly, flight without having the status of a Fallen at a minimum is impossible. Secondly, taking hold of atmospheric qi is at least tenfold more difficult. Thirdly, using Faith is impossible. And lastly... Space is incomparably solid.

"This is all to say that if you wanted to guarantee your daughter's safety, that is the last place you should have sent her."

On the Immortal Plane, everything was several folds more difficult. Even those with Immortal Bodies couldn't fly. In fact, flight wasn't possible on the Immortal Plane until one reached the Immortal Law Realm!

Ancestor Giant was essentially saying that with these restrictions, saving Alauna at the last minute would be absolutely impossible for Dyon. In addition, the fact he emphasized 'status' of a Fallen and not the 'strength' of one meant that Dyon couldn't fly either!

"Is that so..." Dyon stretched out a finger.

A bolt of qi whipped out through the air, leaving the elevated platform and tearing into the Heaven's Scroll domain.

A moment later, a tragic scream shook the skies as a Giant fell with a resounding boom to the ground.

"... I've said it before, I'm not a very patient or understanding man. Say whatever you want about me, but something like alluding to my daughter's death isn't a matter my heart has the magnanimity to forgive.

"In case your ears have grown old and you're failing to understand what I'm saying... watch your mouth or face the consequences."

Chapter 1986: Fairy

Ancestor Giant's expression changed. The giant who just died was an absolute genius of the Peak Dao Realm, one with the highest likelihood of reaching the Higher Existence Realm of this current generation. He had been lurking in the shadows, waiting for an opportunity to ambush Alauna, yet he had died just like this.

The air turned cold. No, rather, it had been no different from an abyssal hell the moment Dyon began to speak.

"You've... Crossed my bottom line!" Ancestor Giant roared.

"It's a shame that I don't care." Dyon replied coldly. "There are some whose reverse scales you don't touch. Since you've already chosen to fall on your blade by opposing me, the time for regret long came to an end."

"You really are an enemy of our mortal plane." Ancestor Scholar suddenly spoke, standing slowly. "To kill someone with infinite potential so casually, what else could you be if not an enemy?"

"Why don't I kill a few more so that you're absolutely certain?" Dyon asked casually.

Ancestor Scholar never expected Dyon to respond this way. Before he could react, a second finger had already struck.

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Down below, there was a figure who had been a panic ever since Dyon appeared.

She looked no different from a fairy, surrounded by buzzing bees and butterflies wherever she went. Her skin was flawless and without blemish. Her dark hair held a healthy sheen that glistened under the artificial lights of the Gathering. But her eyes were truly captivating, radiating out an intelligence and wit that was nearly unmatched on the Mortal Plane.

This woman was none other than Aritzia Sapientia!

After so many decades of not seeing Dyon, she had changed drastically.

Her cultivation, which had purposely stagnated during her time in the tower quadrants, had bloomed once more, reaching the Lower Dao Realm. Her aura was more reserved and refined, as well as far less haughty in comparison to the past. She now had a calm disposition... Whereas her calmness in the past had been veiled by a conceit that looked down on the world... It was now as genuine as it could be.

But, even that calmness shattered when Dyon descended from the skies.

Unlike her, he hadn't changed at all. His arrogant disdain for the world, even in the face of the strongest experts on the mortal plane, hadn't diminished even in the slightest.

He was a man that had controlled her thoughts for decades. Every waking moment was a time she spent bettering herself to one day pay him back for that loss.

She had made so many contingencies, so many plans. She worked every hour of every day, slaving over the thought of seeing Dyon's visage when he finally had to admit that he had now lost to her.

Even her appearance today wasn't for leisure. She had been calmly observing the talents below, seeing which ones she should rope into her faction and which ones she should cross from her list.

The truth of the matter was that she had heard of Dyon's feat two years ago, but that had only spurred her to strive for a greater peak, it served to prove to her that her obsession over the last several decades wasn't unwarranted.

Dyon was her enemy of a lifetime, the enemy that if she was to defeat, her glory would rain through the heavenly skies for generations... No, Eras to come. But, if she were to lose... She would be nothing more than another bloody corpse that helped build his mountain to the top.

However, no matter how sturdy her resolve, these matters were still completely out of her expectations. She had easily accepted that Dyon could now kill Fallen. At the very least, she accepted it far more easily than others did. But... Watching him insult and disdain the Ancestors that already stood at the very top of the mortal plane... Her heart felt rending pain.

