

## **The Nameless 1661**

### Chapter 1661: Arrogance

This was why Calming Lake was such a grand treasure. Albeit for a small time for most individuals, it provided a systematic method of increasing your mental energy. With persistent entries, one could raise their level without stumbling around blindly.

In the beginning, Dyon absorbed the streams of consciousnesses around him by normal method. He would overwhelm them with his thoughts, devouring their schools of thought.

But, Dyon felt that this was getting him nowhere. Sure, he was moving forward and sure, his capacity for focus was greatly increasing, but there was something missing... His mental state wasn't improving at all. He was the same Dyon – inflexible and arrogant.

Though Dyon knew that a person changing wasn't so simple, seeing it playing out before him was almost depressing.

He didn't want to change. He didn't want to become a new person. He wanted to be himself, the same Dyon he had always been, wasn't that enough?

Didn't he treat his subordinates fairly? Didn't he love his wives equally? Wasn't he putting his life on the line for the sake of the entire Plane and not just himself?

Where were his imperfections? Where were his flaws? Who were these Dragons to tell him that he needed to change? Who were they to encroach upon his beliefs with their own?

An inborn arrogance that could light a night sky pulsated around Dyon.

Since his birth, what he hated the most was being tested. No matter how good the intentions of the individual doing the testing was, a deeply irrational part of Dyon seethed with rage whenever such a thing happened.

It almost felt like the individual doing the testing was looking down on him, as though they had the right to pass judgement about whether or not he was good enough.

How dare they.

He, Dyon Sacharro, wasn't a man that could be measured by just anyone. He couldn't be broken down into systematic measurements and stuffed in a box of walled potential others perceived as his limits.

He was Dyon Sacharro. He didn't have such limits, there didn't exist a box that could contain him, nor did there exist an individual who could measure him. He didn't lose. Not ever.

[But is that true, do you really never lose?]

[You seem to have the pride and arrogance of a man who stands above the Mortal Plane. No, of a man who stands even above the Immortal Plane, but what have you done to earn such arrogance?]

[You entered Focus Academy and the first thing you did was enter a battle you had no chance of winning, why? Because you had a little fame in you Mortal World? Because your mind worked a little bit better than others? Did you think that because you worked 'hard' it was enough to justify your high bridged nose?]

[Unfortunately for you, the martial world doesn't reward hard work. There are individuals who could work just as hard as you yet never accomplish a thing.]

[Whether you want to believe it or not, the reality will always be the reality. The Heavens are inflexible. The duty of a cultivator is to work within its framework, to calmly accept the tides as they come. It might be commendable to hold your head high despite these tides, but that will never stop the tides from coming. Fighting against them is foolish, you must fight within them. Who do you think you are.]

The same things were being said, over and over again. Dyon wasn't fooled by their different wordings. These third tier dragons were saying the same things the second tier dragons said, and those second tier dragons said the same thing those first tier dragons said.

An indescribable rage built up within Dyon's chest.

These moronic bastards.

A dark pressure descended upon Calming Lake as a manifestation that seemed to hold up the skies appeared.

'[DEVOUR].'

Ever since his birth, Dyon had had an air of arrogance. It was one his mother never bothered with, loving him regardless, but it was something his father had tried to wring out of him more times than he cared to remember.

Of course, Dyon's father wasn't an abusive man. He was strict and stoic, but Dyon wasn't an immature child who couldn't see his father's love for him. In fact, he was quite fascinated by the way his father's mind worked because he greatly admired him.

However, Dyon's father, General Sacharro, was a military man. Dyon's level of arrogance was intolerable on the battlefield. A man who couldn't lower his head when it was necessary was a detriment to the men around him, especially when this arrogance was related to insubordination.

Still, even seeing this flaw early on, General Sacharro failed to change his son.

Normally, parents wouldn't be able to see the failings of their children until it was too late. But, General Sacharro saw this side of his son early on, but was unable to change anything.

What was the difference between then and now? The difference was that Dyon respected his father. But these nameless Dragons? The same ones who dared to test him, the same ones that tried to mold his thoughts into their own? Their actions completely infuriated him.

It could only be described as an irrational anger. Maybe even Dyon didn't understand where it stemmed from.

Was it what he suffered at the hands of Aritzia that caused this? Was it the pressure on his shoulders? Was it the fact his dao heart was still empty? Maybe it was the fact he still hadn't resolved his feelings surrounding his chaos flames...

Whatever it was, a single man could only endure so much.

Dyon's idea of moving on was laughable if you truly thought about it. He lost his dao heart under the assault of his comprehension of chaos, yet he just seemed to move on and forget about it.

For a moment, his heart was sustained by the hopes and dreams of individuals he himself said he looked down upon.

#### Chapter 1662: Devour

Then, he shattered that newly formed dao heart willingly, all for the sake of seeking a new path he had next to no idea about.

If his arrogance was as infallible as he believed, then why had the reality of Chaos affected him at all? If it was so undefeatable, so untouchable, why did he rely on the will of people he disparaged in his own heart?

He shattered that dao heart, the very dao heart that stood among the very top nine, for what? To seek out a new, better path? Then why was it that he hadn't even tried to meditate on that new path since then? It had been almost 4 years now since he learned of this mysterious 'new path' from his manifestation. Why had he made no progress?

He lashed out in frustration, in an irrational rage. For once, he lashed out not because he truly believed the words he was hearing were wrong, but because he didn't have a better answer.

If he let go of his arrogance, what exactly did he have left? If he couldn't trick himself into believing he was undefeatable, that he was untouchable, would he be able to accomplish anything?

The issue was that Dyon himself didn't believe his arrogance was a simple trick of the mind. It was ingrained so deeply that sometimes he felt like a different person entirely. As though his personality was preset long before he was even born.

A massive wave of raging soul qi swept over Calming Lake.

In his rage, Dyon had suddenly accomplished something so very few in history had ever done... He reached the One with Self realm with a divine grade technique.

Devour. Devour everything.

