

## **The Nameless 1651**

### Chapter 1651: Do You?

This wasn't a rare instance. The birth of a True God practically guaranteed such an event. Just a few ten thousand years ago, the Shruti Clan was actually ahead of the Atlas Clan on the rankings, but a single True God flipped everything on its head. This was the value of a True God.

But now, the Clans had gained an opportunity to grow close once more. The Atlas Clan had birthed a True God of the last generation, while the Shruti had finally birthed one of their own in Saru. If both Clans used their past relationship as pretense, they could form a strong alliance headed into the future.

Wars within the tower quadrants was frowned upon and only allowed within one's own quadrant. Intra-quadrant warfare was prohibited. Or else what reason would, for example, the Diasho Clan have to not claim the easy Faith that was the 100th ranked quadrant?

However, the Ancient Battlefield event was quickly approaching. Many smarter leaders knew that this peace would soon come to an abrupt end. If they didn't shore their defenses and prepare, they could get caught with their pants down.

This matter was made even worse by the actions of the Kitsune who the Shruti shared their quadrant with. King Shruti had spent the past several years walking on eggshells, wondering just what it is that they were planning.

The Kitsune had inexplicably closed themselves off from the world, they had even allowed the Shruti to conquer all of their border Gates without putting up any ounce of resistance. But while that should have made King Shruti happy, it actually made him anxious.

This was why he wanted to solidify his alliance with the Atlas Clan. They were a noble family who valued friendship. Even in the face of his weakness, King Atlas never looked down on him and always treated him like a brother. It was also clear to King Shruti that King Atlas had raised his son with the same values. This reassured him that this partnership would be great.

Although Adonis wasn't a True God like his father, he was still an upper echelon Emperor, just like Tej was. In addition, King Atlas obviously wasn't going to die any time soon. Once Saru matured, they'd have two True God level experts as their backbone and that would leave them all reassured.

But here was his daughter, living off in some fantasy land. Sure, he was aware that it was partially his fault for allowing her to learn that Sutra at such a young age, and sure he knew that the Sutra and his daughter's instincts could be trusted. But...

The matter of hierarchy within the martial world was too important. And, Dyon had far too lofty a status for his daughter.

According to reason, attaching oneself to a Clan with a Higher Existence protecting them was the smarter choice. But King Shruti was not this kind of man.

For one, he refused to abandon his friendship with the Atlas Clan just because a better choice had appeared. And secondly, he didn't want his daughter to just become one of a powerful man's many wives. Saru deserved a man who put his soul into her and only her. Adonis would have to do this whether he wanted to or not purely because Saru would one day be far stronger than he was.

However, a wrench had been thrown into his plans.

'Who would have expected a genius of his caliber to actually have such a good heart at the same time? Shouldn't all geniuses be evil womanizing bastards at their core? Except for my little girl, of course.

'Dammit Heavens, couldn't you have given that boy some glaring flaws Little Saru's Sutra could see right through?' King Shruti lamented his misfortune, feeling a massive headache coming on.

He still didn't understand how a boy from that weak universe had suddenly gotten himself Higher Existence as a backer. Maybe he was like Saru and had gone there for a trial...?

Suddenly, King Shruti felt a tap on his shoulder.

He turned to see a grinning young man who seemed to be in his mid 20s. But, he knew clearly that this man was actually his age. It was none other than King Atlas.

"Didn't I tell you to leave these matters to the kids, you're always so stubborn."

King Shruti rubbed his nose awkwardly. It had indeed been him who insisted on marrying their households together.

"Aren't you and my little sister enough?" King Atlas winked at Queen Shruti. "Our households are already as one."

"That's what I said, but this one doesn't listen. Apparently I'm not good enough for him, he needs little nephew Adonis too." Queen Shruti seemed adept at playing the little girl role when her elder brother was around as she pouted.

King Shruti's headache grew worse. He always hated when these two siblings started to bully him.

"Let's talk about something different, hm?" King Atlas turned serious. "We need to deal with the Kitsune problem you're facing quickly. With the coming wave, having a knife at your back is the worst possible outcome."

King Shruti frowned. "Do you know something?"

King Atlas sighed. "Yes, but for reasons I can't explain, it's impossible to tell you. I think we should attack sooner rather than later."

Like this, the 11th welcoming banquet held in just as many days became a war council.

"From the intel we gathered before all information was perfectly sealed, Head Void died under unknown circumstances. Though, we have a few clues." King Shruti spoke.

The atmosphere turned serious. Since this was the 11th banquet King Shruti had held, it had dwindled in size considerably. Other than himself, his wife, his two children, not to mention King Atlas, his wife, and Adonis, there was only Saru's Death Guard, Death Guard Elinor Hanu, present.

[Author's Note: Death Guard Hanu is Aoife's mother, mentioned during the Mino Clan introduction just after Head Void's attack. She doesn't share the Mino Clan name, though King Mino still calls her his wife.]

## Chapter 1652: Never

"Months prior to their lockdown, reports stated that they used the Void Tunnel we commissioned the construction of for Little Saru's trial. In all likelihood, their destination at the time was either the same as Little Saru's, or very close.

"We know that Head Void led a group of Void Clan disciples personally, all of whom were excellent celestial warriors. But, none of them came back.

"Soon afterward, the now dead Head Void's son, Kaori Void, forcibly took control of the Kitsune Clans using their 'Ancestor's Command' token. However, this was only after being elected the next Head Void by garnering the support of two geniuses that should have been his competitors – Fourth Elder Nobu Void and Fifth Elder Midori Void."

King Shruti sighed.

"We don't have much information other than this. We weren't worried initially, because we thought there would be some leaks. But, they really sealed themselves off."

King Atlas frowned. "Why did you assume this? It's not like you to make such a reckless mistake."

King Shruti shook his head. "Kaori Void is the father of Aki Void, a young man who was publicly humiliated and kidnapped by another young man you might have heard of, Dyon Sacharro."

"Ah..." King Atlas nodded in understanding. "You didn't believe that a father would give up on finding his son so easily, but Kaori was more heartless than you assumed."