Why was it that he continued to get further away? Why was it that no matter what she did, it was impossible for her to close the gap?

All of a sudden, her thoughts were filled with screams.

Wait, those weren't thoughts... Those were the screams of real people.

Aritzia looked around blankly, a confused expression on her face. The women that surrounded her were all gorgeous, each of them could sway the hearts of billions to their whim, and each was intelligent with few equals. How could such refined women do something as unseemly as scream in public?

She frowned. It seemed her judgement had been wrong about these women. When she returned home, she would have to clean house. She couldn't have such inferior individuals by her side.

Suddenly, her legs felt weak and her vision swam, causing her to stumble slightly.

Her palm covered her forehead, trying to regain her bearings, but she was shocked to find that her hand came back filled with what seemed like a river of cold sweat.

'Why am I sweating like this?' Aritzia's confusion deepened as she looked down as her sweat soaked hand. But as she did, she caught something out of the corner of her eye.

'Red? I didn't wear a red dress today... I could have sworn it was white...'

She tried to take a deep breath, but suddenly felt that the air was rushing out of her.

It was then that the pain struck her. Like the resounding gong of an ancient bell, it slammed into her body, echoing again and again until her face twisted into a grimace.

She barely understood what was happening, but she subconsciously looked up and off into the distance, her gaze meeting Dyon's eyes.

'Not good... He's noticed me...' Aritzia trembled. She tried to open her mouth to say something, but she immediately felt like she was drowning. A torrent of thick liquid filled her throat and spilled out from her lips, running down her chin and dripping silently to the floor.

'There it was again... That arrogant disdain...'

The last thing Aritzia saw before her vision went completely black was Dyon's uncaring expression. That cold, lofty Emperor's air, that unmatched demeanor, that nonchalance toward her beauty...

Chapter 1987: Love

'I see... He killed me...' As her consciousness faded, she smiled.

Her last wisp of qi shot into the air, projecting her final thoughts.

"I'll wait for you at the Gates of Hell... My first love..."

Her corpse collapsed to the ground with a dull thud. The maidens around her were so shocked that they didn't even step forward to stop her fall.

Like this, the greatest genius the Sapiencia had ever birthed... Died.

Dyon raised an eyebrow at Aritzia's final words, but that was all.

Toward individuals who threatened the lives of him and his family, he didn't feel the need to have any sort of sympathy. Had it not been for the fact that she underestimated him, not only would he have died that day, but Ri, Madeleine and Clara would have died as well.

When he remembered something like that, Aritzia's feelings were irrelevant to him. He had no need to care about a one sided love, especially when he was certain that she was still doing everything in her abilities to lead him to death despite feeling this way.

"You..." Ancestor Scholar froze.

If Ancestor Giant was enraged by the death of his Clan's young genius, Ancestor Scholar was completely distraught.

A genius on Aritzia's level didn't appear even once ten generations. Yet, she had died just like this. A future pillar of the Sapientia Clan... Gone.

"You demon!"

The screams of Aritzia's retainers filled the now quiet coliseum.

Their cries for Aritzia's death were real. Each of them were prideful phoenixes who stood above normal women, yet they had whole heartedly submitted to Aritzia. If it wasn't for this, how could refined beauties on their level possibly do something as shameless as scream in public?

"She loved you! How could you do this?!"

Dyon's brow furrowed, finding the cries and pleas more and more annoying with each passing breath.

'It seems even in death she pits the world against me.' Dyon sneered inwardly.

Whether or not Aritzia meant the words she spoke, Dyon had no idea, nor did he care. However, what he was certain of was that regardless of the truth, the Aritzia he knew would most definitely use her final breaths to make him into a public enemy.

Though Dyon didn't have special considerations for beauties, could the same be said of everyone else? Not everyone was as heartless and unbiased as he was.

Public opinion was usually something meaningless, but when it came to those who wielded Faith of the highest order, it was actually quite important. The way one's Clan was viewed could cause Faith to strengthen and weaken. Since Aritzia knew Dyon had conquered the Sprite Alliance, she obviously also knew that this final move would be able to affect him.

However, the question that plagued Dyon was deeper than this.

The Aritzia Dyon knew also wasn't such a shallow person. This kind of petty trick was most definitely beneath her. If that was the case... Not only were her final words true, but the words spoken before most definitely had a far deeper meaning.

