

The Nameless 1891

Chapter 1891: Engagement

Later that week, Dyon learned that Lilith accepted to marry Junior. This at least allowed him to sigh a breath of relief, especially when he saw that little guy's wide grin.

Dyon would be lying if he said he didn't feel a bit uncomfortable, though.

It wasn't actually about the marriage. It was rather that he was worried if he was spitting on his own moral code.

He had said that the marriage would only go through if Lilith agreed, but was it actually Lilith's choice? Or was it because of Dyon that this happened? After all, Dyon had pushed the Devil Quadrants into a corner, maybe Lilith felt this was the only path left to her, the only way she could help her Nightmare Palace.

"The early bird catches the worm! See, this husband of yours warned you. You two lagged behind too much, now you'll have to settle for fighting for second wife."

Junior laughed as he ran away from Mia and Bella's rain of small fists.

Dyon couldn't help but smile as he watched on, feeling quite comfortable.

To Dyon and his inner circle, Junior was his little brother. But, to the world and even to those of the Mortal Alliance, Junior was actually Dyon and Madeleine's son. Even Lilith and Eldaernth believed this.

Of course, the true details of this marriage couldn't be publicized to the tower quadrants. However, it was still a grand occasion for the Mortal Alliance.

The engagement party was broadcasted for all to see. A happy air enshrouded the Mortal Alliance.

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"It's good to see Junior happy." Madeleine said with a smile. "What do you think we should give as a gift? We are his 'parents' after all."

The engagement party had long since come to an end, and Dyon and his wives had already provided a wealth of gifts. But it seemed that Madeleine didn't believe that this was enough.

The two were actually currently travelling through the depths of space within the Sage Tower. It wasn't just them, but Ri had tagged along as well. As for what their destination was, it was unknown to others.

"Isn't it Junior's father-in-law that's meant to hand over a dowry. Since when did it become my responsibility?" Dyon muttered. But the only response he received was a giggle.

"Stop being so stingy." Ri reprimanded. "Since Lilith is now Junior's wife, she is part of our family. It can't be that you want to hold back things from your daughter-sister-in-law, right?"

Dyon felt a headache coming along. He really had been bullied too often by his wives recently.

"Alright, alright. I'll help her integrate with mortal meridians along with you guys."

Seeing the two of them smiling triumphantly, Dyon could only close his eyes in defeat.

The only reason Dyon hadn't helped his wives integrate with mortal meridians yet was because they simply didn't have his soul strength. As a result, they wouldn't be able to hide their strength. Luckily, Clara adapted quickly since they were originally her meridians to begin with. However, Dyon's other wives wouldn't be able to do so well immediately.

Since they had to participate in matters involving the Federation, it wasn't smart to allow them to integrate just yet. Once they approached the date of the battlefield's descent, that would be when Dyon would help them out. He also planned on helping his Demon Generals do the same as well. Of course, he would leave enough time for them to become acclimated with their new strength.

From what Dyon understood, there were actually grades among mortal meridians, the same way there were grades amongst normal meridians.

These were separated into Incomplete Fusion, Half Fusion, Fusion, and Perfect Fusion meridians by Dyon's research.

Incomplete Fusion Meridians could partially fuse one's vital qi of the blood, and conventional qi of the energy path.

Within Incomplete Fusion Meridians, there were those that allowed 10% fusion, 20% fusion, all the way up to 90%.

These shouldn't be underestimated. Even a 10% Incomplete Fusion set of Meridians could provide a massive increase to one's strength. By Dyon's calculations, a 10% fusion was the equivalent of half an Order. This meant that 90% fusion was the equivalent difference between a 9th Order genius and a 13th to 14th Order genius!

Half Fusion Meridians provided a 100% fusion between one's vital qi and conventional qi. This provided a full 5 Order boost in strength.

Fusion Meridians were a step higher. These meridians not only allow the 100% fusion of vital qi and conventional qi, but also allowed the fusion of soul qi with one's mind.

Though this didn't provide a direct boost to one's strength, it still drastically improved one's comprehension, computation abilities, and thinking speed.

Like Incomplete Fusion Meridians, Fusion Meridians also had grades of their own. This limited the amount of soul qi one could fuse with their mind. This grade could be parsed by observing the halo created when one's mind was flooded with soul qi.

Mortal Grade Fusion Meridians could accept normal soul qi and appeared as a dull white. Comet Grade Fusion Meridians could accept comet qi and appeared as a dull silver. Moon Grade and Planet Fusion Meridians appeared in a variety of colors depending on the person, but had a difference in size, Moon

Grade being the smaller of the two. Finally, Star Grade Fusion Meridians appeared like blazing fire in the form of a halo, and could accept Star Qi.

The final grade of mortal meridians were the Perfect Fusion Meridians. Dyon really couldn't see through their limits, but what he did know was that only he, Junior and Little Alauna had been born with this grade. Even Clara only had Star Grade Fusion Meridians.

Upon first glance, Dyon didn't see a difference between them. He once assumed that Star Grade Fusion Meridians and Perfect Fusion Meridians were the same. However, when his Immortal Sense awakened, Dyon's observation abilities were raised to an all-new level. It was then he began to see some differences...

Chapter 1892: Here

He still didn't quite understand. But he knew he had yet to reach his limit.

In the end, Dyon didn't actually believe that his Perfect Fusion Meridians were the result of him being more talented. Actually, he believed he was born with Star Grade Fusion Meridians. However, his integration with the Sovereign Flame is what evolved his meridians!

As for why Little Alauna also received this benefit, the answer was obvious. When a child between a Heaven's Child and another species was born, that child would become the absolute greatest version of whatever the non-Heaven's Child parent was.

Simply put, Alauna didn't evolve due to the Sovereign Flame, obviously, because Dyon hadn't had it when he impregnated Luna. She evolved thanks to the Heaven's Blessing.

To put these matters into perspective, within the Energy Kernel, 99% of the mortal meridians were Incomplete Fusion Meridians. 0.999% were Half Fusion Meridians. 0.001% were some form of Fusion Meridians.

Essentially, only 1 in 100 000 would be born with Fusion Meridians and be capable of using their soul qi to boost their comprehension. But, only 1 in 1 000 000 000 would be born with Star Grade Fusion Meridians.

