

## The Nameless 1631

### Chapter 1631: Four

It didn't sit right with Dyon, but who was he to impose his values onto their family? Still, he would never get used to walking in on Ace, King and Jack taking turns mating with their only sister, Queen. That... He could definitely do without.

Dyon had tried to give their mother a proper burial many times before, but the four of them had stopped him every time. In the end, he chose to leave her remains here.

"Alright you four, are you ready?"

The sound of a horse's braying crossed with deep bestial growls filled the underground cave.

Dyon leapt onto Ace's back, stretching out his divine sense as far as it would go.

He only had 20% of his soul strength and the environment of his constitution's world only allowed him 10% of his normal range, so he could only see a span of 10 000 km. Still, that was far more than anyone else would have in this situation.

"Let's go hunting."

Dyon sped forward with four, streaking across his constitution's world for the first time. Since he was here, he might as well build an army.

It was currently impossible for Dyon to take anything that wasn't inanimate in or out with him, which was why even Little Yang and Yin couldn't follow him here but his treasures had. Maybe because his connection with his constitution's world wasn't strong enough. But, if there was a day he leapt over this hurdle, wouldn't it be nice to have such a thing ready and waiting for him?

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Back within Calming Lake, 80% of Dyon continued to meditate silently, having still not moved a single inch.

He could feel the swirling thoughts around him. Each seemed capable of crushing him consciousness to nothing. But he continued to sit unperturbed.

He was an individual that sat atop the Fifth Trial rankings for a reason. Him losing his mind to his Chaos Flames wasn't about his own weakness, but more about just how powerful his flames were. Compared to them? This tier of the Calming Lake was nothing but a joke...

However, the streams of consciousness refused to acknowledge that, so Dyon took matters into his own hands.

'Since you won't move forward for me, I'll step forward myself. Let's see if you dare to encroach upon my mind then.'

If others heard these thoughts, they'd sigh. Didn't you want to be more cool-headed? It's hadn't even been all of ten minutes yet, but you were already charging ahead...

A battle erupted in the middle of the dense forest. Dyon watched on as King, Queen and Jack pincer an opponent from all sides.

The creature was grotesque. It stood at about a meter and a half tall, but the length of its body was easily over 3 meters. Its skin was covered in the bumps and warts of a muddied toad, while its eyes took up more than 50% of its flattened face.

It could only be described as a cross between a frog, toad and fish. In reality, most of its body was formed of the former two animals, while it was just its face that resembled a fish, especially the vertical slits of its oversized eyes.

Much like one might expect, its jumping ability was exceptional. After springing itself down to its 1.5 meter height, it could explode from its hind legs with such force that even the ground Dyon found impossible to penetrate splintered.

Luckily, the four bronzed – a name Dyon gave them because it felt inappropriate to continue calling them bull-birds – were already stronger than their mother.

Whether she was injured or not, their mother had the ability to send Dyon's billion jin body flying tens of meters. That strength was on the threshold of a dao expert. So, for her children to already be stronger in what amounts to about 10 years was highly impressive and could be pegged to be a result of their evolution.

Their strength in combination with Dyon's intelligence made it difficult for any creatures to match their combined power.

This was another one of Dyon's advantages in this world. In this sort of environment, body refinement was highly incentivized, but qi cultivation was nigh impossible, especially with the low intelligence of these beasts. By extension, soul cultivation was practically mythos in this place, at least in the area Dyon was currently in.

In order to soul cultivate, one had to remember that it was necessary to make use of your cultivation technique to convert conventional qi into soul qi. However, in a place where it was already difficult to gather up conventional qi, how much more impossible would it be to create soul qi?

This reality made the beasts Dyon came across incredibly susceptible to his soul strength. As long as they were subdued, even with how much more difficult it was for Dyon to use his techniques, sealing them and bringing them under his wings was simple.

However, even though Dyon could likely wantonly do so, he had yet to subdue any creatures other than the four bronzed. What he wanted as a group of creatures as strong as these four, not a collection of the mediocre. So, he wanted beasts with the capacity for evolution.

Why? Because Dyon remembered very clearly that he had sensed human settlements in this place. And from what he knew... Humans were the far more dangerous creatures. If he wanted to make his constitution's world his own, he had to be prepared before he even thought of approaching those settlements.

Still, hunting this fish-frog creature wasn't useless to him. Much like their mother, the bronzed grew stronger based on what they ate.

They weren't the only ones either. Dyon pushed down his disgust and ate the meat of these grotesque creatures as well. As he did so, he felt his stagnant body cultivation steadily growing. It all looked the same inside his body anyway, who cared if what he ate looked gross. Its nutritional value was even higher than the Blue Whales he had subdued.

#### Chapter 1632: King, Queen

King, Queen and Jack turned into streaks of bronze, unfurling their wings to block off the fish-frog's ascent.

The trees of this forest were incredibly sturdy, they hadn't broken even after the bronzed's mother kicked his billion jin body into one. So, Dyon knew it would be too dangerous to allow the fish-frog to begin to use them as a springboard.

The bronzed didn't have the ability to fly, likely because they were too heavy and their wings weren't strong enough yet. However, they could use jump and glide techniques under Dyon's control.

Just like all the others, the fish-frog fell under the sharp teeth, horns and wings of the bronzed.

Dyon gave the four of them over 90% of the corpse, taking only what he could digest before their next battle. He was known for being a great eater, but much like the meat of the Embryonic Infernal Beasts, this meat was also difficult for Dyon to digest.

But, that was when he began to observe the bronzed and his eyebrows perked upward with interest.

'They're circulating their blood on instinct to make digestion faster. It seems Queen has additional paths... If my guess is correct, those additional paths help during pregnancy. It allows her to store and compress the energy to be excreted instead of diffusing it into her own body like her mother once did for her.'

Other than being interested, Dyon didn't feel anything else. After all, beasts and humans didn't share the same blood vessel paths. Dyon likely didn't have the ability to replicate the feat.