"Right. I thought that he would still release some feelers in hopes of finding his son. Not to mention the fact that even if he was unwilling, two other kitsune clan geniuses, Masako Heaven and Gin Jikan, were also kidnapped on that day. I thought he'd face some internal pressure from their Clans as well, but everything has surprisingly remained tight lipped."

The room fell into a light silence.

"What purpose did True God Sacharro have for kidnapping those three in the first place?" Adonis chimed in.

No one here had the answer to that question, it was quite silly to ask. But, it wasn't entirely useless. There might be some use in finding out.

"It's possible that he wanted to mold them into spies. Or maybe they're being tortured for disrespecting his wife. Dyon does have quite a temper when it comes to protecting his women." Tej laughed.

"It's too late to use them as spies now either way. The Kitsune would be fools to accept those three now. It's likely that True God Sacharro was caught off guard by their actions too. He lost the window to make use of them thanks to Kaori's decisive actions." Adonis said.

"This Kaori shouldn't be underestimated." King Atlas frowned. "We can't allow him to take the initiative any longer. It's been about ten years since they sealed themselves from the world. That's not enough time for any sort of drastic change in absolute strength, but it is enough time for a change in functional strength.

"We can't forget that the Kitsune are a supreme grade of beasts. They're suffering from a small drought in talent right now, but they're fundamentally on the same level as Dragons. If this Kaori was confident enough to make use of something as rare as that token, it means he had other plans.

"Unlike other beasts, the Kitsune legacy hasn't been cut off yet. We either join hands with them, or we destroy them. There's no in between."

"So we should declare war." King Shruti decided.

"Not half-heartedly either. If things aren't dealt with now, we'll only face further problems in the future. Allowing an enemy to bide their time like this is the worst sin.

"My Atlas Clan can't support you openly due to the restrictions we'll face until that turning point comes, but a baseline of support isn't impossible. Namely, we'll help you develop Little Saru. She'll need to grow powerful incredibly quickly."

Just like all of the other True Gods in their time, Saru had just exited and was still a first stage saint. She was far from making an impact despite her talent. She needed to grow.

"There's really no need to worry about this so much." Saru said off handedly.

Numerous eyebrows raised toward Saru.

But, the young girl herself was thinking back to a memory from over 20 years ago. It was a young man, kneeling before two beautiful women, making a promise that rung in her ears even to this day. Following that, the young man entered a rage-like state. He ripped the enemy that dared to harm those two women limb from limb like a mindless beast.

It should have been a memory that made one shiver with fear, but whenever Saru thought about it, she smiled, a deep warmth spreading in her chest.

'There'll come a time where no even dares to threaten you two'. Those were the words he said.

"We can start the war." Saru continued with a smile. "But... since they dared to touch her, we won't be the ones to finish it."

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Dyon was completely oblivious to Saru's trust in him. Quite frankly, as heartless as it sounds, he had forgotten about the little girl turned grown woman. The last time he even thought of her name was when he realized that his defeating her during the World Tournament likely had more to do with her facing suppression than his own strength. Not that she was any match for him now.

But, she was very much correct. Dyon had no intention of letting the matters with the kitsune clan slide. He had placed them to the back of his mind because he lacked the strength to do what he needed to do, but he would never forget the slight Ri faced at their hands.

Not only did they harm his wife, they had the audacity to attack his home planet as though they were the victims. He would never let such a thing go.

As of now, Aki, Masako and Gin were still training under Dyon. Quite frankly, their level of dissatisfaction toward him had probably dwindled down to near nothing. Though they had little to no freedom, they were receiving more resources than they could have ever imagined before.

#### Chapter 1653: Error

Although he wouldn't give them the same treatment he gave his mother-in-law, Kawa, and allow them to become celestial foxes. It had to be remembered that Kitsune were supreme beasts all on their own. Though their bodies were weak, they more than made up for it was astounding energy cultivation talent.

Aki was probably putting his all into training to pay Dyon back for castrating him and was probably the one among the three that would never forgive Dyon, but that wouldn't stop Dyon from using him.

This aside, Dyon wasn't thinking about any of these things currently. Instead, his eyes were trained on a sea of ruby crystals.

Dyon stretched his arm out, his eyes blazing with a black flame as he slowly communicated with his chaos flames.

'Huh?...'

Dyon's eyes widened with surprise as he quickly snuffed the flame out. He felt that if he had hesitated for even one more moment, he would have lost control of it entirely.

'What?...'

He had expected his wills to be far weaker here, so he had avoided using them entirely. Or, rather, he hadn't seen much of a point in using them. But, his flames were actually so powerful that he nearly killed himself.

'That can't be... My spatial will was incredibly weak here last time I checked.'

Dyon's frown deepened. One of the first things he noticed when he came to this world was that his spatial qi was weak. He had assumed that, much like everything else, his wills were simply weaker in this world.

'Is it just my flames? Is it because of this place? Or is it everywhere?'

Dyon tried communicating with his spatial will, but the results shocked him.

'How...?'

His spatial will was so powerful that he felt he could leave this Region and enter another with absolute ease. In fact, he could blink a much further distance here than he could even in his mortal world!

'Wait... Is this because of me? Or is it because of Little Yin?'

Dyon's spatial will comprehension was no longer his own. Instead, he had abolished his own comprehension and relied on Little Yin's. The issue was that even with Little Yin by his side on the mortal plane, Dyon could travel further without Little Yin here. It didn't make any sense.

Dyon's gaze turned toward the sea of rubies. Was it these?

Logically, it had to be, right? What else changed between now and the last time Dyon tried to use his wills in this world?



However, something felt off to Dyon. The issue was that this heated red energy wasn't responding to his wills. His instinct was telling him that the power of his wills was only related to himself and nothing else. If this red energy was interfering, he would have definitely felt the change in qi fluctuations. But, he hadn't felt anything like that.

There was another matter, too. Currently, Dyon could comfortably stand at 350 000 000 jin. But, that still only represented 35% of his strength. So, how was it that he could perform better with his wills right now despite not having 65% of his power?

