

The Nameless 2011

Chapter 2011: Village

The only reason those 6 geniuses from before were so certain was because they had used special means to calculate his appearance location.

Unfortunately, it seemed Dyon had been too optimistic.

If the 30th ranked on Dyon's list could have such methods, what about the dwarves who were ranked in the top 3 not to mention were known for their ingenuity and craftsmanship?

If all of their talents weren't going toward making their territory more appealing to the eye... Where do you think it went?

Dyon had barely taken a single step into their 'village' before alarms began blaring.

A piercing red light attached and shone from his body, acting like a beacon that shot into the skies.

Dyon sighed. 'Well... It is what it is...'

Countless eyes fell on Dyon's body. What was once a space filled with hustle and bustle became deathly quiet, everyone turning their attention toward a single cloaked man.

Before, the fact Dyon's head was covered in a black cloak wasn't too damning. After all, in a place like this where valuable goods were traded, there was no shortage of individuals who found it useful to hide their identities.

The Ancient Battlefield was particularly lawless. Even more so than the martial plane that decided everything based on strength to begin with. Protecting one's self was of the utmost importance.

However, now, Dyon's cloaked figure suddenly went from something normal to something filled with an overwhelming conspiracy. Still, what was odd to those watching was that Dyon didn't seem to have any violent reaction to his suddenly becoming the absolute center of attention.

One had to understand that though this place was lacking in rules and 'territory' was nearly meaningless, there were still some lines that couldn't be crossed. No matter how many non-

dwarves there were here, this was still acknowledged as their sphere of influence.

Clearly, whoever this cloaked figure was, had elicited their ire. Yet, he wasn't running. Was he not aware of how powerful the dwarves were?

In the end, though, this was still a place where one minded their own business. The more you focused on your own matters and ignored everything else, the higher likelihood you had for survival. As a result, a large majority were content to just sit back and watch, only a minor few who were more confident in their abilities were thinking of how to take advantage of this situation.

It wasn't until even more than a small split second later that someone acted.

He was a large male of massive standing. His qi cultivation was only at the saint realm, but his body was no weaker than a Fallen.

Oddities like this were frequent on the Ancient Battlefield. Qi cultivation was simply too difficult, which was why those who reached high realms in it were so powerful.

However, this wasn't to say that body cultivation was easy. Even though this man was only a saint, his strength was impressive. Unfortunately... His opponent was Dyon.

Just as Dyon was reading to send a glance over toward this man who was overestimating himself, the skies rumbled as a single lone lightning bolt descended.

If one was less informed, this lightning bolt would appear to be incredibly weak. It was only about as thick as a finger, and it was just a pale yellow, the very same shade as the weakest form lightning could take.

Yet, the moment it struck the man seeking to capture Dyon, likely in order to exchange his head for compensation, he burst into a pile of ashes. There was no roar of pain, no struggle, and not even a hint of animosity. It was no different from snuffing out an ant.

Dyon's eyes narrowed at this turn of events. It seemed that even with all his knowledge, he still underestimated the Ancient Battlefield. Just how difficult would it be to cross a tribulation here?

"He's... He's an invader!"

It was only after the lightning bolt had finished its work and a moment of silence pervaded the bazaar that someone finally reacted.

There was only one explanation for all of this. Dyon was an Invader and his attacker just now was above the age of 1000 years old!

The rules of the first phase were obscure. It was to the point that many just accepted that they didn't understand them at all. However, there were still a few things they did understand.

One was related to invading geniuses and how one could either choose to kill or take them in. The other was about Faith and its importance as a central component of his phase. And lastly, they knew that attacking an invader if one was above the age of 1000 years old would result in your death 100% of the time!

The only loop around to this rule is if said invader initiated an attack against you. Then you were free to retaliate as you pleased. However, which invader would do something so foolish?

Knowing Dyon's identity, many nonchalant glances began to blaze with animosity. However, it was too rare for those younger than a millennium to be dealing in these places. Those who could were absolute geniuses who would take part in bazaars of higher standing nearer the core of dwarven territory, not the outskirts.

