

The Nameless 2001

Chapter 2001: War of Ages

Dyon couldn't help but smile. This dazzling smile was so out of character to the Dyon those watching below had come to know that they were caught completely off guard.

So he had this kind of face too...?

"Let's go. This place is tiresome."

...

Dyon's three-day deadline came and went in the blink of an eye. He hadn't given them three days because he needed to prepare, but rather gave them time to make any plans or concoct any underhanded schemes they pleased. His giving them three days was tantamount to announcing that their resistance didn't matter to him whatsoever.

On the fourth day, the meeting began. Of course, everyone was in attendance. Those of the Sapientia, the Transcendent Beast Alliance, the Nephilim Alliance and, most intriguingly, the Devil Quadrants were all present.

It was then that Dyon made promises that shocked them all.

The total number of dao experts on the mortal plane totaled about ten million. This may sound like a lot, but considering there were countless trillions of people on the plane, it was a pitiful few. In addition to this, of these dao experts, the vast majority were Lower Dao Experts, with only about ten to twenty thousand being of the Peak Dao Realm.

Knowing this, Dyon opened the meeting with a grand promise. Every ten years, he guaranteed that this ten million number would double. By the time the Ancient Battlefield descended and the first phase began, he swore there would be 2.5 billion dao experts on their mortal plane.

On top of this, Dyon promised to bring the ten thousand Peak Dao Experts number to one hundred thousand.

Many world leaders who had already been enraged by Dyon's sudden attempt at leadership obviously lashed out toward his nonsensical claims. Unfortunately for them, though, those who spoke out lost their heads. Following this, Dyon displayed his means for those who managed to survive while keeping their mouths shut.

Dyon brought out countless essence, saint and celestial gathering pills. Each of which were reinforced to godly levels, and of which there were billions. There was no shortage of individuals who would even use Dao Stones to pay for these pills!

Even if they thought Dyon had otherworldly means in array alchemy, they thought for sure that he would be limited in his supply. But the reality of it all shocked them. To create these billions... Dyon didn't need more than hour!

The second thing Dyon promised was protection. The large-

scale formations the current Outer Powers had were just pitiful playthings in his eyes. Creating numerous star grade arrays was as easy as flipping over a hand for him. The only thing he needed was resources.

Though these Outer Powers were nothing in Dyon's eyes anymore, their billions of years of accumulation showed. Their knowledge might be lacking, but their resources were deep and profound. Dyon wouldn't hesitate to take everything he needed.

Given enough, Dyon could create arrays that wouldn't be penetrated by Peak Dao Experts even if they launched an all out assault for a month. These arrays would be more than enough to protect lesser cities and population centers.

As for main Capital cities, Dyon could form arrays that wouldn't fall to Fallen even with a month.

Unfortunately, no matter how otherworldly his means, creating an array capable of blocking a Higher Existence for that span was very difficult. For arrays on that level, Dyon kept them for his Mortal Alliance.

He wasn't in the business of charity. If he spread himself too thin, he would end up harming those he cared the most about. Plus, this method would also keep these Outer Powers from growing complacent.

Also, Dyon still needed to unit the mortal plane when everything was said and done. Wouldn't it be too ridiculous if his own creations hindered him from doing so?

Following this, there was no surprise that the Sapientia came to grovel. As for the Nephilim, they were too prideful to do so. However, they still respected strength first and foremost. This left a rift in the Nephilim Alliance that tore them into two factions. One faction sided with Dyon, pleading for forgiveness and pledging an alliance. The other faction, many of whom were the descendants of Yadmere, chose the opposite path.

This was what Dyon had expected to happen with the Sapientia as well, but they were surprisingly humble about the matter. However, this truth only made Dyon sneer in much the same fashion he had when the Mist Clan pledged their allegiance.

There was most definitely some secret the Sapientia was hiding. He didn't believe that this enemy of his that had been lurking in the shadows for longer than even he had been alive could be handled so easily. However, much like the Mist Clan, he accepted them with a fake smile.

With that, Dyon made several individual promises.

He promised those of the Nephilim who submitted to purify their bloodlines, allowing them to grow stronger. Of course, this was the same deal he provided to the Transcendent Beast Alliance.

For the Devil Quadrants, they were already his allies and didn't need further promises. However, he still took steps toward assimilating them into the martial world. They had been ostracized for too long.

As for the Sapientia, in order to express their sincerity to Dyon, they uploaded all of their knowledge into the Mortal Library and retracted their statements about Array Alchemy. It was only for these reasons that Dyon accepted their bowed heads.

In return, he passed down several soul cultivation methods that had been lost to time. With how important their Abacus Manifestations were to them, this was truly an invaluable gift.

Like this the years and decades began to tick away with Dyon slowly molding the Mortal Plane to his own image. Maybe it wouldn't be until centuries later that they came to understand that the plans Dyon laid out during those meetings sealed their futures.

In what felt like the blink of an eye, 80 years passed, leaving just 3 days to the start of the Ancient Battlefield's first phase. The only regret Dyon had in this time was the mysterious disappearance of the Timeless Library. With Apollos in captivity, it shouldn't have had the ability to hide from him, yet it had. But, he didn't have the luxury to think about it anymore....

The War of Ages was about to begin.

Chapter 2002:

There were very few Hegemons of the Mortal Plane, but this very place was the Holy Land one of them called home. However, at this point in time, this place wasn't filled with its normal happiness and carefreeness.

Well, this wasn't to say that something terrible was occurring. By all rights, it was actually a grand event. It was just that those watching on couldn't help but be nervous.

In the skies above their heads, a grand staircase of gold ascended into the skies. It was truly a sight to behold.

Holy light cascaded to the grounds below, bathing the Empire's capital in a warm blessing.

If one counted the number of stairs, one would come to an amount of 9999. This seemed to hold no significance whatsoever, but for those who were knowledgeable, their hearts couldn't help but tremble.

This was none other than Heaven's Staircase, a trial known as Heaven's Ascent. It was the very trial every Peak Dao Expert who hoped to become a Higher Existence would be forced to take. Whether they could pry their own fate from the jaws of heavenly laws would be decided by this very trial.

With this, one might begin to understand the significance of what these 9999 steps represented.

