

The Nameless 661

Chapter 661: None Other!

What the minister said was correct. There was a reason why although there was only a single key wielder, there would still be many tower participants who weren't from the same clan, necessarily, as the wielder.

The Epistemic Tower was literally the best key to transcendents throughout the cosmos. If only an astronomically small percentage of martial warriors became transcendents, the number who did without using the Epistemic Tower was an even more unfathomably small percentage of that already small percentage.

This basically meant that if you wanted to have hopes of becoming a transcendent, something that was already nothing but a dream for the vast majority, doing so without the tower would be even worse than a dream. It would be nothing short of foolish.

Knowing this, how could those clans be willing to give it up without a fight? Even if it meant teaming up to suppress the Ragnors, they would do it.

This is why clans share their Epistemic Tower quotas. Although many prefer to be the key wielder, as it gives certain advantages, as long as the clan who holds the key currently is willing to share, so to speak, conflicts can be held to a minimum.

The minister understood this, and as such, had no choice but to bring it up. They could search for the Epistemic Tower, and hopefully find it first. But, in the case that they do, they had to be prepared.

Seeing that Odin's sharp gaze lessened, the minister sighed a breath of relief before continuing.

"As for where, Hela is not sure, but she did have some ideas. It is almost an impossibility that the previous Emperor God Clans didn't know of this tower. In fact, it's likely because they were wiped out by that unknown force that the information about the Epistemic Tower was lost to us in the first place.

"So, Hela suggested that we explore gates that bordered those olden regions. The Epistemic Tower was likely on the cusp of shared territory because whoever wielded the key, would have had to share as well.

However, finding records of such a thing will be exceedingly difficult, especially since if we had records like those, we would have long since known about this tower."

The ministers nodded in agreement. Finding information about those times was exceedingly difficult. There were without a doubt many resources that were lost now because of that warring period.

"AH!" The old man startled awake, causing everyone's eyes to be attracted to him.

This old man was always the calmest of them all. What could possibly make him react like this?

He held his chest, breathing heavily as a bitter look appeared on his features. He knew that this news would not bode well for the Ragnors, but even worse, if he was the one to say this out loud, he had no confidence that Odin wouldn't just directly kill him to vent his anger.

By the time the old man finally calmed himself and steeled his nerves enough to look up, he found a pair of blue eyes so piercingly cold staring at him that they looked like lasers of light even in this dark room.

"Lord Odin..." The old man was unable to look away. Although he had no pupils, it could be said that he saw things far clearer than most people. He could feel death creeping up on him, finally ready to take him away. It was his misfortune that he wouldn't die to old age...

"Loki is dead."

Silence reigned the room. Not a single person dared to speak. All excitement that might have been brought by the information on the Epistemic Tower was completely wiped away by this singular three worded sentence.

A dense tension hung in the air, slowly building even as Odin's facial expression remained the same.

Few understood what Loki's mission was, but Odin did. As much as he wanted to rampage about, and take out his anger and the person who ended Loki's life, if it was who he thought it was, even if all 100 quadrants came together it would mean nothing to this entity.

And now he had given up his. For what?

Not once did Odin even think that Loki could have died another way. The only reason he was restraining his temper was out of fear for the entity. But, if he had known that the person responsible was just a mere child in his eyes, who knew how he would react.

The old man knew very little about this mission of Loki's, but when he saw his short tempered Lord react with restraint, he couldn't help but make some guesses as to just what level of danger Loki must have been in to make Odin respect it.

However, there was one more piece of information he had to muster up the courage to share... This effected the entire Ragnor Clan, and no matter how scared her was, he must say these words.

"There's something else..." The old man said in a weak voice, finally prying his gaze away from Odin to stare at the floor, ready for whatever punishment may come. "I've lost all sense of karmic ties to Loki's faith seed. I can't find it in the stream of reincarnation as a result. I – I don't know what happened..."

Surprisingly, though, this tidbit of information made Odin even more sure of what happened. Who else in this universe could have the power to erase karmic ties if not for that entity?

Right now, he regretted trusting that thing from the very beginning, but he also knew that the entity was much too powerful to be ignored. And although he was imprisoned now, judging by the power of his subordinates, the Ragnors had no choice but to submit...

In the next instant, Odin stood, disappearing from where he stood. None of the Ragnors knew when they'd see him again.

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Back in the Belmont Holy Land, a book inside of Dyon's spatial ring was happily glowing, excited to have added a new power house to its pages.

There, on the 6th page, sat the glowing bulb of light that had endless inscriptions floating within it, each of which corresponded to a different legacy or dao.

If Odin had seen this, his anger would have been enough to destroy universes.

In this world, there were very few things that could undo such strong karmic ties. However, to a weapon of the 33 heavens, such a thing was child's play.

Whereas Odin thought the entity was the one who used his power to steal his son's faith seed, the truth was the true culprit was The Soul Tome!

That bulb of light, riddled with endless inscriptions, was none other than Loki's faith seed!

Chapter 662: The Answer

King Acacia, after hours of flying, could now finally see Earth in the distance. His speed increased another fold as he blasted through the atmosphere, allowing rings of flames to be deflected by his celestial energy. However, the sights he was greeted with were far and away out of his expectations.

He had been coming here at his fastest speed in order to help, but what he found was a war that was already over. In fact, much of the Ragnors and their allies were either rounded up, or had long since fled.

Even more surprisingly, now that his agitated state had calmed, he suddenly became aware that his wife's soul was here instead of at the Ice Belt.

'How did Kawa get here before me....' King Acacia had no idea what was going on, but currently, there was a heated argument going on down below. In any other situation, King Acacia would have ignored it. After all, his goal right now was to find and stop Loki. However, without an understanding of the situation – a situation that had clearly drastically changed – how could he understand what next step to take?

"Father, I disagree!" Ire Pakal couldn't understand what he was hearing.

His father had left with the unknown experts from before. But, realizing he was of no help to that situation, he came back in order to stabilize this situation first.

When he found his eldest son, Ire, about to kill Thor and Vidar, he immediately stopped him, much to the anger of his son.

"If we kill them now and shatter their faith seeds, we can cripple the Ragnors. Why would you stop me from doing this? Have you thought about how many of our own we've lost to them and their inhumane tactics? I was here listening to the screams and cries of our own people being devoured by them. How could we allow them to live?!"