However, even though there was no one capable of facing Dyon now, several blazing auras began converging from all sides. At first, it was a handful, but it quickly became dozens, and then hundreds.

A light smile curled Dyon's lip. He had missed this. He hadn't stretched his limbs in a long time.

It wasn't long before the skies were surrounded. Dyon, who hadn't taken a single step from start to finish, still blazed with a red aura that continuously shot into the skies like a pillar. In reality, he could have gotten rid of it long ago, but why bother for now? It was a convenience to him at this point.

Looking into the skies with a nonchalant gaze, Dyon slowly removed his hood.

In the next instant, the bazaar was graced with the appearance of a young man with long silver-blue hair that reached the small of his back. His body was covered in gorgeous silver armor that alternated into pristine white leather that seemed cut from the scales of a white dragon. He looked no different from a fairy tale prince, his pointed ears and gentle blue eyes giving him an enchanting air.

"Seems I don't need this anymore." Dyon said lightly, tossing his cloak to the side.

Chapter 2012: Droop

?2012 Droop

Elf!

Several dwarves of the crowded geniuses in the skies looked down with narrowed eyes.

One thing Dyon learned after coming to the Ancient Battlefield that not all of the legends of his mortal world were absolutely accurate. He could glean some details from their fabrications, but if he used them as the whole truth, he would end up suffering sooner or later.

One of the myths perpetuated by his home world was that all dwarves were short and stocky creatures. Their males had long full beards, and even their females would be on the hairier side. They weren't a particularly attractive race of people outside of how they felt about each other. At the very least, they were nowhere near as attractive as elves.

But, it turned out that this wasn't true at all.

Those like Serbona who had their growth stunted were just products of impure blood. When dwarven blood mixed with other races, a change occurred that presented itself almost like a deformity. Serbona was on the luckier side as she just appeared to be a petite woman.

However, in others, this 'deformity' manifested itself in more severe ways.

Dyon wasn't absolutely certain why this gene mutation occurred. He had a small instinctual feeling that it may very well be related to why the Golden Era, despite its grandiose title, was the shortest of the four Eras.

One had to remember that Elves were famous for using their beasts to improve themselves. They took the skills of their beast partners and used them to add to their own talents.

Fundamentally, was this not a form of gene manipulation...? Who knows whether or not the dwarves tried something similar...? Maybe dwarves and elves were actually of the same root and only diverged in race specifically due to these manipulations...?

This aside, pure blooded dwarves, or dwarves who were lucky enough not to experience this mutation, were actually just as handsome and beautiful as their elven counterparts. Though the influence of the Ancient Battlefield had lessened the beauty of some of them with lesser talent, those who were regarded as the best geniuses had looks that could take one's breath away.

If one wasn't observant, it was easy to confuse dwarves with elves, actually. There was only one fundamental difference: elves had pointed ears that were angled flush to their skulls, just like regular humans. However, while dwarves did also have pointed ears, theirs were more perpendicular, drooping down from the right and left sides of their heads.

Just as one might expect, the moment Dyon revealed himself, those who had been watching on from the bazaar immediately assumed him to be dwarven royalty. Only the dwarves themselves who appeared in the skies could tell the difference immediately.

"Did the dwarven clans split up before entering this cursed land?"

"It must be so. How else could one of their descendants appear here?"

"You think the dwarves will accept him?"

"Why not? He's one of their own... It makes things very convenient for them. He also looks very powerful, this could be a good opportunity for them."

"It's not smart to expose such a thing like this though, the dwarves definitely made a mistake taking such an aggressive tactic. They've dropped a rock on their own foot. If others know they've taken an invader under their wing, even if they don't take action against the dwarven clan themselves, they'll definitely do everything in their power to kill the invader."

"I think you're all jumping to conclusions too quickly. For a Clan to divide themselves like this, with one entering and the other remaining, there's definitely a rift that was left behind even if it was countless generations ago. It may not be so certain for them to accept him."

Seeing Dyon's identity, even the geniuses in the skies hesitated. They had come here just for the sake of killing Dyon. They hadn't expected such a twist to occur.