Within the Soul Kernel, there were only 30!

So, Dyon had a decision to make. Should he give Lilith the best he had...? Or not?

Suddenly Dyon looked up. "Oh, looks like we're here... The Emperor Giant Clan..."

Emperor Giant Clan territory was quite a magnificent sight. As one might imagine for a race of giant humanoids, everything in sight was larger than life. Even a normal doorway had an arch five meters into the air.

Still, what surprised Dyon was the architecture. He would have never expected that a race known for their brutish nature would actually have a keen sense of proportion and style.

Though the designs still held a sort of manly, forceful air, it still held on to a refined elegance.

Everything was built of beautiful grey and brown stone that seemed to be chiseled into shape by hand. One would think that such colors, especially without the support of precious gems one might usually find in a capital city, would limit the appreciation one might feel, but the effect was the exact opposite.

'It seems that there's a talent here that just might rival Meiyang.' Dyon thought silently to himself as he strolled through the large city completely unnoticed.

Architectural talent might seem useless on the surface, but this was far from the case.

Running an Empire in Dyon's mind was similar to those city building games from his mortal world. Except here, instead of some sort of 'satisfaction' or 'happiness' metric, one measured Faith.

The better an Empire's infrastructure, the happier one's citizens would be. The happier one's citizens, the greater Faith would bloom.

Faith wasn't always about the external opinions of others toward an Empire. It was equally about what trend the internal opinions of the population tended toward. This was why fanatic territories like The Cathedral could exist without collapsing despite being so clearly horrible to their people. Instead of relying on true feelings of loyalty and happiness, they relied on baseless beliefs and doctrines to manipulate their population.

Simply put, such a talent in architecture shouldn't be underestimated. In some ways, the role they played wasn't much less important than grand elders of an Empire.

At this point, Dyon could wantonly spread his senses without worry of another sensing him. In terms of cultivators, even Higher Existences weren't qualified to detect his Immortal Sense. In terms of arrays, the Mortal Plane simply didn't have any legacies capable of exposing a Transcendent.

Like this, the entirety of the Emperor Giant Clan was projected into Dyon's mind.

'Interesting...' Dyon smirked.

Secrets? Before him, no such thing existed.

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"I must say, I was surprised when I received your Emperor Giant Clan's call." Dyon said with a light smile. "If I recall correctly, your True God Anak and my little cousin had a bit of a misunderstanding, no?"

Of course, Dyon was currently in his masked state.

Currently, he stood within large Grand Hall. Though, Dyon had personally described many Grand Halls in this way before. But this time... He really meant it.

Though he had been offered a chair, he directly declined. What a joke. If he really did sit in the chair they offered him, he'd look no different from a baby in a bib.

Emperor Angelus smiled awkwardly at Dyon's words. This guy definitely knew why they called him, so why was he being like this? Plus, what did a matter between the younger generation matter to them?

Of course, back when he learned of what happened to his son, he had been enraged, even wanting to seek revenge. After all, Anak was the light of hope for their Emperor Giant Clan... he was their chance to finally rise again. How could they allow his dignity to be tainted to such an extent?

Back then, in a rage due to Anak daring to have designs on his Madeleine, Dyon forced Anak to kneel before the Valley of Geniuses using what appeared to be bloodline suppression.

In truth, the Emperor Giant Clan never received a definitive answer for that. But, after seeing Dyon cast [Harmonious Whole], they all couldn't help but remember the incident from back then! Could it be that the Sacharro Clan truly housed the last remnants of the Angel Clan?

Emperor Angelus sighed.

"No need to play mind games, Higher Existence Sacharro. Our Emperor Giant Clan has called you here today to submit."

Dyon's eyes widened in surprise.

Yes. He was legitimately surprised.

To take hold of Grand Templar Sect and Kong Clan territory, he had to jump through so many hoops and even personally fight a few battles.

The Kong Clan had a lot of internal conflict he had to clear up, while the Grand Templar Sect, although not as politically complicated, had a man at their helm Dyon didn't want to underestimate. Of course, this latter realization shocked himself as well back then, but he was prepared for it since he had long since realized when he stormed into the Grand Templar Sect back then to save Giralda and Ryu that there was something odd about them... and especially odd about King Cromwell.

Chapter 1893: Conventional

But the Emperor Giant Clan was significantly more powerful than them. They were ranked 9th among all of the tower quadrants! Dyon, never in his wildest dreams, ever expected them to so easily bow their heads.

To put how ridiculous this matter was into perspective, Dyon was responsible for essentially handing the whole of the Kitsune-Shruti Quadrant over to the Shruti Clan, and yet even they were unwilling to submit!

Dyon suddenly grinned as he thought of something.

Like he had said before. Trying to keep secrets before him? Wasn't that a fool's errand?

"I see." Dyon said with a lot less enthusiasm than the Emperor Giants expected. "So this enemy of yours is that powerful, hm?"

Emperor Angelus froze before smiling bitterly.

"Don't you mean our enemy? This is a fiend all of us with angel blood must face."

Dyon smiled lightly. He knew well that there was this so-called enemy the angels had to face.

Who this enemy was? He had no idea. At this point, Dyon had so many enemies bearing down from everywhere, he even felt that one more was meaningless to him.

However, wasn't this matter far too convenient for the Emperor Giants?

They gained his protection, and a chance to become true angels, for what exactly?

Would they make a large difference to Dyon's overall battle strength? Probably. There was a reason, after all, the Nephilim were the strongest alliance in all of the Mortal Plane. Giants were known for their overwhelming battle prowess.

But, was this alone enough? Dyon didn't know.

Nothing in his life had ever come easy. For such a thing to fall into his lap like this. He was certain that there was a deeper matter at play here, one that would definitely come back to bite him.

"Tell me about this enemy." Dyon said casually.

Of course, these words confused the Emperor Giants, until they suddenly 'understood'.

Maybe, Dyon wanted to check if they really were one of his kind. After all, the difference between them was simply too large. While Dyon could use Ancient Grand Circle Magic, they couldn't even use the simplest angel magic.

Other than having stronger bodies than normal giants, and having a unique energy cultivation talent characteristic the giant race who normally focused on body cultivation didn't have, there was nothing special about them.