Ire didn't dare to claim that he was fighting while his father wasn't. After all, he was quite aware that Patriarch Pakal had been fighting a battle on a scale far larger than what was occurring here. In addition, he would normally never question his father. Especially not in public. Such a thing was a major taboo and much too disrespectful, even if he was the eldest son.

However, he couldn't restrain himself. His boundless disgust for the Ragnors had started early. He knew their true nature. In fact, maybe a blood leeching will like the red crystals was the perfect representation of this clan of people.

Patriarch Pakal sighed. "You don't understand." He was calm and patient. Despite his son's outburst, he didn't reprimand him, not did he give way to anger. "Without power, it would be impossible to shatter their faith seeds. All we would do is alert the Ragnors of this universe."

This was correct. Although Ire had understanding of the laws that governed faith seeds, he was still very much ignorant of matters concerning karma in conjunction with such things.

The Ragnors, because of their handicap, invested heavily in karmic protections for their limited faith seeds. This made it possible not only to pull them out of the cycle of reincarnation much quicker, it also allowed for a barrier of protection that could last just long enough so that a faith seed could fade away peacefully.

It seemed that his father's words had finally gotten through to him, but Ire was still not satiated. He knew that killing Thor and Vidar would bring untold calamity to this universe, but what did that have to do with them as Pakals? Was it not their goal to make their way back to their main branch?

Plus, there was protection of the gates. It wasn't like the Ragnors could just make their way across the universes casually. Even if they used means other than the gates to cross, such a method would be ridiculously costly, meaning the Ragnors wouldn't be able to invest a large amount to.

"Father, we have to think of the future. Even if we cannot shatter their Faith Seeds, killing them will be enough. Eliminating two of the five Ragnor faith seeds would be a great meritorious feat. Little brother Caedlum could use this to gain a foothold in the main Pakal branch before taking it all over."

Despite how sound his argument sounded, Patriarch Pakal still shook his head. "You are too naïve. Maybe it is my fault for spending so much time on Caedlum's development and neglecting you. The main branch cannot be taken by diplomacy, nor can it be negotiated with.

"You see them as family because that's what's in your heart. However, they will never place you in their hearts as you have them.

"They may take your brother in initially, but after understanding his background, there's no doubt that they will use him... Do you remember why the Ragnors became aware of our Blood Sacrifice technique?"

Ire remained silent, a deep frown setting into his features.

By now, most important figures understood that the Pakal branch of this universe was forced to flee from the main Pakal Emperor God Clan. During that escape, they took with them techniques passed down by the Demon Sage, of which included the Blood Sacrifice Technique.

However, a few years ago, Patriarch Ragnor, or Loki, as Dyon had come to know him, started a war to steal this technique. So, the question was... How did he know they had it? Why would Loki be so sure that this fleeing branch family had such an important technique? Enough to risk his exposure and potentially pre-emptively alert the Belmonts in starting a war?

The technique being Isot itself would have been a major taboo to the Pakals. even if they didn't know where it was, they wouldn't divulge information about it being lost in the first place. It could act as a great deterrent to the Ragnors, so why would they handicap themselves in this way?

The answer lay with Caedlum's faith seed, Asura.

Chapter 663: Stunned

Caedlum's birth was a day of both darkness and light for Patriarch Pakal.

For one, it was the day that marked his wife's inevitable death. She was a simple woman with decent constitution that Patriarch Pakal had chosen among those of this universe. As a Patriarch of a God Clan, women like her were hardly difficult for him to attain. But, he took a liking to her. She was a gentle and reassuring figure in the face of the cards he had been dealt.

However, that day was also a light of hope. Although faith seeds wouldn't be detected from far distances unless they were awakened. If an expert was in close proximity, it was possible to detect even an unawakened faith seed, given that you actively looked for it.

Out of sheer desperation, Patriarch Pakal had fallen into the habit of personally checking every newborn Pakal child. It just so happened that the chosen among them was his own son.

This truth though... Was a double-edged sword.

The day that Caedlum awakened his faith seed, would be the day that the Pakal main branch knew of their survival and their general location. And yet, if they wanted revenge, Caedlum couldn't hide his faith seed forever...

At first, Patriarch Pakal wanted to take his son's faith seed and shatter it. After all, one required a certain blessing in talent to be chosen by a faith seed from birth anyway. That meant that Caedlum would likely be an astounding talent even without his seed.

But the problem with that plan was something that left Patriarch Pakal horrified... Something he didn't have the heart to tell anyone else, but also fueled his will to want to destroy the current Pakal clan as well...

The very same karmic bindings found on Ragnor faith seeds.... Were found on Pakal ones as well...

This only meant a single thing. While Patriarch Pakal was lamenting over the inhumane actions of the Ragnors and their despicable nature, his own clan had been acting in this same way behind their backs!

Truthfully speaking, the Pakals only did this because they were forced into a competition with the Ragnors. If the Ragnors suddenly monopolized the majority of faith seeds in the quadrant, they'd be at a huge disadvantage. This was because even though the Ragnors only had five faith seeds, a single clan despite having more, wouldn't usually manifest more than 3 or 4 in a single generation.

However, this 'excuse' didn't stop Patriarch Pakal from being sick to his stomach. When he thought about all of the innocent lives needed to make what he saw possible, the anger in his heart only burned stronger.

At this point, anyone who was paying attention to the history of this quadrant would have noticed this much earlier. Why? Because around the same time Thor and Vidar died, Asura died at the hands of the Dukes and Duchesses too.

It was no coincidence that all three faith seeds appeared at the same time... They were all tied together by the same death and the same bloody massacres...

When Patriarch Pakal saw this truth, he was at a loss for what to do. Maybe the reason he wanted to save Thor and Vidar now because he saw in them the very same shackles that once bound his own son...

At the time, Patriarch Pakal could only lament his own misfortune. He prepared himself to forget about Caedlum ever having a faith seed, making sure to seal it away so that even his son would never detect it.

However, that was when his wife asked him what was wrong. Her smile was so simple and sweet that it almost undid all of the knots in Patriarch Pakal's heart.

After hearing that her son would be forever shackled, Mistress Pakal paled. Her heart ached, unwilling to have her son share such a fate.

So, she called in her sons. Three in total. One in her arms, and two growing toddlers, one of which was Ire. She spent weeks with them, never taking the time to do anything else. Although this confused Patriarch Pakal, he had no reason to stop it. After all, it was just a mother spending time with her sons.