In his mind, he was solely focused on reaching 500 000 000 jin. When that happened, he could finally start using Orcus' divine grade body refinement technique. But, that was when he froze and looked down at his own body.

He had only just been observing the four bronzed, but the meat he had eaten was digested before he even realized what happened. It most definitely shouldn't have been that fast.

That was when Dyon realized... The Titan path was meant to turn the weak human form into the strong beast form. It seemed he hadn't taken that as literally as he should have.

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The crunch of shattering rocks reverberated through the cave. After defeating the fish-frog, much like Dyon had done previously, he entered its lair.

Like the bull-bird's underground cave, the fish-frog chose to build its home underground as well. Though, the term 'build' might be too heavy handed. From Dyon's understanding, the sturdiness of objects in this world was far too high. Digging into the ground was nigh impossible.

Dyon's divine sense solved the mystery as to why this was the first time he entered. Every inch of the soil beneath their feet was saturated with energy stones of all kinds. This evolved even the trees that bore their roots into the ground to inconceivable levels.

The underground caves were sporadic and Dyon had reason to believe that they were naturally occurring.

If he had to give a reason, it was likely because having a land be too rigid wasn't a good thing. It was the same reason why building a tower entirely of stone was foolish. The slightest quake could break everything. The caves acted as points of flexibility.

This wasn't all either, the caves also acted as a way to vent the pent up energy within the ground below their feet. Just from a cursory guess, Dyon believed that this land likely suffered from eruptions of

geyser-like energy due to this built up pressure. These eruptions were what formed the underground caves.

Of course, these were all guesses. Until Dyon witnessed it for himself, it would remain this way.

The bronzed dug their sharp claws into the energy stone filled walls. Underground caves were some of the rare instances where it was actually possible to dig these energy sources out. It seemed the four of them loved to munch on these stones as much as they loved to eat the meat of their fallen enemies.

Though, from what Dyon could tell, they could no longer evolve from eating these essence grade energy stones. It seemed he had one more reason to find a source of saint grade energy stones. Not only did he need to heal his arm, he had to find these four a path toward further evolution.

After clawing out the easily accessible energy stones, Dyon stopped the bronzed from going any further. There was no point. They could claw away from days more and not retrieve a single more stone, the walls were too sturdy. There was only a thin layer of accessible stone within these underground caves.

Dyon carried out a few dozen after allowing them to eat a few. He used a creation array to form a makeshift wagon he attached to Ace's back before moving on to the next target his divine sense locked on to.

If Ace had any real intelligence, he'd probably be dissatisfied that he was being used as a mule despite being the strongest of his siblings. But, he seemed happy to fulfill all of Dyon's tasks because he got food without having to risk his life. They still were quite simple-minded despite being smarter than their mother.

This process continued onward for several days as they battled all sorts of creatures. Under Dyon's guidance, Ace wasn't forced to act even once, but Dyon also couldn't find any suitable creatures to add to his hoard either.

Dyon was incredibly selective with his targets. He chose territories far from human settlements so they would be less likely to notice a change. In addition, he stopped bothering with weaker targets after their flesh stopped being as effective for him. During the first few dozen, Dyon was receiving several thousand to tens of thousands of jin per meal, but that took a significant downturn after a while.

As of now, opponents like the fish-frog might give Dyon an extra 10 jin if he was lucky.

It was only later that Dyon realized that it wasn't necessarily the caliber of opponent, but the type of opponent he was facing as well as the kind of meat he was eating.

#### Chapter 1633: Arrogance

Dyon noticed that eating fish-frog eyes actually helped temper his eyes, while eating its legs made his legs stronger, and its tough outer skin added durability to his skin. But, similar to lifting weights, repeating the same action had little effect in the long run, so switching to different beasts gave better results.

On top of this, Dyon realized that if he honed the blood circulation techniques he had picked up from the bronzed into specific target areas, the results were even better.

His methods were quite crude for now, but in just a few days he had already added 2 million jin to his total maximum weight. If he continued at this pace, he felt that he could reach the 500 000 000 jin mark he was looking for within a year.

Finally, about a week in, Dyon came across a creature that piqued his interest.

As one might expect, it was grotesque. It had a large pink belly that seemed completely out of place. Its arms were incredibly long and bulky in comparison to its shorter hind legs, giving it the gait of a gorilla, not to mention the wrinkled face of one – though, much like its belly, its face wasn't black, but pink. And, lastly, it had a long, rattling tail, a slithering forked tongue, and slit yellow eyes.

It seemed the creatures here only grew weirder. But, this would be the first battle where Ace couldn't hang back any longer.

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~Days ago.

Dyon's body sat atop the pink clouds of Calming Lake.

He inched forward slowly, not by design of the currents, but rather by his own will power.

His mind latched onto the streams of consciousness, sinking into them and grabbing hold. He was a ravenous beast, tearing his teeth into anything he could get a hold of.

[Your perspective on life is wrong, friend. Let me tell you about my own experiences. Follow my path...]

Thoughts of numerous individuals entered him, making his mind's eye their home.

Dyon's nascent soul seemed to have disappeared. In this sort of situation, it would have normally fluttered its eyelashes and shattered everything Dyon was facing, anything that dared to encroach on his mind. However, it was nowhere to be seen. Dyon's mind's eye had reverted to the state it had been in before Lillianna ever tried to take his life.

Dyon had always wondered just how it took him so long to notice his nascent soul. In fact, his master had hidden within his mind's eye for the longest time before the actions of The Entity brought her out for what Dyon thought was one final time. Why hadn't she seen it or spoken to him about it?

Just like all those times before, his nascent soul had disappeared, or maybe it never existed to begin with. In its place was the soul one should have on the mortal plane, a soul without form, a bulb of light that felt like Dyon, but was still missing something fundamental.

[This arrogance of yours isn't the true path of an expert. One must be like water, free flowing and carefree. Only in this situation can you truly reach the state of tranquility the Heavens wanted.]

[It's not our position as humans to combat the skies above our heads. Even transcendents must die one day, even they must conform to the laws that rule us all. This is real truth.]