Dyon's crushing divine sense descended upon beautiful pink lakes, rivers and clouds. It filled them with a darkness that had no place in this world.

It was such a fierce contrast that the Mystical Realm shook. A place spanning millions of miles shook under the rage of a single man.

[Devour]. It was one of the very first techniques Dyon ever learned. Back then, he knew so little about the martial world that he had no idea one wasn't supposed to be able to use divine grade techniques until they entered the dao realm.

How could that Dyon know just how heaven defying his soul was? To be capable of doing something so inconceivable despite barely being within the practitioner realm?

[Devour] had nine stages split into three acts. Each step forward was a massive leap forward, but Dyon hardly paid attention to it. The soul was too fragile to use [Devour] wantonly, so often times, Dyon ignored it.

However, as time passed, Dyon's soul talent shined fiercely. Even when he wasn't thinking about it, he would suddenly comprehend small bits of it. Before he knew it, he had reached the ninth stage.

It was lamentable. If he had reached the ninth stage when Head Void was attacking, he wouldn't have needed to activate his tribulation. The moment Head Void opened up his mind, the battle would have been over. But, that was all Dyon thought of it...

But suddenly, this day, in his absolute rage, he wanted to devour everything in sight. He wanted to tear down everything that dared make him feel this irrational anger, this anger that even he himself was ashamed of feeling.

It was then Heaven's Blessing descended.

The roars of the enraged Ancestor Dragons were completely drowned out by Dyon's own. He only wanted to Devour more.

Was it easy to reach the One with Self realm of a divine grade technique? Of course not. Let alone a divine grade technique, even doing so for a common grade technique was impossible for many.

Dyon had spent more than 100 years reflecting upon [Devour]. Though, if others heard of such a thing, they would bang their heads against a wall. Divine grade techniques were meant to be used by dao experts, meaning you should have hundreds of thousands of years to reflect upon the technique. Pretending as though 100 years was a long time was laughable.

To make matters worse, Dyon clearly ignored the technique for much of that time. Rather than consciously, it was more accurate to say that his subconscious reached the One with Self realm. But, regardless, the power was his own now.

Still... After their rage subsided... One wouldn't be able to help their curiosity... Just what did it mean for a divine grade technique to reach such a realm? Just what changed? How powerful was it now?

[Devour] was a technique that originally served two main functions. The first was soul qi absorption. This could be used to either replenish stamina or quickly increase one's soul cultivation. The second was memory absorption. Together, these functions became excellent auxiliary abilities, albeit dangerous to use.

During the first act, of which there were three stages, one would only be able to use this technique against those with weaker souls than them. Come the second act, it was possible to use [Devour] against those with equivalent soul strengths to yourself. Finally, the highest act allowed to use [Devour] against those even above your soul stage.

In addition to this, the acts provided various changes mainly toward the speed in which the technique could be implemented. The greater the act, the faster one could absorb soul qi and memories.

However, the One with Self realm was on a completely different level.

The first major change was in range. Before, Dyon could only use [Devour] if he touched an individual or applied the technique to something he shot out from himself. For example, he was able to coat his Tree of Life and Death manifestation with [Devour] because it was a part of his soul.

But now, Dyon could use [Devour] as though he was manipulating atmospheric qi. As long as one was within the range of his divine sense, they could very well be devoured...

This wasn't the most fear inducing part. As if the possibility of having your body drained of everything from 500 000 km away wasn't enough, Dyon no longer had to put his soul in harm's way.

#### Chapter 1663: Lost

He could use his divine sense as a proxy, ridding [Devour] of its worst weakness... Unless you were capable of shattering Dyon's divine sense with your Presence or a divine sense of your own... You were as good as dead.

Suddenly, the power of the Sovereign Flame and the reason so many lusted after it was becoming more and more clear. With Dyon's Presence perfectly fused into his Divine Sense... How many could shatter it? Did such a person even exist? The best they could do was shroud and protect themselves.

Even with all of this said, the second major change was still the most shocking of all.

Whether it was soul qi, conventional qi, devil qi, type qi, even the vital qi of the body, Dyon could devour it all. There was no longer a limiter on the kind of qi Dyon could devour!

... Even if what Dyon wanted to devour was Mental Energy.

Suddenly, a completely new door opened.

Was this the potential soul path techniques had? If Dyon reached the One with Self realm, would they be able to cross over and influence other paths as well?

If there was a God overseeing Dyon's growth, his frustration would be beyond imagining. Every time this God seemed close to stamping down Dyon's arrogance, a massive uprising would occur.

For Dyon's arrogance to give birth to such a devastating technique... Wasn't it simply feeding into the wrong path? If Dyon was rewarded for his persistent egotism with results of this caliber, what was the point of it all? It was as though the Heavens themselves were against Dyon ever laying his arrogance down, as though his arrogance was a part of the very fabric of reality itself.

Within the Ancient Battlefield, Dyon sensed this change in his main body. Or, rather, he felt the change in himself. After all, they were one in the same.

Despite the constant victories he experienced on the battlefield, Dyon had been growing more and more frustrated by the day. All of the things his main body felt, he too felt.

'Is changing even the right path to take.' Dyon looked up into the red skies of the Ancient Battlefield.

His hand stretched out, touching the trunk of a tree to his side.

Suddenly, an ancient tree that had likely stood for several ten thousand years began to wilt. It collapsed from its several dozen meter height, blackening under Dyon's touch.



'This technique... is almost too power. Is Orcus' technique even useful to me anymore? And just when I had reached 500 000 000 jin too...'

Dyon's veins pumped with vitality. He could feel the years the tree had lived sinking into his body. In an instant, he gained over 10 000 jin of weight. It was hard to doubt a path that provided such results.

Dyon sighed, a bittersweet feeling leaving an awful taste in his mouth.

As his main body raged within Calming Lake, there was a part of himself standing in a dense forested world, painted with red, wondering just what the path forward was.