'I'll wait for you at the Gates of Hell...'

Dyon's eyes narrowed.

Unfortunately, he wasn't being given the time to slowly think these matters out as Ancestor Giant and Scholar had pent up so much rage that they could implode at any moment.

Throwing his thoughts to the back of his mind, Dyon chuckled.

"It seems like you were right. Saving someone at the last moment in this environment really is too difficult. Such a shame."

Ancestor Scholar's eyes deepened with a red rage. However, in the next instant, it vanished. All of his anger, all of his grief, it was as though it was never there to begin with.

"Since you've decided to thoroughly fall out with my Sapientia Clan, we will accompany you."

Down below, Alauna was pouting. She barely got to stretch out her limbs before someone enraged her father.

"These annoying old fogies. Couldn't you have let my father stay in a good mood for a little while longer..."

Alauna had two things in her small hands. Or rather, she had two people. As she threw a tantrum, those poor souls were already struggling against her grip, unable to extricate themselves.

"Die!"

Suddenly, Alauna's expression changed. A surge of qi she had no hope of battling against formed in the air, forming a golden finger just as large as any one of the Nine Dragon Pillars.

"You can sit here and watch your daughter die." Ancestor Scholar said with a calm voice after Ancestor Giant attacked.

Dyon's gaze swept toward the battlefield, looking toward his daughter. Unlike what these enemies of his expected, though Alauna's expression changed for a moment, it was immediately replaced by a surging battle intent.

Her skin glistened with crystalline sheen as the world around her morphed.

12 Stars appeared in the skies as she rose into the air, facing the finger with an arrogant disdain.

Dyon smiled lightly, his eyes filled with warmth. Even before the attack landed, the Heaven's Scroll began to shine brightly, etching into existence its first name of the next 1000 years.

"I hear you said that controlling atmospheric qi is ten folds more difficult, yet you're actually so arrogant as to attack my daughter from over ten kilometers away?"

"I should have probably told you this in advance since you were so kind in informing me, but those of my Sacharro Clan have no need to conform to the rules of your scroll."

Ancestor Scholar and Giant froze... Alauna was flying!

The two warriors in her hand erupted into a ball of flames under the 12 suns, burning to ash.

"Hehe." Alauna giggled. "Try out my move. [Sacharro's Might: Twelve Star Palm]."

The finger shattered into motes of qi and twinkling lights, raining havoc toward the ground below.

"Aiya, how embarrassing." Dyon scratched his head as though he felt bad for Ancestor Giant. But the truth was he found his daughter's naming sense to be terrible.

At the very peak of the Heaven's Scroll, a new name was slowly etched. However, unlike those before who was written in black, this name shone a beautiful silver that flickered to gold and back.

Alauna Sacharro... The Mighty.

Chapter 1988: Single Name

In a distant corner of the mortal plane, a young man of average looks sat on a boulder silently, his gaze unmoving from a piece of shattered jade in his hand.

Though his expression gave away nothing, the depths of his eyes flickered with an unceasing torrent of emotions.

Rage, sadness, confusion... He simply couldn't understand.

Someone of her standing would most definitely have a life saving jade, why hadn't it activated? Even if it didn't active, who could have laid a hand on her to begin with? She was too smart... to highly valued...

The young man didn't even notice when his frame began to tremble. He was unshakeable, a sturdy mountain that had stood for millennia, nothing had ever affected him to this extent. Most matters simply rolled off his shoulders, met by his carefree smile and nonchalant demeanor.

Yet she, the only person he cared about in this world, was dead.

'Show me. Show me what happened.'

The shattered jade crumbled to dust, whirling into a vortex of light green gold that grew steadily in momentum. Soon, the image was projected for him to see.

However, he was astonished to find that there was nothing there. It was as though something was obstructing his vision.

'That's impossible...'

He knew well the level of treasure that was in his hand. There was nothing on the mortal plane it couldn't see through. Aritzia herself had never even known he had attached such a thing to her. Yet, the very thing he trusted so much had actually failed.

Just as the young man was about to give up, the black image trembled. Who knew what happened, but the restriction was lifted.