The matters between the elves and the dwarves had happened such a long time ago that these youths weren't certain of the truth. So, they didn't know whether Dyon was an enemy or not.

In the end, a young man with refined looks stepped forward. His hair shimmered like polished bronze metal, it really seemed as though his hair was the reflective substance.

Just like his hair, his eyes were like two burning embers. If it was anyone else, his gaze would be both scorching and oppressive, but Dyon only met him with a light smile.

"Have you come here to ally with our dwarven clans?" The young man's tone was actually quite friendly. It seemed that Dyon was correct. Taking on the appearance of an ally did make this much easier.

Of course, it wasn't certain that their elders who were aware of the truth of them matters of all those years ago would treat him the same way... The fact they hadn't taught their younger generation to hate elves was enough to prove that the relationship wasn't beyond repair.

"That's right." Dyon nodded without hesitation.

"You're quite bold. You know that saying so publicly puts a target on your back?"

"A target would be there regardless." Dyon grinned. "The real question is whether or not your dwarven clans want to leave this prison and rebuild the Golden Era?"

Hearing these words, the young man's eyes blazed. It wasn't with anger, but rather with ambition.

"My name is Calen Lagron. I respect your courage, but to be the chosen invader of our dwarven clans, you must also prove your strength." His aura blazed. "Fight me!"

'Calen Lagron, huh...' Dyon smiled lightly in response as a mighty blue spear appeared in Calen's hand.

It was a beautiful weapon indeed. It shone like sapphires in the deep sea, but its blade was a bright amber that radiated like the sun.

Complex runes graced its body like ancient tattoos. Its aura alone would make the weak find it difficult to even breathe.

Dyon had never been one to care much about the Weapon's Master profession. Though he had dabbled in it, it didn't make him feel the same feelings that Array Alchemy did. But, this weapon took his breath away.

Chapter 2013: Good

?2013 Good

There was a point long ago where Dyon stopped caring about the strength of his weapons. Often, he would even choose to battle with a common grade one. Sometimes he wouldn't even use a weapon at all but would rather forge something from his wills like his flame spear, for example.

The grade of a weapon simply didn't mean much to him anymore. This was mostly because he had been spoiled early. How many others could claim access to a vault filled with transcendent grade weapons without stepping a single foot on the cultivation path yet? Yet, those had been Dyon's circumstances.

This was all to say something very simple. The weapons... No... The craftsmanship of dwarves was on a level Dyon had never seen before. The calculated elegance, the refined presence, the indomitable commitment to each precise detail... It made him feel respect from the bottom of his heart.

Looking at the dilapidated village around them, one would think that the dwarves had forgotten their roots. Why else would a race known for cities that could topple the heavens themselves suddenly be found in a place no different from the dredged of poverty?

However, it seemed they had translated all of that passion elsewhere and had gained Dyon's respect.

Dyon's smile deepened. "A fight? Sure, I can give you that."

Dyon took out a long, thin and flexible sword. Since he was playing the part of elven prince, why not go the extra mile? With his handsome and refined appearance, he couldn't very well take out a weapon only a brute could wield right? He had to keep things interesting for himself.

The blade was only a finger and a half in width, while it stretched for a length of a meter and a half. Every slight motion of Dyon's wrist not only reflected the dark red sun above, but also cause its body to wobble with a precise frequency.

"It seems that without us by your side, the weapons of our elven friends has taken a turn for the worst." Calen teased in a good faith jest.

Dyon grinned. "I'll have to rely on you all to bring me up and out of this poverty."

Calen laughed uproariously before taking a step forward. "Take my strike."

Those watching on were shocked into retreat. They had been so dazed that they forgot to get out of the way. If they stood so close in a battle between these two, they would only have themselves to blame for their deaths.

On the Ancient Battlefield, flight was simply too taxing, even for Dao Formation Realm experts. Usually, even battles of this caliber would take place on the ground. So, no one expected Dyon and Calen to think for their benefit and fly up and into the air. Who were they to ask two princes to waste their stamina like so?

