

## The Nameless 1641

### Chapter 1641: Work

Though his Presence was useless against these individuals who had far stronger bodies than he did, using it to amplify his aura and his words was still effective. It gave him a noble air others couldn't match even if he couldn't force them to their knees.

Chieftain Mellow didn't dare to say another word. He communicated with his chosen people with his eyes and sent them off.

Suddenly, Dyon smirked. "That's an interesting path you sent them on."

Chieftain Mellow froze.

"Do you believe me when I say the entirety of this world is in the palm of my hands? Do you believe me when I say that even a blade of grass thousands of miles from here can't shift without my knowing?"

As Dyon spoke, the Chieftain continued to shiver.

It was obvious what had happened. The Chieftain had sent them off, but the warning light in his eyes was obviously one to have them go seek help, likely from their ruling Clans or tribes. But, how could something like this escape Dyon's divine sense? He already had this entire space mapped out within his mind.

Changing the trajectories of the 5 messengers was simple for Dyon, he simply had to warn them with line of qi. Seeing that they had been seen through, the five had no choice but to turn toward the places Dyon actually wanted them to go.

As for the chieftain...

His knees crashed to the ground, his forehead swiftly following suit.

"Please spare my fellow tribesmen, the mistake is mine."

Dyon didn't use his normal carrot and stick approach. Usually, he'd make grand promises about the future they could have under his rule, but these individuals couldn't be ruled in this way. He didn't have time to slowly nurture good will, he had to rule with an iron fist. In fact, if they believed him to be a God, it would be even better.

"Get up." Dyon said blandly. "A second mistake will not be tolerated. Another one occurring only means death."

The Chieftain trembled, but slowly rose only to find beams of sealing qi entering the foreheads of all those present. And although he wasn't aware... the 5 messengers he sent also received a similar fate.

Dyon couldn't use The Seal freely here, but luckily, he had a small understanding of seals after comprehending his sanctuary seal. Plus, it wasn't as though he was completely unfamiliar with sealing individuals without The Seal. He had done so back during his first time in the Elvin Kingdom as well. Except this time, it was far stronger.

Sure, making them worship him like a God might work, but even that wasn't enough for Dyon's purposes. He needed to steel his heart. He didn't have enough time to allow leeway for mistakes.

112 years.

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The 5 messengers were very familiar with the surrounding areas, but with Dyon's guidance, they were even quicker. They avoided beast dens with ease and approached their targets.

Back within the Mellow Tribe, Dyon began to organize the 53 warriors. Though these tribes seemed backwards, they didn't have the luxury of treating women with kid gloves. Just like the men, they too were warriors. In some cases, they were stronger than even their male counterparts.

The Mellow Tribe's terrain seemed no different from that of the other tribes, but that was only from a narrow perspective. Dyon had chosen this place for three main reasons: elevations, natural protections and underground caves.

In Dyon's estimation, this area once experienced a terrible amount of pressure. Not only did this cause the ground to swell, the ensuing Energy Surge was so powerful that it created not just one, but numerous underground caves in the general vicinity.

When Dyon was in the process of concurring this tribe, it was these very underground inner workings that they tried to take advantage of to escape. But, Dyon's divine sense had already located them.

What was more important here was the swelling of the ground. The slope was gentle and over a long distance, so it was difficult to notice at first glance. However, it definitely existed. It had about a 10-15% incline. It was small, but Dyon had to make do.

As much as he wanted a perfect mountain fortress, there was no such thing on the Ancient Battlefield.

No. This wasn't true. In fact, just 50-60 kilometers east of the Mellow Tribe, there was a striking mountain range so large that Dyon couldn't believe it had formed naturally.

What Dyon meant to say was that there were no human settlements in such places because they were the realms of beasts that would make even the Demon Sage in his prime feel his heart quicken. Yes. The very same Demon Sage who slaughter a Higher Existence Infernal Beast all to use its infernal core to power his mystical world.

Just like the rivers and lakes no one dared to approach, the mountain ranges of the Ancient Battlefield were death zones no one dared to step into.

The Ancient Battlefield was not ruled by humans. Even the so-called "center region" warriors Chieftain Mellow all but worshipped weren't even truly within the center of the Ancient Battlefield. They were just closer to the center than most other tribes and clans.

However, this was perfect. This meant that Dyon could ignore the east and most and south the mountain ranges extended to because attacks were unlikely to come from those regions, he'd have a

small elevation advantage he could grow, and an underground working of tunnels that could be useful if applied properly.

Dyon got to work.

It didn't need to be stated how difficult it was to build a fortress in this place. Digging into the ground was impossible. This not only meant any structures built would be inherently weak without the ground for an anchor, but even gathering resources to build such structures was nigh impossible.

This was why warfare in this place was so difficult. Even if you got around the Energy Surges and the lack of resources and the dangerous beasts, it was still impossible to fortify strategic points.

#### Chapter 1642: Training

And, even if you managed to do all of that, how would you sustain large populations of people without food and water? Small communities worked, but on a larger scale, anyone familiar with such matters knew it was a foolhardy attempt.

However, Dyon was different.

Firstly, he didn't plan to use the underground workings for something as simple as sneak attacks. He instead planned to use them as anchors for his fortress.

The Mellow Tribe was special in that a large Energy Surge of the past created numerous underground workings beneath their tribe. But, while they saw escape routes, Dyon saw dozens holes to be exploited.

With a wave of his hand, Dyon formed large structures that dug into these holes. Walls soaring dozens of meters seemed to appear out of nowhere, causing those of the Mellow Tribe to tremble, their eyes shining with thoughts of worship.

Secondly, Dyon scoffed at the thought of lack of anchors. What better anchors could there be than the massive trees that surrounded them all? These trees were just as sturdy as the ground beneath their feet. Small tribes and villages could only build around them, there wasn't a single clearing in sight.

After making sturdy and tall structures around the tribe, Dyon began to make use of the trees as well. Building archery hubs high up within them and supplementing them with lookout hubs.

As for food and water? Dyon didn't worry about such a thing either.