Dyon's heart palpitated.

'... Could my soul be not as useless as I thought it was?...'

There was one observation Dyon made while he was in this world that interested him greatly. When he used his creation array, the objects he built were far stronger here than they would be on the mortal plane.

Dyon immediately understood why when he noticed this. The 'building blocks' of the Ancient Battlefield were stronger than the 'building blocks' of the Mortal Plane. Whether it was the trees that grew, or the mountains that formed, or even the ground beneath their feet, everything was far sturdier here.

That was when Dyon remembered the basis of will comprehension. One used their souls to communicate with the Heavens and borrow its power. That was how cultivators used wills.

To Dyon, it made sense then that his wills were weaker. The connection this space had with the Heavens was incredibly thin, resulting in everything from cultivation to the execution of techniques being far more difficult.

However, Dyon realized something. It wasn't that the Heavens were weak here, it was rather that it wasn't the Heavens he was used to. The Heavens of the Chaos Era was completely different from the Heavens of the mortal era... It used a different language, so to speak.

But, what remained the same, from the very beginning of time to the very end, were wills!

Not only was will comprehension the very same in the Chaos Era, the building blocks of energy used to manifest said will was far stronger in this space, resulting in Dyon's wills being more powerful to an obscene extent.

The only issue that remained was just why hadn't Dyon realized this prior? Not only had he not noticed, but he had actually assumed the opposite. What had changed between the last time Dyon used his wills in this world and now?

The answer was simple: Dyon's soul had broken into the Dao Realm!

In the past, Dyon's soul was in the celestial realm. In fact, the last time he had used his wills here, he had only just comprehended comet qi. It was a far stretch from the planet qi he now wielded. Simply put, he wasn't equipped to communicate with the wills of this world because his soul was too weak. In fact, the fact he could communicate with wills at all was a testament to just how overbearing his soul talent was.

'I actually fell for the same trick twice...' Dyon almost slapped his own forehead.

First he thought he was unable to cultivate in this world, when the reality was that cultivation was just far harder. Then he thought that using his wills here was useless, when the reality was that his wills made him the strongest existence in this Region.

He actually believed that he was nothing but canon fodder here and could only command from the back, when the truth was that he should have been a front-line soldier.

If Dyon hadn't decided to probe these ruby type stones first, who knew how long it would have taken him to realize his error.

#### Chapter 1654: The Way

The Heavens would never create something useless. The Soul Path was abandoned in the Chaos Era because it was too difficult to cultivate, but the rewards one received at the end were just as if not more astronomical than one would receive for any other path.

'The Heavens like to play games...'

These thoughts rang in Dyon's head again and again. To expect a cultivator to reach to the dao realm before reaping any of their rewards... Wasn't that too much?

No. It might be even worse than that. Dyon's soul was far stronger than the average individual. For all he knew, others needed to comprehend star qi before reaching his level. The Heavens were too cruel.

Still, despite thinking this, the grin on Dyon's face grew wider and wider. His path forward had suddenly become easier. He was slowly understanding the rules of this Ancient Game.

What Dyon didn't know was that this realization wasn't a normal boon for him, it would be the difference between him dying an early death and surviving. Because those existences that sensed his flash of soul qi wouldn't remain idle for much longer... In fact, Dyon's actions would soon be exposed precisely due to that event.

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Hours ticked by. By now, Dyon had entered the sea of the rubies himself, his confidence far higher than it had been before. He had slowly begun to understand the type stone before him.

As though Dyon's thoughts were infallible, the ruby type stone wasn't centered around fire at all. It was instead a volatile, explosive qi that reminded Dyon a lot of ancient aurora stones.

Before Abraxus tamed aurora qi, it had actually once been incredibly violent, not to mention red, just like these rubies. One of Abraxus' greatest lamentations was actually that aurora qi lost much of its strength after being tamed which resulted in the soul path remaining weaker in comparison to other paths.

These type stones weren't aurora stones, though.

From what Dyon could tell, they were a type stone that increased attacking potency. Not just speed of attack, but strength as well.

Originally, Dyon wanted to categorize it as a light type stone of the saint grade, but their characteristics were too different.

For one, these type stones were too dangerous to use on a large scale, unlike light type stones. As a result, though it could theoretically increase speed, it wasn't wise to use it this way. Instead, it was better for short bursts to boost concise and well timed attacks.

In addition, this type stone had a disintegrating or destruction characteristic to it. It worked a lot like nuclear energy from Dyon's home world. It was constantly undergoing fission and fusion, which was likely where all of the heat was coming from.

This made this energy a massive double-edged sword. On the one hand, it could explosively increase your own attack power, but on the other, it was like a ticking time bomb hidden away in your body.

Suddenly, Dyon felt very thankful that he didn't end up throwing his chaos flames into such a space. Let alone himself, it was likely the whole region would implode.

Luckily, though this energy while acted like nuclear energy in practice, it was actually far more stable. It would only react violently when it was extracted from its crystal stone encasing.

'I'll call you all explosive type stones... You'll be quite useful...'

Mining type stones became far easier for Dyon after he realized the strength of his wills.

The glowing of the cave dimmed from its bright red to a more bland black as Dyon collected more and more. Soon, he couldn't dig further, even with his newfound strength, and decided to leave.

But, as luck would have it, he found an uninvited guest at the other end of the tunnel. Or... Maybe he was the uninvited guest in this situation.

The yellow slit eyes of a black-blue wyvern stared toward Dyon menacingly. As expected, the tunnel was too narrow for the wyverns to enter, but that didn't stop them from blocking the path out.

That said... Maybe the Dyon of a few hours ago would be nervous in this situation. But, the Dyon of now felt his blood boil with anticipation.

He had been cooped up for too long, doubting his own combat prowess and hiding behind the auxiliary abilities of his soul. But... That wasn't the way of the Titan Emperor.

A fiendish grin spread across Dyon's face.