But then, on one day, that simple woman that Patriarch Pakal had fallen for, said words so profound that they shocked him.

"To wash away karmic strings created by the utmost selfishness... You need karmic strings forged by the utmost selflessness..."

That day was the day Patriarch Pakal ended his wife's life. For the sake of her son's future, she sacrificed everything to buy his freedom.

Fortunately, her simple philosophy worked. Unfortunately, it came at a price even beyond her life.

To extract the essence of a person is an incredibly difficult thing to do. Every time Dyon obtained the essence of an expert, it was through that expert themselves. However, Caedlum's mother was a simple woman. She didn't have a celestial soul to detach from herself to fulfill such requirements. As such, Patriarch Pakal was forced to use the Blood Sacrifice technique on his own wife...

This freed Caedlum from ever having to worry about the karmic ties of his faith seed, letting him have all the time he needed to grow into the man who could take revenge on the clan who did this to his family.

However, it also alerted the Ragnors. The use of such a powerful technique would hardly go unnoticed, especially by someone so familiar with it like Loki.

This started the cascade of events that led to the Legacy World battle Dyon was forced to flee from.

"Do you understand now, Ire? My son." Patriarch Pakal placed his hand on his eldest son's shoulder, a tired look in his murky brown eyes. "There is no need for you to feel this deep seeded loyalty to our clan. You need only feel anger. Be calculative. Be smart. Don't act based on emotion, act on your better judgement. Do you understand?"

Ire was stunned, his eyes glistening in anger. But in the end, how could he not understand?

Chapter 664: They Were...?!

King Acacia waited patiently for the son and father to finish their moment together. Patriarch Pakal hadn't bothered to hide their conversation from him, likely because he recognized King Acacia and Dyon's father in law, and thus trusted him as a result. Either way, this was just yet another tragic story of the martial world... A place never short of endless cruelty..

"King Acacia, I'm glad you've made it back. A friend of yours wanted me to tell you that your wife is safe and sound." Patriarch Pakal turned to King Acacia, smiling amiably.

King Acacia couldn't help but bitterly smile. All this time, he had done next to nothing.

While King Belmont felt horrible for not doing enough, the truth was that he at least defeated enemies. King Acacia had done none of that.

However, when he heard Kawa was safe, he breathed a sigh of relief. And also hearing that it was a friend, the figures of Amell and Nora couldn't help but surface in his mind.

"If it's them, then there's little to worry about." King Acacia said with a smile. It seemed like all his worries were for nought. But, Patriarch Pakal's complicated gaze told a different story.

"Is there something wrong?" King Acacia probed.

"The situation might be more complex than we give it credit for. It's already been a few hours since Nora began attempting to decipher the formation shrouding the Belmont Holy Land, but it doesn't seem like she's made any progress."

"A formation Nora is struggling with?..." King Acacia couldn't fathom just how complex such a formation would be.

"Yes. From my understanding, its been catalyzed by the death of its layer, making it many times stronger."

"Death..." King Acacia had mixed feelings about this piece of information. But, at the very least, one of their stronger enemies was dead. That was good.

Patriarch Pakal nodded, "It may be best if you head over personally. Nora said your True Empath abilities may help greatly."

King Acacia agreed. He may be able to find some weak points that could help. However, just as he was about to leave, an unexpected group of people blocked his path although there was no hostility in their actions.

"King Acacia, Patriarch Pakal." The group bowed, following the lead of an otherworldly beauty who couldn't have been more than 25 years old. This, of course, was Ulu.

"Is there something the matter?" The two of them nearly spoke at the same time, both being used to be the leaders of their clans.

The truth was that they were still apprehensive about this clan. With their intelligence networks, they had long since understood that the new holders of Planet Nix weren't so simple. Somehow, they had overthrown the previous clans entirely, before establishing their own... Within 20 year!

"We've heard of your problem, and would like to help." Ulu responded simply.

"Really? How can you do that?"

Despite being questioned, Ulu didn't seem to mind too much. "We're in debt to Dyon, we owe him our aid. If not for him, our young lord would have died by now.

"As for how, we have many sealing experts here. Although we can't claim to be unmatched, if given a few minutes to prepare, our elders can lay down a formation suppressing seal. This suppression seal should work on even moon level formations depending on the situation.

"If we couple our expertise with yours, King Acacia, undoing the formation can be done by force. No?"

King Acacia nodded. This plan could work. If they weakened the barrier, then used him to find its weak point before they all attacked it together... This plan really could work.

To use seals to undo formations was definitely the best sort of approach to take. The two disciplines were one in the same while also running counter to one another. Unfortunately, the Elves didn't have sealing experts with high enough cultivation to make this a viable path, but the Planet Nix citizens seemed to be implying that they did...

However, it would all rely on them... King Acacia knew they were looking for something in this universe. Only time would tell just what their motivations are...

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In the Belmont Holy Land, Dyon now stood before Chenglei, and although they were separated by a wall of Daiyu ready to die for, Dyon could feel his fear and apprehension as he leisurely walked out of the cave.

Dyon wouldn't forget the humiliation Chenglei tried to make him suffer at his hands. He had burned the image of his fists careening through the air to connected with his face.

The Belmont Ancestor had stopped attacking and now stood half a step behind Ri and Madeleine. He had long since sensed the source of Amethyst within Madeleine, and seeing how she deferred to Dyon, he could after as such too.

"Don't think I'll beg for my life." Chenglei spoke words directly to Dyon after the battle quietened.

Dyon stared at Chenglei as though he was looking at a bug, an insignificant existence that he could snap out of existence in an instant. How could he care about such words now?

Lionel and Evelyn were still awkwardly tied, only capable of the faintest of movements. But, they were put within eye view for Chenglei, helping him to understand that even his hidden allies had been captured.

Seeing Dyon's attitude, Chenglei's veins bulged as he clenched his jaw, unwilling to accept this turn. It seemed that now... he had no choice.

"Kill them all." Dyon spoke commandingly, leaving the Belmont Ancestor with no choice but to follow orders. However... That was when something unexpected happened...

Chenglei's eyes sharpened.

"Warrior of the Daiyu. Beast of the skies. Ancestor of mine and blood of mine."

Dyon's eyes widened as the Dragon King immediately understood what was going on. Beasts could have Ancestors too, although their process required reading a writ due to the connection beasts had with the universe, it was still relatively simple.