On one side, there was the arrogance he had known all his life, a side that had never failed him and still giving him results he couldn't deny. Then there was the other side. A side of an idealized man Dyon believed he had to be.

What Dyon didn't know that the former represented a man who had never lost. As for the second side, it was the result of a man who was forced to hide with his tail between his legs for several hundred years as he bided his time.

However, the former had yet to accomplish much of anything. As for the latter? He became the Emperor that united the whole of the Mortal Plane.

Dyon was lost.

...

As time continued to tick by, not only did Dyon continue his spree, his own strength seemed to continue growing without pause, and it was without a doubt due to [Devour].

The idea of Dyon being capable of quelling and devouring all forms of energy by using his soul as a proxy was one that should scare anyone on the mortal plane. One had to remember that a common grade technique mastered to the One with Self realm was a rival for earth and heaven grade techniques, so just what did it mean for a divine grade technique?

Though Dyon could use [Devour] offensively, he had no absolute need to do so. To him, even if it could only be used as an auxiliary ability, the results were astounding.

That was right... Dyon could now use his soul talent to influence his energy cultivation speed.

Of course, this didn't mean that his qi cultivation speed had suddenly become equally as fast as his soul cultivation speed. However, it had increased to the point where Dyon was certain that no one without the Energy Core could stand side by side with him in this regard, even if that person was Madeleine – at least the current Madeleine who had yet to completely master her constitution, anyway.

As his armies crossed over to and conquered Regions, Dyon sat upon the male wyvern's back like a motionless statue. If one looked closely, it seemed as though the red tinted aura of the Ancient Battlefield was constantly surging toward him.

The reality was that that was exactly what was happening.

When one normally cultivated, you would have to enter a serene state. Then, using your comprehension, you would sense the qi around you. This qi would then have to be filtered from the others – namely, if one was a Saint, you would have to ensure that you only absorbed saint energy.

Following this, one would accept the qi into your body. Depending on the grade of your meridians, some individuals could absorb larger amounts with a single breath, while others would have to take care to go slower so as not to rupture their meridians.

These steps didn't mention matters like clearing meridians pathways or widening them to reach the next meridian.

However, Dyon was doing none of that. His soul became an overbearing thief, hounding the qi in the atmosphere and forcibly absorbing it into his body.

The qi that was too high grade for his meridians to absorb were directly taken into his soul. After all, enigmatic qi is what those who have entered the dao realm with their souls use to create planet and star qi.

Because Dyon's soul was already in the dao realm, he could indiscriminately devour the qi in the atmosphere, using his soul as a buffer.

As a result, Dyon's cultivation speed skyrocketed, even while being restricted to half his talent and being in the Ancient Battlefield. After so long being stuck in the 1st celestial stage, by the 6th month of his campaign, Dyon had entered the 2nd stage. By the 9th month, he had entered the 3rd, and by the turn of the first year, he entered that 4th and officially became a Middle Celestial.

Quite simply put... Dyon became a monster.

In this same time, the Titans wreaked havoc on the battlefield. Region after Region fell under their control, bowing under their might. In fact, if it wasn't for the difficulty of crossing the natural borders that protected Regions, they likely would have conquered more.

13 Regions. 30 Fortresses. 600 Major Cities. 700 000 citizens and 20 000 Titans.

What Dyon had accomplished in just a year would shock those who heard about it, but for those who knew just how powerful his soul was, they could only shake their heads and lament that they weren't born with such talent.

How could you fight a war against a Commander who could see an entire 10 000km landscape with absolute clarity? How could you fight a war a man capable of forging weapons and armor from thin air? How could battle a beast master capable of quelling the rage of the mighty wyverns?

The disparity between Dyon and the Tribes of the Ancient Battlefield was too large. As long as he wanted to, it wouldn't be impossible to conquer every tribe there was. However, Dyon was aware that the Tribes weren't the true powerhouses of the Ancient Battlefield. They were individuals who had lost their right to carry their Ancestors' namesake.

The true enemy were the Failed Clans, and they were a mountain far tougher to climb.

Still, Dyon was prepared.

Over the past year, he wasn't the only one to improve.

For one, while all of his Titans could use essence grade type qi, Dyon had finally nurtured 100 of them to utilize saint grade type qi. The result was astonishing, humans truly did have great potential. It wouldn't be impossible for this 100 to face off against a female wyvern alone. Though they'd be unlikely to win, it would at least not be an immediate death.

Secondly, there were his beasts. After officially mastering saint grade type qi, Queen and the female cobra became monsters in their own right, rivalling even the Dyon of a year ago in strength. This realization was most definitely a reality check for Dyon.

The male bronzed and cobras finally comprehended the utilization of essence grade qi, bringing their strengths to another level. In fact, they were slightly stronger than the females back when they first mastered essence grade qi.

And finally... There were the wyverns. Unfortunately, of the 5 eggs, all of them were male. Dyon realized over this past year that he hadn't been lucky to find the eggs, it was only natural he found them. In fact, giving birth was something the female wyverns did once a year. It was just that males were far more likely to be born and subsequently slaughtered by the alpha.

However... Not only had a year just passed paving the way for another round of births, but the strength of qi wielding wyverns made Dyon's heart palpitate.

Despite only being able to wield essence grade qi, the male wyverns were only marginally weaker than Queen and the female cobra. Though, Dyon didn't believe this to be because the potential of the bronzed and cobras were lacking, rather, the male wyverns simply had a higher starting point.

Due their nurturing piles, the bodies of the male wyverns were cultivated with saint grade energy even before their births. As for the bronzed and the cobras, Dyon took their nurturing piles from them, stunting their growth. Though he was slowly making up for that with the meat he fed them, it was still lacking.

As of now, the wyverns were simply of a higher caliber. And, since a year had passed, a new batch of eggs had been laid, giving Dyon an additional 16 eggs to foster the growth of.

This time, Dyon knew better than to take their nurturing piles. He allowed the eggs to be nurtured naturally while hoping that this next batch would have a female.

Following those matters, Dyon went on to split his army among his 13 Regions.