The Half-Step Transcendent Realm was separated into three major tiers.

On the Mortal Plane, the first tier of experts was simply designated as Higher Existences. For those of this tier, they were only able to elicit the descent of 3333 steps or less.

The second tier of expert were known as Lords. For those of this tier, they were only able to elicit the descent of between 3334 and 6666 steps.

The final tier of expert were known as Supremes. For those of this tier, they were able to elicit the descent of anywhere between 6667 and 9999 steps!

For one to earn the title of their Clan's Ancestor, at least for the Outer Powers of the Mortal Plane, this third tier was the bare minimum. However, for all 9999 steps to descend... This was a sight the mortal plane had not seen in billions of years!

What decided the number of steps that descended? It was foundation and talent! For 9999 to descend, it meant that one's future on the Immortal Plane was nearly guaranteed. Well... If one managed to ascend to the top, that is.

However, while this was rare for those of the mortal plane, the reactions of the citizens of this hegemon were far more lukewarm than it should have been. It was almost as though they had already seen it many times before.

And that... They had. Over the last decade, this was already over the tenth time. No, maybe it was the twentieth? It didn't matter, they had long since lost count.

To be able to spit out Higher Existences... No, Supremes at this rate... If the other Outer Powers knew, they'd likely faint from shock. Unfortunately for them, the truth of these matters was kept within the walls of their Empire.

Currently, in the skies, the one challenging these 9999 steps was beauty with delicate brown skin. Her blue eyes flickered with a warm gentleness that overwhelmed one with the sense of wanting to protect her.

The Empire's Capital had long since fallen for this beauty. In fact, the only time in these last 80 years that the citizens ever displayed their dissatisfaction for their Emperor was when he held a grand wedding but excluded her. There were many people who cursed their Emperor that night and drank a bottle of liquor in solidarity with this beauty.

Who had ever heard of citizens openly cursing their Emperor? But the population of this hegemon did so freely, and they actually weren't punished for it!

The ambience of this Empire was clear. Even the lowest people scolded the Emperor as though he was their own brother... Even when one of the Emperor's women risked her life to challenge Heaven's Steps, they would feel nervous as though she was their own sister-in-law.

Maybe since the creation of the mortal plane, there had never been such a harmonious empire. But here one was, watching a petite beauty climb step after step.

Every step was no different from facing another tribulation. Strikes of lightning, piercing whipping winds, blazing fires, attacks of the mind, disease-like afflictions... This small beauty weathered through them all, her steps remaining steady.

1111 steps... 2222.... 4444.... 8888....

She reached the final ninth stretch. Her body was riddled with injuries, her beautiful features obscured by dripping and drying blood. But, it couldn't cover the determination in her gentle eyes.

A leather-like white armor stretched over her limbs as the call of a five-headed elephant made even the steps below her small feet tremble.

With a final push, she landed on the final step, her cheery gentle laughter warming the hearts of those below.

A blessing descended from above. Her aura rapidly surged as all of her injuries healed at a speed even faster than what the mortal eye could keep up with.

The blessing lasted for several moments before she descended from the skies like a blue gowned fairy.

With a smile, she landed before a young man smiling a relieved smile. It was just that this young man was wearing Emperor Robes wrapped in black and gold dragons. He was none other than the Emperor of their Hegemon.

"Demon General Saru greets Emperor Sacharro." Saru curtsied politely, a sweet smile on her face.

This Hegemon was known by a name that rocked the Mortal Plane.

They were the Mortal Empire.

"Stop messing around." Dyon smirked, causing a wave of wind qi too pull Saru up from her bow.

"I've finally caught up." Saru said with a beaming smile.

Dyon only smiled in response, but the truth was that he was a bit confused about it all. With Saru's talent, she should have broken through this final step long ago, he didn't know why she had lagged behind so much.

Of course, if others heard that Dyon thought going from the celestial realm to the Half-Step Transcendent Realm in just 80 years was too slow, they'd probably start riots.

However, it wasn't as though Dyon had no basis for this thought.

Chapter 2003: Surprise

?2003 Surprise

Of his family, Amphorae was the first to breakthrough. That deep sleep she entered into while Dyon was wreaking havoc in former Sprite Alliance territory actually lasted almost thirty years. When she woke up, she had gone from the Higher Dao Realm to the Peak. After consolidating her foundation, she directly broke through, becoming the first to conquer those 9999 steps.

The next was Madeleine. In reality, Madeleine should have been the first to breakthrough. After all, she had [Reincarnation of Heaven's Staircase]. It had to be remembered that this technique allowed phoenixes to directly enter the Higher Existence Realm, skipping over the tribulation, as long as they reached the Peak of the Dao Realm on their own.

However, Dyon advised her against it. Instead, just a few years after Amphorae, she entered under her own strength. It was only then she used [Reincarnation of Heaven's Staircase].

What did this mean? It meant that Madeleine had been baptized twice! Of his wives, even including Amphorae, she was the most powerful.

Dyon had long since heard about those Supremes of the Ancient Battlefield who couldn't enter the Immortal Plane. As a result, they were able to continuously consolidate their foundations and grow stronger without being forcefully ascended. These entities were individuals known as Overlords to the populations within the Ancient Battlefield.

After using [Reincarnation of Heaven's Staircase] only after becoming a Supreme herself, Madeleine was baptized to the level of these Overlords, wielding strength no less than any one of them.

As for how she managed to not be forcefully sent up, the answer was fairly simple. Thanks to Luna's abilities, Dyon could freely teleport into and out of the Ancient Battlefield, bringing individuals along with him. Madeleine was currently within the Ancient Battlefield, so she was subject to the same rules as those Overlords who couldn't transcend.

In addition, as long as she didn't use the strength of an Overlord while outside of the Ancient Battlefield, she would be able to live here peacefully as well.

After being baptized by [Reincarnation of Heaven's Staircase], both Madeleine's Life and Reincarnation Wills had entered the Realm of Law! Even on the Immortal Plane, she couldn't be looked down upon.

There were many avenues toward becoming an Overlord. Some simply strengthened their qi to a standard above Supremes, others their bodies, still others their souls. However, the most difficult path and the one the most powerful Overlords wielded was to reach this level by comprehension!