[To be calm, to take events as they come but not allow them to affect your state of mind. This is what true arrogance is. Your path is wrong...]



The stream of consciousnesses seemed to latch on to Dyon's own worries. He too wanted to be calm, he wanted to temper his arrogance, and they exploited this, trying to shift his dao heart to their specifications. They all wanted Dyon to follow their paths.

"What is happening?" Ri frowned as she looked toward Dyon's figure. To now, it had been a few hours since they entered the lake, so many of them had already reached their limits. Even Amphorae would likely only last a day more before she was forced to take a break.

They had descended numerous tiers already, but the Dyon they were so used to excelling in everything he did was still on the weakest tier. In fact, he had hardly shifted a single foot. Even Violet, who had awoken much earlier than them, had made great progress with her newfound resolve, surpassing Dyon and entering the next tier.

Of course, Violet was a crystal dragon although her bloodline was dormant. This place was practically created for her. But, this was too large of a disparity to be explained so simply. They all began to worry for Dyon...

"Isn't big brother's body a bit illusory?" Zaire asked. "Maybe it's because he split his mind to enter his constitution's world."

Damaris frowned at these words. "That's impossible. Sect Master ranked first on the Fifth Trial, his dao heart should be stronger than all of ours. Even if he split his mind, that shouldn't be something our Lake can ignore. Even a single finger of his should be enough to outdo us all."

The Fifth Trial of the Epistemic Tower was so important that it could almost directly predict whether one could become a transcendent or not. For Dyon to pass, and without a death count as well... It was practically telling everyone in the martial world that he was guaranteed to transcend. Such a person wouldn't be met with failure in this place.

Damaris suddenly trembled. "The currents... They're not what are pushing him forward."

After Damaris pointed this out, the group silently observing Dyon froze. With the experience they had gained in the Calming Lake, they understood very well what this meant. They too had reached a point where the current no longer helped them forward, it was then that their only two choices were to either stay

put, or force themselves forward on their own. The issue was that if you wasted your mental capacity on moving forward, your mind was much more vulnerable.

Dyon was already splitting his mind one way. No, for those who understood that the Mortal Alliance was practically being held up by him alone, his mind was split in far more directions than just two.

"This..." Damaris bit her lip.

#### Chapter 1634: Chaos and Madness

The amazing part about Calming Lake was that the mental energy you wasted here could be replenished by fighting off and absorbing the streams of consciousnesses around you. This was the secret to how the Crystal Dragons were one of the very rare cases of species that could replenish their own mental energy without sleep or rest.

However, the issue was obvious. Continuously battling and absorbing these streams was incredibly taxing. Many wasted more mental energy than they received in trying, which was why not many lasted long.

But, even though Dyon hadn't moved anywhere near as far as they did, he was still holding on and pushing forward.

It seemed their only option was to wait and trust Dyon... Hoping that he wouldn't lose his mind in this place.

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The forest erupted into battle of chaos and madness.

The skin of what Dyon called the pink gorilla was incredibly sturdy to the point where even the bronzed's strong claws only left white marks on it. At the same time, its balance was impeccable, not only because of its strong and massive trunk-like arms, but also because of the stabilizer that was its rattling tail.

In the end, Ace was forced to take action. Dyon coordinated the actions of the four siblings, concentrating on the pink gorilla's trunk arms. Its hind legs were too short and uncoordinated, so Dyon immediately pointed them out as a weakness to exploit.

With Ace's involvement, those mere white marks soon became streaks of red, and even fibers of muscle, before finally giving way to white bone.

The fact the bronzed were unintelligent might be a negative most of the time, but in combat, it was a massive plus. There was no latency between them receiving Dyon's commands and them acting on it because they hardly had thoughts of their own. This meant that Dyon didn't need to train them separately like he had been forced to do with Biibi, Linlin, Shere and Sen.

Dyon also noticed that what he asked of them seem to become ingrained within their muscle memory. Their intelligence was low, but it seemed their talent for combat and their instincts were incredibly high.

The pink gorilla soon fell, but Dyon took care to ensure that none of their attacks fell on its pink belly. The answer why was revealed the moment Dyon commanded Ace to tear its stomach open.

Six creatures cocooned in transparent egg-like sacks fell out one after another. They seemed to be in a deep sleep as well. If Dyon was correct, it wouldn't have been more than a few days before the pink gorilla gave birth. And that meant...

Dyon turned his head toward an underground cave not too far away. However, he was quickly disappointed.

'As expected... The route the bull-bird took wasn't normal. She went an extra length others didn't usually go through.'

The bull-bird had compressed her energies for 10 years. Though the end result was gross, the process itself was commendable. Dyon could imagine the level of pain and agony it required to suffer through such a thing for so long.

Despite being stronger than the bull-bird, the pink gorilla didn't have the same resolve. It had compressed its energy for far less time before relieving itself of its compressed energy. As a result, its energies weren't on the level of the bull-bird's and were still categorized as being of the essence grade. But...

'If I use it all, it should be enough. This is clearly a higher class of essence grade than what can be found within this area's underground caves.'

Dyon sent his Presence fused divine sense forward. He understood that in this world, since the body was most important, Presence should be very effective as well. By emitting his Presence, he was able to rein in qi far better. And, considering that this qi was meant to be ingested by the pink gorilla's children, it was easier to control to begin with.

Dyon's right arm began to tingle, separating out the holy type qi and restructuring itself.

After a few hours of meditation, Dyon could finally clutch his own arm once more.

'The energy wasn't enough to reconstruct my arm to its previous strength and form my meridians...'

The good news was that Dyon's arm had the same strength it had before he lost it. The bad news was that the holy type qi here wasn't enough to reconstruct his True Deity grade meridians, something that should probably have been expected. Still, it was a great boon nonetheless. If he could find another nurturing pile – something he felt far better calling it to distract himself from the fact it was actually a pile of dung – of this caliber, he could begin to construct his meridians once more.