By design, Dyon conquered Regions as follows: there were 3 that stood side by side furthest North. Of these Northern Regions, the two on the wings were protected by tall and far reaching mountain ranges while the middle territory was located in a natural basin with only two exit points.

From the southern exit point of this Basin Region, there spread a wired connection of rivers and lakes that also occurred naturally. Due to the relatively safer conditions, incredibly strong beasts used this area as their main water source, even descending from the surrounding mountains. This was the natural divider that led to the next Regions Dyon had conquered.

With these 3 Regions acting as the head, the following 10 Regions were clustered together. Due to the fact their natural protections were weaker than the 3 Regions Dyon chose as his vanguard, most of Dyon's fortresses were concentrated along their border Regions.

Dyon left his beast squadron and half of his Titans in the basin and vanguard Regions. As for the remaining 10 000 Titans, he stationed a thousand each within the clustered Regions.

In addition to the Titans, Dyon conscripted more laymen warriors, providing them equipment and bolstering his protective forces from 20 000 to 100 000. This move wasn't very difficult considering the Tribesmen were used to battling.

## Chapter 1665: Pride Clan

After putting his mind at ease, Dyon turned his attention toward the center of the battlefield. He had accomplished what he wanted already, it was time to go and save Eli. Little Aiden had spent long enough without a father... But, before he left, Dyon wanted to see the Pride Clan's burial ground.

Dyon's instincts told him that there might be an answer there to what was truly troubling.

As his main body continued to wage a petty war against long dead Dragons, Dyon wanted to know if his arrogance was truly worth it. Did he even understand what it meant to be arrogant?

In the English language, arrogance had a negative connotation. But, there were many languages where arrogance referred to a dignified self of worth. It represented what it meant to be a man, a woman... A being who understood their value.

Dyon wanted to understand what his so-called 'arrogance' meant to himself. Why was it so important to him? Why was there a rational side of himself that said he needed to place it down, but a deeply enraged side of himself that pointed forward and said, 'Don't you dare'?

When Jade spoke to Dyon one last time before leaving her final wishes to Rose and her younger self, she noted that the calmness in Dyon's voice wasn't something he should have now...

The calmness Jade referred to was something only Dyon's future self had cultivated. Though Dyon tapped into it for a moment, allowing him to reach a level of focus he had never felt in his lifetime, it wasn't truly his... Nor did he understand where that calm stemmed from, until he read what Jade left for him, that is.

His alternate timeline self spent years running. Time and time again, he was slapped in the face and forced to endure. He learned harsh lesson after harsh lesson about why it was he hadn't earned his arrogance.

Those years took a toll that Dyon. It whittled him down, and chipped away at his very being.

But, was that Dyon a failure? Of course not. In fact, it could be said that that Dyon was far stronger than the current Dyon.

He was a man who suffered through untold horrors, yet still stood atop the world at the end. Sure, he lost to The Entity, but was that a result of his tempered arrogance? Of his calmness? No. His only fault was not being as lucky as his current younger self...

Dyon knew this. He didn't blame his elder self, nor did he look down upon him. In fact, he was the kind of man Dyon wanted to be, even right now.

What Dyon needed was understanding. The issue was that even he himself didn't know what sort of understanding he was looking for. There was no one to tell him that his personality should be this way or that. And even if there was, was Dyon really the type of person to listen to such things?

Instead, Dyon chose another path.

This calmness that Dyon was seeking after was an idealized caricature of something he didn't truly understand, so why try to understand it at all? Instead... Why not dive further into arrogance? Why not learn what the true meaning of arrogance was?

Who better to learn of arrogance from than the Pride Clan?...

Dyon's body melded with the wind. He rarely placed much emphasis on his movement techniques, especially after his spatial qi got such an abrupt boost, but one would be surprised to find out that he wasn't actually using a movement technique at all as he snaked through the thick, red forest.

His power wasn't the only thing that improved over the past year, his understanding of the Ancient Battlefield did as well. One such aspect was related to his wills... When he learned that they could be used in such a way, he realized that his understanding of wills was too shallow. But, this could only be expected considering he artificially boosted his comprehension by exchanging his life.

The map Orcus drew was several trillion years old and was only accurate for the Ancient Battlefield's second opening, but luckily, a sturdy space like the Ancient Battlefield didn't change very much over time.

Though, this wasn't to say that no changes occurred at all. After all, Energy Surges were still massive catastrophic events that could change an entire landscape. But, they didn't drastically hinder Dyon's ability to read the map, mostly because Energy Surge activity was incredibly rare on the outer edges of the battlefield and only increased in frequency toward the center.

Dyon wondered how Orcus received such a detailed map of the battlefield, but he had no time to wonder about it. Plus, it was completely useless for the positions of Clans and Tribes. Though, when it came to natural landmarks and mapping the sheer size of the battlefield, it did an excellent job.

Imagine the Ancient Battlefield as a massive floating disk. A large portion of the center of the disk was untouchable, as much as 70% of the battlefield was inaccessible to humans. There were large concentrations of impossible to defeat beasts that took up the center of this land.

The human population was located in the remaining outer ring, taking up about 20% of the land while the remaining 10% were taking up by untouchable mountain ranges and water sources, that, once again, had powerful beasts.

Currently, Dyon's 13 conquered Regions were located to the far southern edge of the battlefield and maybe by fate, the tombs of the Pride Clan were relatively close compared to how far away they could have been.

However, as one of the most powerful Failed Clans to have existed, the Pride Clan was incredibly close to the edge of that 70% untouchable territory. So close in fact that Dyon took into account the possibility that their lands could now be a part of that untouchable territory with the passing of so much time.

## Chapter 1666: Steeleed

Though this was bad news, there was good news, though. The Pride Clan was no more. Even in Orcus' time, they had already been eradicated. This might have been due to their dangerous location on the Ancient Battlefield, or it might have been because the Pride Clan descended in an attempt to reclaim their place on the Mortal Plane but failed.