They thought that Dyon wanted to see how much they knew. If they knew enough and passed his test, then he would accept them. If not, they would fail and be rejected by him, forced to face this enemy alone.

Unfortunately, they had no way of knowing that Dyon was simply using this misunderstanding to squeeze information out of them. Though Jade had left him the key to a lot of secrets, there were still many matters he was completely unaware of.

And since Dyon didn't know of it, there was only one explanation... This enemy resided within the Ancient Battlefield!

Dyon knew well that in the former timeline, because his cultivation had been sealed, he missed out on the Ancient Battlefield, forced to hide and bide his time.

The Mortal Plane that Dyon conquered was nothing like this one. That Mortal Plane was occupied by many Failed Clans. Though some Clans like the Nephilim and Sapientia survived, many more perished.

Luckily, due to this fact, Dyon had information about the strongest Failed Clans, which was why he was still so apprehensive Ancient Battlefield despite his advantages...

He knew something that no one else knew. In the past, when the Ancient Battlefield descended, Faith would be the advantage of the defenders. However, this time... Faith would be sealed by the Heavens!

These Failed Clans, having been raised and tempered in the harsh environment of the Ancient Battlefield, would become the new pillars of the Mortal Plane. Their strength wasn't something the Mortal Plane could match.

Dyon had a feeling that the enemies of the angels were within these very Clans...

Taking a deep breath, Emperor Angelus began.

"The Mortal Plane has had four Eras to now, three of which have already been completed, and the fourth of which may come to end even faster than the shortest third...

"Back during the first Era, the Titans ruled everything and they were the light of the human race. It was because of them that we prospered through an era that was meant to be ruled by beasts.

"However, the Titans too became the very tyrants they had expelled. The deeper they delved into the Titan path, the more difficult it became for them to control their carnal desires. When we neared the end of the Era, many of them had already become no different from beasts themselves...

"It was then that we humans did what we always did. We fought, scratching and clawing toward a light of hope.

"We began to delve into a new path, a path we believed was far purer: the energy path.

"The Chaos Era already had a wealth of energy and qi types, but they were simply too difficult to grasp and control. In addition, their fields were very narrow.

"One might spend their whole lives comprehending a single qi type and become powerful down one path, but suddenly realize that it didn't fulfill the goals you needed it for.

"This matter was what truly held the human race back from confronting the titans. Qi types were exceptionally powerful, but they simply weren't versatile enough. Even the greatest of geniuses could only wield three or four at most, and these individuals were too sparse in number.

"This was when the human race made what was arguably the greatest advancement in its history...

"This was none other than the creation of Conventional Qi!"

Dyon's eyes glowed at these words, but he remained silent, allowing Emperor Angelus to continue.

"The creation of conventional qi changed everything.

"Firstly, one no longer needed to rely on affinities to cultivate. It was now possible for individuals even without any affinities at all to grow powerful through diligence and hard work."

Chapter 1894: First

"Secondly, the versatility of the human race reached a new level. We suddenly became capable of wielding qi that wasn't the best at any one thing, but was slightly above average in everything.

"Conventional Qi was capable of relieving hunger and healing minor injuries. It had potent attack strength and could even be used in defensive techniques. Its versatility was unmatched, especially not by the Titans who were only known for the strength of their bodies.

"The third benefit was something humans had always been the best at: research!

"The creation of conventional qi meant that one of the biggest hurdles of our race had been cleared, so our thoughts could be focused toward other matters. But, putting it like this was too simple...

"When one cultivates a type qi, only very specific meridian pathways could be used.

"For example, if one used the heavy bold type qi, fragile, narrow pathways must be avoided. If one used the airy light type qi, sturdy meridian pathways would impede its flow, so they also must be avoided.

"However, with the creation of conventional qi, there was suddenly no pathway qi couldn't travel in. This suddenly gave humans a far more comprehensive understanding of their bodies and a holistic view of their meridian pathways ...

"... This led to the creation of Magic!"

Dyon smiled lightly. This was truly a case of everything coming together to form a perfect picture...

"Over time, those without Titan blood slowly became more powerful.

"It was a combination of luck and circumstances. Titans weren't a united group. They were often very arrogant and confrontative. As a result, they were fragmented. They hadn't made any meaningful progress in countless millions of years because they were too busy fighting amongst themselves.

"Human ingenuity was something they had completely forgotten about. They no longer sought to evolve, but rather fought for benefits of their own.

"In the end, the so-called Titans weren't one entity like some history books made them out to be, but were fragmented Clans not much different from the current Nephilim Outer Quadrant territory.

"It was like this we energy path users began to grow in strength.

"Unfortunately, not everything went smoothly. Eventually, the Titans realized that the humans they saw as ants were no longer so weak that they could completely ignore our existence.

"In their own fragmented way, they began to stamp down what they felt was a challenge to their prestige. They didn't care about our innovation. In fact, like many times in the long history that occurred after their fall, they sought to banish even the mere thought of us.

"If the Titans had decided to band together to wipe us out, we wouldn't have stood a chance. But they were too arrogant to do this. They felt like their individually parsed Clans could do the job just fine. And in reality... They weren't entirely wrong.

"Us new age humans were slaughtered one by one without a chance to fight back. Even as loose clumps of sand, the difference between us and the Titans was simply too grand.

"Though cultivating conventional qi was easier than typed qi, this was still the Chaos Era. Energy was too volatile, and soothing it into a useable form was still extremely difficult.

"We were facing an enemy that relied solely on their bodies, a near inexhaustible reserve of stamina, while our reserves were limited and depleted very quickly. A Titan could battle for months, even years without end, but we could last maybe a few hours at most.

"Things like wielding atmospheric qi or establishing Domains? They were too high grade for our ancient ancestors. Research into cultivation simply hadn't progressed far enough to comprehend these things.

"But it was then, with our backs against the wall, that our human race experienced one final breakthrough!

"Maybe it was due to us, or maybe it was the Heavens who were unwilling to see this new path being snuffed out in its infancy, but we were given another light of hope.

"Magic began to evolve. From something that could only have limited effects, it became more and more grand. Eventually, it even became capable of changing the very constitutions of humans themselves.

