

The Nameless 1991

Chapter 1991 How Mighty This single word reverberated through arena. Under its might, even the Heaven's Scroll flickered wildly as the Dragon Pillars began to tremble. A small cauldron over Dyon's shoulder bobbed with excitement.

The Dragon King vibrated in response, entering Dyon's hand and extending outward to form a massive greater a half meter in width and over two meters in length. It had been a very long time since Dyon used a true weapon in battle. Usually, he would casually forge one with his creation array.

However, if there was ever an occasion that required him to be more serious, it was this one. "All of you back away!" Ancestor Giant roared. "This battle... None of you are qualified to take part in it!" The wizened Giant took a step forward, rising from the platform to meet Dyon. Not far behind him, Ancestor Scholar followed. The moment they entered the battlefield, the Heaven's Scroll trembled as though remembering these forgotten warriors.

A moment later, two names were slowly etched in black. Yadmere Porvarl ... The Giant! Estein Sapientia ... The Scholar!

Even as they stepped forward, the seals placed on the Dragon King began to shatter one after another. How long had it been since Dyon gained the Dragon King by his side? He had long since known of the numerous seals placed on it.

It was just that in the past, his strength hadn't been great enough to withstand the final seal. As a result of Dyon's own weakness, the Dragon King became a blade known simply for its sharpness and sturdiness. It was no different from a mortal weapon except for the fact its structural integrity was beyond one's wildest imaginations.

Even a Higher Existence attacking at full strength wouldn't so much as dent it. However, everything would change the moment the final seal shattered. "That's...!" Bane, Damaris' father, called out in shock. "... The Dragon King!" The old lizard had long since warned Dyon about using him in the presence of other Dragons. It would cause him to be hunted down by the Drago-Qilin lands.

However, the current Dyon already stood near the pinnacle of the mortal plane. Even if they wanted to misunderstand and come after him... He would welcome them with open arms! "Dad? You can't mean?" Damaris paled. "Dyon has been the Dragon King all this time?" Bane's brow furrowed.

He had realized the same thing every other Dragon Clan patriarch in attendance had. However, also just like him, he noticed that something was different about this situation. "No... The Dragon King... He was actually subdued!" Just as those words resounded, the reverberating sounds of the final seal shattering tore through the cooling atmosphere. In that instant, the Dragon King's blade underwent a massive transformation.

Its body erupted into a sea of black flame, piercing toward the high heavens as a draconic roar shook the skies. Its once sleek spine and blade completely changed from a solid black metal to suddenly erupt with innumerable cracks. No, they weren't cracks... But scales!

Densely packed sheets of resplendent scales coated the blade, revealing veins of pure white beneath. The blade vibrated within Dyon's hand as though it had become a living creature. A gorgeous royal blue array appeared to Dyon's back, his body instantly becoming coated in a crystalline blue armor.

His skin gleamed like a polished gem, stepping into [Titan Emperor's Will: Act Two – Stage Three] without hesitation, his strength raising by 640 times in an instant. The pressure Dyon exuded caused the Immortal Blood Gong array to tremble under his might. It seemed that even the rise of the nine Dragon Pillars hadn't caused this much commotion.

However, even this pressure paled in comparison to when six pairs of golden wings appeared to Dyon's back, hovering around a single ring of gold. Their beautiful forms gently flapped in the skies, radiating out a light that overshadowed everything in sight. Without another ounce of hesitation, Dyon flashed forward.

He really wanted to see just how mighty a Higher Existence was! Dyon's body compared to Yadmere's was no different from an ant to a deity, however his momentum raged on as though it had no knowledge of such a thing. His movement became profound and enigmatic.

The sight of Estein's golden abacus appear in the air, a deep battle intent wafted from Dyon's body. His sword streaked downward as he flashed to dodge Yadmere's fist. The booming strike shook the dragon pillars, but Dyon had already appeared above his wrist, his sword making contact with his skin.

The sound of metal scraping metal disoriented the ears, causing Dyon's laughter to shake the skies. To think that his blade wouldn't leave a scratch. But this reality only served to light the fighting intent in his gaze all the more.

A flurry of strikes erupted from Dyon's blade. One watching on could hardly believe their eyes. To see such beauty, such elegance, from such a crudely large sword... it didn't make sense. '[A Winter's Last Snowfall]...' Dyon's steps mesmerized the eyes as he ran up Yadmere's arm.

Every swipe of his sword tore across the giant's robes, leaving faint white marks on his otherwise unblemished defenses. It didn't take much to understand that Yadmere was thoroughly enraged. He was the esteemed Ancestor of the Giants.

Yet a youth barely a fraction of his age was using his arm as though it was a roadway. Unfortunately, though he could grasp the situation quickly enough to be enraged by this matter, Dyon was simply too fast. While he could fold space at will, Yadmere and Estein were restricted from doing so under the scroll's presence. "Old Claw, are you really not going to make a move?!" Yadmere roared.

However the only response he received was silence. Old Claw had long since closed his eyes, pretending as though these matters had nothing to do with him. It seemed that Dyon's promise of cleansing bloodlines hadn't completely fallen on deaf ears.

Just when his words had finished, Dyon's grinning figure appeared above his shoulder.

Chapter 1992 God

"Your hide sure is tough. Take one of these for me... [Bloody Guillotine]." The skies turned red. The illusion of an execution blade coated in dried blood flickered in the skies as Dyon's leg descended upon Yadmere's cheek. BOOM!

The sound was more resounding than even Estein's slap to the face. Yadmere felt the foundations of his teeth quake, knocking several almost completely loose. His enraged roar caused the ears of many to bleed, however Dyon had already flickered away by the time he retaliated, appearing before Estein with a fervent desire for battle. [A Winter's Last Snowfall] circulated once more, his sword separating into countless illusory and real images that forced the Ancestor to his backfoot. Innumerable calculations

circulated in Estein's mind, his continuously predicted the trajectories of Dyon's assaults and accurately dodged or parried them with a palm. But he still felt this weighing feeling on his heart, as though he was continuously being pushed into a corner. The battlefield had suddenly become a celestial chess board. Dyon's moves held an oppressive domineeringness to them. While Estein would take his time to decide on his next move, Dyon would respond without hesitation, as though on instinct. It was only the Sapientia below that understood what was happening. Those Sapientia heiresses below who had been indignant on Aritzia's behalf felt completely stifled. "This is impossible... His mind is several steps ahead of Ancestor Scholar...!"