Dyon could create common grade herbs with a single thought. Though it was on an incredibly small, and insignificant scale, that was akin to creating life. Making water appear from thin air was as simple as breathing even if he hadn't comprehended water will.

As for the matters of food, common grade herbs weren't enough to feed individuals with such powerful bodies. However, the amount of meat they needed to sustain themselves wasn't very much at all. In fact, just like Dyon previously, only a single bite was enough to leave them full for several days. Though their bodies were stronger than Dyon, their ability to digest and thus pull out their potentials was far weaker.

As a result, a single beast carcass was enough to feed a tribe of 50 for a half month. With Dyon's hunting speed, he alone could support many more tribes before he ran into a wall.

However, Dyon didn't plan on doing it alone. If he could, there would be no point in bringing these people under his wing.

He planned to make them stronger.

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Years ago, when Dyon's master was personally training him, he learned about Dwarf's Diamond. According to his master, Dwarf's Diamond was the hardest substance in existence, but it was also considered a useless ore. Reason being because it was so tough and sturdy that it was impossible to manipulate it. Not only this, but it was impossible to pass qi through it as well because it wouldn't accept it.

Back then, Dyon didn't have the skill to create Dwarf's Diamond. The depressing part was that his master was able to despite being restricted to his soul strength. That meant that what limited Dyon wasn't his strength, but rather his comprehension and skill level.

Now that Dyon had grasped a large percentage of Planet Qi, this limitation had been lifted. Although he wasn't as skilled as his master, his stamina was definitely greater than that of his master's, allowing him to create far more of it.

Dyon still remembered how shocked he was to find out that the Dwarf's Diamond his master had given him to train with was actually only a single atom in width. He couldn't fathom how something could be so tough and sturdy, not to mention heavy, could still remain so thin at the same time...

But now, he couldn't be happier that this was the case.

It was impossible for Dyon to simply poof high grade ores into existence, but Dwarf's Diamond was categorized as a common grade ore. As long as one had the skill to build its incredibly complex chemical make-up, it was no problem.

In addition, Dwarf's Diamond was perfect for these Ancient Battlefield warriors. It couldn't accept qi, while these warriors couldn't use qi. It was a perfect win-win-win situation.

Not only did Dyon have plans to forge his new army weapons and armor of Dwarf's Diamond, he fortified the archery and lookout hubs, not to mention the tribe's fortress, with this ore as well. A one atom width was more than enough.

Dyon gasped for breath. Though he had to keep a strong front before the Mellow Tribe, he almost felt like he was dying on the inside. On top of the fact the struggles of his main body were very clear to him, making such large-scale structures was drilling through his soul stamina.

Manipulating the atmosphere to create things here was far more difficult. Though that meant the structures formed were also far more powerful, it was also very taxing. However, Dyon didn't have the time to lag behind.

As he worked, the numbered tribes began to trickle in. Some of them had populations as small as 5, with the largest only having about 15. The only good news was that there were a good number of them in total, bringing Dyon's army up to 250.

As expected, most of them were men, leaving the male to female population at about 7:3. But, according to Dyon's scouting, once he began to attack the larger tribes, this number would even out.

"I'm sure you all have your own guesses about why I've gathered you all here, but that doesn't particularly matter. Your only role is to follow my orders to the best of your abilities.

"I can only promise you that I will feed you. And, if in the unlikely events that you survive to the end, there'll be adequate rewards. Now. Who among you have weapon's training?"

The tribesmen looked at each other but didn't have a response. But, Dyon expected as much. They couldn't make weapons to begin with, how could they have training?

#### Chapter 1643: The First

Luckily, Dyon's weapon's master array made him incredibly sensitive to a person's affinities for weapons. The same way he was able to tell Yandevere used a sword and not a whip, he was able to see what weapons individuals would be inclined toward. Though the feeling was fainter here, he could still feel it, nonetheless.

He began to organize them as he saw fit.

Seeing the weapons Dyon brought out from thin air, the tribesmen were astonished once more. Their idea of a weapon was a fallen tree branch they might luck across, when had they ever seen such things?

Dyon wasn't able to give everyone their optimal weapon. This was in part due to the fact that not everyone had such an innate affinity, and more largely due to the fact he wanted a balanced army. He couldn't have strong imbalances occurring without reason.

In the end, he gathered together 50 archers and 150 warriors for a heavy infantry. Each of the heavy infantry warriors were equipped with a large shield. 100 of them used spears while 50 used swords.

The remaining 50 individuals Dyon set aside for high maneuverability. Dyon didn't give them dwarf diamond weapons or armor, the substance was simply too heavy. Instead, he planned to use them for decoys and feints. They looked equipped to the same extent as everyone else, but their weapons and armor would shatter with a single blow.

As for auxiliary units like scouts and medics, Dyon have no need of them. If someone was too injured for an essence grade holy type stone to heal them, Dyon would have to harden his heart. As for scouts... Dyon was the scout.

Like this, a campaign the likes of which hadn't been seen on the Ancient Battlefield for countless years ensued.

Dyon swept through named tribes with ease, accumulating more than a dozen in an instant. His army didn't know rest or sleep, these were individuals with bodies bordering on the dao realm, they had no need of such things.

Though food and water was necessary since they didn't have qi, they only needed minor amounts.

Whenever Dyon conquered an appropriate terrain, he built another fortress and moved on. The astonishing part was that he didn't even leave anyone to protect these fortresses. His actions were truly baffling.

In just half a month, Dyon's army had swelled to almost 5000. He had 6 Fortresses, 18 Named Tribes and 364 Numbered Tribes under his control.

The Upper Tribe only just began to notice that something was amiss. Their tributes had suddenly come to a grinding halt, and that was something they couldn't accept.

Unfortunately for them, Dyon had already turned his gaze toward their lands. Today would be the day he conquered his first Upper Tribe. It would be his first large clash within the Ancient Battlefield.



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The Upper Tribes. It was a generic term to describe those below Clans who had been powerful enough to keep their family's original legacies, but were good enough to have named Tribes under their control.

While normal named tribes wouldn't have more than 50-80 individuals within their territory, Upper Tribes took a large leap forward, housing hundreds to even tens of thousands depending on their ranks.