By Dyon's estimates, about 3-5 would be enough to reconstruct his 9 missing meridians.

Once he completed that task, Dyon turned to the six sacks.

The babies, despite their tranquil sleep, had quite an off-putting appearance as well. Much like the bronzed, they had features their mother didn't have, either because they came from their father, or because there were some dormant genes that were catalyzed to awaken due to the union of their mother and father.

They had a tail, like their mother, but it was instead curved into the pointed edge of a scorpion. In fact, its pointed end looked more like a blade than something that should be on a living organism.

They shared the same wrinkled face of their mother as well, but their flat noses protruded outward, giving them a distinct pig-like appearance emphasized even more by their floppy ears.

Their bodies were about the only characteristic of their mother that still remained – being pink – well, that and their body-builder-like arms. However, their hind legs were replaced by six insect or arachnid-like legs, giving them 8 total limbs and a single tail.

Dyon thought about cutting them out, but then he realized there was a better method. In this state, the babies were primed for the absorption of energy. If he began to feed them holy type energy in this state, they would likely evolve far quicker than the bronzed had. Instead of waiting years, maybe only a few weeks would be enough for them to transcend their current level.

After thinking this far, Dyon immediately acted on his instinct, giving the scorpion-gorilla babies a place on Ace's ever extending trolley of wagons.

Chapter 1635: Time

The days ticked by.

By now, Dyon had cleared 250 000 000 jin and was quickly approaching the limit of what he could achieve with beasts of this caliber. Unlike previously, this was a true limit. He was lucky to gain a jin or two whenever he ate now.

But, the good news was that the scorpion-gorilla babies had grown explosively. They each required a wagon of their own now despite still being within their transparent egg sacks. Their mother had been just over two meters tall, and they were already approaching that limit.

Because Dyon was filtering out the holy type qi for them, in combination with the help of their eggs, their ability to grow were excellent.

Dyon realized that this had been the same for the bronzed as well. When Dyon first saw them, they were incredibly small. It wasn't until their mother was healed and could hunt for them again that they had grown explosively in size. It seemed that creatures of this world had almost excessive potential for growth.

However, Dyon found something else odd. If creatures of this caliber appeared in his reality, they would be several dozen meters large at the very least, but these beasts were quite compact despite being so powerful. He wondered if this was related to their body refinement process. Or maybe their small size was the reason they were so powerful.

That aside, much like the bronzed before them, the scorpion-gorillas began to slowly evolve to a greater height. Though they couldn't be considered as beautiful as the bronzed, their egg sacks began to exude a pressure that made Dyon's heart palpitate.

In the beginning, the skin that covered their pig-like noses began to quickly cover their bodies. This was a worrying transformation for Dyon, but he decided that he should see this through to the end. He hadn't been there every step of the way for the bronzed, so he had no way of knowing if this was a good thing or not. In the end... It became an exceptionally good thing.

The pink-ish leather skin coated every inch of their bodies except for their scorpion tail and legs. After this, thin and sharp black hairs sprouted to coat the thick leather flesh.

Then, their scorpion tails began to change. The hard, black shells that covered them extended upward. Their spine soon became encased by plates of black steel.

Their six scorpion legs shifted. Instead of remaining as legs, they curled inward, becoming three pairs of rib guards. The broad torsos of the scorpion-gorillas shone with a menacing light now, their rib guards looking almost like a black knight's armor.

This was yet another worrying transformation for Dyon. Although it gave them far higher defense than even their mother, they no longer had legs now. They only had two pairs of thick arms now coated with pink flesh partially hidden by sharp and fine black hair.

But, that was when the repressed genes they gained from their mother manifested once more. Their scorpion tails extended even longer and wider. It was then that their length increased from about 2 meters to about 4 meters. Their lower regions had become 4 times thicker than the largest anaconda's.

The day before the six scorpion gorillas awoke, their final transformation was in their faces.

Their pig-like features became more sinister. The wrinkles of their gorilla genes stretched outward until they disappeared, revealing two boar-like tusks. However, these tusks weren't normal... They had thousands of small perforations that oozed with venom.

Soon, the scorpion plates that had begun to cover their spines stretched upward once more, through to their necks and up the back of their heads. Finally, it encased their faces in a menacing visor and helmet of black steel exoskeleton. The only thing that still remained of their previous faces were their long black venomous tusks that dripped with acid, and their yellow, vertical slit eyes.

These creatures definitely were not beautiful, but their power...

"I'll call you the cobras." Dyon's eyes shone as the six cobras broke from their fluid sacks and devoured what remained of their mother's corpse.

Their mother's greatest weakness was that her powerful arms were just as important for attacking as they were for her mobility and stability. But, the cobras could stand tall like snakes, freeing their arms for the powerful strikes they were meant to deal.

With the addition of the cobras, Dyon's efficiency skyrocketed. Though he had to split the food more ways, they could challenge more and defeat more in the same time.

However, Dyon couldn't help but notice that of the six cobras, only one was female. Come to think of it, of the bronzed, only one was female as well.

Considering there were only four bronzed, it wasn't enough to raise an eyebrow. It was well within the realm of possibility. But, it was more unlikely that among six children, only one would be female...

Normally, Dyon would have waited for a larger sample size before he made any conclusions, but when he realized how difficult it was to find nurturing piles, he came to understand that this wasn't just about a scarcity of pregnant females, it was about a scarcity of females, period.

For some reason, this world birthed more males than females. This would become quite the issue if Dyon ever planned on increasing his population of bronzed and cobras.

Dyon felt that it was time to leave this general area. He could see the surrounding 10 000 km clearly, so he knew there was nothing worthy of him staying here unless he began to approach the human settlements.

In truth, Dyon had been observing these 'humans' silently for a long while. Much like the beasts here, they were quite mutated, but not in any obscene way. It was more so that they were larger and taller, likely due to an adaptation to this sort of environment.

Dyon also noticed that beasts didn't approach the human settlements though these humans occasionally left to hunt for themselves.

Chapter 1636: Holy Shi...