No matter how much they hated Dyon, they knew that any man who gained Aritzia's acknowledgement couldn't be normal. But... This was too exaggerated!

Dyon casually looked over his shoulder. His exchange with Estein had constituted hundreds of attacks, but not even a second had passed. Just when he was getting engrossed, Yadmere made his presence felt once more. However, what was astonishing was that his appearance had completely changed. Or, rather, it was changing. With each passing strike, not only did the wrinkles on his body continuously fade, but his body was compressing in size. 30 meters... 20 meters... 10 meters... Dyon's eyes flashed with a blinding light, immediately understanding what was happening. Others might have techniques that increased their size in order to increase their strength, but Giants were the opposite. When facing smaller opponents, their size was to their detriment. Over years of experimentation, how could they not have their own measures? For every fold Yadmere shrunk, his battle prowess doubled! By the time he was just 2 meters tall, his strength had been raised by almost 16 times! However, Dyon wasn't shaken by this reality. In fact, his smile intensified. His demeanor was so baffling that the two Ancestors felt completely stifled. How could there be a child like this in the world?!

"It seems that I've gone too easy on the two of you." Dyon's figure flickered and dodged as he retreated backward, narrowly escaping several of Yadmere's space rending strikes. Before anyone could under the incredulous nature of Dyon's words, another change took place. Above his head, a halo of gold shimmered into existence. If before, Dyon was reminiscent of an angel, he truly looked no different from one now, come down to pass god's judgement. However, to Dyon, he was the god.

The world practically slowed under Dyon's gaze. Every twitch of the muscle, every qi fluctuation, every plot hidden behind a gaze, was taken in by him in an instant. In one instant he was retreating, but in the next, he slipped between a palm and fist thrown by the two Ancestors, his swordplay evolving to another level. [A Winter's Last Snowfall] circulated once more. Except this time, it carried a myriad of changes impossible to predict. Like a snowflake caught in the whims of a cold breeze, Dyon's sword fell again and again. Ancestor Scholar trembled. 'His Weapon's Master Will entered the 5th Intent level... Why is it still rising?!'

Estein had no way of knowing that Dyon's comprehension abilities had already exceeded the mortal plane. For his current self, comprehending daos was no different than attempting to comprehend a new will or intent. This wasn't to say that it was easy. In fact, Dyon's speed of comprehension still paled in comparison to Lilith who didn't have Immortal Sense – when it came to the sword, anyway. It was rather that he had spent too long not raising his comprehension levels. With the experience he had accumulated over these long decades, he had a solid foundation to burst forth from. Still, even this was just the tip of the iceberg. Dyon realized that the deeper comprehension he had toward [One Above All], the quicker his comprehension of lesser wills became. Dyon faintly understood that in the future, if he focused all of his attention on it, the remainder of his Daos would naturally increase along with it. It already had this level of benefit despite it being only at the 3rd Will Level. Dyon could only imagine the kind of benefits it would have in the future. The pressure on the two Ancestors increased. Even though they hadn't sustained a single injury, the fact they were on their backfoot couldn't be denied. With the restrictions to their speed, this was something everyone below could see. Estein was circulating his abacus dao to its greatest extent, trying to lay out a formula for Dyon's swordplay. But, before he could succeed, Dyon's momentum changed again. [A Spring's Sweet Breeze]. If before his swordplay was erratic and unpredictable, sorrowful, even, it now carried a gentle rhythm that threw the Ancestor Scholar completely off. In just a few moments, his robes suffered several cuts, causing his eyes to redden in fury. How many swordsmen of the past had attempted to emulate the four seasons? There were simply too many to count. But why did this Dyon's iteration so powerful? Why did it feel as though all others had simply become a joke?

Chapter 1993 Destruction As the battle raged on, Dyon began to understand what his limits were. With his ability to control space, controlling the battlefield was easy. Even if these two weren't suppressed by the Heaven's Scroll, Dyon could still outmaneuver them.

After all, he had Hell's Right Eye. However, he was still lacking in destructive power. He only managed to leave faint white marks on the skin of these two Ancestors despite the Dragon King erupting with its full strength.

Of course, Dyon could force the issue, but that would greatly impact his stamina. How many such attacks could he launch in a single battle? None of this even mentioned the problem of Faith either.

Still, this didn't discourage Dyon. Just like there were divisions among Dao experts, there were of course divisions between Higher Existences. If not, the Devil Quadrants would have long fallen considering they only have 1.

These two Ancestors were the pinnacle of strength the mortal plane could produce. Their Daos had long since been pushed to the 7th, 8th and even 9th levels. In addition, they had deep comprehensions toward a myriad of heaven grade techniques and also a small handful of divine grade ones as well.

This didn't even mention the fact their battle experience levels were far beyond Dyon. Though Dyon used his special meridians and soul to make up for this discrepancy, he still realized this problem. 'Destructive power... huh...' Dyon grinned. "[A Summer's Blazing Sun]!" Dyon's Chaos Flames swallowed and consumed the ordinary black flames of the Dragon King Blade, condensing into a fiery blaze. At the same instant, Dyon swapped the qi within his meridians, replacing them with a crimson corrosive qi that seemed eager to destroy everything in the world.

Dyon had long since realized that the special red type qi he found in the wyvern den all those years ago carried similar properties to the corrosive energy he travelled through in the Nebula of the 99 universes. However, even knowing about its overwhelming strength, he hadn't dared to use it. Wouldn't it just be asking for death if he allowed such a thing to enter his body?

But now that he had entered the Diamond Silk Stage, everything was different! In that instant, the expression of the two Ancestors changed, but it was already too late. Dyon's sword play was filled with fury and aggressiveness, his steps only moving forward, never sideways or back.

Countless bloody gashes appeared on their bodies, winding around their frames and searing their wounds with a flame that could melt stars. The change was far too abrupt. Nine black suns appeared in the skies.