After Madeleine, it was Ri who was followed by Clara just a few months later.

Though Madeleine was the most powerful, when it came to dealing with many enemies, especially at the Supreme Realm, Ri was likely the most suited. Even as she diligently worked toward perfecting her constitution, and was infinitesimally close to doing so, her beast and fairy companions were growing along with her.

Ri essentially had an army of Higher Existences, Lords and Supremes by her side. A few dozen, in fact. Her main partners, namely the fairies, wouldn't lose out to any Supreme.

As for Clara, her constitutions, well, two of the three, had already been perfected. Clara's Wind Spirit and Fire Spirit constitutions were completed with ease considering the husband she had chosen.

Spirit Constitutions, in comparison to the others, had the most straight forward methods of reaching perfection. They simply needed to absorb high level abyssal cores in order to ascend their constitutions from the mortal grade, to the immortal grade.

If Clara could perfect her Eternity's Balance constitution as well, even without comprehending a Law, she could battle Overlords with ease. In fact, even now, normal Supremes were no match for her!

Of course, Dyon's wives improved the fastest because they could dual cultivate with him. Dyon had avoided entering the Higher Existence Realm himself because he knew that the Heavens would definitely no longer accept him if he reached that level. Even at the Peak Dao Realm, the 13th Dao Stage,

he was already a match for a Supreme without his vajra body. If he was on the Ancient Battlefield, he was a match for Overlords and surpassed them with his vajra body.

With this kind of strength flowing through him, his wives advanced by leaps and bounds. In addition, due to his comprehension of [One Above All] and his dragon phoenix dual cultivation technique's ability to share these comprehensions, their understanding toward their own paths deepened significantly faster than all others.

Like this, his wives all became Supremes, while Madeleine became an Overlord, all within 40 years.

But if one believed that this was simply due to dual cultivation, they would be gravely mistaken. The true key to meteoric rise of the Mortal Empire was Dyon's obsession with Array Alchemy! As a result, not only did his wives enter this Realm, but his siblings, daughter and many of his Demon Generals had as well!

Knowing this, how could he not be confused with Saru's seemingly slow path toward becoming a Supreme?

Suddenly, Dyon froze, his head tilting as he observed Saru once more.

"Your body... It's the equivalent of an Overlord?!"

Seeing Dyon's surprised expression, Saru grinned.

This was no small advantage. Overlords who entered using their qi strength or their comprehension would always be directly rejected by the Heavens. However, those who entered with their bodies or their souls had much more leeway!

One only needs to look at Dyon to understand this. Dyon's soul had long since transcended the bounds of the mortal plane. However, wasn't he still here?

This reality is what led to the convention the qi cultivation was the most important. Even one's tribulation's strength was entirely dependent on their qi cultivation talent. This was why Dyon had never dared to absorb the energy kernel despite having it by his side all of this time.

A comprehension breakthrough was slightly different. Eli could only use comprehensions up to the 9th Dao Realm. This was the hard cap of the Mortal Plane. Those who comprehended Laws were essentially forcefully creating a connection to the Immortal Plane, which is why they would be rejected by the mortal plane.

Qi Overlord. Body Overlord. Soul Overlord. And Ascended Overlord.

Chapter 2004: Once

?2004 Once

With Saru breaking through as a Body Overlord, she had suddenly become a massive trump card. Being able to use the strength of an Overlord on the mortal plane was massive!

When the second phase began and the Failed Clans could begin to enter their mortal plane, Saru's role would be crucial.

In fact, she wasn't the only Body Overlord their Mortal Empire had. The other was obviously his own father-in-law and Amphorae's father.

Body Overlords were incredibly rare due to the difficulty of the path. Of course, Soul Overlords like Dyon were even rarer, but this didn't make this formerly stated truth any less meaningful.

Dyon smiled brightly. "This is great. I was wondering why it took you so long to breakthrough. It seems I was worried for nothing."

With this, Dyon could finally sigh in relief. All of those he cared the most about now had the strength to protect themselves. Well... There was still Lilith left, but not everything could be perfect. He wasn't a God just yet.

In the last 80 years, he had refined pills like madman. He had hardly cultivated himself, in fact. But, this was the most fun he had had in a long time.

His wives thought he was crazy, but after the meeting ended with those Outer Powers, Dyon started from scratch, laying a new foundation for him.

In his youth, Dyon found Array Alchemy so easy that he hardly put much effort into it. Whenever his soul qi reached a new stage, he would directly start refining a new tier of pill, ignoring what he left behind.

With his talent, this didn't impact him at all. But, if it had been anyone else who took this approach, they would have long been ruined by their teetering foundation. So, Dyon's master advised him to start from square one... And he listened.

Dyon spent 10 years madly refining nothing but common to grandmaster grade pills and formations. He spent the next 50 years on the comet, moon, planet and star grades.

Even the most obscure common grade pills, he had refined over a million times each. Even the most useless common grade formations, he had laid over a billion times each.

By the time he got to the comet grade, he knew he couldn't waste that amount of wealth simply for his own practice, so he learned a new technique within the [Dao of Array Alchemy]. It was a God Grade Alchemy Refinement Technique known as [Simulating the Hands of a Deity].

Venerable Grade. Empyrean Grade. God Grade. If this technique appeared on the Immortal Planes, a blood bath would ensue without a doubt. Yet, Dyon was using it to refine mere comet grade herbs.

On the path of alchemy, there were simply too many failures. The amount of wealth wasted would make any rich young scion faint from shock. [Simulating the Hands of a Deity] allowed one to perfectly replicate any Spiritual Herb an alchemist had laid their eyes on before into a virtual world. There, they would be able to use this herb in a refinement as many times as they pleased without wasting resources.

Dyon used [Simulating the Hands of a Deity] to refine countless million comet, moon, planet and star grade pills.

With his already obscene talent, coupled with the effort he had put in, Dyon's understanding of formations and alchemy had reached an unprecedented level.

After 60 years, the rewards for his efforts burst through like a tempest. Every pill he refined seemed to be enshrined by the heavenly dao. Even common grade pills that were normally only useful for Foundation Realm experts proved useful even for dao experts. It was something that seemed to flip reality on its head.