Their weapons were crude. As one might imagine, gathering resources in this environment was incredibly difficult. Even Dyon could hardly make a dent in the surrounding trees. It was so difficult that the thought of forging weapons of them was too unrealistic to even think about.

Because of these limitations, their weapons took all sorts of shapes and sizes as they had to be scavenged together. From what Dyon could tell, they used mostly fallen branches from these thick surrounding trees.

By extension, vegetation was incredibly scarce. This world should have all sorts of novel and extinct spiritual herbs Dyon could take advantage of, but other than the sturdy trees, he hadn't even seen a single blade of grass, let alone an herb.



The more Dyon learned about this world, the more curious he became. He wanted to know what it was about this world that made it so that his alternate timeline self felt he had awoken it too late. What event happened between now and then that would cause that level of regret to fester?

This was one of the few things Jade couldn't inform Dyon of precisely because Dyon never told her about it. He just mentioned that it was a shame he learned the truth of his constitution's world too late in passing, but never explained why.

Dyon wanted to know more.

'How far do we have to go?' Dyon sat upon Queen, trying to decide his next move. He decided that since females were more precious, it was better if Queen and the female cobra hung back with Dyon while the males fought on the front lines.

Dyon directly ignored the water sources, if they could even be called that. The rivers and lakes that entered his divine sense's range were better named death traps than anything else. He watched more humans die fetching water than he ever saw them die hunting for meat.

He couldn't even fly in this world due to the odd laws, he'd probably sink like a rock if he tried to swim.

'The more powerful beasts will just have to lead the way...'

Like this, Dyon began training his senses toward the powerful. Though he thought about training his divine sense to resist the pressure and push outward, the imbalance in Dyon's body and soul was already too large. If he did this, his true body wouldn't be able to withstand it anymore.

However, there was something he could do. Energy manipulation wasn't limited to conventional qi, it could be done with soul qi as well. For Dyon, because his Presence was fused into every aspect of his being, it was simpler for him to do this than it would be for others.

Normally, this added boost of control his Presence gave him was minor in the grand scheme because his soul talent was already so overwhelming, but in this world, where everything was more difficult, it was invaluable.

Dyon's divine sense could be imagined as a massive sphere with Dyon in the center. Essentially, a 10 000 km range actually referred to a 5 000 radius that had Dyon as its epicenter. Although, depending on the ground beneath his feet or the substances he had to see through, this range could be limited.

This sphere represented the influence Dyon's soul could have on his surrounding environment. However, this influence could be manipulated in various ways.

Dyon could shift the sphere such that he stood at the edge instead of the center, giving him a greater view of a general location. He could change the shape of the sphere, flattening it out to a disk and extending the longitudinal and latitudinal view. He could even concentrate it all into a single beam to gain a clear view of a single line in a single direction.

Why was it that Dyon had never done this before? The simple answer was that there was no point. His range was so obscene usually that there was no need to go such lengths. It was better to gain a holistic view of the general surroundings than to do that – did he really need to see further than 500 000 km? In addition, manipulating his soul like this made it easier for others to notice his divine sense passing over them when usually his soul control was so far above others that they never had this chance.

But now, the situation was different. This world was so dangerous that Dyon didn't even dare to fight, he could only rely on the bronzed and the cobras. Thinking back, he was incredibly lucky to stumble upon the bull-bird and form an early relationship with her babies the way he did, they were the reason he could go this far.

Dyon took a deep breath, closing his eyes. His soul concentrated in on himself, shrinking down rapidly.

As expected, it was far more difficult to accomplish this here, but Dyon's talent shone through.

His eyes opened in a flash. A beam of soul qi ripped through the air.

Dyon's eyes widened, his soul qi dispersing under his surprise.

"Holy shit... My constitution's world is the Ancient Battlefield."

If Dyon knew that Abraxus had ended the immortal plane war the day he awakened his Titan Diamond Body, it wouldn't have been until now that he understood why...

Dyon's heartbeat didn't calm for a long time. When he understood the gravity of the situation, his legs kicked Queen's sides as he rapidly led them to a new location. They couldn't stay here, they had to move, and they had to move quickly.

As Dyon thought before, one of the reasons he didn't manipulate his soul qi this way was because focusing on the change disrupted his normal flow, this allowed those who wouldn't otherwise notice his divine sense to do so.

Under normal circumstances, Dyon was confident that even a peak dao expert wouldn't sense his divine sense if he wasn't recklessly probing them and as long as they didn't activate their True Domain. However, just now, not just one, but multiple individuals had definitely sensed him.

Logically, if his divine sense was boiled down to simple volumetric math, concentrating his senses into a single beam would allow him an obscene range. The volume of a 10 000 km diameter sphere was about the same volume as a cylinder with a 5 km radius and 7 billion km height!

#### Chapter 1637: Decided

Unfortunately, Dyon couldn't control his soul qi so far away from his body no matter how great his soul talent was. So, this beam technique limited him to increasing his range about 100 times. Meaning, his 10 000 km range became 1 000 000 km.

What Dyon had seen in that short frame of time made him realize just what kind of situation he was in.

These human settlements around him were just the tip of the iceberg. Even in the single direction Dyon sent his senses toward, there were many more, so many in fact that he felt his mind numb.

How did Dyon reach the conclusion he had? To answer that question, one needs to first understand just what the Ancient Battlefield was... It was a land that connected the beginning of time to the present, and the present to the future. This was the explanation those who knew little about it always gave. But, just what did this mean?

Faith. It was one of the most enigmatic concepts of the martial world, yet one of the most important at the same time. Yet, Clans that had built up monstrous amounts of it still rose and fell like everyone else, even the mighty elves fell, as did the undefeatable angels, and even the untouchable Titans. All of them fell without exception.

To put it simply, the Ancient Battlefield was the land of these failures, these clans that had lost their place in reality and were forced to come here and live out a perpetual Hell.

When Dyon first met the celestial turtles and the celestial apes, where had they come from? Had they not said that they had only just come from the Ancient Battlefield? They too, like all the others here, were failures!