Calen's spear tore through the air in a flash. Dyon's Perception caught every single detail. The way the wind seemed to give way to its blade, the fashion in which its runes synchronized with the movement of Calen's qi, even the unique rhythm its body vibrated it in, as though praying to the heavens for added strength.

'This weapon is far beyond the standards of the mortal plane. How beautiful...'

Dyon was so distracted that he seemed to react late. But when fighting someone so much weaker than him, was there ever such a problem?

Those who were below 1000 years old and at Dyon's cultivation level were non-existent. At best, one might make it to the 7th Dao Realm before that age. Any further was a pipe dream. The only reason Calen was confident in facing Dyon to begin with was due to the advantage of foundation geniuses of the Ancient Battlefield had.

Their qi was more robust, their bodies were far stronger, and every step they took was worth more.

Unfortunately for Calen who was of the Higher Dao Realm... The Ancient Battlefield was Dyon's constitution world for a reason.

Dyon's wrist flicked with an elegant flair as his feet moved in an enigmatic pattern. He seemed to slip away from Calen's spear that had been just moments from his chest.

His flexible silver blade suddenly became as rigid as though it had never wobbled to begin with, accepting Dyon's qi like a starved animal.

Dyon's casual parry sent Calen's strike over his shoulder. It was so perfectly timed that Calen, who had just raised his foot to take another step forward, could no longer retreat.

All those watching so was Dyon casually stroll forward as though he was taking a walk in a park. Yet, despite the fact it seemed he was leisurely, Calen was somehow completely unable to react as the top of his hand was smacked by Dyon's sword.

A sharp pain the likes of which he had never experienced before suddenly coursed through his body.

In the next instant, he dropped his spear, unable to hold as a shocked expression colored his features.

"You are quite good." Dyon said sincerely. "If it wasn't for my cultivation realm, we would have had a great battle."

Dyon's words were quite sincere. Of course, if he was a Higher Dao Formation Realm expert, he would still beat Calen easily. What he actually meant was that if his power output was equal to Calen's, it wouldn't have been such an easy battle because Calen's technique was actually quite good. Unfortunately for him, Dyon's speed was far too much for him.

Of course, Dyon could already output as much power as Calen back when he was a Peak Celestial. But since he was trying to build good relations with these people, was it really necessary to explain this?

Another thing of note was that Dyon's analysis was only if he used his Perception like he had just now did. It was another matter entirely if he used his Immortal Sense as well. In that case, even if his power output was a level lower than Calen, he would still win with ease.

Calen's shocked expression slowly receded as he looked toward his fallen spear with a bitter expression.

Taking a deep breath, he slowly pick it up and took out a black cloth he used to wrap its body. Just like this, a beautiful weapon was completely hidden from the realm.

Chapter 2014: Solemn

?2014 Solemn

If Dyon was a less observant person, maybe he wouldn't consider Calen's actions very much. After all, wrapping a precious weapon like this after use was a bit eccentric, but not too overboard.

However, Dyon had inherited his mother's EQ. He was very good at reading people and was very sensitive to their changes in emotions. The only person he had ever failed to read perfectly was Aritzia, but he had never repeated that mistake again since then.

He could tell not only by Calen's solemn expression, but also by the silent attitudes of the dwarven geniuses who had descended from the skies that this was no normal ritual.

"I'm sorry, did I take things too far?"

Calen looked up to see Dyon's concerned expression. It surprised him a bit, honestly. On the Ancient Battlefield, it was kill or be killed. Emotions like love, happiness, or even this concern, were incredibly rare. Even fathers and mothers didn't spare such thoughts toward their own children for the sake helping them grow stronger.

So, Dyon's thoughtfulness was completely foreign to him. It caused him to feel an emotion that was terribly hard to explain.

"No, it's nothing like that." Calen shook his head with a small, pained smile. "It's a great shame to lose one's weapon in battle. This spear isn't just a piece of metal, it's my brother. Letting it go due to a temporary moment of pain is unacceptable. Until I'm worthy of fighting alongside him again, I won't unsheathe him."