The two Ancestors didn't understand how lucky they were that the Immortal Blood Gang array was ultimately an enclosed space, limiting the size of Dyon's [Nine Suns of Armageddon]. However, even if they did know, they weren't in any sort of position to be thinking about it. Dyon's swordplay sparked the feeling of endless fury.

Like meteors streaking across the skies and crashing to the earth below, it was relentless. The oppressive heat pervaded the blood red dome. Even with the Heaven's Scroll suppressing much of it from reaching outward, those spectating couldn't help but feel that their layers of skin were being scorched. "Dad took away all the fun." Alauna said with a pout as she floated down by Luna and Madeleine's side. "Selfish little girl." Luna reprimanded her daughter with a teasing smile. "He doesn't get to release often, while you're always out and about causing trouble."

Allow him this moment." Alauna pouted, clearly disagreeing with her mother's sentiments. "Dad doesn't seem like he wants to kill them." Alauna suddenly said. Madeleine smiled. "Though he's reconnected with his true self, that doesn't mean he's regressed back to his former immaturity. He can still see things far clearer than he had in the past.

It's not worth it to kill two experts on this level with such a war coming. It would be much better to turn them into protectors of our Sacharro Clan, don't you think?" Hearing these words, Alauna burst into a fit of laughter. "The Sapientia and Giants won't be very happy about this." "They should have thought of that before they tried to use us as a piece in their political schemes." Alauna remained silent. She was very much used to Madeleine's sweet side, but there were rare occasions when she took the reins of first wife and exuded an aura unmatched by even the most prestigious of Empresses.

Whenever these moments occurred, Alauna couldn't help but look toward her with admiration. Of Dyon's wives, she seemed the quietest and most reserved, allowing everything to roll off her back. But if one used this to assume she wasn't strong, you'd be making a massive mistake. "While your father is off satiating his mid-life crisis, we women still have something to do." Madeleine said lightly, looking toward the area that now contained just Rose and Jade.

It was time for them to come home. ** "It was a success?" Junior, or rather, Dyon, smiled happily when Saru and Lilith appeared before him once more. Judging by their at ease expression, it seemed that everything worked out for the good. This was a great relief to Dyon.

He cared about Jade's wellbeing. And, since Jade cared for Rose, he cared for her as well. It was as simple as that.

Dyon never had any thought toward Rose for her strength. The current Dyon was already stronger than she was though this clone version of himself was still lagging behind. Rather, he wanted to protect the two of them and ensure they were safe. "Rose was a bit hardheaded at first, but everything worked out in the end.

Your main body is wreaking havoc at the Nephilim Gathering, so she really had no choice but to accept it." Lilith said with a sweet smile. She felt that the more she looked at Dyon, the deeper she fell. It was an inexplicable feeling she couldn't control, even though she knew it was irrational.

She wanted to know more about him. What was his favorite food? His favorite color?

His hobbies? She wanted to know them all. He seemed to know so much about her, but she knew so little.

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Chapter 1994 Sword Soul However, she buried this impulse deeply. She knew that there would be time in the future. For now, she had to become stronger.

The coming trials wouldn't be joke... Compared to them, the Ancient Battlefield that had thrown the mortal plane into an upheaval was nothing more than a blip. Dyon sighed. "This is good. I can understand the feelings of hatred Rose has for me... I can only do right by her by helping this timeline's Jade to rise above her former self." "Is Jade..." Saru hesitated, knowing Dyon likely wouldn't want to say much on the topic. "... Is she one of us?" Dyon didn't need to think much to understand what Saru meant.

By "us", she was clearly referring to herself and Lilith, alluding to the odd ties between the two of them and Dyon. Dyon smiled. "You could say so... It's just that she was very unlucky in this life. Even if she awakens to her true self and comes to know all the good she's done in the past even beyond her sacrifice for me in this life, she won't be able to forgive herself.

This is why I'm leaving her under Rose's tutelage. She must leap over the barrier under her own power. My interference will only hinder her..." Saru and Lilith looked at one another before nodding. "Saru, I've already laid out the path for you.

You just need to focus on circulating the special method I've taught you and your Faith Seed will naturally strengthen your body. "Lilith, however... Your path is more complex. As I've told you, I've created something special for you, but it's more accurate to say that I've only perfect a path you yourself created. "You'll refine your nascent soul into a Sword Soul." "Sword soul." Lilith's eyes brightened at these words. Knowing that she didn't have a place here, Saru went off into the depths of Soul Palace, entering her personal cultivation room to seclude herself.

As for Dyon and Lilith, they entered the beautiful back gardens of the Palace, sitting cross legged across from each other. "I cannot take credit for this." Dyon said with a smile. "This is a path you refined for yourself, I'm only helping you with the last stage. "Your former self was quite famous for her sword. In fact, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that you were one of the greatest sword masters to ever live.

"However, your cultivation talent was lacking. Though your sword reached the pinnacle of the world, you never stepped before the Immortal Celestial Realm. "Still, this wasn't entirely due to lack of talent.

Much of it was because you attempted to forge a new cultivation path using True Sprites as the template." Dyon knew quite well that the so-called sprites of this mortal plane were merely half-sprites. In fact, even calling them half-sprites was doing them too much of a favor. In reality, one of their ancestors a long way in the past was birthed by a sprite and a human's love.

This passed on the sprite trait through their generations, but this trait continuously weakened with each born child. Therefore, the more accurate name for those of the former Sprite Alliance would be part sprites, because their abilities were already far too diluted to be considered as half a sprite. The true sprites were those like Little Rain.

Unfortunately, it had already been over a century since Little Rain fell into a deep sleep after absorbing that newborn fire sprite. Even to now, he hardly showed signs of awakening. There was once he showed some movement.

Back when Clara awakened her Fire Spirit Constitution, Dyon sensed a small stir. But since then, there was nothing. "Sprites?" Lilith blinked with curiosity. "Sprites cultivate as well, but they have their own special path. They resonate with Heavenly Laws instead of absorbing qi.