There were three main divisions of Upper Tribes. Inferior, Medial and Superior, with the superior upper tribes being direct subordinates of a Clan.

This tribe was ranked within the inferior tier, but compared to the living arrangements of the named and numbered tribes, they lived like kings.

The female population was overflowing, leaving at least 3 per male. The first instance of grass in this endless forest was seen, giving the area a lush and vibrant feel – respectively, that is. Even the structures were more developed. Weaved of twigs and leaves, it gave the area a minimalistic but warm atmosphere.

Compared to the 'luxury' one was used to on the Mortal Plane, this place would be considered a nameless, poor village. But within the Ancient Battlefield, it was an embarrassment of riches.

Deep within the 'luxurious' territory, a slightly sturdier treehouse stood, resting upon the strong branches of three adjacent trees.

BANG!

A man's fist collided with a throne of vines. Despite his strength, the armrest only bent slightly, reverberating his strike through the dimly lit abode.

"Those tribes dare?!"

"Chief, this matter can't be simple. All 18 named tribes couldn't have simultaneously decided to turn their nose up at us. I suggest that we send someone to investigate. Another Region might be declaring war..."

Within the Upper Tribes gathering place of elites, a collection of 12 sturdy men sat. They were getting on in years, deep within their middle ages, but their bodies, despite the greying of their hair, were akin to ancient oak trees.

They glistened with a healthy deep bronze color and their movements shook the air. They were individuals that would have been capable of fighting a bull-bird head to head without being at a disadvantage. This wasn't necessarily because they were more talented than those of the numbered and named tribes, but was in large part due to their better nutrition.

Cultivators had little need for food, but this was very much different for body cultivators, especially body refinement cultivators. To them, food couldn't be more important.

Those who cultivated qi could ignore the need for food and even water with its help, but body refiners relied on the energies of the food they ate to grow. Even in Dyon's mortal world, there was nothing more important to a body builder than their nutrition.

Thanks to their status, these men had more than their fill of food and could thus grow over time. Though they were lacking in comparison to the leaders of medial and superior upper tribes, and definitely far below true clans, compared to their subordinate tribes, they were gods.

"Another Region?..." The Chieftain calmed his anger. The words spoken gave him reason to pause.

Warfare was rare on the Ancient Battlefield, as ironic as that may sound, but it wasn't as though it never happened. Every so often ambitious individuals would surge up. This was especially so when the time for the battlefield to descend approached.

Chapter 1644: Spotted

The people of the Ancient Battlefield called this event 'The Descent'. When it came time for this to occur, those with dreams of returning to the Mortal Plane began to fortify their own strengths. The best way to do that was to subdue the strength of others under your umbrella.

With The Descent approaching, a war wasn't impossible. But for all 18 of their named tribes to lose contact with them... Wouldn't that mean they had already lost?

Communication on the Ancient Battlefield was too difficult. Beasts very much ruled these lands. Their only real method of contact were foot messengers that usually also brought tributes to their tribe every month.

These leaders realized that this system wasn't very good, especially in this sort of situation. But, there was a reason they never tried to improve it: doing so would make it more likely for their subordinate tribes to rise up against them. After all, the cumulative population of their subordinates surpassed them. Matters were made even worse when it was considered that most of their population was made of women.

"We should prepare for war." Another leader spoke up. "It's not necessary to panic. The disadvantages we face within this damned forest are the same disadvantages our opponents face. It's impossible to move a large-scale army here. If anyone tried, they'd become meals for the beasts before they could even reach their goal."

The other 11 nodded in agreement. This allowed them to place the stone weighing on their chests down. Even if this was a mutiny, they still held the upper hand.

"Should we inform the other upper tribes of our Region?"

The Chief snarled, causing the other 11 elders to fall into silence. They knew well why their Chief reacted this way. He had lost more concubines than he cared to count to those bastards. Their mere mention pissed him off.

Suddenly, loud sounds of booming and screaming caused the twelve to freeze.

"Enemy attack, enemy attack!"

The tribe's best scout scurried up the tree, leaping into the meeting of 12 without regard.

"T-t-thousands of enemies spotted!"

The elders of this inferior upper tribe weren't wrong. Moving a large army within this Region was incredibly difficult. If it was up to Dyon, he would have attacked them days ago before they had the chance to notice that their tributes were missing, but he took a cautious approach and bided his time.

With the help of his divine sense, Dyon could clearly see trouble before it came and dealt with it quickly. For that, he had the bronzed and cobras by his side, so although beasts became slightly more powerful as he moved toward the upper tribes, it wasn't much of a problem.

The real issue was moving a large army within a dense forest. Coordination became a nightmare. However, just as the twelve had said, any disadvantages Dyon faced, they faced as well. And... Unlike Dyon, they didn't have a divine sense capable of stretching 10 000 km.

The army of 5 000 swept forward, surrounding the settlement of almost a thousand people like a horde of lurking predators.

Dyon was forced to split his troops into squads of 3 instead of the optimal 5, using his troops with higher mobility to sweep through the front and raise the alarms as his heavy infantry approached from the back.

Taking the initiative was incredibly important. If this battle turned into a skirmish, Dyon's advantage of coordination and numbers would vanish. It was simply too difficult to fine tune the positions of several thousand with so many solid, immovable trees in the way.

This wasn't Dyon only disadvantage either. Much of the settlement was built high up in the trees. Though the named and numbered tribes didn't have anything you could truly call a weapon, the upper tribes took a large leap forward. Dyon's senses had already trained on multiple archers.

However, he was prepared.

Dyon sent the bronzed forward, making use of their gliding abilities to throw the settlement into chaos. The archers were his top priority. In fact, whenever he was in a situation where he had to pick between the archer or their weapon, Dyon destroyed their weapon without hesitation.

As expected, taking advantage of his superior numbers was difficult. And, it only became more so after the 11 elder and the chieftain joined the battle. They became a backbone that was difficult to snap, and since they stood together instead of being as arrogant as Dyon would have hoped, the bronzed couldn't take them out.

Still, Dyon's equipment advantage began to shine through. Dwarf's Diamond truly lived up to its name.