Hearing these words, Dyon gained a deeper understanding of dwarven culture. Maybe they treated their weapons the same way elves treated their beast companions.

It could be said to be Dyon's fault for being unaware of such a thing. He had only meant to defeat Calen while both maintaining the latter's dignity and showing his off his combat prowess. Unfortunately, it seemed he completely failed in his first goal.

After putting his brother away, Calen smiled brightly as though nothing had happened.

"Thank you. If not for you, I'd be unaware of this weakness of mine." He scratched the back of his head. "I'm a bit embarrassed now. I challenged you to prove yourself, but it seems I wasn't worthy of such a thing."

Dyon felt a bit embarrassed too. In fact, it couldn't be said to be Calen's fault that he dropped his spear. Dyon had precisely targeted a nerve that elicited its release no differently from a reflex. Why else would he feel such a sharp pain but be completely unwounded?

However, Dyon knew that trying to help Calen by trying to explain away his failure would only be seen as an insult to him. The best course of action would be to accept Calen's decision.

Dyon waved a hand, putting on an embarrassed expression as though he couldn't take compliments very well. This lightened the load on Calen's chest and helped him to laugh heartily.

"I can't promise that my dwarf race's elders will accept you, but what I can do is bring you along. Since you don't fear having a target on your back, I will help you. Plus, it doesn't seem that you'll have much trouble considering your strength."

Dyon nodded, allowing Calen to lead him away while leaving the once bustling bazaar in complete silence.

Though Dyon didn't know the significance of defeating Calen, how could these few not? For this youth to be able to speak for the dwarven youths, and for not a single other dwarf to step forward after his defeat, it was obvious the kind of status he possessed... The kind of strength he possessed.

Of the dwarven race's younger generation, he was ranked no less than top 3. There were even youths from those Overlord Clans that held serious expressions whenever he entered a battlefield to fight for resources. His mighty spear was known by all.

Yet, with a single sidestep and swipe of his sword, this mysterious elven youth defeated this undefeatable entity with a casual ease.

The news spread through the Ancient Battlefield like wildfire. Suddenly, Dyon became the target for death by every Clan. Ironically, his actions took the load off of all the others who had entered, allowing them to hide and slowly mature...

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The meeting hall was filled with a solemn atmosphere.

Usually, for a place of such importance, there would be grand pillars and elegant embroidery. However, this so-called elders' gathering hall wasn't very grandiose at all.

In the background, a raging river that could swallow up even a whale rushed on. Its waters were so dark that one would think it was flowing with oil instead of water.

Before this lake, there were several dozen elders. Some were aged, some were youth, but each of them had the signature drooping ears and elegance appearance of dwarves.

There were no seats or thrones. In fact, each one of them stood tall. It should have been an odd atmosphere, but it was actually awe inspiring. There was an aura that could make one's bones quack in the air.

Dyon stood amidst all of this with a calm expression. To his side, Calen explained the situation with a bowed head. When he finished, he didn't dare to raise his gaze and instead continued to stare at the moist dirt beneath his feet.

Dyon, however, met the gaze of each and every elder. It seemed he was keen on seeing through each and every one of them.

"Are you aware of the history between the dwarves and elves, young man?"

The dwarven elder who spoke didn't seem to be in charge. Or, more accurately, it was hard to tell whether or not he was. Dyon could easily tell that they were all Half-Step Transcendents, but there didn't seem to be different rankings among them.

From this, Dyon concluded that the true powerhouses of the clan were not here, but this was to be expected. After all, to them, he was a youth of not even 1000 years old. And, even if he was older, it wasn't as though Calen had the power to invite individuals of that level out. Dyon would have to rely on himself for that.

"I am not..." Dyon responded frankly. He could have probably asked the World Tree for the details, but he had neglected to. To Dyon, the truth wasn't truly all that important. Whether or not the dwarves were hostile to him didn't make one difference. With his strength, he could come and go as he pleased.

Chapter 2015: Think

?2015 Think

Plus, this wasn't his true appearance. If things went south, in order avoid unnecessary trouble, he would just revery back to his true appearance and pretend as though he had never come across the dwarves. Then he would silently make contingency plans in case they planned on attacking his wife and her clan simply because they were elves.