Chenglei was summoning an Ancestor of the Daiyu!

Chapter 665: Before Him

Dyon frowned, immediately placing Ri and Madeleine behind his back. They didn't want this, but now that Dyon's body had broken into the saint realms, their bodies were akin to feathers in his hands even when they struggled. Unless they used their wills, something they'd never do against their own husband, they wouldn't have a chance at resisting.

When she saw Dyon's large back, tattooed with brilliant white, black and gold wings, they couldn't help but feel a sense of security even with the impending doom.

Dyon had every reason to be apprehensive even if the Belmont Ancestor was by his side. For one, the legacy of the Belmonts could not compare to the Daiyu even remotely. One was a former Emperor God

Clan, the other was a Royal God Clan at its peak. And secondly, even worse, the Belmont Ancestor was already running out of time!

Dyon made a grasping motion at the air, but he immediately wanted to hit himself afterward. He had instinctively wanted to use his weapon's hell formation to kill Chenglei as quickly as possible to stop the summoning, but how could he without his soul?

However, Dyon didn't give up.

His skin reddened as he circulated his Demon Emperor's Will technique, pushing it directly to the peak of the first act.

Reaching back, he lightly touched Ri's hand, ignoring the comfort to focus on the ring on her finger. In the next instant, a grandmaster spear appeared in his hand, just one among the many in the celestial deer sect inventory.

"Extreme Yang. Darkest Jade. Daiyu of the East. Ruler of the North." Chenglei continued to focus on his chants. He had to do this. He was the only one who could do this. Exactly like Lionel Belmont, only a select few of a clan could call upon their ancestors. Although it was unknown to Chenglei how Lionel stopped others from doing so, that was the last thing on his mind right now.

Right now, Chenglei had no idea where his grandfather was. In fact, seeing Dyon now forced a deep sense of dread to settle within him. Although the fate of his grandfather was obvious by now, he didn't dare to finish the thought.

By this point, Dyon could only desperately hope that his strength was enough. Chenglei was still being surrounded by the few hundred saint Daiyu left, and without his wills, the likelihood that he could make it through was nearly zero. The problem was that he could feel that his Demon Emperor's Will had significantly weakened. It was originally a technique that relied heavily on his demonic will. Without it, it lost 50% of its effectiveness. This made what should have been a x8 multiplier, a mere x4!

However, it was at this point that his demon generals aimed their long-range attacks as well, being intelligent enough to understand that this was a time sensitive task.

The skies twisted and bent, an enormous amount of energy accumulating. Both sides acted, although with diametrically opposing goals. One for absolute attack, and the other for absolute defense!

Dyon's arms flexed, the muscles of his torso pulled in tightly as his hazel-green eyes landed on Chenglei. In the next instant, a flurry of attacks were released.

Endless streams of wills raged forward, however, their organization was impeccable. Although Dyon wasn't able to communicate with his demon generals now, they understood their roles perfectly. They had already shifted into their various corps, organized by will specialty, causing their attacks to blend perfectly without any clashing!

The Daiyu were stunned. There was simply a different level of organization the Demon Generals reached under Dyon's presence. It was as though his very will permeated through all of them. A feat only possible if each and everyone of these prideful geniuses saw him as their undisputed leader!

"Help me." Dyon motioned to the celestial expert.

Without so much as another word, Dyon's arm flashed forward with blinding speed, releasing a spear that shattered the air as though even space was a hindrance to it.

The attacks of the Demon generals blasted the Daiyu apart, raining down chaos in their once organized defensive formation.

However, knowing this was their last chance, the Daiyu pulled out everything they had, even shamelessly using the last remaining Niveus Sect members as meat shields to achieve their goals.

A once highly lauded God Clan was reduced to nothing but a sect of women crying for mercy. While a once respected Emperor God Clan was reduced to the lowly state of using their allies in such a way.

Evelyn could only watch with horror setting in her eyes as the women she called sister, the women she herself led here, died one after another, being thrown out by their supposed allies. She could only think about how it was they who had brought things to this point. Even now, the cruelty of the martial world shone forth, there weren't any eternal allies nor enemies, just benefits to be gained and lost... and they were very much losing.

But, none of it mattered. There were simply too few enemies left. The attacks of the Demon Generals blasted through, leaving an alley from space from Chenglei to Dyon's quickly approaching spear. The coordination was impeccable, their support immaculate. They all breathed and attacked as one, feeling success on the horizon.

Its silver light glistened in the sun, but its beauty was lost to them, especially Chenglei. Fear grew in his eyes as death seemed to be awaiting him. However, he resolutely channeled his bloodline, furiously chanting the final words.

Yet, no matter how much he wished it, he could tell that he wouldn't have the time to finish. Handicapped or not, Dyon had still multiplied his saint body's strength by 4. The spear was simply moving too fast.

Chenglei closed his eyes, futilely chanting even with the knowledge he wouldn't make it.

And just as expected, in a mere instant, Dyon's spear was before him.

Chapter 666: Related

The glistening spear was a meagre 3 feet away from Chenglei's forehead, prepared to pierce forward in the next instant. However... Dyon had underestimated the willingness of the Daiyu to die for their prince.

Centuries had passed since the Daiyu were at their peak, but many here had been fed stories since their birth. Although their bloodline was no longer among the purest, they still had the arrogance of Dragons seeded deep within their bones.

They had been disrespected, and effectively castrated by the celestial deer sect, even to the point where their very beast forms were locked away. And now, their bloodlines were so diluted that their young had lost all ability to manifest their most prized form, settling instead for pitiful soul manifestations from techniques stolen from the Elves.

How could they continue to live like this? No matter how far removed from the supreme dragon race they were now, they were still a beast clan! A clan meant to represent the sovereign path! Even if it meant death, they would fight for the right of their clan to once again prosper!

The man who moved was none other than Chenglei's father. Standing in front of his son, he burned his soul without hesitation. Due to his lack of talent, diluted bloodline, and the overall inadequate resources, he was still a mere high level Essence Gatherer. He was nothing like his father, Elder Daiyu, nor did he have the potential his son had. But, he had an unyielding will to see the Daiyu once again prosper.

Elder Daiyu had once had many sons. But, due to the war with the celestial deer sect, many were directly killed, while the remaining few committed suicide after having their beast forms sealed. With the deep seeded pride of the Dragon race running through their veins, how could they withstand such humiliation?