Dyon retrieved his high mobility units, covering their retreat with his own squadron of archers. Their duty had been accomplished, as of now, there was no point in risking their lives any further.

Unfortunately, Dyon didn't have the benefit of sparing everyone as he had done up to now. He had to make his advantage clear if he wanted this battle to end even though it pained him to see the possible additional warriors to his army fall.

"It's that cloaked bastard over there! He's coordinating everything!" The chieftain snarled, swinging a large wooden club forward to knock several warriors back.

Seeing Dyon arrogantly sitting on Queen's back, his face covered by a black cloak, made the already bad mood of the chief flare up.

As though to respond to his rage, a red formation suddenly appeared before the chief, shocking him to no end.

'[Accelerate]. [Carnage].'

Dyon obviously had no intention of killing the chief with this attack. Despite it being the best Dyon could muster in his current handicapped state, the chief had a body comparable a step above a pseudo dao expert, but not quite within the realms of a dao expert. Unless Dyon brought out [Raze], which he was unable to do unless he had access to his full soul strength, putting a dent in him was a fool's errand.

However... If it was a perfectly timed strike directly toward this mighty chief's attacking wrist, it was a different story entirely.

A bloody red spear slammed into the chieftain's wrist, but what was even more overbearing was the mental attack that followed suit.

Chapter 1645: Who Are You?

'How could I forget ...' Dyon's eyes glowed as his strike worked far better than he could have ever imagined.

[Judgement] represented the pinnacle of what a soul path cultivator could muster with their strength. However, it wasn't simply a powerful strike... It sent those who faced it to a hell on earth.

For those of the Ancient Battlefield who had only ever trained their bodies in their lifetime, how could they be prepared for such an assault on their souls? The physical damage of Dyon's strike was no more than a faint white mark on the chief's wrist, but even still, he froze in place, his weapon falling to their ground as a look of horror marked his expressions.

In the next instant, his shoulder and leg were pierced by two spears. Though the pain awoke him from the illusion, it was already too late.

With the fall of their chief, the morale of the upper tribe plummeted. The eleven elders fought valiantly, but there was a reason why they couldn't claim the title of chief for themselves. They simply lacked the strength in comparison to their true leader.

The named and numbered tribes roared in victory.

In just half a month, Dyon had showed them something they couldn't have imagined even in their entire lifetimes. They had actually taken down the arrogant upper tribe with just their own power. It was too inconceivable.

Even after battling for days without rest, they were brimming with strength. They wanted to know how far they could go.

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Dyon looked down from Queen's back toward the eleven kneeling elders. As for the chief, he was gasping for breath, pinned down by two spears that impaled his body.

The cobras guarded him silently, their tusks dripping with violet venom. Even without this, their auras were so imposing that even the chief didn't dare to move, let alone the elder.

'Just what are these beasts...'

"Who are you?" The chieftain growled.

Though it was quite commendable that he could put up such a front while being pinned to the ground in such a way, Dyon didn't have much patience for it.

"Speak out of turn again and you'll find your head separated from your neck." Dyon said plainly.

"Who –?!"

His words never got the chance to finish.

Queen's claw shot forward, sending a crescent moon of light type qi sizzling through the air. In an instant, the mighty chief's head was cut from his neck

Many things had changed during the passing weeks, one of the most important being that Ace was no longer the strongest of the bronzed. Instead, that role had been firmly snatched by his sister, Queen.

After Dyon began feeding the bronzed light type qi and the cobras bold type qi, drastic changes began occurring. Namely, he noticed that there was a large difference between the two genders in qi control and manipulation.

Dyon observed long ago that female beasts within the Ancient Battlefield had more complex blood vessel pathways. He concluded that these additional pathways were what these females used during pregnancy to compress and create 'nurturing piles.' However, what Dyon didn't expect was that these additional pathways had the secondary benefit of increasing the qi control of female beasts.

Both the female bronzed and cobra of Dyon's small squad of ten beasts had shot past their male counterparts. Though the males had increased their strength as well, only the females had the ability to manipulate their newfound qi freely.

In a Region like this which didn't have any experts capable of using qi, Dyon's two female beasts were undefeatable existences. He suddenly realized why it was that female beasts were rarer... They were simply a level above their male counterparts and thus worth more.

As for the death of the chieftain, Dyon didn't grieve very much over it. Though he was powerful, it wasn't by an obscene amount. He didn't have the ability to fight his beasts one on one, for example. His life was worth much more as a warning.

With an army this large, Dyon couldn't hope to seal every single one of them. The strain on his soul was already too much to begin with. In fact, soul contracts were invented to avoid this heavy taxation of the soul.

Though he would still control the key and important figured personally, the rest he had to rule by fear.

Over time, they would come to understand that Dyon wasn't a murder crazed ruler. They'd realize that he only killed those who broke past his bottom line. But, for now, it worked just fine if they believed he was tyrannical.

Still, Dyon took precautions. He had begun to hide his face in preparation for the future.



"This Inferior Upper Tribe will now be under my command. There's no need to guess, I've already conquered your subordinate Clans..."

Dyon quickly organized the upper tribe as he saw fit, building his seventh fortress.

He divided their population into his army, not allowing them to gather together in one place. Finally, he began to gather more precise information. As Dyon expected, only by learning from an upper tribe would he truly gain an understanding of the structure of the Ancient Battlefield.

The Ancient Battlefield was incredibly large, at least many times larger than any one of the celestial floors. This could only be expected if it was meant to hold all qualified failed Clans from history.

According to Dyon's new understanding, the smallest denomination of land within the Ancient Battlefield was known as a Region. They were usually divided by natural borders humans wouldn't cross easily. These borders could be anything from strong beast territories, to tall mountains, and even the dangerous water sources.

Depending on a Region's size, it could be ruled by any number of Upper Tribes. This one in particular was overseen by six Inferior Upper Tribes, two Medial Upper Tribes, and one Superior Upper Tribe.

From the information the elders gave Dyon, it was rare for their Region to be attacked due to their trees. It was simply too difficult to raise large scale armies in such a place. One would fall to guerilla warfare far too easily in this sort of space. Had they been prepared for Dyon's attack, things wouldn't have gone so smoothly even if he had the superior numbers and equipment.