The more in tune they are with their affinity, the greater their strength becomes. It's a slower process, but their strength is far more infallible when it reaches a certain level. Some of the most powerful, untouchable entities on the Immortal Plane are sprites." "So I wanted to emulate them?" "Precisely.

But this is incredibly difficult. This is especially so since cultivation after the Immortal Law Realm requires one's Origin Source. This meant that instead of resonating with Heavenly Laws which would actually restrict you in the future, you wanted to resonate with your own Origin Source." The Origin Source represented breaking away from the Heavens and forming one's own path.

Obviously, if Lilith focused her everything on resonating with the Heavens, she would never be able to take that last step as rise above it all. This was precisely the reason Sprites were just 'one of' and not the most powerful entities on the Immortal Plane. Their cultivation method barred them entirely from reaching the true pinnacle of cultivation. "However, before you could even consider doing any of this, you needed to change the foundation of your nascent soul.

But playing around with one's soul in such a fashion is incredibly dangerous. It's not something to be done lightly. You could lose your life at any time." "Change the foundation..." Lilith muttered. "A mortal soul is considered formless, it only acts as a link to the Heavens.

A nascent soul is the first stage of a cultivator grasping their own identity. By forming your soul into your likeness, you're taking the first step toward cutting ties from the Heavens. "However, in my opinion, calling this a first step is giving it too much credit. There's too much we don't control about this nascent soul.

In fact, it takes the very likeness of our own looks, looks we ourselves didn't choose to begin with. "Only when the looks of your nascent soul become superficial instead of an obligation will you have truly broken away. But this step is not easy, and its even more complicated when your goal is to shift away from the human form entirely to create something completely different.

Chapter 1995 Final Step

"Luckily, you researched almost all your life and found a solution, you were only lacking in the final step. You just need a bit of help to succeed." "The final step? What is it?" Lilith asked with expectation. But, all she received was a perverted grin. "This husband of yours is quite a talent, coming up with this solution for you. I'm willing to sacrifice my body for your sake." Seemingly understanding what Dyon was saying, Lilith's smooth white skin became a scorching red in an instant. This red relentlessly assaulted her fair skin, even rampaging down her neck and through her collarbone. "... If... If that's what you want..." Lilith's voice was so soft it barely matched the decibel level of a butterfly's flapping wings. Dyon laughed at her pure reaction before waving his hand. "We're nowhere near that step yet. You still have a long way to go before then. "All you have to know is that you cannot lose your virginity to my main body until you reach this step. My younger self is a bit too hot blooded and immature, so you'll have to give him a stern talking to." Lilith giggled, her laugh causing the small sparrows in the trees around them to sing in appreciation. She found it funny that Dyon would say this when he clearly was just as immature. "You're not joking, are you?" Lilith asked seriously once she stopped laughing. "Is ... that really the solution?" She couldn't bring herself to say the words. Dyon nodded seriously. "It really is the solution. This isn't because of some special dual cultivation technique, but rather because of the special nature of my own soul."

"Is your soul different?" Lilith asked, wanting to know more about Dyon. "You could say so." Dyon rubbed his nose as though he was embarrassed about tooting his own horn. "I myself don't know the exact details, but in my very first life, I too was born without a constitution. My parents were fairly weak as well. Even my father only reached the Saint Realm at his peak. "However, I, for some reason, always

had extraordinary soul prowess. It was just that there was no path set for me forward. To those of the mortal plane, the soul path was meaningless. "The longer I lived, the more firmly I disagreed with this. In fact, I came to the conclusion that the greatest path of cultivation was with the soul as the foundation.

"When I came to this conclusion, everything else became auxiliary. And I eventually made a decent name for myself." Lilith blinked. "... Could it be... An Ancient Constitution?" Dyon shrugged. "Constitutions have always been related to the body. There's no precedent for a 'soul constitution'. Whatever the truth is, I long since stopped caring. All I'm interested in now is using my strengths to help those I love. "Plus, it's well known that no one born with an Ancient Constitution has ever made it to the Dao Realm, let alone beyond. Though, it's a possibility considering soul prowess doesn't impact tribulations...

"This aside, my soul has the ability to not only grow at astonishing rates, but to also do the same for my wives. Clara, Ri, Amphorae and Madeleine all already have dao souls despite having average talent in the soul path at best. "I will be the key to your final evolution." Dyon grinned. "Leave it to me." Lilith blushed red once more, turning from Dyon's gaze. "All you know how to do is tease me. How about you teach me this method first?" With that, the two delved into a new world. **

As his clone was having the time of his life, Dyon himself was doing the same. His blood surged with a level of exhilaration he had never felt before. If one peered into his body, it would be akin to entering a cave of gems. Even his blood ran a glistening royal blue. With every strike he made, it grew fiercer, rushing through his veins like a torrential rain. The sound alone could deafen a mortal. "[A Fall's Wavering Leaf]!" The oppressive barrage ended, but it turned into a swordplay filled with a myriad of changes. Like a colored leaf falling from a withering tree, Dyon's sword fluttered in the wind, its path impossible to predict. The injuries on the two Ancestors continued to accumulate. Even though they seemed superficial, only the two of them knew just how dangerous their current situation was. "[A Spring's Falling Rain]!"

The expressions of the two Ancestor's changed drastically. Wasn't it [A Spring's Sweet Breeze]? When did it become 'Falling Rain'? The two of them had weathered this storm, slowly becoming accustomed to Dyon's swordplay and waiting for an opportunity to counterattack, but who knew this wasn't the end of Dyon's means? The booming of thunder suddenly loomed over their heads. A golden lightning streaked across the skies, matching the tempo of Dyon's sword and striking downward. It should have been fierce. The booming of thunder, the striking of lightning... How could it be anything but? However, the two Ancestors were lulled into Dyon's gentle rhythm. They suddenly felt as though they were indoors as the soft pitter patter of rain hit against a clear window. Their hearts were overwhelmed by a feeling of comfort, one that could only come from a cool evening in April. Unfortunately, no matter how gentle the swordplay appeared, any Fallen would die without a corpse beneath its might. The sudden change in Dyon's sword completely caught the two of them off guard, allowing a sweeping blade to sheer across their abdomens. Roars of pain and showers of blood filled the arena. Dripping below, droplets of

crimson fell onto the nine Dragon Pillars, causing them to tremble with an inconceivable might. Yadmere and Estein retreated explosively. Yadmere's vitality was incredibly high, being a Giant with the bloodline of a steel skinned demon. But, Estein had no choice but to madly consume pills. . If it was a normal injury, even if their hearts were pierced, they could shrug it off. However, the corrosive red qi pouring into their bodies right now forced them into a terrible situation.