'No, this was deliberate. Whoever killed my Aritzia used some sort of seal, a seal more powerful than anything I could imagine, causing her life saving jade to fail to activate. After the deed was done, whoever they are realized this seal was no longer needed and removed it... Whatever is left now should be the final moments of her life...'

As the image slowly cleared, the young man's heart clenched.

Aritzia fell to the ground, her white gown completely covered in blood. However, there was a smile on her face in her final moments.

When he heard her last words, a different kind of pain seared his chest, one that made his throat feel as though lava was dripping down its walls... his lungs feel as though there wasn't enough air... his heart feel as though it would never beat again.

The final thing he saw before the image faded to black was Dyon's condescending glance, that unfeeling glare hardly fluctuated beneath the words that should have been said to him. The young man could tell that Dyon truly didn't care.

Staring blankly into space, the young man sat motionless.

One would think there would be thoughts running through his mind, but this was the absolute furthest from the truth. His mind... His heart, it was filled with nothing but emptiness, a void he suddenly felt was impossible to fill.

Who knew how long passed before the young man slowly stood.

His steps were slow and languid, lacking the very life and spirit they usually had.

His body disappeared from the oddly quiet space with nothing but a single boulder, appearing in an ancient hall with tall looming archways.

The sounds of his soles lightly tapping the marble beneath his feet echoed. A loneliness that sunk to the depths of his bones pervaded his consciousness with every step, as though he was walking to a place of no return, a lone island where no one but he resided.

The hall was exceptionally long. Let alone hours, it took the young man a full three days to walk to its ends despite being well aware that if he used his full strength, just a few moments would have been enough.

But he seemed to want to feel every bit of the emotions racking his core right now. He never wanted to forget it. He wanted to be able to remember how every fiber of his being reacted in these moments.

Soon, he entered a grand space. Unlike what one might expect, the room was poorly decorated. Or, rather, it was more accurate to say that it hadn't been decorated at all.

The walls were a plain grey, there weren't any lights or fixtures, even making it here in the first place was inconvenient beyond normal circumstances.

However, what this hall did have were 13 pedestals... The last of which seemed completely out of place. Not because it was drastically different, but because it was the only of the 13 that didn't have a single thing placed on it.

Aside from these last 13, the first 12 could be considered the only drawing attraction of this room. Valiant treasures, heroic tales, long lost legends... they seemed to encapsulate them all. One could get lost in a sea of knowledge despite the fact all the 12 pedestals held was a single statue and a single name.

However, the young man ignored these 12 pedestals completely. He didn't even spare them a single glance after walking into the room. Instead, he focused on the 13th empty pedestal...

Though it had no statue like the other 12, what it did have was a name. The young man stared at it as though he was trying to sear it into his mind.

'Dyon Sacharro, I will kill you with my own hands. What you've made me feel today, I will make you suffer through tenfold.'

The pedestal's name glowed brightly, flashing a bright light. By the time it faded, the young man was gone.

All that was left was that single name.

Emytheus.

"That guy always ruins all of the fun."

Chapter 1989: Calmness

There were many familiar faces at the Nephilim Gathering. Obviously, this wasn't just limited to Aritzia and Madeleine's parents, but also the dragons that didn't appear for the exchange program headed by the Sprite Alliance.

Of course, among these dragons, there was not only Titus who had mysteriously disappeared for so long after Dyon killed him on the celestial floors, but there was also Damaris who still took Dyon as her rival.

"This is the young man our Crystal Dragon Clan formed a sort of alliance with? His pills have been quite useful to our development."

A deep resounding voice responded to Damaris' half rant. If one looked over, one would find what could only be described as the pinnacle of masculinity. Dyon might be handsome, but his features were still quite delicate. However, not only was this man handsome, he exuded a manly aura that was domineering without even the attempt to be.

Judging by his almost gem-like hair, shimmering in deep violets and blues, he was most definitely a member of the Crystal Dragon Clan. Not only this... But he was the father of Damaris and Giralda... Bane Agios!

Damaris gritted her teeth. "Yes, that's him."

Bane chuckled. "I thought you said you wanted to be his beast partner? Why are you suddenly so angry?"

"He actually cheated on me!" Damaris said in exasperation.

"Cheated?" Bane's expression turned cold. Did his daughter and this man have this sort of relationship? Judging by the women by his side, not to mention the fact the holy daughter of the Sapientia actually expressed love for him in her dying breaths, how could he accept such a thing?