"... The only history I'm aware of is elven, and that history alone is tragic enough. You could say my race tore each other apart in your absence."

After some thought, Dyon decided on adding these words. If the dwarves were hostile, this would likely lighten a load on their hearts because their enemies would get what they deserved. If they weren't hostile, this would show both Dyon's humility and express a will to rise to the top once more as one.

The elder who spoke raised an eyebrow, his faint wrinkles slightly smoothing out. What this meant, Dyon wasn't entirely sure just yet.

"Do explain." He said without hurry.

"My Acacia Clan, along with the Flourence Clan, were betrayed by the Mathilde Clan due to a prophecy. In the end, until just recently, my Acacia Clan didn't have even a single dao expert. I was only lucky in receiving the legacy of a Sect you've likely never heard about. This is the reason for my success today."

The gazes of the elders flashed with rage.

Even though they had been separated for a long time, they knew the three Ancient Elven Families well. After all, they had existed in the Golden Era as well. The betrayal of an ally wasn't something they could easily accept.

"If what you say is true, then how can you guarantee that your elven clan will be of any help to us? It can't be that you want us to rely on you alone?" Another elder asked.

"Whether you want to cooperate with me or not for the second phase is something you can slowly decide for yourselves. However, regardless, cooperating with me for the first phase will only help you."

"You have cultivated an undefeatable spirit?"

"Yes." Dyon said confidently. "I am willing to represent your dwarven clans for the first phase and help you to accumulate Faith."

"Are you aware of the danger of such a thing for yourself? And even if other Clans won't attack us lightly, they won't sit idly by as we increase our strength through you either. If they truly fail in killing you, their spears will turn toward us."

"Whether or not you took me to your side, you would have to battle those clans for a right to return to the mortal plane. You've said it yourselves, they won't attack you all lightly. They will first take the easiest path, which would be to kill me.

"Rumors about my battle will Calen spread, but in the end, they will just be rumors. There will be no shortage of people who don't believe them, or even people who think themselves intelligent who will assume those rumors to be fabricated in an attempt by you all to protect me.

"I believe this will buy us at least a few years before they even think of mobilizing their forces against you all. By then, the Faith I've accumulated by doing away with these naysayers will reach a high enough point for you to face most of these Clans with little apprehension.

"What do you think?"

The elders looked on silently toward Dyon's question.

In fact, they were quite impressed with this young man. He could remain as calm as Calen did in their presence. This alone proved his worth.

One shouldn't look toward Calen's lowered head as weakness. He was simply showing respect to his elders. His countenance was just as calm as Dyon's despite his still lowered gaze.

As for Dyon, since he was representing another Clan of people, it was inappropriate for him to lower his head. Though, even if Dyon wasn't, he wouldn't bother to lower his head regardless.

"If it's just cooperation for the first phase, this may be possible. However, cooperation for the second phase will be difficult."

In a stark contradiction, the fact that Dyon downplayed the strength of his backing so severely actually made the dwarves more comfortable.

The current Dyon actually monopolized about 20-30% of the Mortal Plane. He had the tower quadrants, former sprite alliance territory, and the devil quadrants under his control.

Under normal circumstances, having such a powerful ally might be a good thing. But, it was actually the opposite for the dwarves for some reason.

"It may not be that my elders chose not to explain this to me, but rather that they have forgotten the matters of the past." Dyon explained. "If they hadn't, they wouldn't send me here."

The elders nodded, agreeing with Dyon. They wouldn't casually play with the life of such a genius if they were aware of those matters.

A particular elder who stood off to Dyon front right sighed. He had greying green hair and deep-set wrinkles beneath his eyes. He looked quite like a cute old man, one that one might help cross the street. But his limbs still vibrated with power.

"Our Era was known as the Golden Era for a reason, but we were simply too ambitious. Soul research was only in its infancy so we didn't really know what we were getting ourselves into. It was only thanks to the World Tree that we didn't destroy ourselves sooner.