That said, not everyone could freely enter and leave the Ancient Battlefield like the celestial beasts could. In fact, saying that they could do so 'freely' was overstating it. Rather, they could do so, unlike others, if they were willing to pay an appropriate price.

After hiding within the Ancient Battlefield for countless years, the celestial turtles and apes chose to leave because they knew the battlefield would descend soon. If they didn't leave when they did, they would have gotten caught up in the same mess everyone else had to deal with.

What Dyon saw when he concentrated his soul qi were these very failed clans. He saw beasts that should long be extinct, he saw Clans that once dominated the mortal plane in the past but were forced into dire straits, he saw a collection of individuals salivating at the prospect of invading the mortal plane once more.

Abraxus couldn't have been more right when he said the Heavens like to play games. The Ancient Battlefield was the third and final Ancient Game.

Instead of allowing these Clans to fall to the ravages of history, the Heavens gave Clans that accumulated vast amounts of Faith a chance to trade this Faith in for one more chance.

When a Clan was on its final legs and its elders decided that it was their time, they could complete the necessary rituals to enter this Ancient Battlefield. However, it wasn't a paradise-like afterlife many hoped it would be.

The Ancient Battlefield was a savage land where beasts ruled. These Clans that were used to dominating their eras suddenly became the bottom feeders of society, thrust into the Chaos Era so many feared.

Every so often, usually once a new Era reached maturity, the Ancient Battlefield would descend.

Those of the current Era and those of the past Eras would fight a battle for dominion over the Mortal Plane.

Usually, those of the past would lose. This was the expected result.

First, those of the Ancient Battlefield had been stripped of their Faith in exchange for this second chance. Secondly, their populations were likely whittled down to near nothing after entering these savage lands where it was difficult for them to use even the most basic of techniques. And, Thirdly, there was a reason those of the past fell to make way for the new... Those of the past were simply lacking.

However, this time, it was completely different. The Modern Era was the weakest Era to ever exist while the top race of humans, the Sprites, hadn't even reached maturity yet.

Plus... the Ancient Battlefield was descending far quicker than it had in past. But, why?

Think about why the Heavens would give these Clans a second chance? The role of the Heavens is to act as a mediator, but its fundamental role was to nurture the growth of those under its control – evolution. By allowing this second chance, the Heavens ensured that humanity would only progress and never take a step back.

However, were the sprites meant to be the top race of this Era? The answer was no. The top race was meant to be Dyon and his people!

The Entity snatched this right from them, crumbling the pillar that should have held the Mortal Plane up.

That's when the Heavens decided. This Era of people were no longer worthy to rule its Plane, it was time for those of the past to take control once more...

...

Queen continued to weave through the forest, carrying Dyon while staying to the back of their vanguard.

If the Ancient Battlefield was the final Ancient Game, then how was Jade able to tell Dyon about it? The answer was rooted in the time Jade wrote her message.

The time Jade's elder self came from was one where the Laws that governed the Heavens had already crumbled under the designs of The Entity. With the Heavens gone, how could they stop her from passing on information about the Ancient Battlefield? In the end, Dyon greatly benefitted from The Entity's actions.

'There's only one question that remains...' Dyon thought to himself, leaning into Queen's lean, bronze scaled body. '... Just what is it that I can do here now, that I wouldn't be able to do in the coming future?'

Though Dyon asked himself this question, he had a good idea of what that reason was: population.

Currently, Dyon was unable to take people in or out of the Ancient Battlefield, even Little Yin and Yang couldn't follow him. But, would this continue to be true once the battlefield descended?

#### Chapter 1638: Danger

Of course not. That meant... If Dyon collected beasts and conquered human settlements here, once the battlefield descended, he would gain a massive boon of population, something he was severely lacking in now.

'112 years...' Dyon muttered to himself. He thought it was already asking a lot for him to conquer two quadrants in that time, but to also claim a good portion of the Ancient Battlefield as well?...

'The descent of the Ancient Battlefield is split into multiple stages.' Dyon thought to himself. 'The first is our entry...'

The reason why young geniuses were so important to the concept of the Ancient Battlefield was because during the first phase, only those below a certain age threshold would be allowed to enter. This was the Heavens way of allowing youths to benefit in the same way those failed clans had.

While this battlefield might be a living hell, it was undeniable that it was also a place one could grow stronger. By allowing the younger generation to enter, it further placed the Failed Clans at a disadvantage.

This first phase took place over a long period of time. However, it wasn't until the second phase that the Game truly began. In this second phase, the borders of the Ancient Battlefield would open, and the Failed Clans would pour outward.

The Failed Clans had one task: to gather up Faith. If they were able to gather up enough Faith within an appropriate amount of time, they earned the right to remain on the Mortal Plane. If they failed, they'd be eradicated, never to return. Of course, the method to do this was by conquering lands for themselves.

Some Clans chose to not take this risk. They remained on the Ancient Battlefield and continued to accumulate strength and momentum for the next descent. But, Dyon knew that even the most cautious Clans wouldn't miss this opportunity this time around.

After the first phase ended, these Clans would realize how weak this generation's youths were in comparison to the youths of the past. Not only would they be weaker, but they'd be far lesser in number due to the fact the number of universes and quadrants had whittled down to such a significant extent. Once they realized this, there would no longer be anything holding them back from surging forward.

Though the first entry seemed simple, on the level Dyon's mind worked on, he knew that it would be anything but.

What if a Clan's genius, for the sake of their survival, offered a Failed Clan their quadrant? On the one hand, the Failed Clan would easily gain a large amount of Faith in an instant, and on the other, the original Clan would escape bloodshed by taking a step back.

If this happened, then those of the Mortal Plane were finished. They'd be fighting internally against those who only sought after their own benefits, and externally against a new enemy.

'Could this be...' Dyon's eyes sharpened as the wind whipped against his face.

The Mist Clan... They were so very much interested in the Ancient Battlefield. Could they already be planning something like this? Could they already be ready to betray them all?