However, hearing his daughter's next words, he almost had the impulse to give her a knock on the head.

"To think he would actually subdue another spineless dragon before obediently coming to me! How can I accept this!?"

The various elders of the Agios Clan felt their lips twitch. This princess of theirs was much too willful. She had not a speck of care for her image at all.

The Nephilim Gathering might be the Nephilim Alliance's in name, but many knew that the true owners of this place were the Dragons. Without fail, every 1000 years, the Dragons would occupy the topmost spots of the Heaven's Scroll. After all, Faith was sealed under the influence of the scroll.

There was no coincidence that the nine pillars that stood high in the sky were known as the Dragon Pillars. But, even as their Clan's heiress was throwing a tantrum, their thunder was actually being stolen by a human boy. It was no wonder they didn't have the patience to deal with Damaris' antics.

In the distance, Dyon slowly stood. He had never been worried about his daughter to begin with. Even though Ancient Giant was a Higher Existence, he had attacked from too far away. If they weren't under the influence of the scroll, Alauna would have died ten out of ten times even if the distance was 100 kilometers, let alone 10. But since they were, he could forget about harming his daughter.

However, this reality didn't change the fact that he was now thoroughly enraged.

"It seems that the Nephilim Alliance and Sapientia want to thoroughly fall out with me." Dyon said calmly.

Why was it that despite having Dyon right next to them, they chose to attack his daughter in the distance? Why was it that despite having his two women by his side, they chose to attack Alauna instead of attacking them in order to enact revenge?

It's because they had reservations in their heart. Even to now... They couldn't see through Dyon!

"You..." Ancient Giant trembled in embarrassment and rage. He had actually made a move on a junior, yet he completely failed! "... You killed the best genius of my Nephilim Alliance, and even killed the greatest genius of the Sapientia, yet you dare to say such words?! This kind of shameless, amoral swine isn't worthy of allying with the Powers of our Mortal Plane!"

"Are you asking if I'm allowed to oppose you from killing my own while I slaughter as I please...?" Dyon's eyes sharpened.

Despite the fact he was forced to look up at Ancestor Giant who stood at 30 meters tall, the latter still felt his heart quake.

"... That's exactly right." Dyon finished his words.

Dyon could have explained that he only killed the genius Ancestor because he had ill intentions toward his daughter. He could have also explained the long-standing grudge he had with Aritzia and how close she was to killing him and those he cared for...

However, what Dyon despised the most was having to explain himself. If they wanted to be enraged, they could be enraged. While they continued to rage, he would continue to be unreasonable.

"On this day... I really want to see if you can walk out of here alive." Ancestor Scholar said slowly.

In response to these words, Dyon's palm casually swatted outward.

In the next moment, the sound of a resounding slap reverberated through the quiet coliseum.

For those instances of time... There could only be silence.

"Your calmness is annoying." Dyon grabbed his own wrist, leisurely massaging and stretching it. "If you're angry, display anger. Feigning an otherworldly aura only makes those who stand above you see a jumping clown."

Ancestor Scholar's face had yet to recover. In fact, his head was still tilted off to the side. The slap had come so suddenly that he wasn't even able to react.

The biggest issue was that Dyon had moved nothing but his arm, he hadn't even sensed any qi fluctuations. From start to end, Ancestor Scholar had been maintaining a safe distance from Dyon, keeping his guard up. If the three Ancestors didn't have such reservations about Dyon, could matters have continued up to this point without them truly retaliating?

Yet, the sound of this slap was far too resounding.

'He... He folded space. But how is that possible?!'

Chapter 1990: Inept?

Ancestor Scholar was still an intelligent man. A few seconds to him was the equivalent of a mortal pondering a single problem for days, even weeks. After they ticked by, how could he not understand what happened?

In that moment, the words Dyon's spoke earlier resounded in his mind... Hadn't he said that his Sacharro Clan wasn't bound by the rules of the scroll? Could it be he really wasn't lying?

Ancestor Scholar was certain that if it wasn't for the scroll, he would have been able to sense and dodge this attack. However, what he wasn't certain of was whether or not Dyon held back because he knew he didn't have to go any harder to succeed. If that was the case, who knew if he could dodge Dyon's full fledged attempt whether they were here or elsewhere?

"The Sapientia have always been a thorn at my side. Your existence annoys me.