Well... Maybe they didn't completely fail. Considering portions of the Seven Sinful Clans still survived with the Gluttony Clan, they may have succeeded in part, but not wholly.

Dyon cut through the territory of the Clans the tribesmen lost so much to. With the range of his divine sense, it was easy to avoid human contact. But, he couldn't help but be shocked by some of the Clans he saw even though he had already seen them once before. Some of them were even legends still told by his mortal world people.



He saw knights that reminded him of the Grand Templar Sect. He saw monks. He saw individuals following customs that he imagined could have only been common during Greek and Roman times. He saw large, bearded men who guffawed with the candor of Norse legends. He saw beautiful women with transparent wings and short grey skinned men. He half expected that if he dove into the water sources he avoided so adamantly, he'd find mermaids and mermen too.

It felt as though he had stepped into fantasy world where all the mystical creatures and humans of his dreams had become reality.

Realizing this, Dyon couldn't help but wonder. Why were there so many fantastical things here, but none in the outer edges he had conquered? Other than being slightly taller and more tanned than normal humans, there was nothing special or unique about those on the outside. Dyon was... incredibly curious about this. He felt he had latched onto another secret of the Ancient Battlefield.

Unfortunately, he didn't have the time to think about it.

He rapidly approached the boarder the regions so many humans didn't dare to approach. What truly shook those who saw this place was that it was nothing but endless flat land. Or rather, it was a no man's land that spanned hundreds of kilometers before breaking into mountains so tall that the ones Dyon had seen before were nothing but jokes.

To normal individuals, it was suicide to cross such a land without any cover, but Dyon didn't hesitate.

His knife true weapon will shrouded himself as he stepped into the void, rapidly crossing the dangerous region in the blink of an eye.

An oppressive aura suddenly crashed down upon Dyon.

With his divine sense, he knew well that it wasn't a beast, but rather this place itself. If he thought the gravity of the wyvern's mountain range was serious before, this was ten times more so.

Dyon gritted his teeth. His weight was already a massive problem in this world, so gravity making it worse was definitely not something he could handle lightly.

But, the tomb was right before him. He had no intention of turning back.

Dyon's heart steeled.

Wind will wrapped around his body, making his body as light as a feather. In combination with his light type will, Dyon really felt as though he had disappeared into the air.

This was his new understanding of wills. All this time, he had been using it as a purely external source, ignoring the potential they had in being internalized.

In truth, Dyon should have realized this long ago. During his fight with Lilith, hadn't she forcibly internalized her sword dao? Back then, there had been a clear path for him in improving his wills, but he completely ignored it.

After being on the Ancient Battlefield for so long, he finally caught a glimpse of that path once more.

Whether it was because of his own special privileges or not, Dyon felt he was far more in tune with wills in this space than he was on the mortal plane. It felt like he was very close to the root of the wills he had comprehended, so he could almost feel what path they wanted to tug him along.

Maybe... Just like there were True Weapon Wills... There were True Wills for others as well.

Dyon's speed reached an unconscious level, it was hard to tell whether he was faster using his spatial will or his wind will. And if he used them together...

Dyon's body cut through the heavy gravity as though it didn't exist. It was exhausting on his mental energies and soul, but with his main body still rampaging through Calming Lake even 9 months later, the impact was negligible. Plus, even if it wasn't, didn't he have [Devour]?

In just a few hours, Dyon had weaved his way into mountains taller than his eyesight could measure.

'According to Orcus, there were several protections. The first...'

Dyon didn't even get to finish his thoughts. As though acting on instinct, his spatial qi whipped to life, shifting him away several meters from a geyser of energy that pierced into the skies.

"Tch."

Mines.

The Pride Clan didn't take minor measures like the Tribes had. While the tribes merely simulated Energy Surges, the Pride Clan took it a step further. Not only were these Energy Surges very real, they were controlled. As a result, their after effect didn't attract beasts while also perpetually keeping them away.

According to Orcus' Diary, the only reason he knew this place was here and continued to press forward was because of one of his wives.

Orcus had many concubines, but only 6 wives. Four of them were Princesses of the Dark Phoenix Clan, but two of them were Devil Path Princesses.

From what Little Yin and Yang told him that day, the Seven Sinful Clans were part of Demon Royalty. They slowly weakened and died out, leaving their path to devolve to what was known as the Devil Path today.

One shouldn't confuse Demonic Royalty with the Demon Path which was inferior to the Titan Path. Though they shared a name and the same root, Demonic Royals were superior to Demons, albeit still inferior to Titans. Or, more accurately, inferior to Titan Emperors.

## Chapter 1667: Blood

The difference was that Demons and Titans still mainly followed the body path. While Demonic Royals also placed emphasis on the body, they branched outward to comprehend something Dyon hadn't heard of in a long time: Martial Intent.

That said, Dyon wasn't unfamiliar to with Martial Intent. For example, Faith Seeds were kernels of martial intents. What made Higher Existences who could begin to form them so special was that their intents were so powerful that it could manifest into reality and even be passed on should they transcend.

When techniques decline with the passage of time and the weakening of a clan's Faith, it's precisely because that technique's Martial Intent has weakened. Or, rather, Faith is no longer able to protect it from being forgotten.

This martial intent was related to why Dyon could read a book without ever opening its cover.

The concepts of the seven sins, Envy, Gluttony, Greed, Lust, Lethargy, Wrath, and Pride, these were the Paths of Martial Intent the Sinful Clans chose that made them Demonic Royals.

Still, Dyon was unaware of all of this for now. What was important was that the roots of the Pride Clan gave birth to the Devil Path. As a result, it was surprising, but not impossible that Orcus' Devil Princess wives would be aware of this place's existence...

Dyon most definitely made a mental note of this as he tore through the traps that hindered his path. This was yet another example of individuals on the outside being aware of the happenings that should be a secret on the battlefield. He knew there had to be more to this... More to the actions of the Mist Clan.

Dyon sprinted through the minefield. Though it seemed he had suffered multiple close calls, his body was complete in tune with his surroundings.