But nothing was fiercer than Dyon's Half-Step Immortal Pills. He couldn't refine true immortal grade pills because he lacked the resources necessary, but these half immortal pills spread across his Mortal Empires like the wings of a tiger.

A pregnant mother, taking a single one of Dyon's half immortal pills, would birth a Essence Gathering Realm baby. An old expert at the brink of death with just one of Dyon's half immortal pills would gain tens of thousands of years of life. An untalented youth with ninth grade meridians would step into the half-step true deity grade with just one of Dyon's pills...

Dyon was already certain that if his armies marched on the mortal plane now, no one could stop them. However, now was not the time to do so.

His decades of leisure were about to come to an end. It was just unfortunate that he failed to give his Madeleine a child in this time.

'Once this is all over, even if I have to shake the Heavens themselves, this husband of yours will give you a little one of your own.'

...

The Mortal Empire fell into a state of celebration. Though everyone knew of the coming danger, they had come to have a level of unparalleled confidence in their Emperor. Many here were still old enough to remember a life before the Mortal Alliance turned Mortal Empire. Comparing their lives of back then to now was simply like comparing cow dung to a holy treasure.

Dyon had done a lot to raise the standard of the Mortal Empire. The infrastructure was impeccable thanks to Meiyong's hard work, the resources were seemingly endless thanks to Eli and the Array Alchemy Association, and every day seemed filled with a vibrant hope for the future.

Though Dyon had hardly cultivated in the last 80 years, one would be hard pressed to believe this truth.

For one, he crossed 7 cultivation stages, going from the 6th Dao Stage, up to the 13th. For others, this was a leap that should have taken several hundred thousand years, yet Dyon simply popped a few pills into his mouth and let them do the work for him.

Not only was his qi cultivation incredibly high and pure, but his foundation was also sturdy without compare.

Chapter 2005: Soul

?2005 Soul

His knowledge of Array Alchemy had reached such a profound level that he finally succeeded in creating a branch of pill formula perfectly suited toward Mortal Meridians.

Thanks to his pioneering a new field, not only did his own cultivation benefit greatly, but those of his mortal world did as well. Though their birth rate was incredibly low, in the last 80 years, Dyon's Mortal Clan had given birth to 100 000 Mortal Warriors. Among them, there were even 3 born with Star Grade Fusion Meridians.

Aside from his qi cultivation, Dyon's body reached the absolute pinnacle of the Diamond Silk Stage, becoming perfectly aligned with his qi cultivation. Unfortunately, even half immortal grade pills seemed completely unable to allow him the final step in breaking through.

Still, this disappointment didn't cloud his good mood. There were many other things to be happy about. For example, his soul.

80 years ago, Dyon's soul had been at the 1st stage of Star Qi. However now, it had reached the pinnacle of the Mortal Plane, standing firmly at the 6th stage of Star Qi.

One had to remember that after the mortal grade, soul cultivation split into two tiers. The first was for the senses, and the next was related to power. Dyon's senses had already broken into the immortal grade, evolving into Immortal Sense. Now, his second soul path was also on the verge of reaching this level.

In line with his soul's accomplishments, Dyon's Immortal Sense had evolved, growing from the First Grade World Seer stage, to the Third. This allowed him to see through two universe barriers away from him at once.

This didn't mean Dyon could only see 3 universes at a given time. If three universes were arranged in a straight line, then he would only be able to see 3. However, if he stood at the center of a universe surrounded by many, as long as a universe was within 2 barriers of him, he could lay eyes on all of its secrets.

The evolution in his Immortal Sense caused Dyon's comprehension to skyrocket. Not only did the secrets of Array Alchemy become clearer to him, but Mortal Grade Wills became a joke. There was already not a single Will of his that hadn't reached the 9th Dao Level despite the fact he didn't place his mind to it.

As for why he hadn't broken through to comprehend a Law, the answer was obvious. He needed to be free to exit the Ancient Battlefield. After all, he was the backbone of his Mortal Empire.

The only exceptions to this were his Weapon's Master and One Above All wills. Dyon's Weapon's Master Will had only reached the 9th Intent Realm, while his One Above All had only reached the 9th Will Realm.

In addition, without even his meaning to, Dyon had comprehended a whole host of other wills. It actually wasn't his own fault, but rather that of [One Above All]. It seemed that by practicing in this technique, Dyon was slowly comprehending the source of all things, allowing many things others struggled with to become clear to himself.

In the end, Dyon had become a powerhouse the likes of which the Mortal Plane had not seen in a long time. It was fair to say that he was completely unmatched by Mortal Grade standards. The only ones

who could threaten him were the Overlords who surpassed Mortal standards due to their inability to transcend.

In truth, Dyon had not battled in a very long time. Though others might have been nervous for the coming trial, he buried an eagerness deep within his heart.

According to Jade, he had conquered these Overlords once before already, but to the current Dyon, those achievements meant nothing. As far as he was concerned, it had nothing to do with him. He was itching for a challenge.

All of the plans had already been laid. Countless strategies and contingencies had been laid out by Dyon. In fact, there were even measures for if the worst case scenario occurred.

With this, the remaining three days became a time for leisure, a time that Dyon didn't take for granted even for a moment.

...

"Master, Uncle." Dyon greeted his master and her husband with a broad smile.

Of course in all this time, Dyon hadn't forgotten his promise to his Master. After the meeting with the Outer Powers ended, about a decade or so later, the Valley of Geniuses opened on the Dao Floors of the Epistemic Tower. Dyon hadn't hesitated to leave behind the Celestial Floors then and seek out his Master Uncle's spirit wisp.

Following that, it had only taken a few years to reform his body. Now, he too had stepped into the Higher Existence Realms along with his wife.

Though the two of them hadn't caused 9999 steps to descend, his Master Uncle had still evoked more than 8000, while his master had evoked more than 9800. They were both quite powerful amongst Supremes.

"Little Dyon, you've comprehended my path?" Esmeralda smiled toward Dyon with a doting expression.

Dyon laughed. "I finally did. Master's comprehensions of array alchemy was extraordinarily deep. In fact, they're very much like Runic Vein Theory which I don't have much talent in... It's likely because of this that it took me so long."