"I'm not a fan of explaining myself, so you can consider your two geniuses to be two corpses who died unreconciled deaths.

"However, for the sake of the masses, I will say one thing. I am not some from some hidden clan biding their time for the sake of rising up for the Ancient Battlefield's descent. As for proof... Do I really need any more than this?"

In a flash, a golden token appeared in Dyon's hand. Under normal circumstances, it would be impossible to tell just how heavy an object was from so far away, but this time, things were different. One could even see the space crumbling around the token, shattering and reforming with every passing moment.

Seeing this token, Ancestor Scholar's mind was sent into turmoil, his expression finally changing drastically.

"Oh. It seems like you recognize this small token of mine... I'm glad to see that my Celestial Deer Sect hasn't been forgotten."

BOOM!

A name that clapped in one's ears like thunder resounded through the coliseum. It was only then they realized just how grave of a mistake they had made.

How could they not have thought of this possibility? They should have known the moment Dyon used the term Array Alchemy so casually. Who else could concoct a half-step immortal grade pill if not the scion of the Celestial Deer Sect?

However, Dyon wasn't just a scion... This token... It could only be held by the Sect Master of the Celestial Deer Sect! Where else could Dyon have gotten it if not from the small black cabin in the hidden Realm?

The Outer Powers knew too well of the Celestial Deer Sect. They were a power that had merely controlled two quadrants, yet they held the highest prestige within the Outer Powers. Even to this very day, their name had yet to fade.

No one knew the true secrets behind how they fell that day, but even children knew that it was a tragedy. With their fading into the tides of history, the strength of the mortal plane plummeted. This was how important their Array Alchemy had been!

It was then that the three Ancestors understood that even with how cautious they had been against Dyon, they hadn't been cautious enough. With a single casual move, everything was flipped on its head.

Those who could enter this place weren't fools. They knew well that with the appearance of three Ancestors, they had all gathered here to deal with Dyon.

However, in a single instant, Dyon's value had skyrocketed past even the strongest of the Outer Powers! In the large scale war that was coming... The Celestial Deer Sect was invaluable!

"It seems you all understand the weight of this token.

"In the past, my Celestial Deer Sect fell due to an act of kindness. If it wasn't for us, the mortal plane might already be no more." Dyon's eyes flashed toward Ancestor Scholar, causing the latter to tremble.

"According to my Ancestors, one of our own colluded with a Transcendent of the Immortal Plane in order to eradicate our Sect. Who those individuals were... Time will reveal all things.

"However, what I do have to say is that interfering with my matters wasn't in your best interest. Since the Nephilim Alliance dared to attack to kill my daughter, you can forget about receiving my support. Since the Sapientia have crossed my bottom-line time and time again, you can forget about benefitting from my skills.

"Today, I'll be announcing that not only has the Celestial Deer Sect returned under the banner of my Sacharro Clan, but we have also allied with Nightmare Palace Master Ravana and the Devil Quadrants.

"And as for those that don't like my decisions..."

Dyon casually strolled into the air, appearing above the coliseum and standing even higher than Heaven's Scroll.

"... I guess I'll just have to show you all that the Celestial Deer Sect isn't as combat inept as it was in the past."

Dyon stood over the coliseum, over the nine Dragon Pillars, over the Heaven's Scroll. The momentum of his gaze, the arrogance of his disposition, the callousness of his disdain... They all seemed palpable, weighing the air with a somber emotion that pressed on the hearts of those below.

In truth, Dyon himself had no idea how high his strength reached currently. However, there was a second thing he had always loved aside from array alchemy. From the very first moment he touched his foot on the battlefield, he had uncontrollably grinned. A deep will for slaughter lay dormant in his heart.

No... It wasn't a bloodthirst. He had come to understand more about himself, enough to comprehend exactly who he, Dyon Sacharro, was.

His love of the battlefield had nothing to do with relishing in the deaths of his enemies. He was completely different from the so-called War God turned Battle God of the past.

While the latter avoided responsibility for the weight of War, preferring to cling onto the selfish ideal of battle, Dyon wasn't like this. He didn't shy away from the responsibility. In fact, he relished in it. He relished in the feeling of taking control of a battlefield many could only be worth specks of dust within.

With a wave of his hand, he could change the tides of war. Even if he was facing countless powerful enemies, as long as he stood against them, failure was mere a thing of imagination.

"Come!"