However, Elder Daiyu didn't have such a 'luxury'. The remaining hope of their clan rested with him and him alone. So he hid, slowly fostering allies and building up the Daiyu with their limited remaining resources.

He hadn't married again, but understanding his bloodline needed to continue, he took a random woman with decent constitution and birthed Chenglei's father. Although he wasn't proud of this son's talent, he loved him nonetheless. And when Chenglei was born, it all became worth it.

Chenglei's father remembered the first day he heard of Dyon. His son had come to him, explaining that the celestial deer sect had found themselves a successor. Chenglei had told him that Dyon killed an essence gathering expert like it was nothing and directly suggested awakening the ancestors to deal with him and the possible life saving treasures he may have.

However, much like the prideful man that he was, he shut down the idea immediately. He even remembered his exact words as his life flashed before his eyes.

'What kind of laughing stock would we be using those experts against a child.'

Those were his very words... And now that child would be the death of him. The irony of it all wasn't lost on him, but even if he had to go back now, he would still do the same. Even being so weak in talent, even without a dragon form to call his own, he was still a Daiyu! The pride still ran through his veins!

There was no medicine for regret, so he could only bitterly laugh as the spear tore through his chest, shredding his heart to pieces in an instant.

But, he stood tall, using the strength he gained burning his soul to grasp the shaft, stopping it from continuing forward.

Blood split from his mouth. But the smile on his face never faded. In his life, he had never made any large contributions. But this moment, it would be his legacy.

"Ancestor, we humbly plead for your mighty presence."

Dyon watched this scene with a deep frown on his expression. However, unfortunately for Chenglei's father, Dyon had already calculated for such a variable and Ancestor Belmont had long since acted.

Just as the Daiyu were about to sigh in relief, another spear appeared, breaking out of its spatial concealment.

Almost as though it was perfectly choreographed, Chenglei's father's body fell, perfectly concealing the spear from Chenglei's view until the final moment.

In that instant, Dyon almost relaxed. He almost let his guard down... He almost felt like after days of fighting, he wouldn't have anything to worry about anymore...

But he was wrong...

Just when the spear was inches from Chenglei's forehead, a formless energy erupted as a door opened from the skies. Everything seemed to freeze in space, unwilling to move and agitate this figure.

The only person remaining who could seemingly move freely was Dyon. But, even he could do nothing as a man standing ten meters tall stepped out of the foggy door...

Despite his height, his long jet-black hair reached down his back, only ending at his ankles. He wore a tight fitting Changpao with silver embroidery, nearly bursting at its seams with the robustness of his solid build. His eyes were cold and yellow slits, flickering like a wild animal despite the contradictory calm nature of his chiselled features. This was without a doubt, the Daiyu Ancestor.

Lionel was able to summon his ancestor directly from their tombs. However, Chenglei hadn't had this luxury. Unless the Daiyu Ancestor was willing to use his own power to connect to this space through Chenglei's bloodline, all of Chenglei's chanting would have been for naught...

But not only did this ancestor come... He didn't wait for Chenglei to finish praising him... Something that had never happened in the history of the Daiyu.

The truth was that Chenglei had long since finished the writs to the universe. The only remaining part of the ceremony was praise for the ancestor he wanted to call, a tradition added by none other than the arrogant Dragons themselves. After all, if normal dragons were already sovereigns, how could those powerful enough to be ancestors not be even more so?

And yet, this ancestor had ignored all of that and if who his gaze landed on was any indication... The was seemingly related to Dyon...

Chapter 667: Unshakeable

The Belmont Ancestor moved to step forward, but Dyon blocked him.

To the Belmont Ancestor, a suicide attack was just fine by him. In fact, it might garner him more good karma. But, such a thing was useless to Dyon. If he lost his most valuable piece in such a useless move, he might as well be cosigning them all to death. In the coming decades, with his strength so severely handicapped, he had to use his intelligence to his advantage. And letting the Belmont Ancestor fight, wasn't intelligent. Anyone could tell that this Daiyu ancestor was more powerful.

The Daiyu suddenly simultaneously kneeled, ignoring even the most glaring of injuries to pay respects. Arrogant sovereigns or not, every clan had protocols and etiquette to follow.

Dyon could tell that this ancestor was a Dao Formation expert, maybe even beyond, at his peak. However, his strength had been eroded by two things.

For one, it seemed like Chenglei was reluctant to use him because this was his very last summoning. And two, the ancestor diverted much of his remaining strength to connecting to Chenglei's location from the Daiyu tombs.

This observation didn't seem to mean much, though. He was still much more powerful than the Belmont Ancestor, even in this state.

There was no surprise in the Daiyu Ancestor's gaze when he noticed a mere 19 year old not cowering under his oppressive might. In fact, he almost seemed as though he expected it... Inwardly this confused Dyon, until the ancestor spoke, that is.

"Dragon King. Are you really unwilling to let my Daiyu family go?" Despite the words said, there was no hint of pleading in the ancestor's voice. In fact, he held an unyielding momentum in his tone.

As soon as these words were spoken, Dyon understood immediately.

The Daiyu ancestor came out like this because he had sensed the end of the Daiyu was near. With his senses, how could he not understand that only Chenglei had a bloodline powerful enough to call upon him? That only meant one thing. If Chenglei died, the Daiyu were all but extinguished.

But that was only part of the reason. The second reason was because of the Dragon King. Dyon didn't have access to his soul, so although he now knew the sensitivity of Dragon King related matters, there was nothing he could do to conceal it unless he wanted to forever keep it within his spatial ring. However, he didn't feel safe doing so.

Although there was confusion deep within the hearts of Dyon's allies, they didn't dare to say a word. They awaited to see if their leader could give them yet another miracle.

"And why should I do such a thing?" Dyon responded calmly. All he could do now was act as the Dragon King would.

The Dragon King wouldn't fear death, nor would he put the Daiyu bloodline in his eyes. However, doing such a thing wasn't too difficult for Dyon, he already had arrogance seeped deep within his bones.

"You fight for humans while eradicating your own kind?" The Ancestor retorted.

"I fight for myself, and your family has happened to annoy me one too many times."

"I can smell the blood of one of our best on you. Is that not enough?" The ancestor seemed to be taking a step back.