Esmeralda chuckled, pinching Dyon's cheek viciously. "It took me millions of years beneath Focus Lake to comprehend this new path, yet it only took you 20 years. Don't let others hear your words."

Dyon had long since known of his master's unique alchemy path. Back when he first took her spirit back from the Valley of Geniuses, she had used her celestial beast blood to concoct a pill capable of replenishing focus, something that even the [Dao of Array Alchemy] didn't have a mortal grade pill for.

The issue was exactly that, though. Incorporating flesh and blood into alchemy was unheard of. The practice focused entirely on spiritual herbs and plants of the sort. Some more unconventional recipes required fruits, but that still fell into the appropriate category.

However, Dyon's master carved a new path that could use the blood of beasts to concoct pills that had never been seen below the immortal grade.

Chapter 2006: Soon

?2006 Soon

Had Dyon comprehended it all earlier, there was no doubt that his Mortal Empire would be at least twice as strong as it was now. Unfortunately, he hadn't.

Though they had his master capable of concocting in this path, her soul stamina was nowhere near Dyon's. It was impossible for her to concoct millions, even billions of pills in one sitting like Dyon could. As a result, it was impossible to rely on her to support more than a handful of people.

This path could be considered the only time Dyon had ever struggled in Array Alchemy. His initial failure was part of the reason he insisted on starting from scratch, learning everything from the ground up.

In the end, his perseverance worked out. 20 years after he finished his 60 years of foundational training, he finally grasped the quintessence of his Master's Legacy.

This couldn't have made Esmeralda happier.

Though she never mentioned it, she had always felt a sense of inferiority. She didn't think she was worthy to be Dyon's master. She had hardly guided him, and had even placed such a massive burden on his shoulders when he was just a child. Even if Dyon never complained or even raised a single ounce of disrespect toward her, this only made her heart heavier.

However, now she felt she had truly done something for him. Though she didn't believe this could erase all of the wrongs she had brought into his life, it still set her heart at ease just the tiniest bit.

"Master! You can't start crying now, you know I can't deal with that." Dyon shook his head in a slight panic, wiping away Esmeralda's tears. Lilith's outburst all those decades ago had left him with some lingering trauma.

To the side, her husband, Jorkai, laughed heartily, his deep voice shaking the foundations of Soul Palace.

"With you master and disciple around, I feel like a third wheel. I need that little boy to hurry and bring me a grandchild so I don't feel so lonely anymore. To think he has two wives, yet I've yet to hold up my grandson. Can he even be my, Jorkai's, seed?"

Jorkai had an incredibly old-fashioned way of speaking, but his heart shone through with his every word.

Poor Zaire had been beaten on the head by this father of his for a grandchild, but he had never truly put his mind to it.

As for who Zaire's two wives were, he married both Lyla and Damaris. Dyon might have expected the former though he never pushed the issue, but the latter was a surprise to him. It honestly may have never happened had it not been for Lyla's interference. After all, she could see through the thoughts of both of them with ease.

"You inflexible old codger." Esmeralda pulled on her husband's ear. "These are dangerous times, who has the mind to have a child? Stop speaking nonsense."

Jorkai blushed slightly after Esmeralda's words exposed him. He was just making fun of his son for being incapable of having a child, but it was clear to anyone that he had tried to have a second one himself only to be rejected by Esmeralda.

Dyon smiled as the resolve in his heart grew stronger. Even if he had to give his life, these were the smiles he would protect to the end. To want to destroy the happiness of his family... The Entity must truly be tired of living.

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Ri stood silently, looking off into the dark night sky. She was currently on the edge of a long, luxurious balcony of Soul Palace, her thoughts drifting off toward the bright moon.

She was slightly startled when she felt two strong arms wrap about her slim waist, but smiled in the end, leaning back and into a tall, sturdy frame.

"He should be back soon." Dyon said softly.

"... It's been almost a century... Mother misses him a lot." Ri responded.

Of the Supremes of his Mortal Empire, his mother-in-law had long since become one. Of course, as a newly born Celestial Fox, she didn't have to undergo a tribulation, so no one was certain what level of baptism she received, but Dyon was quite sure that she too received the pinnacle only available to those who climbed 9999 steps.

"He resolved in his heart to do this. Though it may be a nice thought for him to stay behind all of this time, those insecure feelings would have festered for a long while. In the end, he may have done something even worse than Delia's father had for the sake of power. This was the far better choice."

Ri and Dyon still remembered the story of Delia's father and her mother. In order to cultivate his ice will to the 9th intent realm, he had coldly watched as his wife married another man and almost sat back even as his wife and daughter were about to be killed before him.

Ri's own father likely hadn't been far from this sort of masochistic ending.

He had abandoned his Kingdom for the sake of saving his wife, only to come back and find that what he was tasked to protect was saved by a human boy who swept his daughter off her feet.

Then, following this, this same human boy allowed his wife to break the shackles of her bloodline and leave with a level of talent he could never hope to match.

What could he do at that point? Could he rely on Dyon again to catch up to his wife? To his daughter?

His pride simply couldn't allow him to do so. He knew he had committed wrongs in the past, but he didn't want others to fix it for him. He wanted to do it under his own power, to prove why it was him the Elvin Ancestors chose to rule their Clans.

In the blink of an eye, nearly a century had passed since he resolved himself. Dyon knew that he was safe because all he had to do was ask his grand teacher, but that didn't ease the worry his wife and daughter felt for him.

"You're right..." Ri nodded. "... But when he comes back, I'll chain his feet to mother's! We'll see if he dares run away again!"

Chapter 2007: Heated

?2007 Heated

Dyon and Ri burst into a fit of laughter that descended into a deep kiss. Who knows when Ri turned around and planted her soft lips on his? At least Dyon didn't have the mind to care.

Dyon's hands couldn't help but firmly grasp her pert bottom, wantonly kneading them in his hands as though he wanted to forever soak the feeling into his palms.

Ri's small tongue invaded his lips, falling into his embrace and allowing him to do as he pleased.

Suddenly, a spatial rift opened right beside the couple. But, despite the situation, they didn't seem surprised.