His blood pumped, the thumping of his heart resonating so loudly that the low growls of the male wyvern were completely drowned out.

When Dyon first awoke his Titan Diamond Body, his blood had turned from a crimson red to a royal blue. Though he still bled red, his blood was much different from other humans fundamentally.

As time passed and his body grew stronger, his blood began to change once more. What once were small flecks of bronze became strands. And strands soon became entire currents. If one looked into Dyon's body, it would seem as though rivers of ambrosia coursed through his veins, pumping his body with vitality.

Dyon stretched his palm out.

If others saw this scene, they would think Dyon had lost his mind. He was facing a beast more powerful than one that took several hours of planning to take on just earlier in the day with such a casual expression. To make matters worse, his hand was now just half a meter from the snout of the wyvern. Was he really so intent on losing the hand he just regained so quickly?

'[Whirl]. [Spiral].'

A concentrated burst of green wind will twirled around Dyon's palm. He didn't even register the odd change because he was completely focused on controlling the massive power that flowed through him. Wind will had always been colorless... Though Dyon's half-step dao was a light green color, the wind it produced wasn't so...

The wyvern had already flinched at Dyon's loud beating heart, but seeing this odd phenomena form before it, it suddenly felt that its easy victory had slipped from it.

It had felt something odd several hours ago. One of its many mating partners, and one of the few strong enough to birth its children, had inexplicably let out a battle cry.

#### Chapter 1655: Wyverns

As a male, it was his duty to protect his females, but this particular mate was quite rowdy. She hated it when he interfered in her fights, so he planned to check on the situation after letting some time pass. At least then she couldn't blame him.

But, when he came here, though he smelt the scent of his woman, she was nowhere to be seen. To make matters worse, their children were gone.

He had been especially monitoring this litter because he couldn't allow any males to grow up. Considering how rowdy their mother was, if she birthed a son, he would definitely challenge his authority. So, he was lying in wait. If they were females, everything would be okay. But if they were males, they would be his next meal.

To his surprise, there really was a male here. But, this male didn't smell like one of his children. Plus, he was walking out of that hole that mate of his never let him poke around.

It didn't matter to him, though. Another male in his territory? And in his mate's den, no less? He would rip him apart, then question that woman for daring to think that having another man was an option for her.

These were all the thoughts of the male wyvern before he suddenly found himself shooting backward at blinding speeds, his body spinning and whirling in the air.

Dyon looked down at his hand, a hand responsible for sending a 15 meter long wyvern flying with absolute ease.

'It's definitely much more difficult to control...'

The shocking part was that Dyon knew he could bring out more power, if only he had more control. Unfortunately, he was forced to place an artificial restriction on himself so that he didn't accidentally inflict himself with irreparable injury.

Dyon made a note to himself to only use qi manipulation techniques he had mastered to the One with Self realm.

[Whirl] and [Spiral] both fell under this category, both being Peak Common Grade qi manipulation techniques. [Whirl] was a qi focusing technique that allowed one to output a massive amount of energy into a tight central point. [Spiral] increased the force of qi output by utilizing centripetal force. Together, it led to quite a formidable result. But, it truly tested Dyon's upper limits of concentration.

However, this was yet another advantage Dyon had in this world. But, this advantage wasn't due to himself.

Because his main body was currently in Calming Lake, he could simply devour the streams of consciousnesses around himself in order to replenish his mental energy. Essentially... he could train his qi control without limit, as long as his soul stamina held up, that is.

BOOM!

The wyvern's massive black-blue scaled body flew from the caves mouth and crashed into the mountain range. Because the materials of the Ancient Battlefield were so sturdy, the male wyvern's inner organs shook violently, causing it to cough up buckets of violet blood.

Dyon stepped out of the cage and into the air, light green wind will whipping around him at blinding speeds. If he could send such a large wyvern flying, sustaining his flight for a small moment wasn't much of a problem for him at all.

The loud crash would no doubt alert the other beasts of this mountain range, but Dyon was no longer afraid. Though he wouldn't claim to be able to defeat every beast in this mountain range alone, he was certain there no longer existed one here that could threaten his life – not at this depth, anyway.

Since that was the case, he might as well form a legion of wyverns.

His goals had changed. Before, conquering a single Region in a 2 year span was enough for him. But with his new discoveries, he wouldn't be satisfied even if he conquered 10 in that same span.

The male wyvern's roar shook the mountain range. It pushed off, leaping up toward Dyon at terrifying speed.

Unfortunately for it, Dyon's spatial will flickered, sending him clear of the enraged wyvern.

His palm shot forward again.

A brilliant crystalline formation appeared, glittering beautifully directly in the wyvern's path. Since flight was impossible in this world – well, almost impossible considering Dyon's current feat – the wyvern had no chance to change directions.

'Let's try this...'

Bold type qi awakened within Dyon's body. In that instant, atmospheric qi responded to Dyon's call, bending under his Presence and bowing to his will.

The wyvern slammed into the wall of crystal, its sorry figure reflecting backward even faster than it came.

'So that works too, interesting...'

Just now, Dyon had utilized his Silver Mirror Constitution in conjunction with bold type qi and his crystal will to reflect the wyvern's own leaping ability against itself. Bold type qi was able to give his silver



mirror constitution an inconceivable boost in ability while crystal will was able to amplify things to the extreme. The result was something that made even Dyon feel bad for the wyvern who was currently a mangled mess strewn about on numerous jagged rocks.

Of course, the result was so great because Dyon used saint grade bold type energy and the fact his crystal will, something he usually neglected, was so much more powerful here.

Dyon had planned to use the wyvern to experiment with his power some more, but it looked like it had lost its battle prowess with just two strikes...

The scary part was that qi was still incredibly difficult to manipulate in this world. It was a bit easier when Dyon focused on just one type, instead of trying to gather conventional qi, but it was still difficult nonetheless.

Yet, despite only being able to gather a small amount of bold type qi, the result was so exaggerated.

Though he couldn't experiment with the pitiful wyvern anymore, he had learned something else. Sensing and manipulating qi in this space was far easier when you had some of it already.