The kneeling Daiyu couldn't believe what they were hearing. Especially Chenglei who had just lost his father and had now been confirmed to lose his grandfather. A deeply sour feeling spread through his heart, but he still didn't dare to look up.

However, while these words were deeply painful to the Daiyu, it was yet another piece of the puzzle to Dyon.

The aura of the Dragon King wasn't enough to make this Ancestor take this approach. No. He also sensed the death of Elder Daiyu was related to Dyon.

Elder Daiyu was no regular character. Even in the Daiyu's prime, he was their Patriarch, or rather, their Emperor as his formal title dictated. He was in line to become an Ancestor after his death as well, it was just unfortunate that there would have been no one capable of presiding over the necessary ceremonies.

The fact that his death was related to Dyon, and the fact Dyon had the Dragon King's aura on him, told the ancestor all he needed to know.

As such, despite his arrogance, his first move was to negotiate.

But, this wasn't so simple. To become a dao formation expert as he had in his life time, he would have had to be exceedingly intelligent.

He understood that even if the Dragon King took over a person's body, he should still be limited by that body despite his knowledge. So, the real question was, what price did the Dragon King pay to kill Elder Daiyu then? And more importantly, could he do it again?

The answer was, of course, no. But, Dyon just had to make it seem like the answer was yes.

"He offended me, he died. His grandson offended me, he should die too." Dyon answer offhandedly.

"Don't push this too far!" The ancestor roared in agitation.

Dyon's eyes narrowed. "Or what? You'll destroy this meat sack of mine? Do you have the power to do so? And even if you did, so what? I've lived millions of years, and I'll continue to live millions more. I'll make it my second life's mission to wipe the Daiyu from existence if that's what you truly want."

The ancestor clenched his teeth trying to calm his anger. Even if he used everything he had, it would be impossible to destroy the Dragon King's weapon. Added to the fact that he had limited time left as an ancestor, even if he wanted to hide it away, he wouldn't be able to protect it forever.

If that was the case, as soon as the Dragon King found another poor soul to devour, the Daiyu he saved now would be finished and all of this would have meant nothing.

The ancestor was suddenly at a loss of what to do. The Dragon King was truly too overbearing!

"I'm willing," the ancestor breathed heavily, trying to calm himself, "I'm willing to do you any favor as long as it spares this boy and is within my power."

Dyon calmly looked at the ancestor, taking his time. Minutes went by without anyone saying a word.

Just when the ancestor was beginning to think that maybe he was wrong and this 'Dragon King' was just stalling for time, Dyon spoke.

"I want your corpse, it will greatly help me improve this meat puppet of mine. I want whatever treasures are holed up in your Daiyu tombs, I know that even your lesser bloodlines have the same habits as true dragons. And, he becomes my slave." Dyon finished, pointing to Chenglei.

With every passing word Dyon spoke, the face of the ancestor became redder and redder.

Just the first request was more than overstepping a boundary of decency. He was essentially asking this ancestor to never allow his own body to rest in peace.

The second was even more glaringly disgusting. It disrespected not just him, but also every Daiyu to ever earn a place in their tombs. What kind of tomb didn't have treasures? Kings, Pharaohs, Emperors, even their esteemed servants were all buried with ridiculous amounts of wealth.

Even when the Daiyu were lacking resources, never did they dare to take them from their own tombs. And yet the 'Dragon King' wanted them now?

And lastly, making Chenglei a slave? Making the last viable Daiyu a slave? This was no less than slapping the face of the entire Daiyu lineage.

"Is there a problem?" Dyon continued as though there was no issue with what he said.

The ancestor grit his teeth, no longer suspecting Dyon in the least. No one else could be so arrogant. Never would he think that there was someone else so bold in this world. Even the Dragon King was sounding out in a deep and shaking laughter in Dyon's mind right now. Dyon could tell he approved.

The truth was, if even one of those request was missing, the ancestor would have chosen to attack. In his mind, the Dragon King would be disrespectful, true, but he also had to be greedy. And, most importantly, the real Dragon King would never let Chenglei off in the face of benefits. No matter what he received, Chenglei would have to suffer for his annoying him.

As for how Dyon's subordinates and wives felt? They still didn't dare to speak, but the admiration in their eyes only grew fiercer with each passing moment.

This was their husband.

This was their leader.

His place in their hearts was unshakeable.

Chapter 668: Coffin

During this entire process, Lionel could hardly control his shaking. However, oddly, this gave him a sense of relief.

Unlike Ri, Madeleine and Dyon's Demon Generals, all of whom were certain that Dyon was in control of his own body, Lionel did not have that kind of understanding. To him, Chenglei and Evelyn, they all pieced together what they thought was the truth.

The reason Dyon survived. The reason he was such a genius. The reason he thwarted their plans again and again. Was all because he was never truly Dyon to begin with. All of this time he was some ancient entity.

This was why none of them dared to breathe out a single word... Just like the Daiyu Ancestor, they were fooled...

Dyon's presence and his talent, were simply too overwhelming for them to accept any other explanation.

There was no evidence more conclusive to them than the fact Dyon could withstand this pressure.

What they didn't know was that Dyon had been dealing with such pressure all his life. From his father, to General Mace, to his Uncle. None of them had martial talent, but they cultivated in other ways. They

sharpened their senses, refined their discipline, molded their spirits. No matter how much Dyon hated General Mace to his core, there was no doubting that all three of those men would stand at the top of the martial world had it not been for the entity.

But, now Dyon had surpassed them.

As a child, he was already capable of ignoring their presence. But now? With his Heaven's Blessing multiplied hundreds of folds? This ten-meter tall man meant nothing to him.

The ancestor seemed to be having trouble holding in his anger. In fact, if Dyon didn't know he was a dragon, that shade of red would have likely been unhealthy.

"How could the last viable successor of our clan become a slave? That's no different than our family ending right now."

Dyon shrugged. "For a prideful dragon, that would indeed be the case. But, you have to earn the right to have pride in this world. Who are the Daiyu in front of me?" Those last words came out in a low growl. It contained such a deep arrogance that the ancestor was stunned.

The tattoos on Dyon's back glowed, causing a tingling sensation to catch his attention – almost as though wings were threatening to burst from his back.