However, Dyon didn't need them to tell him this.

#### Chapter 1646: Targets

"You'll continue to act as normal. Send your tributes on time and act normally. Within a month, we will move again, so be prepared."

With those words, Dyon left with his squadron of beasts, leaving six empty fortresses and a seventh filled to capacity.

'I should conquer this Region within 2 years. I can't waste anymore time here, or else Eli's life...' Dyon's gaze sharpened. That unknown event Jade warned him about that would shake the Sprite Alliance was rapidly approaching. Dyon couldn't ignore it, especially if his future self speculated that it was related to the reason why he never found Eli.

But first, he had to strengthen his squad of beasts, or else laying claim to this Region would become too difficult.

Dyon had seemingly built six fortresses without reason. In truth, each one could easily sustain a population of ten thousand without issue. There was simply no need for them, especially since he housed the whole of his newfound population of warriors within the seventh.

However, Dyon was no fool, nor was he a masochist keen on wasting his own soul prowess.

When Dyon learned of the method the tribesmen used to keep beasts away, his mind lit up with an insane idea, one so insane that he'd probably be called a madman if it became public.

If there was a way to repel beasts, what if there was a way to attract them as well?

It was a maddening thought Dyon had only considered fleetingly before tossing away. For one, it was likely too dangerous. And secondly, even if he was willing to risk it, he had no idea what would attract the beasts to begin with.

But then he thought of something else. Those energy surges beasts were so afraid of, they left such large, gaping wounds in the ground... But, what happened to the type stones that once filled those now empty spaces?

One had to remember that on the Ancient Battlefield, every inch of the ground was filled with these type stones. The unfortunate part was that digging into the ground was next to impossible. Though, Dyon had begun seeing some hope in that aspect after Queen awoke her qi manipulation abilities.

Of course, a first thought was that these type stones had all be destroyed in the blast. This was very much possible. Such a concentrated blast of energy would definitely be quite destructive.

A second thought was that maybe humans took them. Dyon had already learned from the various chiefs and the eleven elders that their lower ranked tribes were forced to pass their type stones onward to the Superior Upper Tribe who probably had to give a large portion to their ruling Clan. Maybe the rewards of the energy surges were passed onward like this as well.

However, there was a third, intriguing thought that caught Dyon attention. What if beasts avoided energy surges, but swarmed for their aftermath?

The first reason Dyon thought this might be viable was due to the placement of the beasts. This Region was packed with hundreds of energy surge simulating tribes, but the beasts never migrated away. In fact, they remained relatively close despite not daring to approach the villages.

The second reason were the massive mountain ranges. What reason did those mighty beasts have to stay up there? Was staying in those uncomfortable, cold, and rocky mountains really better than living on land? Even water was scarce up there, let alone other necessities.

After scanning through the mountains with his divine sense, Dyon not only found incredibly powerful creatures he didn't dare to face, he found sources of energy surges that beasts flocked around. In fact, bloody battles over these sources raged day in and day out.

The final nail that sealed Dyon's theory were his experiments with his very own beast squadron. Using his understanding of the energy signatures he sensed within the large, rocky mountain range, Dyon began to simulate them in a controlled environment, making certain that the qi did not leak outward.

His results? They were enough to put a grin on his face.

By now, Dyon's goal was obvious. Instead of hunting beasts one by one, he would strongarm them into coming to him. But, not just any beasts... He would call down the beasts from the mountains!

Was it reckless? Absolutely. Insane? Without a doubt. Would his wives tear his head off if they ever found out he was doing this? Probably.

But, he would do so anyway.

To now, Dyon's capacity had crept forward to almost 300 000 000 jin, but it had all but come to a grinding halt. The 200 000 000 jin he needed to make use of Orcus' [False God Body] seemed several worlds away from him at this point.

Still, that wasn't the only reason he wanted to do this. He also needed to strength his beast army.

Dyon felt that he had absolute control over this experiment. Using his Presence infused divine sense, he could create barriers of qi, only allowing certain beasts to sense the energy fluctuations. This way, he would never have to step into those mountains to find his prey, causing his survivability to skyrocket.

One might wonder why Dyon built six fortresses then. Wouldn't the first one he created in Mellow Tribe territory, just 50 kilometers west of the mountain range, be enough for his goals?

The answer was simple. The mountain range was incredibly large, stretching from the east of the Mellow Tribe and wrapping down toward the south. Even with Dyon's divine sense, he couldn't cover the whole range. This wasn't because the mountain range spanned over 10 000 km, but rather because Dyon's divine sense was even more restricted under its atmosphere... If it was already difficult to use his divine sense here, it was ten to even a hundred times more difficult within the mountain range.

If this was true, Dyon could only imagine how much more restricted his overall strength would be within the mountains. Therefore, he didn't dare to enter himself. He had to lure his targets here.

Chapter 1647: The...

The six fortresses Dyon built would allow him to advantage of the whole mountain range.

Dyon took a deep breath, positioning himself in a massive fortress he built to take on just a single opponent. His mind trained on the blood thirsty beast that was his target. Unlike his current beast companions, she was massive, stretching to over ten meters long.

If described in a few words, the beast could only be called a creature of the dark.

Massive bat-like wings that stretched from its wrists down the side of its back. A long, grotesque, lizard-like face. Scales of dark green and black coated its body, hiding the muscles that vibrated with vitality and strength.

This beast was nothing like those of this Region. It didn't have mixed DNA or severe deformities. In fact, Dyon knew exactly what this creature was.

It was the failed Dragon of history. A beast that was so close, yet so far from the mighty sovereigns of the skies.

The wyvern.

A roar shook the dark mountain range.

Dyon's fists gripped tightly as he stood with his eyes trained forward. He stood atop a wall more than a hundred meters tall, but he didn't feel secure in the least. This beast... It was filled with an oppressive aura even Glorianice hadn't had.

This wasn't because the wyvern was stronger than Glorianice. This wasn't the case. If the two were to meet on the mortal plane, Glorianice would win 10 out of 10 times.