For example, just now, Dyon had switched the light type qi he entered the mountain range with to bold type qi. Not just that, he went from essence grade light type qi to saint grade bold type qi. He found that not only did having a similar type qi within his meridians make sensing and using the same qi easier, the higher grade of that type qi he had, the easier it became.

## Chapter 1656: Unfair

Dyon hadn't been able to manipulate atmosphere light type qi when he had the essence grade version within him. But, the moment he used the saint grade bold type qi from the female wyvern's nurturing pile, it was as though a doorway had opened up for him, one that hadn't been there before. It gave Dyon numerous ideas he could experiment with in the future.

Dyon looked down. He had been planning on taking another glance at the mangled male wyvern, just to see whether it would be better to eat him or if he was worth healing and adding to his wyvern army, but something else caught his attention.

'Green?...'

The color of his wills wasn't something Dyon paid attention to, normally because their colors were obvious. However, there were some colorless wills. For example, his wind will or his music will.

That said, his wind and music will had colorful half-step daos. His wind will had a light, gentle green for it, while his music will was a rainbow of color.

The first thought Dyon had when he saw the green wind wrapping around him was that the color was an exact match of his half-step dao.

'This Ancient Battlefield... Just keeps getting more and more interesting...'

Dyon realized he had to approach this world differently. This entire time, he had been treating these lands like another reality, but this wasn't the case. This was a game. Though it was a game he could lose his life in, it was a game nonetheless.

This didn't mean that Dyon would start taking this place as a joke, but rather meant the opposite. He had to take it more seriously. He had to stop treating it like a world he already knew all the rules of because he didn't.

The most frustrating part about Ancient Games was the inability for individuals to share the rules with one another. Not only did you have to strategize to win, you also had to slowly comprehend the rules you were strategizing around.

Dyon had already made numerous mistakes in this world, assuming things he shouldn't have. However, if he had approached this place like the Ancient Game it was, knowing he had to tease apart the hidden rules that shaped its landscape himself, he likely wouldn't have made those mistakes.

'Alright... I'll play then.'

The roars of numerous beasts entered Dyon's ears, causing him to smile.

Before, he thought that building a fort in these mountains was a pipe dream. He could only avoid them. But now, he had decided that this place would be his anchor to set a fire through the Ancient Battlefield. Though it wouldn't be immediate, it was definitely a goal for the future.

Dyon sent a mental command to the cobras and bronzed, telling them to eat the female wyverns remains to their hearts content. He had something else to feast on.

Though Dyon said that he could just absorb a stream of consciousness to sustain his mental energy as he pleased, the reality was that his main body was struggling. He had only made it half way through the 2nd tier, being just as slow as he was previously, but his mind was quaking as he continued forward.

It wasn't that Dyon couldn't feel this within the Ancient Battlefield, it was rather that he ignored the feeling entirely. It was similar to pushing through a day of work despite having a mind splitting migraine.

Even still, Dyon's masochistic tendencies toward his main body didn't slow as he turned the small mountain range into a living hell. The wyverns that had arrogantly ruled this place for so long became nothing but Dyon's canon fodder. It was to the point where Dyon wondered if there was even a point to do this. If he really was so powerful here, did he even need to build an army?

But he shook such thoughts off immediately. He could tolerate mistakes that assumed himself to be weaker than he truly was, but assuming himself to be stronger than he truly was, was a far worse sin. If he overestimated himself, only death awaited.

In addition, Dyon had yet to enter the depths of the mountain range.

If he had to describe the wyvern's strength, it was about 20% stronger than his mate who was about 50% more powerful than the female cobra and Queen working in tandem.

By Dyon's estimates, Queen could officially display the strength of a lower dao expert on the mortal plane. So, the wyvern's strengths were not a joke. They were at least on the verge of breaking the middle dao barrier. Though, such labels were meaningless here.

This sort of insane strength leap made Dyon almost doubt that his current strength was only a product of his soul and the 'building blocks' of the Ancient Battlefield. Maybe it was related to his bloodline and constitution as well...

The more Dyon thought about it, the more it made sense.

Ri's constitution world gave her control over the Elvin Race, numerous beast species they had subdued in the past, the fairies, and even the World Tree.

Madeleine constitution world explosively increased her cultivation speed, putting even the celestial beasts to shame. If she wasn't currently in a coma, maybe she would have already approached the peak celestial barrier.

Orcus' constitution world was a haven for refining corpses and a hub for death qi. Plus, it could be used more freely than the former two mentioned constitution worlds. It worked more similarly to Dyon's Inner World.

How unfair would it be if Dyon's constitution world was the Ancient Battlefield every other genius would be entering anyway in just 112 years? Did that even make sense? He had to share the benefits of his constitution's world with others?

Sure, he had a head start. And, sure, the descent of the Ancient Battlefield was rare, this would only be its third descent ever, so maybe he was just a bit unlucky. But something about that just didn't sit right with him.

#### Chapter 1657: Nihilism

One had to remember that Dyon's constitution world wouldn't have even opened up for him under normal circumstances. It was only because he forced the issue and entered the Bronze Silk realm that it happened so early. If not, it would have been a repeat of the last timeline and he would have missed his best chance to take advantage of his world.

As Dyon was thinking of this mystery, he didn't stop scouring the mountain range. He knew there was no point in dwelling on this 'unfairness'. Since when were the Heavens fair with him?

After subduing the male wyvern, the female mates and the betas of his pride naturally fell under his rule as well.

There were two more wyvern eggs, bringing his total to five, plus seven females and two males. Though, both males were castrated and heavily handicapped. Dyon wondered why the male wyvern left them around at all.

While he didn't find another mine of type stones within the caves of the subordinate wyverns, he did find one, as expected, in the cave of their alpha.

Much like the female wyvern, it was located in a tunnel too narrow for their bodies to enter. But, it stored the very type stones Dyon had been looking for this whole time: saint grade holy type stones!