The culprit didn't even speak any words, just directly pouncing on Dyon from the side.

Dyon chuckled, wrapping his arm around culprit's waist as well. Except unlike as he had done for Ri, he pinched her bottom firmly, following with a smack that resounded through the air and made the beauty shiver with pain and excitement. Dyon couldn't help but relish in the rebounding elasticity.

Luna's repressed sex drive had surged to ridiculous heights in the last few decades. In the first few years after Dyon accepted her, she remained reserved, doing her best to ingratiate herself with Madeleine, Ri, Clara and Amphorae.

However, after she finally succeeded in making them a harmonious family and allowed Dyon to bed her, all of the emotions she had repressed for so long game gushing forth. Just like that, the masochistic sex-fiend Luna was back.

Though she didn't do it every time, it wasn't rare for her to sense when Dyon and one of his other wives were about to get... intimate. If she was free at the time, she wouldn't hesitate to join in. So, it was only right that Dyon and Ri weren't surprised.

Dyon's hands lifted up the edges of Luna's dress, sliding his fingers down her panty covered nether regions.

However, Luna seemed more interested in Ri's body despite the fact her breathing quickened. Even as Dyon's lips assaulted Ri once more, Luna's evil slender fingers crept up Ri's gown and toward her treasured place. Dyon knew immediately that Luna had slipped in the moment a gasp-like moan escaped Ri between panting breaths.

Ri's small hands ran over Dyon's crotch, reveling in the intense heat as the threesome fell into the throes of passion.

It became quite a heated night, indeed.

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On this day, the Mortal Plane trembled under a great might.

One might think that the so-called descent of the Ancient Battlefield was nothing more than figure of speech. It couldn't be that a land that large would truly descend from the skies, right? However, the reality was far out of the expectations of those who hadn't lived long enough to see the last descent. Maybe the only one on the whole of the mortal plane not surprised was Luna Sacharro.

The skies shook and quaked and space shattered.

In the next moment, the skies darkened. A shadow the likes of which stretched over the whole of the mortal plane blanketed countless universes in a sea of darkness.

Despite being enclosed by a barrier of time and space created by the Jafari Clan Treasure, the Mortal Empire wasn't spared this reality. Just like everyone else, a shadow loomed over them all. However, unlike the fear much of the rest of the mortal plane experienced, the citizens of the Mortal Empire looked up with eyes blazing with fighting intent.

It was impossible to say that some of them didn't have fears or apprehensions. However, this didn't dull their fighting spirit.

Whenever they felt themselves wavering, they looked up into the skies to see a singular young man standing amidst the trembling skies, his back as straight as a javelin and his lips curled into a disdainful sneer.

"Calm yourself in my presence."

His words were soft, yet they somehow reached the ears of them all.

Just like this, the trembling ceased. Space calmed itself and the fabric of reality that seemed ready to sheer apart at any moment were forcefully stabilized.

Dyon smiled lightly, feeling the hearts of his people fall into a calm ease.

What he had done just now was simply a parlor trick. Using Hell's Right Eye, he stretched the space between the descent of the battlefield and his people by thousands of times. The trembling was still occurring, it was just that they couldn't hear it. It was impossible for Dyon, even with his current strength, to stop its descent.

However, despite it just being a small trick, its impact was massive. What did they have to fear if their Emperor could tell the Heavens to simmer down?

Soon, the trembling across the mortal plane came to an end. In the skies, a massive void of black lay, not unlike what one might think a black hole might appear as.

There was no start, nor no end to it. It simply existed, blocking out all light as though to be a constant reminder of the battlefield's presence.

In a flash, swirling portals began to appear above every planet in existence. This was no doubt that entrance toward the first phase. However, oddly enough, Dyon seemed to be the only one primed to enter. Had he not prepared?

Those who weren't in the loop wouldn't understand, but the upper echelon of the Mortal Empire were well aware of Dyon's goals and plans. They didn't blink an eye as Dyon entered alone, his shoulders holding the hopes of and dreams of an entire Empire.

All across the Mortal Plane, similar occurrences were happening. But in the Mortal Empire, despite the numerous portals that appeared, Dyon was the only one to take a step forward.

A single Empire, in complete unity, without even a single soul acting for their own interests... When in the history of the world had such a thing ever occurred?

Dyon might have been arrogant, but there were few things he truly boasted about. But, if there was one that made him smile an unrestrained smile, it was this very truth seen today.

Chapter 2008: Joke

?2008 Joke

Appearing on the familiar Ancient Battlefield, Dyon didn't take much time to gain his bearings and flash forward toward his destination.

It was then the situation abruptly changed. In the dense forest with trees stretching hundreds of meters into the air, the sound of rushing feet from all directions immediately caught Dyon's attention.

"Haha! We've already found one!"

"Ancestor said that the mortal plane this time around is pitifully weak. To think they'd actually dare to send in their geniuses as though they're actually worthy of such a title."

Half a dozen youths sped toward Dyon from all directions, their gazes lit with a fiery ambition. Not a single one was below the Higher Dao Realm. Of course, considering how difficult cultivation was in the Ancient Battlefield, their strength was actually comparable to Peak Dao Realm experts. Some greater geniuses amongst them might even be as strong as Fallen at that Realm.

They surrounded Dyon with playful expressions on their faces.

"Is there a need for all of us to take action? Just one of me is enough."

"Don't be so cocky, he's a Peak Dao Realm expert. To be able to enter despite the age restriction, he's definitely a big fish. We can't kill him. A genius like him is really valuable to his Clan, we can use him to force them to give us their Faith."

"Are you saying that because it's smart? Or are you saying that because you've taken a liking to his face?"

"So what if it's both? Men that grow up on the Ancient Battlefield are too stocky and rough. Where am I going to find myself a prince consort with a face as delicate as his elsewhere?"

"I have things to do. Can we move this along please?" Dyon cut their conversation short.

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The so-called "battle" was nothing more than a joke. With a single sweep of his Presence, all six geniuses fell to their knees, their eyes widening in shock and despair.

Dyon took a step forward, grasping the neck of the female genius who wanted to turn him into a prince consort.

In reality, she was quite a beauty. It's just that she was incredibly tall. Growing up in the Ancient Battlefield environment, even women tended to have large bone structures.