"We soon realized that these magics, when performed with type qi, could exhibit strengths far beyond what they could with conventional qi. Our ancestors began to see a chance. They had neglected type qi

after the creation of conventional qi, but they suddenly understood that the Heavens never create a thing without a purpose!

"Of these type magics, the one that showed the greatest promise was those performed by holy type qi. Not only were they capable of healing, but it seemed this healing ability was fundamentally linked to source of life itself. If this source was controlled, then maybe humans could even grasp a path toward their own evolution!

"We named these magics blessings! With their help, the first Angel was born!"

It was no wonder.

Dyon often found himself vastly underestimating the strength of his Blessings, but the reality showed that there was a very good reason for this.

After judging his own strength, Dyon usually concluded that he needed to make use of holy type qi or else the effect would be too weak. However, whenever he used holy type qi, the result would be wildly out of his control. One only needs to look toward what happened when he tried to save Little Alauna from those sprite bastards to see this.

Honestly, Dyon blamed his teacher, Lillianna. Wasn't it her fault that he always misjudged the strength of his Ancient Grand Circle Magic?

In reality, though, this wasn't Lillianna's fault. After all, by the time she was born, type qi had faded from existence and only conventional qi remained. She had no way of knowing how powerful these magics would be with holy type qi. Couple this with the fact she didn't have the Wings of Blessings herself, and this was an inevitable conclusion.

Dyon was only snapped out of his thoughts by Emperor Angelus' voice.

Chapter 1895: Olympus Clan

"For some matters, the first Ancestor is sometimes the most powerful. However, in the case of the strongest races of an Era, the first Ancestor is only the beginning.

"The first Angel born was a Heaven's Angel. Their birth greatly changed what we believed could be possible with qi. At first, it was the belief that we would be able to use qi to carve out a piece of existence for ourselves and make the Titans feel apprehensive... But now we felt that even defeating the Titans was possible, even eradicating them all and ridding the Mortal Plane of their scourge might become a reality!

"Soon after the Heaven's Angel, another birth of angels occurred, and the Hell's Angel was born! These individuals snatched some of the abilities of the Titans for themselves, using qi to replicate their strengths and build strong bodies for themselves.

"If the Heaven's Angel gave us hope, the Hell's Angel gave us arrogance. It gave us the confidence to realize that what the Titans could do, we could do as well!

"This swelling of public content led to the third massive discovery, and likely the discovery that led us to victory in those times... Faith!

"As our comprehension of qi deepened, we began to delve into the mysteries of the world. We were far more qualified to do so than the Titans who lost their minds to their own strength.

"We soon realized that there was a mysterious type qi that we could sense, but no one seemed capable of wielding. After countless years of research and barely hanging on against the Titan assault, we discovered Faith. Not only did we discover it, but we came to comprehend just how to wield it!

"We ourselves aren't capable of wielding Faith. However, if we used the Heavens as a medium, not only would wielding this mysterious strength become as easy as breathing, but it could even give an individual who hadn't cultivated a single day in their lives strength beyond their imagining!

"However, what we needed was time.

"Finding these mediums of Heaven was too difficult. Universe Spirits would often hide, and sometimes would even move locations depending on the fluctuations of energy within their domains. Since the science was still in its infancy, many of our ancestors failed many times more than they succeeded.

"Still, even these small successes slowly began to add up. Those who could wield Faith grew, and our battle against the Titans became more and more even before there eventually came a day where it was we who oppressed them!

"However, it just wasn't enough. When the Titans realized they were truly on the brink of destruction, they finally set their arrogance aside and came together as one. What humanity most feared had come to fruition.

"All of our so-called victories were the product of the Titans being as loose as sand. They had no unity, no cohesion. But in an instant, all of this changed. Under danger of being eradicated, they banded together.

"At this point, maybe the best choice would have been to pull back. After all, in the end, weren't we all humans? Our stories were strikingly similar. Out of the desire for survival, to make something better of ourselves, we broke through the locks on our potential and ascended the Heavens. Was there a need to fight?"

Dyon sighed along with the Emperor Giant. If only humans blinded by greed and power could see so far.

On one side, there were the Titans who were unwilling to give up the strength they had gained. On the other, there were the Angels who had finally gotten a taste of power themselves.

Would any of them truly stop?

"Unfortunately, none of this mattered. The beasts had long become relics of the past, and all we could see were the enemies before us.

"As one might expect, the Titans kept their advantage. The ground the Angels had gained was quickly lost. Finding Universe Spirits was simply too difficult!

"However, for better, or for worse, when it mattered most, the Angels broke through once again...

"... This time, the Wings of Blessings were born!"

Dyon's eyes narrowed.

"This time, the matter wasn't so simple at all. This time, the Ancestor had a name that was remembered through the generations.

"The first Golden Winged Angel born was known by all! His name was Zeus of the Olympus Clan!"

A tremor rippled through Dyon's body.

This time he had felt it. It couldn't have been more real, that apprehension in his heart.

He had realized long ago that the legends of his Mortal Clan were actually ripples of Faith surviving across space and time. But this was the very first time he felt this reality so profoundly.

A battle between the Titans and Olympus? Maybe if he was still that eight-year-old boy from so many years ago, he would find this to just be a fascinating story to listen to. After all, which mortal child hadn't been regaled with the tales of the Greek Gods of old?

However, this time, something felt different.

Though Dyon's body hadn't transcended, in a sense, his soul had done so in part. Before, he wasn't qualified to feel this ripple, but now, it resounded in his mind that a fiercely ringing bell.

Olympus Clan! Just what kind of existence were they?

"The Olympus Clan, under the leadership of Zeus, led us all. With the birth of the Wings of Blessings, Angels suddenly gained the ability to evolve.

"From Angels, we became the Virtuous, mighty two-winged angels. From the Virtuous, we became the Archangels, mighty three-winged angels. From the Archangels, we became Thrones, mighty four-winged angels. From the Thrones we became the Cherubim, mighty five-winged angels. And from the Cherubs we became the ultimate existence amongst angels... The Seraphim! Mighty six-winged angels!

"This didn't all happen at once, but Zeus' speed of improvement was mind boggling. He seemed to have talent that overshadowed all those existence. It wasn't until a second of his kind appeared that we realized came to understand that his talent wasn't normal thanks to a gift by the Heavens...