Although Dyon ignored it for now, he had a faint understanding of why this happened. His humanoid manifestation was arrogant to its core to the point where it disdained the Soul Tome naming it. In this situation, even though Dyon's soul was sealed, his manifestation had already caused a physical change to him. If that wasn't the case, these tattoos would never have carved out a place for themselves in his skin.

"It should be your Daiyu clan's pride to serve me in this life. When this body has run its course, maybe you'll be lucky enough for me to never bother with you again."

The ancestor could only bury his feelings. A martial expert on the level of the Dragon King was guaranteed to step into the peak transcendent realm. Even if the "meat sack" he chose was of poor talent, with the Dragon King's knowledge, how could he not know of hundreds of ways to improve such

a thing? Plus, with his faith seed attached, there was an innate advantage. Couple this with the fact he wouldn't be handicapped by his own faith seed, and as long as he wasn't killed, it was assured...

Normally, faith seeded geniuses might fall into the habit of relying too much on their faith seed and stall their growth. However, how could the Dragon King have this problem if he was using his own? It was simply not a hurdle he needed to worry about.

This made every time the Dragon King pseudo-reincarnated like this, even easier than the last.

Someone who's completed the foundation stage can already live hundreds of years. Because of the purification of their organs, it wouldn't be surprising to live to 500 years old.

Someone who's stepped into the essence gathering stage can already live to be 2000 years old, without issue. Depending on their progression, should they be stuck at this level, they could even live to be 3000.

A saint could live to be 5000 years old.

A celestial? 10 000 years old.

However, dao formation is where martial experts begin to break into astounding levels. Even a first stage dao formation expert can live to be 100 000 years old. And for each additional stage? Another 100 000 years is added to the total.

This not only showed the sheer difference between the quality of celestial vs enigmatic energy, it also showed just how difficult reaching new levels became as you progressed. Because even with this much time, those who reached transcendence could be considered a drop in a bucket the size of the cosmos. Even worse, those reaching even the peak of dao formation, although not as rare, was an anomaly in its own right.

Unfortunately, there was no known age limit increase for half transcendence. Some said at this point you would already be immortal. While others said there was no benefit at all except for taking a step closer to true transcendence.

All this was to say that it would be more than a million years until the Daiyu might have a chance at freedom. And who knows if Chenglei might piss off the Dragon King one day and die without any descendants at all? There were any number of factors that could change things from now until then, factors that even the most powerful of men wouldn't be able to account for entirely.

And yet, when those spectating thought the ancestor might finally fold, his large hand reached for the foggy door behind his back. In the next instant, treasures the likes of which Dyon had never seen flooded out with a coffin so large that it covered the sun in the skies.

Chapter 669: One Way

Many couldn't believe what they were seeing. In fact, maybe on Dyon continued to maintain a deadpan expression, as though this was how things should be.

Chenglei's mouth opened and closed. But in the end, he didn't dare to say a word. Even if he had the thought to, the pressure the ancestor was weighing down on everything right now would have tore his words into nothingness.

Minutes passed by as the flow of treasures just seemed without end.

The ancestor even brought out hundreds of other coffins, opening them up one by one and taking out their valuables. In fact, under Dyon's gaze, he grit his teeth and left the coffins themselves as well. How could the materials used to bury such experts be mediocre?

However, the ancestor did feel a bit better about this. In his eyes, if he had to sacrifice for the good of the clan, they had to sacrifice too.

Dyon thought he was rich before, but clearly not. He might have been for this pitiful universe, but the Ragnors quite literally used essence gathering stones as their cement. As for the Daiyu? Their wealth wasn't exaggerated.

Dyon saw endless piles of energy stones, each one transcendent! In fact, there were even a few thousand Enigmatic stones as well!

At the peak of energy stones, all three of dao, transcendent and enigmatic energy stones were filled with enigmatic energy. The difference between them was in quality. And there was no doubt that true enigmatic stones were a cut above the rest.

But, it didn't end with energy stones. Countless blood red stones began to pile atop the energy stones. Dyon had no idea what they were, but he couldn't allow confusion to color his features. Not now.

Luckily, the Dragon King sensed his confusion.

"Those are stones capable of holding essence of reverse scales. Normal beasts and humanoid creatures have blood essence to represent your body cultivation. However, Dragons have a secondary ability atop of this. This is where our Dragon Soul ability comes from and why I said I couldn't teach it to you. The stronger the bloodline of the dragon, the stronger their reverse scale, and the more overbearing their sovereign path and Dragon Soul domain become."

This left Dyon with more questions, though. Why would something like this be in a tomb?

"It is the tradition of Dragons to fight amongst each other. Whether that be our own clans, or against other clans.

"When a dragon is defeated, the winner is allowed to take the reverse scale of his or her opponent. Being buried with it is a direct representation of the prestige of a Dragon in life."

'Wouldn't it be more beneficial to absorb it to make your own Dragon Soul stronger? With this many, I'd imagine even you might benefit.'

The Dragon King scoffed, the disdain in his voice clear. "Even if my original body absorbed all of those with 100% efficiency, my Dragon Soul would hardly move even a percent of a percent of a percent forward."

Dyon was stunned, although he didn't show it outwardly. There were millions of reverse scales here. In fact, considering these were all collected by Daiyu ancestors, how could they be weak?

"You cannot fathom the amount of reverse scales needed to improve your Dragon Soul. You're essentially trying to defy the heavens by forcing it to give you more talent and more destiny. That's what a Dragon Soul represents.

"Those crystals are the lowest of the low. They just barely qualify to be called Dragons instead of Lizards. They're ranked as bronze level Dragon Souls. Even a billion of them might not be worth the next rank: silver.

"This is why they didn't bother to absorb them. It would do nothing for them. They'd rather display it as a badge for themselves.

"The only reason he's presenting them to you, or I guess me, is because he knows I wouldn't have my reverse scale in this form."

Dyon's brow furrowed. 'Then why can you use Dragon Soul?'

"That was hardly my true Dragon Soul. That was only a sliver left behind in my faith seed. Didn't you notice that that so-called Elder Daiyu formed a bigger and stronger domain? That wasn't only because of the limitations of your soul. It's also the limitation of this form of mine."

'So all this means that I can absorb these scales?'

"If you don't mind becoming the enemy of the entire Drago-Qilin quadrant. If even a single dragon senses you, there may be problems."

'I'll just pretend to be you again.'

The Dragon King remained silent. That was indeed a good solution. But, it wasn't as though the Dragon King was devoid of enemies... And considering his status, those willing to be enemies with him were much stronger than the Daiyu.