The closer he got, and the more he scaled the obscenely large mountain, the stronger the explosions of energy became. But, his mind remained tranquil.

Dyon tore through the protections. Even when the energy began to fluctuate widely, his divine sense was too locked onto his surroundings.

In this sort of situation, others would have lost their qi control. The atmospheric qi had become too volatile, but Dyon was prepared from the beginning. He used nothing but his wills and his body – just as the pride clan intended. And soon, his method was rewarded with results.

His body flashed and ran into what should have been the strong face of a black mountain, but instead of being crushed, he disappeared.

...

There was only one word apt to describe what Dyon saw the moment he entered: blood.

A sea of crimson and red was painted everywhere. Dyon would have called it a house of horrors, but even that didn't seem appropriate. If one used the insides of a person to paint a picture... This would be the result.

If it was just blood, maybe it would have been fine, but what followed was a swath of corpses stained in black.

They came in various shapes and sizes. Some were the stature of normal men and women, but others were enormous beasts. Dyon even saw one in the shape of a horse standing at over 5 meters tall, but what caught his attention was the spiraling bone of black the shot from its forehead.

All of these corpses had been shed of their flesh, all that remained were their skeletal structures, and all of them soaked in a sea of crimson that spanned several hundred meters.

The blood emitted an oppressive pressure. Dyon's footsteps, which hadn't taken a pause even under a sea of Energy Surges, couldn't help but halt.

'So this is Orcus' corpse army... No, skeleton army...?'

These were corpses that had been slowly refined over several trillion years. Orcus had hoped that in his absence, at least one of his corpses would finally break into the Higher Existence Realm, so he left them in 5 locations he believed might be able to do so.

It was obvious why he left this portion here, maybe this was actually the place he had the most hope in.

This crimson sea wasn't just any red liquid, it was the blood of Pride Clan Ancestors.

The largest difference between regular cultivation realms and the Half-Step Transcendent Realm was precisely the concept of Martial Intent. Higher Existences could manifest their will into reality.

One could see how a corpse would be unable to do such a thing. They had no will of their own, they were dead.

Orcus hoped that the latent Martial Intent of this Pride Clan blood would break down the final barrier, bringing these several dozen Peak Dao Formation corpses to the Higher Existence realm.

And after trillions of years ... He actually succeeded.

Dyon could feel the pressure from here. It wasn't a fluke that that corpse of what he could only assume was a unicorn caught his attention within this sea of corpses... Among the near 40 skeleton corpses here, it alone had succeeded.

Dyon couldn't help but hold his breath.

It stood majestically, a slight red wafting from its blackened bones. Its horn glistened above its head, weighing down a pressure that pushed the other corpses from it. It made Dyon feel as though it was breathing, that it had a mind of its own despite its stillness.

Dyon's foot shakily stepped forward. Even he was shocked by the impact this place was having on him, being hesitant, scared even, wasn't something he was used to.

Dyon had met a Higher Existence before, during his second trial. But he hadn't made Dyon feel this way. What Dyon didn't know was whether that was because he was weaker than this unicorn, or if it was because he was purposely holding back so as not to immediately destroy Planet Moon.

'Get a hold of yourself.' Dyon's mind growled at him.

Chapter 1668: I Knew

Much of the treasures of this place had already been taken away by Orcus. However, the best treasure still remained with this pool of blood. If Dyon was too 'scared' to take it, wouldn't that be too pathetic? What was he doing?

'What's wrong with me?'

Dyon stopped, gripping his fists.

[What a weak Path of Pride]

The voice was so sudden that it shook Dyon awake from his thoughts.

His head whipped around, but he couldn't find where it came from.

[You're the second individual to come here. The first didn't even have any Pride to speak of, he was a pathetic fool that hid behind his little toy corpses... Well, at least you're better than he was. I can smell it on you.]

Dyon could almost imagine a jagged, toothy smile appearing before him despite the fact there was nothing there.

[I can smell it. That selfishness. That unwillingness to lower your head. That Martial Intent of our Pride Clan.]

[Do tell me, child. Are you a descendant of our Clan?]

Dyon's body shook more and more violently the more words were whispered into his ear. It was a physiological suppression and reaction. This wasn't his mind bowing down like it had when he first saw The Entity hand, nor was it his mind giving up like it had when he first truly used his Chaos Flames... This was a bodily suppression ... This was...

'Presence!' Dyon's mind shook.

[Hoho, you figured it out more quickly than that other fellow did. It isn't as though we can do anything to you physically considering we've long been dead. But, that won't stop us from whittling you down in other ways...]

[Who do you think it was that created Presence, little boy. The perfect embodiment of bodily strength fused with martial intent. This was the treasure, the Magnus Opus of our Pride Clan. It's too bad, with such a weak Pride Martial Intent, your Presence will always be lacking.]

[Do you think a real Son of Pride cares for cultivation?!]

Dyon fell into silence. It wasn't that he couldn't understand what the voices were saying, but rather that this was all he could do to stop his pathetic body from collapsing.

Dyon knew that Presence was a very powerful thing. If two people of equal strength fought, the one with the higher Presence would win 10 out of 10 times. It was that simple.

Exuding a pressure upon another, your will upon another ... Why hadn't Dyon realized that this was the very definition of a Martial Intent until now?

But, this wasn't all. Presence was directly proportional to bodily strength. Technically, Dyon had comprehended the second highest tier of Presence in existence, Emperor Presence, only second to God Presence. But, his Presence was completely useless against dao experts because their bodies were simply far stronger than his.

What these voices were saying was that he was foolish to treat Presence in such a way. A true Son of Pride cared not for cultivation because their Presence would shine through no matter what.



Dyon closed his eyes.

'What did you leave this pool of blood for?'

[Isn't it obvious? We want to use fools and snatch their minds. When a Martial Intent is strong enough, it becomes a Legend that spans across time and space. However, Martial Intents from our Pride Clan seek to devour.]