"Zeus was the first wielder of the legendary Ancient Constitution! ... He was also known as..."

BOOM!

Chapter 1896: Attention

Dyon felt the tremble in mind grow fiercer. In an instant, his mind spun, connecting many seemingly disjointed memories. If his face wasn't hidden beneath a mask, the Emperor Giant would be shocked to see that the man he lauded as a Higher Existence was pale beyond recognition!

Amphorae, his very own wife's constitution, was known as Hypnos' Muse. When she explained it to him, what had she said exactly...

That was right. Others believed that Amphorae was simply weaker than they initially thought because of her subpar performance during the Federation's first mission, but only those close to her knew that there were two very good reasons!

First, she spent much of her time training Clara. And second, the time that wasn't spent training Clara... Was spent sleeping!

And why was it that she slept so often? It was precisely because of her constitution, Hypnos' Muse. And where had her constitution come from...?

Wasn't it because there was a man in the past named Hypnos... Who also wielded an Ancient Constitution?!

Wasn't Hypnos also a Greek God in his mortal clan's history books?!

If this matter ended here, maybe Dyon would be more indifferent. However, there was another shocking matter... This time, it resided in his very own body...

It can't be that the War God, the mighty God of War, the man who wielded two of the martial intents Dyon himself now wielded, was also related to all of this, right?! It can't be that his name was Ares... Right?!

And now there was Zeus? Wielder of an Ancient constitution, and...

"... The God of the Skies! The Chief Deity!"

Dyon knew of only three Ancient Constitutions. Yet they were all related to Greek Mythology. They were all related to the Olympus Clan... It must be coincidence. It must be that he was wrong. It can't be that all of the Ancient Constitution to ever be birthed were born within this Clan, right?!

Dyon quickly steadied himself. He didn't understand why he had such a fierce reaction to all of this. But if he was correct, these matters were too shocking.

What of the others? Did a Goddess of Love exist? A Goddess of the seasons? A Mother of Gods?

Just how far did this go?

'... This can't possibly be that important, why am I reacting like this... Even if they were all part of that Clan, they're all dead already! No one born with an Ancient Constitution has ever transcended, not a single one even made it to the Dao Realm.'

Dyon always trusted his instincts, but this time, his reaction was just too ridiculous. No matter how hard he thought, he couldn't find a logical reason for his trembling.

"Interestingly enough..." Emperor Angelus continued with a proud expression. He mistook Dyon's reaction for pleasure, believing that the story he had told to this point had received full marks, so he decided to add a bit more, just so Dyon was certain he was one of them. "... Angels didn't have wings until Lord Zeus was born.

"It was because of his special Ancient Constitution that we gained the extra meridian pathways of our wings, allowing our strength to bloom to an all-new level.

"Of course, this only makes sense. After all, he isn't known as the God of the Skies without reason, if he didn't have wings, something would be missing."

The proud Emperor Giant had no way of knowing that Dyon wasn't even listening to him any longer.

By the time Dyon started paying attention again, the Emperor Giant was well along in his story. It was a good thing he started paying attention again too... Because it seemed there was something just as important that Dyon almost missed.

"... With the help of Lord Zeus, the Titans were on the brink of extinction. Even coming together, they weren't enough.

"Unfortunately for the Titans, this wasn't because they were so much less talented. The true reason behind this was their lack of innovation! After they reached the top, they stopped improving. Their techniques completely stagnated and never changed, allowing the Angels to adapt and think of counter measures for everything they could possibly do.

"Many of them had already given up what it truly meant to be human. For them, it was already too late to turn back. They believed in their own strength too much, and eventually, this became their downfall."

When Dyon heard this, his eyes narrowed. The reason was simple. If this was the end of the story, what was the point of all of this to begin with? Dyon had asked who the enemy of the angels were, not who their fallen enemies were!

Luckily, Emperor Angelus didn't disappoint.

"But, as the Titans neared their end, it seemed that some of them grasped that this was their weakness. If they lost what it meant to be human, what would be the point of it all?

"It was then the Heavens smiled down upon Titans and the Ancient Battlefield was created!

"The very first Failed Clan... It was the Titans themselves!"

Dyon's heart palpitated. He had always wondered why his constitution's world was the Ancient Battlefield. It turned out that this was the reason!

He always knew that there had to be a secret behind this reality, but he hadn't expected a simple visit to the supposedly simple-minded giants would reveal all of this to him.

Who said that Giants were all brawn and no brain? Ridiculous!

"In the end, it turned out that the innovation of us angels became the very thing that allowed our enemies to survive. It turned out that the Titans were given this opportunity because they also managed to subdue a Universe Spirit. Such a large secret was simply too difficult to keep hidden.

"In reality, the Angels never tried to hide it. The reason was simple... our ancestors simply didn't believe it was possible to subdue a Universe Spirit without comprehending Qi. What they didn't know was that the Heavens didn't play favorites... All three paths were given equal opportunity to succeed!"

Chapter 1897: Product

"In some circles, many believe that the only reason the Soul Path is so weak in combat is purely because the Golden Era was the shortest of the Eras.

"Wasn't the body path once weak? Didn't the humans have to first become Demons, before then becoming Titans, before they could finally display their true strength?"

"Wasn't the energy path also once weak? Did we humans have to first become Pseudo Angels before evolving into the mighty seraphim?"

"In my humble opinion, the soul path simply didn't get the opportunity to develop it should have!"

Dyon trembled once more.

These revelations, they were like sledgehammers to his heart.

Doors began to open in his mind one after another. Why was he so certain that the soul would be weak until one transcended? What if the soul was only powerful after one transcended because Transcendents continued to research the soul while those of the Mortal Plane gave up on it?!

"Sorry, I've lost my train of thought..." Emperor Angelus shook his head.

"... Upon entering the Ancient Battlefield, the Angels completely lost contact with Titans, and we believed it was all over, that we had finally won..."

"It wasn't until Lord Zeus had long since died and the Angels reached the absolute apex of all of existence that we understood we couldn't have been more wrong."

"When everything couldn't have been more perfect, the Ancient Battlefield descended for the first time."

"It was a bloody massacre. The Titans returned with a vengeance and sought to lay the angel species to waste."