Dyon seemed to understand this, but he hardly cared. If no one provoked him, he would leave it be. But, if anyone did, if it meant having to burn an entire quadrant to ashes, he would do it.

Dyon would never forget that his little brother had a name to make for himself in the Drago-Qilin lands. What kind of elder brother would he be if he didn't help put the Demon Qilins in their place for disrespecting his martial uncle?

Thinking that thought, Dyon realized that although Little Black was half celestial deer, he would likely have a reverse scale given by his qilin lineage. Dyon couldn't help but wonder what level Dragon Soul his little brother was given.

'Then Dragon King, what rank is your Dragon Soul?' Dyon asked curiously, still watching the endless treasures pile up.

A proud harrumph resounded in Dyon's mind. "King level of course."

Although Dyon didn't understand just what that meant now, the truth was that in the history of Dragons, less than a few hundred had reached this level.

In addition, it wasn't a rank given by luck. Through birth, the highest possible Dragon Soul ranking was Gold. To reach King, the very next level, there was only one way: Kill. Kill. Kill.

Chapter 670: Doomed

However, Dyon couldn't help but ask. "Is that the highest level?"

Dyon knew that, objectively speaking, the Dragon King was among the top ten talents to ever be born to the Drago-Qilin lands. In all likelihood, King was in fact the highest level. However, the true answer shocked Dyon.

"No. Although I was a sliver away from reaching the next level, I never did. But, even if I had, that wouldn't be the final one."

There was a reason the Dragon King named himself as such. If it was truly just about arrogance, why wouldn't he call himself Dragon Emperor, or Dragon Sovereign, or Dragon God?

The truth of the matter was that there were already Dragons by those titles. Dragons with stronger reverse scales than the Dragon King.

It wasn't the Dragon King's fault, though. To reach the next level of Dragon Soul, one could only devour King level reverse scales. By the time it was the Dragon King's era, there were simply too few and even Gold reverse scales did nothing for him.

The only option would be to enter the tombs of those three entities who had long since transcended, but whereas acquiring the Dragon King's weapon was made easy on purpose. Entering those tombs was nothing short of suicide. Even for the Dragon King.

For a tomb in the mortal plane to make a half transcendent fear death... One could only imagine the sheer scale.

The next things to fly out of the tombs were weapons. Although Dragons often fought in their beast forms, that didn't mean they weren't adept with weapons. Or else why would the Dragon King make himself one to lure them?

Dyon was once again shocked, there were thousands of transcendent level weapons. Although the celestial deer sect had left hundreds for Dyon, that was only the few that survived being in the hidden room. They were the best the celestial deer sect had to offer, so there was no surprise that many of them were moon level.

Much of these Daiyu weapons were only comet level, but there were tens of thousands of them! Dyon could give each of his demon generals a weapon of that level and raise their strength by another level.

In addition, just what would happen if Dyon distributed the reverse scales instead of using them for himself? What would it be like if an entire army unleashed a collective Dragon Soul domain? That was something he'd love to see.

Dyon's keen eyesight caught on to a few dozen moon level weapons. But, in the entire pile, there was not a single supreme level weapon. It could be understood by this point the leap that single barrier in level needed.

However, the Daiyu didn't disappoint Dyon too much, because in the next instant, three resplendent treasures flew out of the tombs, but there was one in particular that took Dyon's attention. Even the real Dragon King awoke from his brooding to look at it.

Although Dyon didn't know what it did, it gave off a very familiar aura... An aura of a weapon of the 33 heavens. What he didn't know was that it wasn't of the soul kind. No. It was among the 11 of the body cultivation category.

Dyon could see the pained expression of the ancestor, but, he said nothing. He knew that the ancestor didn't dare to leave anything behind. Even if he did, what would be the point? Dyon would just torture Chenglei until he told him where the tombs were located, then he could just take anything hidden. In addition, because the ancestor broke his word then, why would the Dragon King keep his? He couldn't afford to take the risk.

In the end, the Daiyu Holy Land became a barren place where starch white skeletons lay side by side. Once might warriors... now even the clothes on their backs gone in death...

Just as the ancestor was about to fuse with his body for the final time and leave these affairs, Dyon spoke out again.

"Burn your soul and convert it to bodily strength, if you would. Would be a waste for your soul to simply dissipate."

This was a large part of the reason why Dyon was only interested in this ancestor's corpse. He was the last the Daiyu had, which mean the others had long since decomposed and no longer had the energy Dyon needed. So, why take them? Although Dragon bones were good and useful too, Dyon had no need for the marrow they provided. The Daiyu bloodline wasn't good enough for his veins.

Surprisingly, the ancestor agreed without so much as a word. It was as though he had resigned to his fate. Whether he died sooner, or later, what did it matter?

The ancestor became illusory before slowly fusing into his coffin. There was nothing for a moment, but then a blazing white flame could be seen from its edges. Minutes passed in silence as Dyon leisurely took up everything into his spatial ring, leaving behind only the coffin as ancestor fulfilled his final task

for the Daiyu. In truth, his sacrifice would bring him much good karma. But, that didn't make his pride feel any better.

Dyon had a mind to take the coffin into his ring too, just to prevent problems. But, spatial rings didn't accept living things, and the one ring of his that did, had too many people he cared about within. He couldn't allow even the slightest chance of the Daiyu ancestor's presence hurting them. Plus, he needed the Daiyu elder's consent to send him into the ring, and it would seem like an oddly panicky move. Doing too much at these final stages would only be a detriment.

As long as everything could stay quiet and the ancestor could silently commit suicide, they would finally be safe for the first time in forever.

And yet, it was at this moment, that the worst possible thing that could happen, did. In any other context, Dyon would have been elated. But now?... His facial features could only darken...

Massive booms rang out from the formation that covered the Belmont Holy Land. Dyon didn't know who it was, but someone was breaking down the formation, and they were mere moments from succeeding.

Was this good?... Dyon didn't know... How would the ancestor react? With how powerful his soul was in life, he still had a minute of life left. That was enough to wipe them all out – he was a dao formation expert who burned his soul for more power! It would be as easy as breathing for him to do so!

If anyone who entered made the wrong move while misunderstanding the situation, they could reveal Dyon's identity. And that was true for whether these were friends, or foes...

In a case like that... They were all doomed...