Dyon laughed despite his trembling body. Only someone with an obscene amount of pride would directly speak of a plan that should be hidden like this. Clearly, even in their demise, the Pride Clan kept their arrogance.

The Pride Clan was banking that their lingering Martial Intents were powerful enough to manifest themselves into Dyon's body. If they shattered Dyon's will and infused his body with their Intents, Dyon would die a different kind of death.

His soul would technically still be his, so would his body, but his will would be that of a different person. Simply put, his personality would change.

'Is that so...'

On one side of the world, his body was facing a sea of calm. On this side of the world, his body was facing a sea of arrogance.

As though it was poetically divined, his body had reached 500 000 000 jin, leaving his body's potential perfectly halved. Neither dominating over the other.

In that moment, Dyon made a decision.

He began to walk forward. His steps quaked underneath him, his own ankle almost rolling over itself multiple times. But, he kept walking.

[HAHAHA, I knew he was a descendant of our Pride Clan. After the other bastard heard the truth, he ran with his tail between his legs, leaving these damned corpses here.]

A manifestation bloomed to Dyon's back, shaking the Pride Clan's hidden world.

The laughing and the jeering suddenly stopped as Dyon's gait straightened and strengthened.

The Pride Clan Ancestors suddenly sensed something... They sensed a Pride above their own.

Dyon shed his clothing and unhesitantly stepped into the pool of blood.

His eyes seemed to redden as he stared toward an unknown enemy. "[DEVOUR]"

Two manifestations. Two men. Two worlds. Two Paths.

Calming Lake and the Sea of Blood quaked under Dyon's rage.

His frustration vented outward. He was pissed off with the world. He was enraged that everything was so difficult, that he constantly seemed to be fighting an uphill battle, that even the Heavens themselves seemed to be against him.

Shouts of tempering his arrogance rang from one side, shouts he had been listening to for over a year.

On the other side, he heard nothing but shouts that fueled his anger, fueled his fury.

All the while, Dyon plunged toward the Calming Lake's lowest tier and walked toward the Higher Existence Unicorn all at once.

Streams of Consciousnesses swarmed Dyon, attempting to devour his mind but only becoming boosts toward his mental energy.

Blood surged toward Dyon, trying to crush his will, but instead becoming the vitality that fed his body.

500 million jin ... 600 million jin ... 700 million jin ... 1 billion jin!

A barrier shattered.

#### Chapter 1669: Silent

Dyon's agonizing screams filled the Pride World as his body deconstructed itself. Bronze Silk unraveled his body, quaking as they were coated in blood and blasting apart into fine light particles.

Soon, they began to descend once more, but not as bronze, but instead as silver.

2 billion jin ... 3 billion jin ... 4 billion jin!

Two paths clashed. They fought and tore each apart.

In one world, Dyon sank into a lake of transparent pink with a near endless depth. In another, he bathed himself in red.

To choose arrogance, or to choose a humble calm.

One path was unyielding, unforgiving. To take a step back was to die.

The other was like water, flowing with the ebbs and accepting things as they were while slowly forging a lane for yourself that didn't disrupt your realities.

But, Dyon didn't want to choose either. He didn't want to lose him. He refused to lose himself. But, he also refused to allow his shortcomings to cripple himself as they had in the past.

[I disdain the sovereign path!]

... 5 billion jin.

The words Dyon's manifestation had said in the past flowed to his ears.

[...You were pathetic enough to lose yourself to the despair of a mere Chaos Path!]

... 6 billion jin.

[... You have the face to be arrogant even while you rely on the hopes and dreams of others to keep yourself stable?!]

... 7 billion jin.

[... How is this the demeanor of a Ruler?!]

... 8 billion jin.

Dyon's roar shook the two realms. It was unknown whether this was due to the tearing apart of his mind or if it was the tearing apart and reconstruction of his body.

[... Do you know how many have reached God Presence by relying on the Sovereign Heart? Zero!]

... 9 billion jin.

It was then that Dyon remembered. His crown... It stood above that, it didn't refer to ruling over a mere Mortal Plane or a mere Immortal Plane ... It stood for absolute control ... Not of petty, unimpressive things... But of Dyon himself!

[GOOD!]

10 billion jin.

A shroud of grey clouds seemed to separate in Dyon's mind as his Crown vibrated, pulsing with an unyielding light.

That was true arrogance. Arrogance wasn't about running into any and all situations with a hot head, willing to fight any and everything you crossed path with.

The answer had been within himself this entire time. What was true arrogance? What was true, unyielding pride? It was to have absolute control. To have absolute control of oneself no matter what may be happening around you.

Control. To mold your own future with your hands. To not allow the world collapsing around you to causally imply your collapse as well...

This was the path Dyon was looking for.

In that moment, an empty piece of his mind's eye trembled. A radiating light pierced through both worlds, threatening to tear them down.

Dyon was too enthralled to realize it ... But the voices had been silent for a long time.

...

Dyon's mind's eye pulsed. In that moment, his nascent soul that had inexplicably disappeared just a year prior made its presence known once more.

In its chest, the very place the sovereign heart once appeared, a new heart began to form.

Its two remaining seals trembled under the might of its creation. Had they not been inanimate, one would think they felt fear.

A pulsing rainbow light flooded Dyon's mind's eye, pushing against its sides. What once was a sea of gold, became a beautiful array of vibrant colors.

By now, Dyon's body had completely entered the Ancient Battlefield.

The perfection realm of the Bronze Silk stage was 1 billion jin. But, the perfection of the Silver Silk stage was 10 billion jin! The moment Dyon reached that mark, his body had gained the ability to perfectly enter without any hindrances.

If one entered this space now, they'd be shocked. The world of crimson had completely disappeared. The blood Dyon had just soaked in became water clearer and purer than anything he had ever seen. What remained of the Pride Clan had been completely expunged from the world.

Filaments of silver silk descended from the skies, rapidly spinning and reforming Dyon's body.