"Though we eventually won in the end, it came with a heavy price... The Angels fell into obscurity, no longer able to raise our Heads."

Dyon's heart grew somber. Now he finally understood how the mighty Angel race had fallen to the point of not even being capable of ruling a single planet... It seemed the second trial took place after this bloody war concluded...

A mutual destruction maybe?

Unfortunately, this faint hope was dashed by Emperor Angelus' next words.

"I fear, though, that this isn't the end of the story. If our ancient texts are correct, as the final Titans who chose to descend died out, they claimed that they were just half of the Titans who existed on the Ancient Battlefield.

"It seemed that the Titans were split, as they had always been. Half of them wanted to descend and seek revenge, while the other half felt they should put down their arrogance and wait for the perfect opportunity."

It was exactly as Dyon feared.

In the previous timeline, when he took over the Mortal Plane, the rulers weren't the Sapientia or Nephilim... They were the Titans!

Back then, Dyon had been able to take advantage of their lack of unity to win. They were united when they initially descended, but began to fracture afterward.

However, this version of himself couldn't afford to wait until those Titans fractured. If he did, the Mortal Alliance might be finished!

"In the end, if it wasn't for Lord Zeus, the Angels would have never been able to stand against the Titans. The descent of the Titans proved this. Without Lord Zeus, even with vast amounts of Faith, we still almost lost.

"... And this time... I'm afraid nothing can stop them."

Emperor Angelus took a deep breath. "Have I shown you enough, Higher Existence Sacharro?"

Dyon remained silent for a moment, his mind spinning at inconceivable speeds.

He suddenly understood something...

The birth of the peak species of an Era was always the result of human effort.

The Demon evolved from humans and eventually became Titans by studying beasts and strengthening their bodies. The Angels research type qi, created conventional qi, and relied on Zeus to give them their final push to the very top.

As for the elves, though they didn't create soul qi, they relied on it to increase their standing by forming contracts with beasts. Each contract they signed increased their strength by taking a portion of the talent of said beast... There was a logical flow to it all... their strength didn't just magically appear...

Even the so-called peak race of this era, the sprites, were the product of a child between a true sprite and a human.

Everything had a reason, a place, an... instigator, of sorts.

But that then begs the question... What about his own race...?

Whose efforts was his Mortal Race the product of...?

...

By the time Dyon came to from his thoughts, he realized that he was the recipient of several dozen expectant gazes. After thinking for a moment, he finally remembered that his purpose here hadn't been to listen to a nice story, he had been here to take the Emperor Giants under his wing!

He had never expected this to be easy, but reality was outside his predictions. However, taking the Emperor Giants under his rule was as good as painting a massive target on his back.

The more Dyon thought about it, the more hesitant he became, but in the end, he sneered, his heart becoming firm.

It turned out that he had almost become like those Heads of Clans he hated so much when he was a younger man. It was truly difficult to ignore consequences when one had the lives of billions in your care.

Back then, he was all alone. He even had to fight for the right to marry his own women. Why would he care about ramifications all those years ago? The only person he had to answer to was himself!

But now, things were different. Every decision he made could potentially lead to the death of countless individuals.

Still... If he had been this timid all those years ago, would those very individuals who led grand lives have the opportunity to do so?! He would never forsake the mentality that raised him up to the heights he sat upon today!

Plus, wasn't his Amphorae an Angel?

During the previous timeline, Dyon hadn't unsealed his constitution yet, so venturing in Chaos Universe would have been a foolish ideal. As such, he didn't find and awaken his father-in-law and Amphorae until long after the Ancient Battlefield descended and the war ended!

Thanks to this, Amphorae's existence didn't reappear until after Dyon had taken hold of significant power on the Mortal Plane.

Chapter 1898: Excitement

However, would things be the same this time? Since Amphorae was no longer hiding away in Chaos Universe, would she still go unnoticed?

Since those Titans dared to have designs on his wife, they would feel his wrath!

Step onto the Mortal Plane and seek revenge...? He wouldn't even allow them the chance!

Dyon smiled lightly. "I'm willing to accept the Emperor Giants, but..."

The excitement they felt at the start of his words were doused. If they didn't have adequate backing, they would be eradicated the moment the Titans sensed their existence.

Their Clan didn't have a single Higher Existence. Though they were confident that Anak would one day reach that height, that day was too far away!

The first phase of the Ancient Battlefield was a stage for youths to rapidly increase their strength, but what would the Titans do when they sensed someone with Angel Blood enter their domain? Would Anak even have a chance?

This all led to the decision today. No matter what, they had to rely on the Sacharro Clan!

"Anything." Emperor Angelus' voice was stern. It rumbled through the large planet like a warm breeze.

He stood, kneeling down to a single knee. Though, with how massive his body was, even like this, he was still far taller than Dyon.

No matter what, he was still a high-level Dao Formation Expert. Even though the man before him was a Higher Existence, there must be some significance in him lowering his head like this.

"There's no need for this." Dyon reached up and lightly tapped the Emperor Giant's shoulder.

An uncontrollably pressure forced Emperor Angelus up, but it felt like a gentle wind. He only needed a moment to understand just how deep this Higher Existence's wind dao was.

"This isn't the kind of sincerity I was referring to. This matter is actually more simple than you think. Simply allow me to conquer your Universe Spirits and you will have the Sacharro Clan's full support."

"This..." The Emperor Giants looked at one another and nodded. "... We agree."

"Good." Dyon smiled. "Let's start with this one!"

A glimmer of excitement bloomed in Dyon's eyes.

He had been looking for a worth 300th universe for a while. In his mind, this universe was excellent.

Its energy density was incredibly high, only marginally weaker than Soul Universe soul qi density. In addition, it was brimming with resources the Emperor Giants simply hadn't been able to find just yet, yet they were all easily projected into Dyon's mind.

Emperor Angelus coughed awkwardly. "... About this, Higher Existence Sacharro... Our Clan has never been able to find this universe's Spirit."

Dyon gave the Emperor a weird look.

You made this universe the core of your lands without claiming its Faith? Wasn't that a bit too... irresponsible?

But then, Dyon understood. This universe was truly too good. Even if it was a neutral space and didn't provide the maximum benefits it could, it was actually still far better than almost all the universes Dyon had except for Soul Universe and Chaos Universe.