Chapter 1996: Not Qualified

Dyon breathed heavily, looking down on their retreating figures with a piercing gaze.

Heaven's Scroll shone brighter and brighter, trembling under his presence, but he didn't care. In fact, he hardly noticed even as began to slowly etch his name.

Still, even though he didn't care, that didn't mean others didn't. The arena fell into complete silence, watching on with bated breath.

It was then the situation suddenly changed. The Heaven's Scroll had only completed its first stroke when a crack formed on its body. At first it was small, but then it began to expand wildly.

Under the eyes of countless powerhouses of the mortal plane, the Heaven's Scroll that had stood for countless Eras shattered, its bits and pieces becoming a surge of qi that shot into the air.

There in the sky, the qi began to change form. Many were expecting some spectacular change, but it soon became obvious that they were forming letters than then formed words...

When Dyon looked up into the sky, he couldn't help but chuckle. Hadn't this already happened once before?

'You Don't Qualify to Name Me.'

Dyon shook his head as he looked into the skies.

Back when his manifestation first awakened in the Elvin Kingdom, the stone seal that hid the Soul Tome had been tasked with naming it. Unfortunately, instead of doing so, its attempt resulted in the stone seal shattering, eventually leading to the Soul Tome landing in Dyon's hands.

Today, the Heaven's Scroll tried again, this time in an attempt to name Dyon himself. But the result was an ancient treasure of unknown grade destroying itself in the attempt. As though to add insult to injury, the qi unnecessarily rearranged itself into the same words as back then.

Even if Dyon swore he wasn't doing it on purpose, others wouldn't believe him. But, he truly wasn't. He could faintly tell that his body was hiding an inexplicable secret, but whenever he tried to ponder upon it, he'd draw a blank.

It was only now Dyon understood that it wasn't that the Heaven's Scroll was taking its time in evaluating him, but rather that it had been struggling to do so in the first place. Dyon had already been battling the two Ancestors for over a full day, and it only just now attempted to write his Title.

"Are you two done?" Dyon asked blandly, watching as the two Ancestors clutched their stomach in hopes of not having their intestines spill out.

Though Dyon's face was pale from the strain, unlike the Ancestors, he didn't have a single injury on his body. His advantage in movement, not to mention his Immortal Sense, made it impossible for these two to lay a hand on him in this environment. Dyon estimated that if he entered the Peak Dao Realm, he would be undefeatable on the Mortal Plane even without the influence of the Heaven's Scroll.

It could be said that his body and qi had reached their limits.

The two Ancestors weren't fools. They too knew the situation had changed. In fact, in this situation, the fact the Celestial Deer Sect was the root of Dyon's origins made them breathe a sigh of relief. Because that meant there was nothing Dyon could do about their next actions!

In response to Dyon's words, the two Ancestors erupted with a fiery golden energy. Countless golden robed silhouettes appeared in the skies, filling the two with strength far beyond their normal means.

Their backs straightened as their blood dried up. Their wounds healed at a visible rate, causing Dyon's eyes to narrow.

It was no wonder they were confident. The Celestial Deer Sect they had always known, even at their peak, only controlled two quadrants: Dyon's home quadrant, and the 99 universes quadrant.

Though, in order to counteract this, the quality of their Faith was exceedingly high. The reputation of the Celestial Deer Sect spoke for itself. Countless Outer Powers fawned over them. How could their Faith purity not be high?

However, the current situation was very different. The Celestial Deer Sect the public had once loved had faded from memory long ago. Those of the upper echelon here might remember them, but their number was only a drop in the bucket compared to the population of the Mortal Plane.

Simply put, the Faith of the Celestial Deer Sect had drastically plummeted over the countless years that had passed since their fall. Since that was the case... How could Dyon be a match for them?!

"It seems you two have this well thought out." Dyon said with a sneer.

The two Ancestors didn't respond. Even the fiery tempered Yadmere had an incomparably grim expression on his face.

Though they were taking advantage of the Heaven Scroll's destruction, it didn't mean they had forgotten who resulted in its destruction to begin with. There was no doubt that it was this young man before them.

"Fifth Level Planet Grade Faith... Third Level Planet Grade Faith... I'm flattered."

With the Nephilim Alliance controlling over 500 quadrants, and the Sapientia controlling over 300, this was exactly what Dyon had expected. Of course, he didn't think he would have to face this all now. There was a reason he was shaking his head.

His own arrogance was getting him into trouble again, but this time it really wasn't his fault at all. How was he supposed to know that the treasure they worshipped so much was such trash?

"Unfortunately for you, you've still underestimated me."

Dyon's aura completely changed. The air of an Emperor of the Heavens revolved around him like a violent cyclone, creating a formless robe that draped along the outline of his body and crystalline armor.

Chapter 1997: Perception

In sharp contrast to the countless golden silhouettes he faced from the two Ancestors, to his back, there was only one man. One man that took on his very own likeness.

Origin Ancestor Dyon Sacharro!

The two Ancestors trembled. No, it wasn't just them, but rather each and every cultivator in attendance. They realized now just how foolish they had been to believe that Dyon was from some hidden Clan.

Never in the history of the mortal plane had anyone ever built an Emperor Grade Clan in a single lifetime. Even the best needed two, three or even more generations.

However, not only had Dyon done this... But he reached the First Level Planet Grade in a single step!

The three men clashed once more. But it became very obvious very quickly that the new situation was much different than it had been in the past.

The movements of Yadmere and Estein became more fluid, their attacks more potent, variable and enigmatic.

'So this is what it feels like to battle a Higher Existence at their true pinnacle.'