Though she didn't have some obscene height, she was still tall enough to be a half a head above Dyon.

Of course, there were still some Clans with compression techniques similar to that of Yadmere. But, it took exceptional geniuses to regain normal human dimensions. The fact this young woman was so close to that goal was a testament to how great her talent was.

"Where are we located exactly? Which Clans do you come from?" Dyon asked.

The female bit her lips firmly, seemingly unwilling to speak to Dyon. To which, Dyon only shrugged. He tried to be nice, it's not his fault she didn't want his kindness.

"[Devour]."

Not just the female genius, but the remaining five geniuses fell. Dead.

"I see." With a nod, Dyon flashed forward, his Hell's Right Eye bringing his speed up to a ridiculous level. Though it was tougher to tear across space in the Ancient Battlefield, it was relatively easier for Dyon that it was for anyone else.

Now being certain of where he was, Dyon could implement the next steps of his plans with little worry.

On the Ancient Battlefield, there were 12 main clans Dyon classified to be the highest risk. Beneath those 12, there were about 50 or so more than posed a secondary level of risk. As for the rest, Dyon believed that even if he didn't take action, the Clans and Sects of the mortal plane would be able to handle them just fine.

This young woman just now was from one of the lesser secondary clans. Dyon had ranked them about 30 in his risk assessment of those secondary clans. Of course, this ranking didn't include the top 12 most dangerous.

The stronghold that Dyon had been nurturing for over a century now was located to the south of the Ancient Battlefield. Currently, his territory was about as large as the top ten of those secondary level risk clans.

However, he had been randomly teleported to the east of the Ancient Battlefield. That meant he had to cross the mountain range that provided his own territory protection to its east before he could get there. Luckily, he wasn't in much of a rush.

No one knew the exact rules of the first phase. It was just known that it was related to the growth of the youths.

During this period, no one above the age of 1000 would be allowed to attack those who entered from the mortal plane. However, even with this protection, surviving was tricky.

Aside from the fact geniuses of the Ancient Battlefield were so much stronger, over the years, they had also created many methods of seeking out and crushing these geniuses well in advance.

The first phase was a game of politics as much as it was a game of strength. Mortal plane geniuses gained benefits from being here, but failed clans also gained benefits for taking them in or taking them out.

This was what made the first phase so complex. There were two paths to take.

One could take the straightforward path and simply kill of the geniuses they came across. In this way, it would be impossible for these individuals to take advantage of the Ancient Battlefield as a resource and there would thus be one less obstruction in the future.

However, on the other hand, it was possible to take this genius in and protect them. That might be of great benefit to them, and it was a risk that could be worth it in the end.

What might the benefit of this be? Well, for one, Faith.

According to Dyon's knowledge, Faith was expunged from the mortal plane when the second phase began. However, this was a sudden rule change that caught everyone off guard.

Chapter 2009: Confused

?2009 Confused

In previous years, it was possible to take in a genius of the mortal plane in exchange for faith.

There were two methods. The first method was for that genius to give up Faith from their own Clan. The second method was for that genius to break away from their own Clan and use their Undefeatable Spirits as a foundation for building their own Faith.

Like this, any feats the mortal plane genius accomplished on the Ancient Battlefield would in part benefit them and in part benefit the failed clan that took them under their wing by being the catalyst for Faith accumulation.

Essentially, this was why it was known as an Ancient Game. A strategy of large proportions where the points they dealt in was Faith.

The trouble is that Dyon didn't understand something fundamental. If the Heavens planned to do away with Faith entirely... Why hold this first phase at all?

Sure, geniuses could still improve here, but it wasn't like they'd suddenly become world shattering powerhouses in just a few decades or centuries, right? It wasn't like everyone could concoct half-immortal grade pills like Dyon.

At best, these geniuses would be able to snatch resources back that would help one of their Clans true powerhouses reach another level... The true benefit of the Ancient Battlefield was actually meant to be the quick accumulation of Faith.

So just what happened this time around? Why was the greatest benefit done away with? What caused the Heavens to break their own rule...?

Though Dyon was confused by all of this, he still laid out his plans with numerous contingencies. Since he wasn't certain of what caused this rule change, he also couldn't be certain that his changes to the current timeline wouldn't cause this changed rule to remain unchanged. As a result, he too had to take advantage of this time to accumulate as much Faith as he could.

Obviously, this meant he had to choose his own failed clan to latch on to. In the end, he settled on the Dwarves.

There was a reason elves appeared on the mortal plane but dwarves seemed to be nowhere to be found. Where else could they be if not the Ancient Battlefield?

Of course, much like other failed clans, they left their marks here and there. For example, Serbona, Madeleine's Legatee disciple sister, was part dwarf. However, the vast majority of their Clan had entered here.

As for why Dyon chose them, there were a few. Firstly, Dyon had heard that they too practiced their own Grand Circle Magic that intrigued him. But, this was only a minor reason. The second and true reason was that they were likely the easiest to deal with due to the fact he could communicate with them in his Elvin Form.

In the Golden Era, it was the Elves and Dwarves who acted as the pinnacle of the human race in tandem. As such, the ties between the two were incredibly strong.

If the dwarves wanted to enter the Mortal Plane once again, doing so by allying with their old friends would of course be much more pleasing to them.

That said, Dyon was still aware that it wouldn't be so easy. No relationship, especially between two massive Clans, could be completely harmonious. In the times before their destruction, Dyon wouldn't be surprised if their relationship deteriorated by a large margin.

Still, this was where Dyon had an advantage other first phase participants did not. He could risk contacting Clans he didn't have 100% certainty in because his first was large enough to do so!

Even if he misjudged the dwarves and was wrong about how they would treat him... So what? If they tried to kill him, they'd be kicking something far more than a mere steel plate.

At this point, one might wonder why Dyon had entered the Ancient Battlefield alone. If there was Faith to be gained, why not allow more to gather it? The more, the better, no?

However, this wasn't true.

Firstly, Dyon didn't plan on completing all of these tasks alone. His subordinates and wives would enter the battlefield as well, it's just that they'd do so by an unconventional method. As a result, they wouldn't be recognized by the Heavens as part of this 'game'.