Dyon understood immediately why the male wyvern chose this cave. Considering how often he likely had to battle to protect his pride and his territory, not to mention his many mates, having a place he could enter that sped up his healing speed was invaluable.

Unfortunately, he didn't know how to manipulate qi, and as such could only rely on the passive healing abilities of the stones.

'These stones will bring the sixth floor of the Sage Tower to an entirely new level... If I can bring them out, that is.'

Dyon shook his head and collected the stones. There were about 5-6000 of them. By Dyon's estimation, if he drained them all, it would be the equivalent to about 5-6 times the amount of holy type energy he siphoned from the bull-bird's nurturing pile and half the amount within the female wyvern's pile. It was a great boon.

Dyon looked toward the depths of the mountain range, but decided against continuing forward.

He understood that mountains were appealing in this world because they brought up type stones hidden deep with the earth. Since he was on the outer edges, he was still within what would be

considered shallow earth, but within the depths, greater type stones would be found, and greater beasts would follow.

[Author's Note: mountains usually start as flat land that curls in on itself due to some impact. So, the outer edges of a mountain range would represent what used to be the surface of flat land, meaning more valuable type stones would be hidden within.]

Dyon didn't allow his greed or recent windfall to blind him. He focused ahead on three tasks.

First, he had to raise the 5 wyvern eggs. Only by raising beasts from infancy could he groom them to be capable of using qi. Queen and the female cobra were only weaker than the female wyvern because Dyon could only provide essence grade qi to them, once he began feeding them saint grade qi, even 10 female wyverns wouldn't be their match.

Secondly, he had to train himself. Since he couldn't focus on his soul for obvious reasons, he had to accelerate the growth of his body and his wills.

His wills were currently a great strength of his, but he could only use a small portion of them because his control was limited. He had to improve. This would also greatly help his will comprehension and he could potentially break into the dao realm with several wills under this pressure.

As for his body, Dyon knew he needed to grow its strength quickly, namely because of his overbearing soul. He directly killed the two crippled male wyverns while he allowed the alpha wyvern to eat a few dozen holy type stones to recover.

After feasting on the crippled male wyverns, Dyon's bodily strength shot up considerably. After soothing and nurturing his growth with holy type qi, his body finally shot past the 500 000 000 jin mark. The bodily strength of a wyvern was far more than he could have imagined. If it wasn't for the purpose of using them in his army, he was have eaten the remaining 8 wyverns too.

The third task Dyon set his mind to was something he had completely ignored simply because he thought he didn't have the strength to even think about.

Within Orcus' Legacy, he left a map to his stores of battle corpses. One of those locations... Was on the Ancient Battlefield. The very same place Orcus found the baby skull of the Pride Clan genius that comprehended the Path of Nihilism.

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As Dyon was laying his claim to the Ancient Battlefield, the Mortal Alliance wasn't stalling in his absence, if anything, they were trying even harder.

Dyon had made matters clear during the last Mortal Meeting. This time, war would be happening whether they wanted it to or not come 2 years from now.

Before, Dyon didn't really have the means of convincing them with reason. His only reason for pushing war beforehand was The Entity. He knew he couldn't just sit on his hands, Earth was practically a ticking time bomb that only more strength would be able to diffuse. The issue was that anyone who had even the faintest inkling about how the minds of humans functioned knew that using a problem that wouldn't manifest for several hundred thousand years as a catalyst for action would never work.

Because of the way Dyon formed the rules of the Mortal Alliance, he couldn't unilaterally declare war alone. Though he had by far the most power, it was much more balanced than other quadrants. As much as he wanted to simply take the reins and control everything, Dyon knew that that method would be detrimental in the long run.

He wanted to foster an environment that gave his subordinates power and a path to grasp said power. Only by doing this would they try their hardest. Dyon couldn't do everything alone, he needed powerful individuals under him, so he had no choice but to choose this approach.

#### Chapter 1658: Play

Luckily, the Ancient Battlefield gave Dyon the perfect excuse. While he knew that it would only descend after 112 years, everyone else believed that it was right around the corner. Dyon used this to make the Clan Heads realize that there was no choice. If they didn't raise their Faith quickly, their future would come to an abrupt end.

Like this, yet another fire was lit under the Clans of the Mortal Alliance. Not only did they have to worry about the end of the 1st Tier Clan probationary period that was rapidly approaching, they now also had to strengthen their foundations so that they could properly claim military merits once the war began. They all understood that war wasn't only a place of death, it was a place to change their destinies.

The Clans that would rule the Mortal Alliance and the Clans that would end up at the bottom rung of their Alliance would all be decided with the next war. Did they want their descendants to live by walking on eggshells? Or did they want their descendants to strut with their heads held high?

This was the environment Dyon fostered.

The first Clan of note wasn't a Clan at all, but rather a collection of them – The Elves.

Ri forced herself to leave Dyon's side. Though she was worried, she knew that she was of no help simply watching him struggle.

Every time his brows furrowed, she felt a pang in her heart, but she steeled herself. Since she had decided to take on the role as Elvin Queen, she did as much.

Before Dyon's appearance, the Elvin Kingdom was in shambles. Orphans were without homes, there were massive divides and competition between pillar clans, and an infestation of hopelessness infiltrated their culture.

The Elves had lost their pride.

Though Dyon's father-in-law, King Acacia, blamed himself for much of this – and likely rightfully so – the reality was that this wasn't entirely his fault. The Elves had lost their path long ago, King Acacia's actions only worsened the matter.

Now, much of the administrative matters were dealt with thanks to the structure the Mortal Alliance provided, however, the Elves were still facing a culture issue that couldn't be solved in a few days. Ri had a massive task ahead of her.



The first thing she did was rip down the prior structure and rebuilt it using Dyon's vision.

Firstly, her father officially stepped down as King, doing away with the title. Ri was thus named Clan Matriarch.

The second aspect was a matter of optics and the first step in reforging the way the elves saw themselves. The Elves would no longer be known as the Elvin Kingdom, they would be known as the Elvin Clan. Not the Elvin Clans, but the Elvin Clan.