Dyon's eyes closed as the injuries on his once blemishless body began to quickly accumulate.

What truly set Higher Existences apart wasn't the qi. Just like Dao Experts, Higher Existences could only wield Enigmatic Qi, albeit to a far higher degree.

No, what set them apart was their ability to bend the laws of the mortal plane to their whim. Each of their attacks were capable of shattering the void, causing distortions in the fabric of reality. This allowed a variability to their attacks that was impossible for a normal dao expert to match up against.

Quick strikes somehow landed far later than they should have. Slow strikes met their mark far quicker than they were meant to.

Up became down, and down became up. Dyon found using his Immortal Sense to keep tabs on all of these rapid changes was weighing on him even when he had his halo activated.

He realized then just how right he was about the importance of battle experience. Not every battle could be settled because he could use his senses to read his opponents intentions before even they were fully clear.

Even if Dyon's Immortal Sense read that there was a punch coming, he had no way of seeing through the kind of law manipulation that would be the foundation of said punch.

On top of all of this, Dyon's Faith was lacking. Luckily, as the Origin Ancestor of the Sacharro Clan, his Faith was purer than Yadmere and Estein's who were Ancestors several generations down. However, this benefit wasn't enough to completely bridge the gap. It was only enough for him to be a level beneath.

Despite controlling only 300 or so universes, the Sapientia had Faith just as powerful as the Nephilim Alliance precisely because they were just a single Clan while the latter was an Alliance. At the same time, Dyon's own Faith was about equivalent to what the Sapientia had upon conquering their 200th Universes. This level an entire level gap between them that was hard to close.

Dyon coughed up a mouthful of blood, his body explosively retreating as his figure flickered, riding the ebbs and flows of spatial laws to appear as several versions of himself to the untrained eye.

'Perception...'

This word suddenly appeared in Dyon's mind. He knew immediately that it was his mind subconsciously telling him the answer. Often times, his intuition worked faster than he could explain.

Perception... He hadn't thought about this ability since he left the first trial of the Epistemic Tower.

Back then, the trial had been to exit a maze. It seemed simple enough, but one's senses were completely cut off. Still, Dyon relied mostly on his intelligence to make it out. It was only after he vaguely sensed this 'Perception' grow in his body. Now that he thought about it, he realized that he hadn't actually met the true goal of the first trial.

There were two abilities the trials taught. The first was Presence... And the second was Perception... But due to his own uniqueness, Dyon only progressed with the former, but completely ignored the latter.

Perception was simply another form of using the senses. For Dyon who had such overwhelming soul talent, why would he ever bother?

But if he truly reflected upon it... Presence played such an important role in his strength currently... How could it be that the Epistemic Tower would ever teach anything useless?

Dyon continuously dodged techniques as he suddenly became lost in thought.

Perception was a sense that extended from the body, just like Presence was rooted in the body. It was akin to a sixth sense rooted in one's intuition. The weakness of Perception, though, was that one's eyes had to lay on the target. This was why Dyon never bothered with it. His Immortal Sense could see through even hidden things, what need did he have for a sensory technique with such a blatant weakness?

It had been useful to him when his soul was sealed... But after that period, he never used it again.

But, the more he thought about it, the more he realized that maybe Perception wasn't as simple as he assumed. Maybe the reason his battle sense hadn't grown as fast as his other abilities was precisely because he ignored this 'Perception'.

Thinking to this point, Dyon suddenly cut off his Immortal Sense completely.

As though on cue, two near lethal strikes landed upon his body. A palm from Estein blasted into the left of his chest, while a finger from Yadmere burrowed into the side of his ribcage.

The sudden change shocked the two Ancestors, but they were both veterans of battle. They didn't hesitate for more than a moment before following up.

The strikes landed upon Dyon's body like a barrage of nuclear bombs. The sound of a Higher Existence striking such powerful defenses was no joke. It felt as though the world was shattering around them as concentric blasts of air and shattered space blew wildly about.

Chapter 1998: Ragdoll

Dyon bled red, but the movement of his eyes, or rather, eye, was incredibly rapid. As he circulated his Silver Mirror Constitution to its absolute peak using Bold Type Qi, he forced himself to take everything in, only now realizing that maybe the loss of his left eye was more troubling than he originally assumed.

'This is it... This is it...'

If those below could hear Dyon's thoughts, they'd think he was a fool. In one moment, he was a man who could stand toe to toe with two Ancestor level characters, and in the next, he became a beaten ragdoll.

There was nothing Dyon's right eye missed. Even though he was blind to his left side, the truth was that his right eye was no longer normal.

In an average person, one's periphery was exceptionally limited. This was true even for cultivators. After all, this is a limitation of design and not something that cultivating can change. However, Dyon's singular eye was different.

If his straight forward line of sight was considered 0 degrees, he could see to the right 150 degrees. To the left, he could see 90 degrees, a measure that would be even more if it wasn't for the obstruction of his own nose.

In addition to this, if he shifted his pupils its furthest distance to the right, he could make up this final 30 degree span to see a full 180 degrees to his back

While others had their vision blur past a narrow focal point, he could see clearly in this 270 degree span. Unfortunately, this was still too limiting.

With the experience of the two Ancestors, they immediately realized that Dyon was reacting far slower to attacks that came to his left. In some cases, he wouldn't notice them at all, causing him to be inflicted with a barrage of injuries that painted a picture of crimson on just a single side of his body.

But even with the situation being as such, Dyon's eyes, or rather, eye, was glowing brighter and brighter. Of course, this was not a tangible brightness, but rather an allegory for Dyon's own excitement.

The Ancestors seemed to realize that this counterattack of theirs wasn't dampening Dyon's spirits. In the end, this ironically made them the more anxious side as they sought to end it all quickly.

'So this is what I've been missing out on...'

The rapid flickering of Dyon's eyes accelerated as he allowed his halo to fade.

'I've been relying on my Immortal Sense so much that I've missed what's right in front of me.'

Dyon already found Hell's Right Eye to be amazing. To have the ability to freely fold and unfold space as he pleased, even travelling between universes, something that was an inconvenience to everyone, suddenly became leisurely to him.