The issue was that this wasn't the mortal plane. Here, this beast would make a fool of Glorianice.

It wasn't just that it was powerful. It had a wild and unrestrained, savage aura that made Dyon's heart palpitate.

But, for some reason, there was a wide grin on Dyon's face. His boiling titan emperor blood shook awake. It was as though it realized that the King of the Chaos Era weren't these mere failed beasts, but was himself and only himself.

The sound of crashing trees reverberated through the forest. Dyon couldn't help but be stunned as he watched trees capable of not suffering a dent after suffering a blow from his billion jin body suddenly began to topple over.

Even though the wyvern couldn't fly, despite its wings, its leaping and gliding ability far surpassed that of the bronzed. Its wings were so sharp that it didn't bother to change directions and glided straight through the dense pack of trees.

The wyvern was in a crazed state. Its instincts told it that something good would be here, but it also told it that other beasts would be privy to this information as well. As such, it decided that it needed to be fast and tyrannical. It was on high alert for powerful beasts, but it was precisely because of this that it fell for Dyon's designs.

The reason wyverns could never reach the same height as Dragons was because although they shared the same lofty arrogance, they were too savage. Too often, they fell to the curse of becoming mindless beasts. As a result, comprehending the human path was nigh impossible for many of them. And, even more unfortunately, their intelligence wasn't very high.

Ace and King descended from the skies. As an arrogant wyvern, it could never have thought that something would have been above it. It didn't have time to react before the two bronzed swept downward, priming their sharp claws toward the wyvern's body.

Their target wasn't anything lofty. They didn't expect to use this attack to deal a fatal blow. Instead, they aimed toward the wyvern's most vulnerable point: its thin bat-like wings!

A sickening tearing sound tore through the dense forest as the wyvern's cry of pain scattered.

Violet blood fell like rain, drenching the cracked forest ground.

The wyvern tumbled from the skies, crashing through numerous trees and rolling.

The once sturdy ground cracked and crumbled under its weight and the sharp claws it used to slow its momentum.

Unfortunately for it, Dyon wasn't finished.

Flashes of red formations surrounded the wyvern. In its pained and enraged state, its mind was even more vulnerable than it was usually.

It fell into an endless hell.

Unlike the chieftain, the wyvern didn't feel fear, it only felt more rage.

Did this petty Hell seek to suppress it? These were its lofty, arrogant thoughts. It didn't realize that it had fallen into an illusion. It wanted to fight the hell head on instead of breaking out of it. But, this only helped Dyon further.

The Queen of the Bronzed and the Queen of the cobras rushed forward, completely fearless under Dyon's commands. With their simple minds, they didn't have even the regular emotions of beasts, even their feelings themselves were controlled by Dyon.

Dyon had already used this ability to make them ignore the energy surge simulation that protected the Mellow Tribe. This was how they attacked back then without regard. Now, Dyon was using it again.

Queen's nimble, slender and bronzed scaled body swept forward, aiming for the thick leather underbelly of the wyvern with her vicious claws.

The cobra swept forward as well, taking the help of her two brothers as they tossed her into the air.

Simultaneously, two claws and two tusks sank into the wyvern's body. Queen caused its inner organs to spill outward, while the cobra sank her scorpion tail and venomous tusks into the wyvern's neck.

To now, Dyon had avoided using the venom of the cobras. Relying on it would ruin the meat. If this happened, what was the point in defeating these beasts? It wasn't as though Dyon would get stronger himself if he wasn't able to eat the meat.

However, this situation was different. Dyon didn't dare to take chances with this wyvern. Even if it meant being unable to eat a large portion of the meat, it was worth it.

The wyvern was stunned awake from its illusion by the new pain that racked its body.

Another surge of irrational rage took over its mind. But, unfortunately, that sealed its fate.

Chapter 1648: Never to Rise

Its sharp claws surged forward to rip the cobra on its neck apart. The cobras could never match the speed of the bronzed. While Queen had already swiftly retreated, the female cobra was still pulling her tusks and tail from the wyvern's body. It had no chance to dodge the coming claw.

But, Dyon had prepared. With a snap of his fingers, the female cobra disappeared.

The sickening sound of tearing bone and flesh filled Dyon's ears.

The wyvern's yellow slit eyes dimmed, the last emotion it felt being endless shock.

With a heavy thud, it fell, never to rise again.

Dyon didn't seem to be shocked by the results. In fact, his next command was near instant. He had Queen cut the wyvern's head from its neck, stopping the poison from spreading to the rest of its body.

The wyvern truly didn't have a chance. Its mind was filled with too much rage.

It didn't even notice that the female cobra's venom had already impacted its nervous system, stopping it from communicating with its body as it pleased. As a result, even when it commanded its claw to stop, realizing that the cobra had disappeared from its neck, its arm didn't react in time and continued forward, causing it to take its own life.



Beasts of this caliber had reaction times that were far too quick. If it wasn't for the cobra's poison, such a tactic would have never worked.

As for where the female cobra disappeared to, that was even more simple. It was the work of Dyon's array alchemy.

These fortresses weren't just strongholds, they were also hubs for teleportation.

While manipulating even normal techniques was difficult here, it was even more difficult to manipulate the space. Dyon's formations, once capable of bringing him to a completely separate universe, could now only muster several dozen to a few hundred miles if he was lucky.

But, this was enough. He didn't need to teleport the female cobra a long distance, just a few hundred meters sealed his victory.

Dyon was incredibly satisfied with the result. The wyvern never made it to the fortress and none of his beasts were injured.

Though everything from the neck up on the wyvern was now useless to Dyon, it was perfect for the cobras who were obviously immune to their own poison. So, it wasn't a complete loss, especially considering how large the body of the wyvern was.

Dyon divine sense looked off into the distance. 'Should I risk it?'

His brow furrowed. This time was the best he'd ever have. The wyvern only just died, so its territory was still off limits to the beasts around it. From what Dyon could tell, there were definitely some things worth risking his safety for over there. Namely... A nurturing pile.

Just how high level would a wyvern's nurturing pile be? It would definitely have saint grade energy, no? Then he'd finally be able to feel whole again.