Emperor Angelus scratched his large head.

"... It's like this. Our Angel Blood pulled us to this universe after we were forced out of the Nephilim Alliance countless years ago for various reasons. There's no need to worry, there's no bad blood between us and that Alliance, it's just that we weren't suited to remain any longer.

"When we got here, we managed to find many important relics of our past, and even have good reason to believe that this place was once a stronghold of the Olympus Clan. However, finding the Universe Spirit has been impossible... And, even if we did find it, I don't believe we could subdue it..."

Dyon nodded. He believed this story because he had already scanned this Emperor Giant Territory. He had also seen the so-called relics they collected hidden deep within their Palace. So, the fact Emperor Angelus had openly told him all this made Dyon believe in submission just that little bit more.

In the end, Dyon smiled.

"This isn't something you have to worry about... Come with me."

With a casual wave of his hand, a void was torn open by Dyon. The Emperor Giants couldn't help but follow along despite their confusion.

"This..."

Dyon, leading almost three dozen Emperor Giant Clan elders, suddenly appeared in the very depths of space. But, the scene before them was beyond their imagining.

A red tear pulsed in the endless darkness. It was as though a bloody blade had treated space itself like nothing more than a piece of black fabric.

With tear itself was covered in a crimson red thin and translucent film. But within it, one could see the expanse of a land filled with crumbling buildings of a once supreme civilization.

Mystical World?!

"You recognize this?" Dyon said casually.

"... Yes, but..." Emperor Angelus shook his head. "The relics we found before were all located within tears just like this one. However, finding them relied on luck. They often move erratically and sometimes blink out of existence entirely.

"In fact, whenever we enter one, we must rush to leave before the tear we used disappeared. If we aren't quick about it, we might end up stuck until the world designs to give us a way out again...

"This has happened many times before. Sometimes, a new tear opens before the one who entered runs out of lifespan. But sometimes, it only opens to show us the bones left behind..."

"Is that so..." Dyon's right eye throbbed, a pulse of qi sweeping through it. "Expand."

As though a child listening to the call of its mother, the red tear's violent shaking not only completely stabilized, but it instantly grew in size.

From a torn outline of barely one and a half meters, it became a sturdy rectangular doorway of over seven meters tall and three meters wide. Even Emperor Angelus himself wouldn't have to duck to enter.

"Let's go."

Not waiting for an answer, Dyon crossed the red film, entering the Mystical World.

The Emperor Giants paused, looking at each other. It was simply impossible to hide the excitement in their gaze. This was the strength of a Higher Existence!

Chapter 1899: No Ability

As for the fluctuations of a treasure of the 33 heavens...? With Dyon's Immortal Sense protecting it, who was qualified to detect it?!

Dyon's senses swept through the Mystical World. Every small bit of detail entered his mind without missing a single beat.

"As expected." Dyon said as the Emperor Giants made their way to his side. "Your Universe Spirit has been hiding away here."

Emperor Angelus' expression changed. "How is that possible? Aren't Universe Spirits meant to be restrained to their universe?... How could they enter a Mystical World?"

"This Mystical World has tied its existence to this place. It isn't a coincidence that it blinks around as it pleases, yet somehow never leaves."

Their eyes lit up with a sudden understanding. That was right... That tear had appeared and disappeared so many times, but it never left this universe. There had to be a reason. So it turned out that their existences were linked.

"Whoever created this Mystical World grounded its existence to this universe. In a way, it's actually nothing but an extension of this universe.

"In addition, the Universe Spirit hiding here is no accident either. It's a form of protection. If what I sense is correct, not only is this a stronghold of the Olympus Clan, it's likely THE stronghold.

"The only disappointing thing is that there really doesn't seem to be anything of much value left..."

The Emperor Giants blushed, a bit embarrassed.

Every time they entered this place, they would always be rewarded beyond their imagining. How did this suddenly become valueless in the eyes of this man? Even with his dull senses, Emperor Angelus could still sense quite a few supreme grade treasures that had degraded to the transcendent grade.

Unfortunately, they were too small for their use. So, usually, the Emperor Giants would sell them or melt them down to forge weapons appropriate for themselves.

"Are you going to continue to hide?" Dyon said.

Just as the Emperor Giants were feeling confused, a Universe Spirit began to shimmer into existence.

It was a man, wrapped in white wings, and handsome beyond words. His eyes were a gentle, but non-oppressive gold, his hair shimmered like tendrils of platinum, and his features were so delicate that one could easily confuse him instead of a gorgeous woman.

"This place isn't for you all. Leave."

Dyon shook his head. "Why is it that every Universe Spirit I meet is more arrogant than even myself."

The angelic man remained silent, saying nothing in response. It was as though he didn't care for Dyon's words at all.

Dyon sighed. It wasn't that he wanted to choose violence, but did he have much of a choice now?

"You have no ability to sense anything from me." Dyon said casually. "You aren't qualified to do so. However, you should clearly be able to see that these men and women behind me have angel blood in their veins. What exactly are you turning them away for?"

"You call this angel blood?" The man frowned. "Scram!"

Dyon yawned, bored of this matter.

"Good. This means I don't have to treat you well. It seems your previous owners were quite trash, leaving you with such ridiculous ideals.

"You don't have even a single percent of your original strength remaining, yet you dare to look down on others even after all this time. I find it quite sad, honestly."

"You want to challenge me?" The spirit's face contorted as though this was the greatest insult.

Dyon had to use the whole of his will power to not roll his eyes.

"Let's get this over with."

The spirit sneered. With a snap of its fingers, everything began to change. Dyon could feel that his body's strength was sapped to zero. Unfortunately for the Universe Spirit, when it tried to seal his soul, it failed. And maybe even more unfortunately, it didn't realize this.

How could an existence of the Mortal Plane seal Dyon's soul? When it came to the Mortal Plane, maybe only the Ancient Battlefield and the Heavens themselves could accomplish something like that.

The Universe Spirit was obviously attempting to test Dyon's qi, but it was not qualified to restrict him completely.

Dyon suddenly realized how dangerous the situation was. If his soul really had been sealed, he would have been screwed.