The third action Ri took was the disbanding of the various academies and guilds. Though she wanted the elves to have their own sense of pride and identity, she didn't want this to be at the expense of the holistic culture of the Mortal Alliance.

By tearing those structures down and fusing the elves with the Alliance, the differences between greater and lesser elvin clans would become smaller.

These matters became easier with Little Lyla by Ri's side. A True Empath and the Elvin Queen standing hand in hand made any discontent fall on deaf ears.

Despite doing this, Ri knew that these issues would be slowly fixed with the influence of the Mortal Alliance over time, this was just how Dyon and Clara designed to be. What the Elves needed most wasn't just cultural reform, but strength.

What better way could there be for the Elves to regain their confidence if not by displaying their strength?

Luckily, Ri had the perfect method of doing so.

Elves were known for the beast taming abilities, but the duty of the Elvin Queen was a step beyond that. Not only should she quell the beasts under her command, but it was also her duty to nurture the growth of the Elves.

That day, the projection of a mighty tree appeared on Planet Soul. What once was already an atmosphere filled with life and vitality took yet another massive step forward as the illusory image of the World Tree appeared.

Elves were born with strong constitutions. From the very first time Dyon stepped foot in the Elvin Kingdom, he learned that Elves were innately born with bodies the equivalent of Earth Grade Constitutions.

As for the Mathilde Clan, they who hadn't lost much of their strength were innately born with bodies that stood on par with Heaven Grade Constitutions.

These matters shouldn't be taken literally. There was a reason there were only 33 constitutions, 11 for each grade. They were incredibly rare. Even a mere Earth Grade Constitution was enough to help a genius rise up to the upper echelons of the Martial World.

What this truly represented was simply a baseline of strength. Their bodies couldn't be described as normal, and as such, the most apt comparison was provided by those with constitutions.

The best way to describe it was that elves were gifted with the bodily upgrade those with constitutions had, but lacked the unique abilities that truly made a constitution a constitution.

For example, Ava's Silver Mirror Constitution innately thickened her qi, giving it great defensive properties. In addition, her meridians were appropriately reinforced in order to withstand this thickened qi.

An elf might have a reinforced meridian wall, but wouldn't be able to thicken their qi or use it defensively. In addition, their meridians wouldn't be as thick as an individual with Ava's constitution either. They essentially had bodies a step above normal cultivators, but not as great as those with constitutions.

This made the few elves that did have constitutions stronger than even normal humans who had the same constitution!

Somehow, still, a Clan with such talent had actually fallen so far... It was because they had forgotten what it truly meant to be Elves.

Ri knew she had to take action to fix this, so she called down the World Tree for help.

It wasn't a simple matter to send a projection of itself into this World, but luckily, this was where the vaults of treasures the Elves left behind came into play.

#### Chapter 1659: A Finger

One of these treasures was a simple tree branch. Upon first inspection, it looked no different from a random twig one might find in a dense forest, but that was only as long as it remained in its crystalline container. The moment it was taken out, it emitted such a rich natural and soothing energy that one would feel decades younger just being by it.

This wasn't just any twig, it was one of the roots of the World Tree. With a piece of itself here, coupled with the rich Life Energy given off by the Life Stone, the World Tree succeeded in sustaining a projection of itself.

The World Tree was filled with the natural energy that made Elves so great at beast taming and was linked to their absolute power.

Soul Nature. It was a matter only Higher Existences had the right to reflect on. Even Orcus, who had been just a soul for so long, had only succeeded in partially grasping his Soul Nature. It represented a strength of the soul that stood above all others, a matter that could only be grasped once you had stepped upon the path of birthing your own nascent soul ... Unless you were an Elf, that is.

Elves do not have to reflect upon their Soul Nature, they are innately born with one! Or, rather, they should be...

It is this reason why True Empaths tend to be born in their race, enough for their rules around their leadership to be shaped by them. It is for this reason their beast taming abilities stand a level above that of others. This is the true power of a race that ruled an Era.

Titans were known for their overbearing bodies. Angels were known for their overbearing magic and qi. And Elves, they were known for their souls.

Still, Elves were a special race, one that gained their power by relying on their connection with others.

Their affinity for the elements and nature largely came from their contracts with the fairies. The Elvin Queen's sovereign path was taken from their contracts with the Dragons. Matters like this and related to this could be seen everywhere within their race.

As one might expect, their Soul Nature didn't come directly from themselves either. Instead, it came from the World Tree. It was it the elves were birthed from and it was it that bestowed upon them their greatest power.

With the disappearance of the Elvin Queen and the weakening of Elvin Faith, not only had their bodies fallen from their former lofty standards, they had lost this Soul Nature. But now, The World Tree had appeared once more, towering upon Planet Soul with a majestic green light.

As the Elves were once more grasping the strength that made them rulers of an Era, Ri wasn't the only one of Dyon's wives moving. Both Clara and Amphorae had taken a weighted responsibility on their shoulders – Clara with the mortals and Amphorae with the Pakals.

Clara's task was the more difficult of the two, slowly integrating mortal world culture with that of the martial world. But, that wasn't all she did. Rather, she wanted to show the martial world what the mortal world could do for it.

The Mortal Alliance began to flourish with Mortal World entertainment. Everything from books to movies enraptured their new audience. At the same time, mortal world technology took hold of the Mortal Alliance, filling a new generation with curiosity and interest.

As for Amphorae, her task was more straight forward and made even easier with her father by her side.

The Pakals were the descendants of the Asura. In fact, the Asura was amongst them, hidden within Caedlum's body. While many others looked forward to this war for merits, the Pakals had a different purpose... To repay the humiliation their own Clan dealt them.

The Mortal Alliance churned forward. With each passing day, their strengths slowly grew.

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While his wives were working Dyon wasn't lazing around either. In fact, in just 3 months, not only did he conquer his Region completely, he had put plan in place to push forward.

When he returned from the mountain range, he shocked the tribesmen. How could they not react in such a way, the young man they already believed had an army of beasts more powerful than they could imagine came back with eight wyverns!