Dyon grit his teeth and made a decision.

Entering the mountain range was dangerous for two main reasons: Firstly, his already limited divine sense became even more limited. It fell to just 100km. Meaning, the suppression he would face as a whole within would be at least 100 times more than what he already faced here.

And secondly, the beasts.

Theoretically, with the wyvern gone, her territory should be empty... But... There was no way to be certain for unexpected events.

Still, Dyon steeled himself. It wasn't long before he stood at the very bottom of the mountain.

He thought about sending a clone, but he knew what would happen if he did so. There's no way it would be able to withstand the suppression, it might shatter before it got a chance.

He also thought about controlling the beasts from the distance, but the nurturing pile wasn't something that could be moved, not easily, anyway. Dyon needed to be there himself.

Dyon shrouded himself in three layers of protection. The first was the wyvern's saliva. He wanted to imitate the scent the beasts surrounding her territory would recognize. However, he didn't want to use her blood. If he did so, the beasts would believe she was injured and might try to take advantage.

The second was his divine sense. He didn't know what level the beasts within this mountain range reached, but even if they managed to cultivate a soul and senses, it would still be impossible to detect him. He didn't believe any beast would have a stronger soul than himself.

Finally, he tapped into his knife true weapon will and seemed to vanish from sight.

Dyon felt his body grow heavy. The atmosphere almost made him sink to the ground. The gravity here was at least 5 times that of the forest.

He flashed forward at his fastest speed, switching to light type qi to help this along.

He took the very same route the wyvern had, leaping through sharp black rocks with a keen nimbleness.

Dyon sighed a breath of relief when he made it to the wyvern's lofty cave, his eyes shining when he laid eyes on what she had hidden.

The three eggs were a given. Dyon had been aware of their presence long ago, they were the reason he had chosen to target her and not any of the other several dozen beasts in this range.

It was rather what these eggs were nestled into that caught Dyon's attention: the nurturing pile. His arm, it could finally be healed.

Dyon hadn't been able to energy cultivate since he lost his meridians. Doing so would have ruined his balance and foundation. But now, he didn't have to worry about it any longer. He could finally start taking advantage of the Primordial Energy in this world.

Although the eggs had absorbed almost 50% of the energy within the nurturing pile, there was more than Dyon needed for his purposes.

A surge of holy type qi entered his arm.

Dyon's body felt completely refreshed. Hidden imbalances due to the rigors of body refinement slowly balanced themselves out. Even without eating any of the wyvern's meat, he steadily approached 350 000 000 jin. His body cultivation was now firmly within the middle 4th celestial realm.

Dyon took the nurturing pile and the eggs into his inner world, but before he turned to leave, he paused.

The wyvern's personal cave was deeper than his divine sense had mapped...

## Chapter 1649: Home

Coward would likely be the last word you used to describe Dyon, and that was only after exhausting every other word commonly used in languages across the martial plane. So, when his eyes saw a path to

a place his divine sense couldn't penetrate, his feet hardly paused for an instant before he moved forward.

Though Dyon could feel that his divine sense's upper limit had been restricted to 100km, in practice, the range was far smaller than this. It was as though the mountain range was filled with numerous barriers even his planet qi couldn't penetrate.

It made Dyon understand why it was that the soul path fell so far out of favor even until his own time.

One would think that since the soul was the basis of something so powerful – wills, intents, daos and even laws – that there would be more emphasis placed on it. Even if it was true that the soul didn't translate to direct strength, it was the foundation that sustained many of the strengths cultivators called their own.

But this world was like a tight slap to that reality. The soul was incredibly fragile here, as though the smallest matter could shatter it. If it wasn't for Dyon's level of soul talent, his mind's eye might have suffered the same kind of backlash a clone of his would face by entering this space.

Still, Dyon wasn't willing to give up on the soul path, though his body was forcibly halting his progression. If it wasn't for his soul, he would be next to useless in this world. Even the weakest tribesman could make a joke out of him. He was heavily reliant on his soul now.

Unfortunately, here was a path before him where his soul refused to work, where even all the belief in the world couldn't help this weak path sustain itself.

Dyon found himself shrouded by darkness as he slowly proceeded forward.

He could feel a fierce tingling on his skin. It wasn't the kind brought about by an uncomfortable or sticky and gross feeling, but rather one felt from a large surge of static electricity. Dyon was almost certain that this was the result of large stores of energy. Energy packed so densely that even his planet qi couldn't find a place for itself.

'What a waste...'

Dyon heart skipped a beat. This place was a holy land for cultivation. No matter how much slower the excessive Primordial Energy made that process, this was an undeniable fact. Yet, these beasts didn't seem to use this energy for that purpose. At the very least, it didn't seem like so.

Seeing a slowly brightening dim light in the distance, Dyon approached it. His hand followed the rough wall to his side, maintaining his balance and guiding his path.

Soon, the light couldn't no longer be described as dim. It was growing intense, a blazing red. And, what Dyon saw when he finally reached, forced his chest to almost collapse in on itself.

Type stones. But, they were unlike anything Dyon had ever seen before. They didn't fall into the holy, bold or light type categories he was used to. Instead, they were a blinding ruby color. They emitted such a heated pressure that Dyon didn't trust his body to take another step forward.

This mountain range... It was as though the type stones hidden deep within the earth were all pushed upward at once. What was once impossible to reach... were all laid bare here.

As a person of the mortal world, Dyon understood the theory of tectonic plates. The issue was that a flat plain of land stretching millions of miles wasn't exactly the appropriate model for such a school of thought. Either way, the underlying principles had to be similar...

Dyon understood why mountain had the greatest and strongest beast populations now... Only mountains could provide access to type stones that were once so deep within the ground that even the beasts couldn't have imagined accessing them before.

These ruby type stones, they represented the wyvern's own personal store, but this was only one location. Could the entire mountain range have these type stones or type stones of a similar caliber hidden throughout?

And, this was only a relatively small mountain range. Even by Earth's standards before it grew explosively in size, it was small. It even appeared in a backwater Region of numbered Tribes. What would a larger, grander mountain range contain?