Secondly, one had to remember that the method of self-

accumulation of Faith was based on one's Undefeatable Spirit. Because of this, it was impossible to share this Faith with others. It could only be used by yourself.

Unless, of course... You were the Ancestor of a Clan, and especially if you were an Origin Ancestor like Dyon.

However, who could possibly be younger than 1000 years old and be an Ancestor at the same time? There was likely only 1 in history.

Thirdly, as long as they were not part of the 'game', Dyon could use his wives and subordinates to funnel Faith toward himself.

As long as his armies performed well, it would only reflect on him. Instead of spreading out through multiple individuals, it would all be accumulated by Dyon himself, thus strengthening his own Faith and the Sacharro Clan's Faith as a whole.

Simply put, though Dyon had entered alone, his Mortal Empire armies had already begun to gather in his territory to the south! Once he finished forging an Alliance with the dwarves... The games would truly begin.

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"He entered alone?"

A gloomy atmosphere was cast over the Mist Clan. They had gained many benefits being under Dyon all of these years, and had even begun to believe that they'd be able to squeeze benefits from both sides, but with a single move, all of their plans had shattered before they could even begin.

How were they meant to contact their superiors if they couldn't enter the Ancient Battlefield? If they waited until the second phase, it might already be too late.

On the mortal plane, only Dyon knew where they failed clans would descend to, everyone else was in the dark. It would be completely random for as to where each Clan would attack. If they waited until then, it would be impossible for them to know where the Clan would descend.

Chapter 2010: Worst

?2010 Worst

The worst part was that it was impossible for them to sneak someone in.

The only way was by sending their young genius, Valen Mist, to another Outer Power where the entries weren't as strict. However, if they did something so foolish, they'd be exposed immediately.

Dyon had lockdown travel to other Outer Powers a month ago already. Plus, this didn't mention that they were all tagged with Soul Tags as well.

How could they ever have expected that Dyon would choose such a path? It didn't even make sense to them.

"We can't sit here and do nothing. If our Ancestors' plans of trillions of years come crashing down because of a single boy not even 300 years old, I won't be able to face them even in death." Patriarch Mist clenched his teeth.

"Father, it may not be impossible to deal with this." The arrogant Valen suddenly spoke. Though Dyon's feats had crushed his pride to a certain extent, much of it still remained.

"Oh?"

Valen sneered. "Didn't we have a nice little puppet being pulled along by Little Sister Chrysanthemum? It's time for that so-

called "True God" Anak to work."

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The population distribution of the Ancient Battlefield was incredibly odd. The main reason was due to the fact over 90% was completely untouched by humans, and of this more than 90%, it was all located at the very center.

Simply put, all of the most powerful Failed Clans were located in a ring around the very forbidden zone Dyon found the remains of the Pride Clan in.

Of course, even with his advantage as the wielder of Titan Diamond Body, Dyon hadn't dared to enter too far into that mountain range. In fact, even now, Dyon doubted that even those with Overlord level strength dared to do much more than explore its outer fringes.

Setting this aside, what was most important here was the map Dyon had laid out in his mind.

In a broad sense, this outer ring of the Ancient Battlefield was split into four regions. The so-called North, South, East and West. Of which, Dyon was currently blazing through the east.

These four major regions were each blocked by massive mountain ranges only piling in comparison to the elevations of land one would find at the untouched center regions.

Within these four major regions, there were several centers of power. Usually, these were controlled by the 12 top risk Clans Dyon had outlined, usually leaving 3 to a region.

Considering Dyon's activities hadn't caused the ire of one of these Clans yet despite how much territory he had gobbled up, one can understand a few things.

First, there was a great inconvenience in travelling in this place. Second, there was an even greater barrier in communication. And lastly, Dyon's current territory still wasn't large enough for these individuals to take notice even after more than 100 years.

Dyon wasn't stupid enough to believe that these top flight clans had no methods of overcoming this. If they could figure out how to easily track and locate those geniuses like him who entered for the first phase, there was no reason that they couldn't put an equal amount of effort into improving the foundational infrastructure of the Ancient Battlefield.

The fact they hadn't only meant one thing: they didn't care to. This wasn't a place they saw as a homeland. They saw it as a prison. They were completely focused on growing their strength to one day step out of this place and leave.

They wanted their descendants to remember their ancestor's rage, their humiliation. They wanted it to fester and grow, so that they would also grow more powerful alongside it.

How could they do such a thing if they lived life in comfort?

The size of their territory? They didn't care. How much wealth and resources they had? They didn't care.

All they cared about was growing more powerful! This was why Failed Clans were to be feared.

However, Dyon was determined to stand in their path.

With another flash, Dyon grew ever closer to his destination. In fact, he had gotten quite lucky. Though closer to the north than the south, the dwarves were located in the East Region as well.

Despite the size of the battlefield, Dyon only took half a day to reach their location. But, considering Dyon could go from one universe to the next with a single step back on the mortal plane, it was easy to see how large the Ancient Battlefield was.

That said, on the mortal plane, tearing apart space was easy, while it was very difficult to do so here.

The location the dwarves called home wasn't just filled with dwarves. If even the 12 topmost Clans hardly cared about their so-called 'territory', why would lesser Clans do so? There was a great number of intermingled races. Normal humans, dwarves, half-beasts, beasts...

This place looked no different from a village. There were several bazaars located around its massive outskirts with the hollering of countless voices fighting over one another.

They traded all sorts of things. Everything from rare ores to beast organs to special herbs.

'The beast parts I can find here would be far greater than what the mortal plane has to offer.' Dyon thought to himself. 'I should bring some back for Master so she can continue her research when she has time.'

One would think that such a 'village' would be quaint, but the reality was that had Dyon not taken Hell's Right Eye, he wouldn't be able to see to the ends of it.

It was incredibly odd. These dirt roads, unkept shacks, and merchant markets seemed like the things of small-time villages with populations not exceeding 200, yet this place was home to millions, maybe even billions of people.

This wasn't a bad thing, though. It was far easier for Dyon to blend in. Though his appearance was a bit delicate in comparison to them, it wasn't to the point where one could point out his origin so easily.