However, he could have never expected that he had merely touched its surface.

Dyon had always thought it was best to not trust his eyesight. In a way, he was correct. Eyes could easily be deceived, but Divine and Immortal Sense had ways of peering into the truth of matters.

Still, he had been far too extreme in his views. This problem became even more glaring after he gained one of the most sought after pupils in all of existence.

Not only did Hell's Right Eye have the ability to fold and shrink space, but it was incredibly sensitive to its fluctuations, far more sensitive than even Dyon's own Immortal Sense. In fact, while Dyon's Immortal Sense didn't have the ability to peer past a universe barrier yet, Hell's Right Eye actually could!

All of a sudden, reading the shattering of the void that allowed the two Ancestors to change the laws of physics as they pleased became easier and easier.

When Dyon reached a certain point, he retracted his halo entirely, abandoning his soul completely. He felt like it was still distracting him, stopping him from reaching an even higher level. He could feel it, that breaking point... It was right there!

An overwhelming presence broke free from Dyon's body. The momentum was so fierce that the two Ancestors were pushed back by the invisible force uncontrollably.

"Tsk." Dyon turned his head back to watch his vajra body tear the Immortal Blood Gong array apart.

The nine Dragon Pillars cracked and crumbled as its weighty presence made itself known.

The illusory array over Dyon's left eye suddenly shattered, revealing his closed eyelid leaking with blood below.

Dyon obviously hadn't been taking this fight very seriously. His true opponent had long since stopped being those of the mortal plane. His only thoughts were of defeating The Entity. But in order to do so, he needed to temper himself to the extreme, which was why he mostly used his qi and body in this battle.

Unfortunately, now that his vajra body had appeared outside of his own wishes, fighting under the same circumstances would be difficult. Though he didn't know how powerful his vajra body was... he could vaguely sense that defeating these two Ancestors wouldn't be a problem with it by his side.

The trouble was that he could also feel a strong suppression lingering over his vajra body. Remembering the warning of the Dragon King, he of course understood... His manifestation was something that shouldn't appear on the mortal plane, it was being fiercely rejected. If he went too overboard with an attack, he would face severe backlash far beyond a mere tribulation.

'It's fine. The fact it appeared this time definitely means I've made a breakthrough... It seems this eye is related to Perception in some way... It's no wonder I've never activated it in all this time despite it being the first of my six halos to awaken...'

Despite knowing this, Dyon didn't dare to use it too much. Even though he no longer had a left eye, wielding this enigmatic pupil still put great stress on the tissues in his empty eye socket. He felt a surging power that was eager to find an outlet, but there was none provided.

Chapter 1999: Else?

'I have to reach the Fate Silk Realm.' Dyon clutched his fists.

"Well, it seems like the fun's over. [Heal]."

Dyon spoke this word casually, but the moment this third blessing came into effect, his entire body was enshrouded by white flames. An instant later, it was as though he hadn't battled at all.

Seeing this seen, the two Ancestors shivered in terror. It was only now they remembered... Dyon hadn't used his Faith to heal himself! It wasn't because he couldn't since they obviously had been able to... It was because he hadn't wanted to!

"Though healing with Faith sounds great, it's ultimately an unorthodox method." Dyon said casually. "It will leave lingering problems and influences. You two don't care because you're already old, but I like to think I have a great future ahead for myself. Now..."

Dyon's vajra body suddenly moved.

A palm strike descended from the skies, sending the two Ancestors barreling into the earth below without suspense, their bodies left in disheveled states of blood and gore. Even though one could clearly see it was a palm... Many couldn't help but feel like the Heavens themselves were collapsing upon them...

"... Is there anyone else?"

Dyon stood arrogantly in the skies. The presence of his vajra body was unlike any below had ever felt before. Even the dragons, known for their unbridled sovereignty, trembled beneath its might.

The so-called Nephilim Gathering had suddenly become a joke. They had diligently planned for two years all for the sake of dealing with this young man, come to find out he actually had the strength to defeat their Ancestors with a single strike.

This kind of reality was suffocating.

'Ah, how am I supposed to catch up to him now?!' Damaris all but stomped her feet in exasperation. No matter how hard headed she was, there was no way she could convince herself that she could one day match him.

The Crystal Dragon Clan was a special case amongst dragons. Unlike the others, they practiced cultivation that calmed their hearts and minds. It was only the Damaris' personality clashed with their methods too much, causing her to be far less talented than her elder sister.

As a result of this odd evolutionary path, the Crystal Dragon Clan, at least in recent history, birthed the most number of dragons who broke through Heaven's Chains and transcended. In fact, their bloodline was quite well respected even on the Immortal Plane.

Knowing all of this, it was no wonder Damaris was so haughty. However, from the first moment she met Dyon, he had been constantly suppressing her.

She still remembered the time where Zaire and Lyla laughed at her for thinking she could beat Dyon. Back then, she thought they were blinded by love for their elder brother. But realizing that this truly was the reality of it all... It was a hard pill to swallow.

When Chenglei reached this state in his thinking, years of tempering and hardship allowed him to finally shatter those chains and pave his path toward the Immortal Plane. But, Damaris was different. Her inner struggle was still raging on. She simply couldn't place down her pride so easily.

If breaking Heaven's Chains was so easy to do... Wouldn't every beast succeed?

On Dyon's shoulders, Little Yin and Yang smiled so brightly that their little chubby cheeks expanded by at least three times.

When they first completed their pact with Dyon, they had seen layers to his timeline that wouldn't appear in a normal person. They had known since then that their choice was correct. But seeing matters truly play out as they had expected... It was enough to fill their little hearts with joy.

"Since you've all remained silent, I'll take it as a sign of ascent. In just seventy to eighty more years, the Ancient Battlefield will descend. This isn't the time for the Mortal Plane to be embroiled in war.

"Those Failed Clans realize just what kind of opportunity this is. The fact the Heavens are allowing that plane's descent at this time means that it's given up on us already and wants to cleanse its failures. Think twice, then a third time, before doing something this foolish again. I won't forgive you a second time."