No, even more importantly, if the Ancient Battlefield is really the third Ancient Game, how could the Mist Clan prepare ahead of time regardless? They shouldn't know the rules of the game. This restriction was likely put in place precisely so that these loopholes couldn't be used.

Unless...

Dyon suddenly thought of something that made his heart clench.

What if the celestial beasts really aren't the only ones who can exit the Ancient Battlefield after paying a price? What if it wasn't their special ability alone?

If this was true, then it was likely that someone from the Mist Clan found a way to leave the Ancient Battlefield.

Dyon had already tested it himself. This place, the place he thought was just his constitution's world, was cut off from the Heavens. Because of that, using his techniques or even just flying was near impossible.

Since this was the case, didn't that mean that there were no rules in this place? What if the people born here weren't bound by the same rules those of them on the outside were? In that case, would they still be unable to speak of the Ancient Battlefield if they left?



Dyon fiercely shook his head. Even if this train of logic was based on his instincts, there was too much speculation involved for him to trust in it completely.

Right now, he only had to focus on one thing. He could no longer ignore the human settlements. After he gathered a large enough beast army under the control of his soul, he would begin to conquer them, one by one.

Dyon smiled. 'Since flight is impossible... Tactics suddenly become far more important.'

...

Over the coming period, Dyon diligently trained his group of now ten beasts. Previously, he had thoughts of expanding them further before considering human settlements, but his new discovery had suddenly changed his plans.

He focused on maturing the cobras. The bronzed had already reached their limit of evolution within this area, placing them two steps above their mother. However, the cobras had just been born. They still needed to grow to their ceiling first.

In addition to this, Dyon began to specialize his squad of beasts. Up to now, their energy consumption had been all over the place. They simply ate whatever meat and stones they came across, but Dyon began to focus their paths.

The bronzed were incredibly swift, but lacked power. In addition, they were too heavy to make use of their greatest asset: their wings. As a result, Dyon began feeding them light type energy stones, focusing them on a path of speed.

The cobras had decent movement thanks to their snake-like bases, however, it was clear and obvious that their greatest strength was their defense. Their black steel exoskeleton that covered their back and heads was only one aspect. The other was their leather skin and sharp fur.

The pink leather skin that had grown from their faces to cover their bodies was incredibly thick, making theirs thicker than even their mother's defense. However, the sharp and thin black fur that covered it was the true danger.

#### Chapter 1639: Mind

Battling a cobra head-on was foolish. A single attack could result in numerous holes smaller than the eye could see tearing through your skin, bone and muscle. Knowing this, it was no wonder Dyon could the bold type path for them.

The bronzed took in all of the light type stones they gathered from raiding underground caves while the cobras ate the bold type stones.

Dyon knew that there were many other energy types to exploit. However, it seemed this area only had holy, light and bold type. Still, even if he had more, it wouldn't matter considering he had yet to find another den of newborns to make use of.

Like this, the cobras slowly grew toward maturity. Unfortunately, Dyon's main body wasn't experiencing such smooth progression.

Though Calming Lake was a true paradise unlike the Ancient Battlefield, it was hiding a hell far worse than the latter.

Dyon's face remained serene, but there was a war going on his mind.

[Let go of that arrogance, what sort of silly path are you trying to follow? Did you not want to be calm and calculating? A person like this knows when to put their pride away and bow their heads]

As expected of the first and simplest tier, the attacks were bordering on juvenile. Did they really believe they could convince him this way? Their thoughts were shallow and unfounded. This level of consciousness could never shake Dyon.

Dyon mind began to claw forward, ripping all those he came across apart.

[Boy, there is nothing wrong with arrogance. Embrace it, laugh at the skies from on high, even if it means losing your head in a shower of blood.]

However, there were attacks that stuck more firmly, ones that a deep part of Dyon truly believed.

He wanted to be a person who could act on a whim and still find a path to victory no matter what odds he faced, no matter what trouble he placed himself in.

Wasn't that the type of person he was already? Wasn't that why he couldn't cultivate an Undefeatable Spirit? He had such confidence in himself that he never doubted victory...

Dyon's mind was in shambles even as he clawed through consciousness after consciousness. He didn't know the path he should take.

He didn't want to forsake himself and the mentality that brought him to this place, but at the same time, he still felt he had to change.

That feeling he grasped that day. The moment he learned Clara's life was in danger and Madeleine was fighting for her own... That instant where he thought Amphorae might die along with his little brother and sister... That eerie calm when he thought he might lose everything due to his arrogance.

That day, no, those several weeks, he felt like everything was in the palm of his hand and out of his hands at the same time. He had 'lost' everything, but he had also gained everything.

[Yes, that's the true martial path, one that discards everything to gain everything. If you care for nothing, you can remain calm in the face of death. Discard love and family, discard even the will to keep your own life, only then can you reach the pinnacle of there is.]

Dyon's calm expression cracked before recovering.

[Transcendents must learn to do this. To transcend means to shed away mortal matters. You must watch your wife, your parents, your children, all of them, callously die by the will of the Heavens. If your heart is shaken by such events, how could you ever be worthy of transcending?

[There's a calm that comes with letting go of everything, of existing above everything. You must grasp this feeling once more... That calm feeling that allows you to accomplish everything.]

Dyon hadn't realized it, but in his focus, he had fallen to the second tier of Calming Lake and the attacks on his path had grown fiercer...

\*\*

"It's been over a week already... Is this safe?" Ri couldn't get Dyon off of her mind. He seemed calm and serene, and had even made it to the next tier, but this sort of constant battling couldn't be healthy for anyone to take over such a long period of time.

The limit for most, even dao experts, was about a few hours to a day. Only those with special abilities like Lyla who was used to constantly hearing the thoughts of others could last this long. But Dyon's case was something they had never seen before.

He should be performing the worst amongst them, having only just entered the second tier after so long, but his endurance... It was unlike anything ever recorded. Who cared if you went slowly if you were able to last so long?