Dyon took another step forward.

'How would the wyvern even get here? The passage is too narrow for her body...'

Dyon reached the edge of the sea of red light. It really felt as though he had stepped into a mine of rubies, except it felt as though he was standing at the edge of a volcano.

'So type stones can be like this too...'

Dyon wasn't certain because he couldn't be certain. He wasn't sure if this was a fire type stone, or if it was another energy that also gave off an oppressive heat. He couldn't help but think of the words of his master... 'Fire isn't the only thing that can be hot'.

For example, fire implies combustion, which implies the need for oxygen, but there is no oxygen in space. Yet, aren't stars still hot?

This was Dyon dilemma. He simply didn't know or understand what he was facing. It was easy to look at red and feel heat, then assume fire. But doing so might lead him to an early death...

...

"My beautiful daughter is home!" A boisterous laughter filled a grand palace scene.

A handsome, brown skinned man with an oppressive vitality boomed with a voice that shook the whole of Planet Shruti. One wouldn't expect anything less from Saru's father, especially with how doting he usually was.

Saru, however, didn't seem to be in a very good mood.

She had greatly matured. Before, her beauty was artificial. After all, what else could one expect after faking their age? However, the beauty she displayed now was her own...

## Chapter 1650: Unfortunately

Her black hair shimmered with a silver vitality. Her delicate brown laid blemishless, even if one scanned every inch, a single fault would be impossible to find. At the same time, her blue eyes shone like two twinkling pearls, hiding a cloudy but pure white within them that stood shrouded with a gentle blue. Meeting her gaze was like staring up at a bright sky.

Her body was now that of a grown woman. She stood quite tall, about an inch taller than even Damaris who was 6'2. However, her blue gown hid her figure. Or, rather, it was the shawl of white that covered her blue gown that did.

Why was such a beautiful woman unhappy?

For one, she was disappointed because the only person she wanted to see was nowhere to be found. Of course, she missed her family, but she had already spent several weeks with them and her father was still acting like she had just returned. It was frustrating.

But, this was only minor. This wasn't enough for a Princess, used to the etiquette of the court and a lady who had uprooted her life and moved to a completely new universe just for a trial, to display her unhappiness so clearly. No, the reason she was dissatisfied was because she had learned of the actions of the Sapientia.

The Shruti Clan Queen pinched her husband's side, glaring at him in warning. Didn't this big oaf see his own daughter's dissatisfaction, why had he insisted on throwing yet another banquet?

'We need to throw one for each one of my little girl's birthdays we missed.' He says... How ridiculous. But, when a King wants something done, it got done, even at the expense of his own daughter.

"Little sister, don't worry about that shameless old man." Saru's elder brother grinned, wrapping his arm around his sister's slender shoulders. "Come, praise your big brother. He did great deeds protecting your man. That deserves a kiss on the cheek, right?"

Even in what should have been a hall of nobles, Saru's elder brother still stood bare chested. Though, one could classify the gold chains around his neck as 'noble' if you were really trying to give him points he didn't deserve.

Saru's father's brows twitched at these words, stealing a glance toward a certain collection of individuals.

Unfortunately, Saru's brother, Tej, didn't seem to notice his father's pleading glances. In fact, he shamelessly began to tell stories of things that never happened.

Though it was true that he had gone to protect Dyon at his little sister's request, multiple times, in fact, Dyon never seemed to need his help at all. But, that wouldn't stop him from weaving grand tales.

Seeing her elder brother act like this, Saru's frown gave way to a light smile, before she began to laugh. It was a truly beautiful scene, akin to a flower awakening under the morning dew.

Saru elbowed her brother's side. "Don't be ridiculous, I'm sure Dyon has never even heard of you."

Tej feigned a deep wound. "How could you say this? Me and Dyon are like this." He twisted in fore and middle finger, wiggling them forward for emphasis.

"Oh yea? So if I asked him, he'd know you by name, hm?"

Tej coughed, "Of course, of course."

In the not so far distance, a man who was in fact just across the table from the two siblings felt his lips twitching uncontrollably.

When Tej first brought up protecting Saru's "man", he thought he was referring to how Tej had saved him. In fact, Tej had saved his life more times than he cared to count. It wasn't because Tej was so much more powerful than he was, but rather because they were in the same band of men. Though not as famous as the Heavenly Sword Guild, the Star Force, or the quickly rising Brotherhood of Guardians, they had a little fame for themselves.



But to then hear them mention someone else by name, and for that name to be Dyon of all names, he felt a crushing weight fall upon him from the skies above, destroying that small sliver of pride he had felt for but a small moment.

The young man smiled bitterly to himself.

It wasn't as though he didn't know. Tej had made the matter clear to him many times before. It was just that, in the martial world, matters of marriage were usually decided by parents, so although he never said anything when Tej warned him, somewhere deep inside, he felt that Saru would be his in the end, one way or another.

But there was something too striking about seeing her clear rejection of him. He had hardly spent much time with her to begin with, but hearing her automatically assume that the 'man' Tej was referring to was Dyon and not himself... Well, he wouldn't be much of a man himself if it didn't sting.

Sometimes even matters like these weren't black and white. Tej quite liked this young man – Heir of the 5th Quadrant, Adonis Atlas. He was calm and steady, not to mention the fact he had a strong backbone and had never betrayed Tej's trust.

Unfortunately for King Shruti, if he had wanted to control Saru's marriage, he should have never allowed her to learn that Heart Sutra.

How had a Clan who could control half of the 30th ranked quadrant become such close friends with the 5th ranked quadrant? Well, that's rather a matter of history. The Shruti and Atlas Clan had been close friends for numerous generations.

Their relationship had been growing a bit distant in recent times, namely due to the disparity in their strength. During the last generation – King Shruti and Adonis' father's, King Atlas' generation – the gap widened even further.

While King Atlas was a True God of the last generation, King Shruti remained an Emperor, unable to leap that final hurdle. It wasn't for lack of effort, it was rather because he simply lacked the necessary talent. As a result, the Shruti managed to keep their middling rank while the Atlas Clan shot upward from the mid 30s, and into the lofty 5th position.