With this, Dyon's beast squadron didn't simply double its power. Each individual wyvern could slaughter the male cobras and bronzed without Dyon's command. And, even with Dyon's command, they'd only be able to hold out for a few moments before succumbing to an inevitable death – and that was 1 wyvern against 8 male beasts.

This wasn't the only thing of importance either. Dyon found 5 total wyvern eggs. The first three were from the now dead female wyvern, but the second 2 were from two separate female wyverns. As a result, Dyon found three total saint grade nurturing piles.

Although the two weaker females could only produce half the saint grade energy the original female wyvern could, it was still more than enough for Dyon's purposes.

Due to the gentle nature of nurturing pile energies, they were the best suited for priming beasts and humans alike for grasping a type qi. Thanks to that, Queen and the female cobra quickly latched onto saint grade light and bold type qi respectively, causing their strength to increase explosively. Now, even the male wyvern couldn't stand more than a few exchanges with them.

With the beast squadron at the helm, Dyon's army waged war through the Region. Despite his explosive increase in strength himself, Dyon didn't need to lift a single finger.

One might have expected Dyon to first conquer all of the Inferior Upper Tribes, then proceed to the Medial, before finally attack the Superior Upper Tribes. But, this wasn't the approach Dyon took. He felt that doing such a thing wasted too much time.

Instead, Dyon pushed forward aggressively. After conquering two more Inferior Upper Tribes, he directly assaulted the Medial Upper Tribes, sweeping away them both.

#### Chapter 1660: Born

Using the Medial Upper Tribes control over the Inferior Upper Tribes, it was only logical that their subordinates would be swept under Dyon's control. By extension, the named and numbered tribes under them all also fell under Dyon's fist.

The battle that ensued with the Superior Upper Tribe wasn't even worth mentioning.

Dyon had prepared well for them, taking the whole of their subordinate Clans under his wing and organizing and equipping them all, he even took the vanguard of the attack. On top of this, Dyon had planned on using the explosion type stones as a final trump card in case things didn't go his way. But who knew the mighty Superior Upper Tribe was snap like dead wood.

Despite their having the best warriors and largest population of the Region, the assault of the wyverns was too much for them to handle. There was a reason even they didn't dare to venture into the mountain range.

In the end, the war of this Region only lasted so long because of the forest terrain and the wild beasts.

In just a single month, Dyon conquered the Region. But, in the following 2 months, the real work began.

The first task was to clear the forest. Obviously, Dyon had no intention of clearing the whole of the forest. Though it might make things more convenient, it made things more convenient for his enemies as well. He had no intention getting rid of so much natural protection.

Instead, Dyon established 5 major cities and 3 major forts.

The forests he cleared were only enough for these cities, while leaving the thickest parts of the forest untouched. What once were impossible to dent ancient trees became frail under Dyon's new power and the wyverns.

As for the forts, he built two of them directly within these thick forests, taking advantage of the terrain.

The final fort was built within the former territory of the wyverns. There was no reason to give up this territory, so Dyon decided to make use of it as an anchor point. He could make use of it to not only conquer the remainder of the mountain range in due time, once he did conquer the mountain range, he would also have direct access to the next region.

Following this, Dyon split his population which had reached more than 50 000 evenly within the five major cities, ruling them with rules he modified from the Mortal Alliance Laws. He wanted to slowly acclimate them to his leading style because he planned to one day bring them to the Mortal Plane, but he also couldn't be as lax.

Afterward, Dyon focused on vastly improving the way of life.

He cleared the beasts, chasing them into the thick forests surrounding the two forts. He built deep trenches extending from the murderous water sources to the cities, artificially creating vast networks of rivers and small lakes. And finally, he set laws to protect individual rights.

Finally, Dyon began building an army of elites. He couldn't continue to cobble together tribesmen he conquered. He needed a true army, one he could pour his resources into.

Humans didn't have the same restrictions as beasts. Namely, they were far more intelligent. As a result, Dyon didn't need to train them from infancy to gain an instinct for manipulating qi, he could teach them.

By the end of the 3 month period, Dyon had built his army of elites.

1000 male and female warriors, all with qi sensitivity far surpassing that of their peers and strength a single step above even the bull-bird.

Currently, they could only use essence grade qi as Dyon simply didn't have enough resources to allow them any better. But, Dyon was certain that had he had them from the beginning, conquering this Region would have only taken a few days.

Though they weren't as powerful individually as the beasts, they had a sharpness only humans could have and a willingness to work together.

Dyon didn't think it right to give them the same Demon General title. Instead, he gave them another name.

Like this, the Titans were born.

...

[Persistence is a good thing to have for a martial warrior, but persistence along the wrong path leads to folly, young one. Is there a need for you to be so stubborn?]

[What was the point of your entry into Calming Lake? What did it achieve? This isn't a place you use to just build taller walls, you need to break down walls with weak foundations to build up one with a stronger foundation. What is the point of you being here if you're not going to exit as a changed man?]

Three months. No, nearly four of constant pestering. The patience of the Crystal Dragon Ancestors seemed endless, they all had a calm disposition fitting for the Agios Clan.

Even continuous drops of water could eventually split a boulder.

It was safe to say that Dyon had last longer in Calming Lake than anyone else of his cultivation could, at least in recent memory. Even Little Lyla only endured for a few weeks at a time before taking a break. Yet, despite the near four months of perpetual hardship, Dyon had yet to descend to the fourth tier.



This wasn't to say that Dyon didn't benefit at all. In fact, it could be said that he was benefitting greatly. He was no closer to becoming the man he wanted to be, but his mental energy stores were skyrocketing.

At first, it was hardly noticeable. But, the more he endured the constant stream of attacks, and the more streams of consciousness that he devoured, the greater his focus became.

Mental Energy, despite its title, wasn't something easily quantifiable. One could measure conventional energy by cultivation stage, or strength output, or even control, but mental energy couldn't be defined so easily.

To make matters worse, mental energy couldn't be cultivated just because you wanted to. It was something that could only gradually increase with time and persistence.