In those moments, Dyon's blood became a beautiful sea of mercury. If one looked into his body, it would be no different than looking into the vital blood of a God.

His heart thrummed to life and his eyes shot open, sending outward a beam of rainbow light.

"Huuu." A breath left Dyon's lips. He could feel it... Within his mind's eye, the rainbow light had rapidly shrunk, burrowing into his nascent soul's body.

Suddenly, Dyon's eyes widened. "Shit!"

As quickly as he thought it, Dyon's body entered the void.

An instant later, his nascent soul grew a size, becoming around 17 or 18 years old. But, what was truly damning was...

Snap. BOOM!

A seal shattered. Its catastrophic momentum shook the void, tearing its way out into reality and wreaking havoc.

The eyelashes of the golden nascent soul fluttered opened, suppressing the explosion as it had done in the past. But, whether that would be useful or not remained to be seen...

Dyon frowned as he left the void. Once again, the abrupt explosion didn't harm him in the slightest, but the things around him were a completely different story.

Dyon sighed a slight breath of relief. At the very least, the black unicorn skeleton was completely unharmed. Though some might say it was irrational, Dyon was certain that even a Higher Existence corpse refined to such a high degree would have not a single chance against the full brunt of his nascent soul exploding outward with power. It was lucky that his nascent soul didn't seem keen on allowing the latent strength of the seals that bound it to blast outward wantonly.

However, although the unicorn was fine, the same couldn't be said for the remaining almost 40 of the skeleton army. Still, the sturdiest among them had survived, leaving an addition 8 aside from the unicorn.

## Chapter 1670: Changes

Dyon wasn't too depressed about this. By the time Junior's soul and death will became powerful enough to command such strong corpses, Dyon believed he would have already located and emptied the remaining 4 hidden corpse army reserves.

Without anymore hesitation, Dyon placed the black unicorn, the surviving 8 corpses, and the fragmented pieces that remained into his inner world.

By now, his inner world had expanded to 40 kilometers after becoming a middle celestial, so there was no issue. As for why he took the fragmented pieces, if he was correct, they could still be useful if used to strength whole corpses. The remaining 8 might potentially break into the Higher Existence Realm as well with their help.

"Hm...?"

Dyon's eyes blinked as he looked down at the clear water below him.

Due to the explosion, not only had much of the water dissipated, but what remained was greatly agitated as a result. Because of this, Dyon hadn't been able to see a clear reflection of himself in the water until now, and what he saw made his eyes widen.

Dyon's skin gave off a faint silver-rose light, it made it feel as though he was something beyond human... He hadn't grown any taller, thankfully, but the largest change was most definitely his hair. Not only was it longer than it had been, it was now a brown-silver. It didn't make him look old, but it did give him a more mature air than he had had in the past.

Though his hair was longer, that was only in comparison to the past. A single strand wasn't more than an inch or two long, and it was now so difficult to cut that Dyon directly gave up trying to shorten it any more. The effort simply wasn't worth the result.

In the end, his hair had become far fairer than it had been in the past, losing its stiffness and even fluttering slightly in the wind, similar to what happened when he entered his death will state.

Finally, there were his eyes. They were still golden, but now, strings of silver wiggled in from the exterior toward the center of his iris. Coupled with the slight tinge of green, it was yet another feature that made him look less human and more god-like.

Dyon grinned.

...



"Just what's happening..."

Damaris stood at the outer edge of the Calming Lake world. About 9 months ago, the world had begun to shake violently. It was so bad that no one else had entered in that time other than Dyon, it simply didn't seem safe.

Others thought it would have lasted for a small time before going away, but it continued to persist. They had no idea what Dyon was doing, but they couldn't imagine what it must have been like to endure such a thing for so much time.

Then, suddenly, just a few days ago, when they didn't think things could get any worse, the violent shaking reached a whole new level. If before, it seemed unsafe, this time around, it really felt as though the world would collapse.

Numerous elders of the Agios Clan had tried to stop Damaris from entering, but she seemed to insist on doing so.

It was then that rumbling came to a slow stop.

Time ticked by slowly. As it did, Damaris' agitation only grew.

Minutes became hours, and hours became days. Just when Damaris finally couldn't take it anymore and was about to charge into the depths of the world, a hand firmly gripped her shoulder.

"Let go of me!" Damaris tried to pry herself away, but how could she match the strength of a dao expert? Her Clan's elder had no intention of allowing her to move from this spot.

Calming Lake was dangerous enough as it was, if one entered with an imbalanced mental state on top of that, there was only death awaiting. Of course, everyone knew about the failsafe, but would Damaris quietly accept being teleported out once she reached her limit? Obviously not.

"I can't do that, Princess. How would I face the Master and Mistress? Let alone them, the First Princess would probably kill me before they could get to me."

An old man with a head of long, pale pink hair stood unmoving, holding Damaris back.

"Plus, I don't think you'll be disappointed by the result."

Just when Damaris was about to unleash a string of curses, the words of the old man registered, causing her head to snap back toward the world of clouds and water.

Releasing one's divine sense in a world that preyed on the mind was a level of stupidity only Dyon would take part in. On top of this, Damaris had yet to cultivate a celestial soul even if she was willing to take the risk. In the end, she could only rely on her own eyes to see a slowly approaching man from the distance.

In the cultivation world, something like walking on water was something even an essence gatherer could accomplish, but there was something about the slowly approaching young man who seemed to glide across the pink lake's surface that made her heart stop.

The perpetual frown that had coated Dyon's face for over a year now had disappeared. He had a calm, confident smile that made it seem as though he could make the entire world dance in his palm, as though there were nothing that could ever possibly be out of his control. His charisma was on another level entirely, it made a woman who had never once thought of a man in Damaris feel as though her heart was being stolen from her in real time.

Dyon had always been handsome, and it was true that Damaris wanted to be his beast companion due to his strength, but this was the feeling she had when she made that decision. She only felt that Dyon was a path for her to get stronger. But this... Was completely different.

Damaris blinked herself awake.