Dyon had long since come to understand that the Ancient Battlefield was nothing more than a tool of evolution. Not only could those who trained on its surface vastly increase their training pace, but its descent was the very core of the survival of the fittest.

The Heavens believed that their Modern Era was too weak. How could it not be? The so-called Sprites had taken the crown as 'pinnacle' race, but Dyon knew well that the true pinnacle race should have been those of his mortal clan.

Unfortunately, The Entity completely disrupted their rise, causing the race that should have been the strongest of the Titans, Angels and Elves to become unworthy of even being bottom feeders of the mortal plane.

The fact the Ancient Battlefield was descending so early only proved Dyon's thoughts. The Heavens wanted to hit a hard reset, to do it all over again from the beginning. For those Clans that had been lurking on the Ancient Battlefield for countless trillions of years, this was their chance!

But it seemed that those on the Mortal Plane weren't even considering this issue. They still believed that they would be able to weather the coming storm. After all, the 'defenders' had always had the advantage in the past thanks to their Faith.

This was why they were so adamant about getting rid of 'traitors' like Dyon. As long as they could ensure that no one betrayed the Defenders and allowed their Outsiders to accumulate Faith easily, it would only be a matter of time before they won.

However... They had underestimated the Heavens and its displeasure with the weakness of their Modern Era.

Not only would the battlefield descend far earlier than it should, but the Faith they had placed all their bets on would be sealed!

Chapter 2000: Complacency

This matter was not a joke. Due to the actions of the Death Phoenixes of time's past, the Mortal Plane which once had a near infinite number of universes barely had over 1000 quadrants currently.

However, would those of the Ancient Battlefield be limited to this number?

Think about it. These would be all of the Failed Clans of history. Just how many Clans, Sects, and powerhouses could be produced from a mortal plane that once spanned a near infinite area?

Whether it be quantity or quality, the mortal plane was outmatched beyond a doubt!

Dyon didn't have time to worry about these fools. Even if he was this powerful now, what if he was facing three Higher Existences instead? What about four? What if that number was suddenly thousands?!

This was no time for complacency. If these fools didn't see reason, he would just kill until they did.

Due to the exploration of his clones, Dyon had a far better understanding of the Ancient Battlefield in comparison to everyone else on the mortal plane. If he could solve this issue himself, he would have long since done so. At the very least, he would have taken action in the last two years.

One had to remember that Dyon's battle prowess on the Ancient Battlefield was even higher than it was on the mortal plane due to the fact it was his constitution's world. Yet even with this being the case, he still wasn't 100% confident.

Though Dyon had a certain level of certainty that he could protect himself and his family, this simply wasn't good enough. Dyon's enemy was never those of the mortal plane, or even the ancient battlefield, but was rather The Entity that still lay in slumber.

Dyon believed that his master was correct. The key to defeating The Entity would likely lie with Faith. But, if he took a back step and solely focused on defending, though he would survive, he would lose a massive amount of ground as well.

If this happened, he'd be right back in the same situation he was in the previous timeline. It would take him too long to unify the mortal plane, giving The Entity too much time to complete its absorption of his home universe, which would ultimately lead to his loss in the end once more.

Dyon couldn't allow this to happen. Not only did he need to defend the Mortal Plane from the Failed Clans, but he also had to take the opportunity to firmly grasp the plane itself for himself.

The first and most important thing was obviously his personal strength. If he grew strong enough in the next eighty years, it didn't matter how many enemies the Failed Clans sent toward him.

However, he knew he alone wouldn't be enough. The Higher Existences of the Ancient Battlefield were true powerhouses that made Estein and Yadmere look like mere dancing clowns.

Of course, there were only a few of them with that level of power, but there were many more who were equal to these two Ancestors, easily dozens. This didn't even mention the numerous lower-level Higher Existences beneath them, or the ridiculous number of Fallen.

On the Ancient Battlefield, the path toward transcendence was completely cut off. However, instead of being a detriment, this actually became a strength of theirs.

Long ago, Dyon heard the story of how Amethyst was forcibly sent to the Immortal Plane after her strength reached a certain level. There was also his mother from the second trial who was forced to transcend after giving birth to him.

However, those Higher Existences of the Ancient Battlefield were allowed to sweep past this threshold as they pleased!

In reality, this was meant to be a punishment for them as Failed Clans. After all, if one could still reach the Immortal Plane after being jailed on the Ancient Battlefield, wouldn't such a deal be too good? But in reality, it was nothing short of a death sentence for their Mortal Plane!

Dyon had all of these things weighing on his mind constantly. 80 years might sound like a lot of time, but the truth was that it was nothing more than a blink of an eye. He himself might be able to improve massively in that time, but what about everyone else?

This was where the second aspect of his plans had to come in. He needed to raise the standards of the mortal plane as a whole. Only by doing this would they stand a small chance.

There was good news amidst all of this bad. The Failed Clans weren't a single entity. As much as they wanted to find a place on the mortal plane by destroying them as Defenders, they were also competing with one another.

Their vast numbers were a double-edged sword. Countless Failed Clans had accumulated on the Ancient Battlefield since the Chaos and Primordial Eras, but this only made even more certain that they couldn't share the mortal plane amongst all of them.

This was the only chance the Defenders had. They had to find a path toward victory amongst the innumerable number of Clan and Sect wars.

"Like I've said before, I have no intention of helping out the Sapientia and Nephilim Alliance. Unless you give me an appropriate explanation, the Devil Quadrants and Transcendent Beast Alliance alone will receive the support of my Celestial Deer Sect."

The coughing sounds of Estein and Yadmere spewing up blood played as a backdrop to Dyon's words.

"Since all of the powerhouses of the mortal plane are already here, in three days, my Sacharro Clan will hold a meeting. This will lay out the plan for the next eighty years until the Ancient Battlefield descends. I believe I've proven myself enough and feel no need to waste any more words on why I should take the lead in these matters. If anyone disagrees, don't blame me for you losing your life."

Dyon descended from the skies to land in the midst of Luna, Madeleine, his daughter and the master-disciple pair.

Rose couldn't help but look at him as though she was gazing at a monster, while Jade's gaze was toward the ground, a slight blush painting her soft cheeks.