One had to remember that the reason he was so powerful was precisely because his bodily strength and qi strength could fuse as one. Now that his body's strength was completely sealed, if he lost his soul, he was only about as strong as a normal 6th Stage Dao expert when factoring in the fact he was an 18th Order expert.

'Seems I need to be more cautious.' Dyon's gaze turned cold.

He didn't want to be timid, but that didn't mean he had to be blindly confident in himself. There would always be some things that he couldn't account for.

Dyon's Immortal Sense wrapped around his body. In an instant, his body's strength returned to him as though it never left.

"There is no grand test. Since you are so arrogant... Defeat me!"

The angelic spirit, clearly unaware that its suppression had had no effect on Dyon, arrogantly stood in the skies. Other Universe Spirits would set up various trials and even pull Dyon into a world of their making, but this guy actually disdained to do so.

Dyon sneered. "Since that's the case..."

A golden ring flickering with blinding golden flames suddenly appeared hovering just half a foot from his back.

A moment later, the ring pulsed.

One pair of wings. Two pairs... Three... Four... Six!

Twelve pristine white wings glowed with a majestic light, arching outward three meters each.

The Emperor Giants felt their gazes burning as they looked toward Dyon. As for the person in question, he felt as though several hold were being seared into his back.

"This..." The Universe Spirit was stunned. "... Impossible! How can you be an Ascended Seraphin?!"

The highest realm of the Angel to laymen and even many angels themselves was the Seraph. However, only the very highest upper understood that this wasn't true.

Chapter 1900: Cleanse

This wasn't to say that Seraph's were lacking. These were still existences that could rule over several quadrants even in the Primordial Era. Rather, this was related to a secret of the elves...

The truth was the wings were a gift given by the Sky God, Zeus. However, in that chaotic era, trusting people, even those you called your own, was foolish. As a result, Zeus placed a limiter on Angels.

The irony was that the more pairs of wings angels had, the more powerful they became. But, at the same time, the more pairs that appeared, the more restricted one would become. After all, one's back had limited space!

However, the foul reality was that this was only a surface problem. When wings began to increase in number, they would re-route the meridian pathways of the body. This led to a restrictive effect that made future cultivation more difficult. This wouldn't be obvious in lower realms, but within the Dao Realm, each step would become unbearably slow!

Even if you were a Seraph, you wouldn't be an exception. In fact, it would be even worse for you.

In those cases, the only way to soothe those problems was to rely on the Wings of Blessings. This would ease cultivation and bring it back up to faster speeds depending on the will of the wielder of the blessing.

Like this, those with Wings of Blessings would be able to control the future potential of the highest ranked angels! The only way to escape this fate was to Ascend! To separate one's wings from one's back!

Dyon had accomplished this nonchalantly, but in the mind of the Universe Spirit, this was a feat that broke all of his resolve.

"Impossible! Impossible! You're not a member of the Olympus Clan, or else you'd never treat me like this!"

"You know..." Dyon said slowly. "... I had always wondered what the significance of my wings separating meant... That was until one day my senses broke through and I suddenly noticed that my wife's cultivation was slower than it should be..."

One could imagine what this meant. Amphorae, who had reached the Middle Dao Realm at less than 150 years old, had actually been far slower than she should have been!

It was then that Dyon realized that maybe Amphorae's slow cultivation in her first life wasn't entirely due to the chaotic energy of the Primordial Era, but due to a scheme set up by the very man every Angel revered as a God!

If it wasn't for Amphorae's special constitution, would she have even been strong enough to survive to see Dyon again? Such a thought completely enraged him!

Dyon didn't manage to figure this out until he heard Emperor Angelus' story. After all, he had always thought the wings of angels were a natural evolution... The Emperor Giant had no idea that the random fact he told Dyon to try to gain some extra brownie points would actually lead to this situation today!

"Even if your Olympus Clan did this for the sake of quelling inner turmoil in your fight against the Titans, what was the purpose of keeping this restriction after that war ended...?"

Dyon's cold gaze turned tranquil, but somehow, the Universe Spirit found this to be more fear inducing than anything he had ever felt before.

"... I think that the legacy of your Olympus Clan should just end here..."

Dyon pointed his finger toward the Universe Spirit, his meridians churning.

"[Surge]."

In an instant, his qi amplified. Doubling... Tripling... It seemed endless! As though the Heavens themselves were giving over their everything.

However, the next sight almost made the Universe Spirit faint.

Dyon's white wings pulsed with a blinding light. When they once more came back into their sights, they were golden!

"Wings... Of Blessings..." The gaze of the Universe Spirit dimmed.

"[Cleanse]."

The Universe Spirit was completely enveloped by Dyon's technique. [Cleanse], especially when casted with holy type qi and Dyon's purity flames was simply too potent.

No Universe Spirit was born this way, similar to how no creature was born evil. Actually, Dyon wasn't certain if this was the case anymore after meeting Jasmine... But this aside, Dyon understood that this Angel Spirit hadn't been like this in the beginning.

Think logically for a moment. When a universe was born, why would it have the characteristics of a specific race? Yet, somehow, this angel spirit reflected the image of a handsome angel male...

The answer was obvious. Over years of tempering, the spirit came to hold the image of its owners, growing steadily more powerful over time.

What Dyon was doing now was cleansing the angel spirit of all of these influences!

To be capable of doing such a thing, one can imagine just how powerful Ancient Grand Circle Magics were... To cleanse the efforts of the Angels themselves, its might was unquestionable!

The angel spirit immediately lost its form. Maybe it wouldn't have been so easy to do this at its peak, but now that it had continuously weakened over not just one, but over the course of three total Eras, it stood not a single chance.

Soon, all that was left was the nucleus form of the universe spirit.

It bobbed like a gentle pulse of light, before it began to slowly reform itself. Now that it had lost the influence of the Angels, it would take whatever form it pleased.

The Chaos Spirit was a chaotic mesh of red and black energy. The Soul Spirit had chosen the form of a three-year-old girl with adorable large golden eyes. The Asura Spirit, under the influence of the Pakal Clan, took the form a six-armed demon. As for this angel spirit...

Soon, the faint image of flapping wings caught Dyon's attention.

At first, he frowned. Wings? Did that mean his [Cleanse] had failed?