"I don't know..." Damaris bit her pink lips. "... We can only trust Sect Master. Calming Lake shouldn't be a dangerous place, there are countless safeguards..."

What Damaris didn't say so as not to worry Ri further was that these safeguards were only effective if the person in question accepted their help. Many dragons of her Clan had died arrogantly believing that they didn't need any help... And she had a feeling that Dyon's arrogance was greater than even theirs.

Amphorae, having awoken from her meditation on Calming Lake remained silent as she observed Dyon. In the end, she turned to leave. Like Damaris said, she could only put her trust in Dyon.

\*\*

The Mellow Tribe. A Failed Clan from the late Chaos Era period.

In truth, they had given up on ever forging their path toward the Mortal Plane once more. Mellow wasn't even their original Clan name either, it was a tribal name they were forced to take up because they lost the right to their true name.

These so-called Tribal Names were rampant on the outer edges of the Ancient Battlefield. It was a symbolic way of expressing a Clan's lost hope and also a way to establish hierarchy. Clans were stripped of their rights and demoted to Tribes in order to herd the masses like sheep. By making these tribes lose their sense of identity, they became easier to control.

Usually, Clans were stripped of their names and given a number. Only after they perform meritorious feats under the name of their ruling Tribes were they given a name.

The Mellow Tribe was one such tribe.

#### Chapter 1640: Prideful

A former disdained number tribe elevated to the status of a named tribe. The disgusting part was that they were actually proud of it. This was the hidden poison that infected the outer edges of the Ancient Battlefield.

This Clan didn't even have the Legacies that once made them mighty. Much like how the Golden Crow Clan's [Nine Suns of Armageddon] fell from the Mystical Grade to the Divine Grade because their Faith withered, the Legacies of this Clan, or Tribe, rather, lost all of their power in a similar fashion.

Still, this 'proud' Clan fell in a single day. No, it was more accurate to say that they fell in just a few hours. The attack was swift, and despite their enemies being outnumbered 5 to 1, it felt like it was actually them sitting at a numbers' disadvantage.

It was early one morning, before the suns even came up, that the attacks began. They received no word from their scouts, it was as though they never existed.

The beasts they faced were a combination of ferocious and quick. They couldn't even land a single attack, let alone fight against them in earnest.

When had the stupid creatures of their forests suddenly become so cunning? What was going on?

Also, beasts never attacked their homes too, so why were they doing so today?

There was a reason for this. Humans only had one advantage on beasts in this world: their minds.

What did beasts in this world fear the most? Energy Surges.

Just like Dyon hypothesized, the rigid ground beneath their feet needed relief. Over time, ridiculous amounts of energy stores built up. Eventually, the pressure would become too much, leading to an eruption that tore through the earth. These eruptions were incredibly dangerous and only became more fatal as one traveled toward the center of the Ancient Battlefield.

Beasts had the ability to predict these surges and avoid them on instinct. Using this to their advantage, humans raided underground caves formed from these Energy Surges and mined what they called Type Stones – essentially the very same stones Dyon had also been mining all of this time.

They were then able to arrange these stones in a formation to simulate the energy signature of a coming Energy Surge, thus keeping beasts away. This was what kept them safe.

However, today, for some odd reason, these beasts completely ignored a safeguard that had worked for them for countless years. Even when they attempted to use their underground escape routes, they found the passageway blocked.

Maybe the most humiliating part was that these beasts didn't kill them. Rather, they toyed with them. From start to finish, other than some broken and bruised bones, they suffered no casualties.

It was then that a boy they had never seen before strolled into their tribal lands. His appearance made them shiver because only a man or woman from the central lands could look like he did...

Like this, the 'prideful' Mellow Tribe, with a population of 53, fell into Dyon's hands.

This event would cause an avalanche of occurrences. If the Mellow Tribe could be stripped of their original name to become a number tribe, then promoted to a named tribe, it was obvious that someone had to be doing the gifting and punishing.

Dyon's actions had declared war on this individual.

...

Dyon looked at the what remained of the Mellow Tribe. In truth, he hadn't killed any of them, so maybe 'remained' wasn't the proper term. It was just that they were such a small tribe that it seemed appropriate to use such terminology.

They had barely over 50 people. There were no children, nor were there any elderly. But there were 35 males and 18 females.

There likely weren't any older individuals since it was quite difficult to grow old in such an environment, while birthrates among those with strong bodies was quite low, so among such a small sample size, finding a child was probably unlikely.

Of course, Dyon noticed the skewed gender ratios once more.

His instinct was to believe that they likely followed a similar evolutionary path to the beasts, but his mind told him something different. He wouldn't be surprised if many of their females were taken as 'tribute' to the tribes and clans that ruled over them.

'Weak.' Dyon looked through them one by one. Though any one of these 53 individuals could kill his current self without issue, especially considering his still missing meridians and the fact this body only had 25% of his total prowess, compared to the bronzed and cobras, they were fragile.

Interestingly enough, these individuals represented a higher rung of society as a named tribe. They even had a few numbered tribes beneath them.

"Who is the chieftain here?" Though Dyon asked this, he was already aware of the answer. He could easily observe a 5000 km radius of this place. Every blade of grass was under his control. He obviously chose to attack this tribe in particular for a reason and only after collecting every bit of information he could about them.

"It is I." A man with a greying complexion stepped forward. He stood a half a head taller than Dyon and had a body brimming with power. This individual could defeat even the genius pseudo-dao cultivators of Dyon's world with just his body, not that he had access to any other tools anyway.

The tongue he spoke in was odd, but thanks to Clara, Dyon didn't have to worry about a language barrier.

Still, despite the height difference, Dyon stared down at him indifferently from Queen's back.

"Pick out 5 of your fastest people toward the numbered tribes under your control. Have them gather their things and move here."

Chieftain Mellow shivered at this request. "Mighty central region warrior, this is not allowed. If we do so, the upper tribes will believe that we're planning a mutiny and come to eradicate us."

"This isn't a request. It's an order." Dyon's eyes sharpened.