"The dwarves and elves were fundamentally one race of humans in the past, but our ancestors received two sets of blessings from the World Tree."

Dyon's brows furrowed, feeling a great amount of trepidation at these words. "The World Tree, just what level of existence is it?"

Not even for a moment had Dyon thought the World Tree was actually such a powerful existence, capable of giving birth to the pinnacle races of an Era. He had never thought much of it from the very beginning.

Chapter 2016: Beginning

?2016 Beginning

It wasn't that he didn't know it was powerful, but just that he believed that if it was so strong, then how did the elves and dwarves fall? It didn't make much sense.

"Ah... You've forgotten even this... It seems the situation is much worse than we thought..." The elder's sigh deepened.

"This is a secret only our two races know, but the World Tree isn't from our plane of existence."

"You mean it's from the Immortal Plane?" Dyon asked.

"No. I mean it isn't from our fabric of reality at all."

For the first time in a long time, Dyon's heart trembled.

Not from our fabric of reality? What exactly did this mean?

"When your cultivation reaches a deep enough level, you can begin delving into the Mysteries of Beginning. Of course, us mere mortals have no ability to do such a thing. Only those mighty existences on the Immortal Plane are capable of doing so.

"However, we were lucky. Due to the World Tree, unlike other races, we were capable of keeping in close contact with our Ancestors on the Immortal Plane. Through the World Tree, we could even speak with our ascended Ancestors face to face. It was only after we lost contact with the World Tree due to an Elven Queen not appearing for several generations that we lost this ability.

"Without the World Tree, our flaws slowly became more and more apparent. Eventually, the cultures of our two races became too opposing.

"We dwarves needed precious ores to maintain our strength, but elves were against that sort of mass mining as it ruined the balance of nature. In a way, it was almost inevitable that we would come to a head. I still do not understand why the World Tree decided to give us two such abilities, but it was our reality.

"Without us working in tandem, we first tore each other apart before our enemies further destroyed what we had built."

One had to remember that though the Golden Era was the shortest of the four, it still reigned for trillions of years. It wasn't surprising then that the green-haired elder could speak of matters that took countless generations to unfold.

Elves were beast tamers, they had a vested interest in protecting wildlife and sustaining the balance of ecosystems. But, dwarves were miners and forgers. They couldn't build their strength without destroying these very ecosystems the elves sought to protect.

How could they not clash with such opposing ideologies?

"So to say that it is impossible for the dwarves and elves without an Elven Queen? Do you not feel it unfair that the one that binds you only comes from your rival's race?"

Dyon noticed that the elder never finished his thoughts on the Mysteries of Beginning. He seamlessly changed the subject with an expert ease. Even Dyon almost missed it all together.

That said, Dyon still understood what the elder was getting at. Whatever this 'Mysteries of Beginning' was, when understood to a deep enough level, it became obvious to the one who comprehended it that the origins of their Mortal and Immortal Planes weren't so clear.

Would all of existence disappear once the Mortal and Immortal Planes died out? Dyon couldn't even wrap his head around such a concept.

What about the Heavens? Why was it so obsessed with evolution to the point where it pitted its people against each other with the Ancient Battlefield?

These were all questions Dyon didn't have an answer to, so he could only ignore them and ask this instead.

Why was it that the Elven Queen only appeared amidst the elves? Why was there such an imbalance of power?

"This is just a misconception." The dwarven elder responded. "The Elven title wasn't originally a race. The elves took the name on because it suited them well, but an elf doesn't have to inherit the title.

"Well, even I may be wrong. Maybe Elven really was a race of people beneath the World Tree, I can't be entirely certain of the details. All I do know is that the title itself came from the World Tree. The elves happened to birth the first Queen, so they took the title for themselves. There were many dwarven women who also gained this constitution."

Dyon's gaze flashed with enlightenment, so that was the case. He had been half worried that there would be some hidden Dwarven King constitution that disappeared after the dwarves entered the Ancient Battlefield. He wouldn't like to fall out with the dwarves because they sought after his wife, that would be a massive deal breaker.

"As for whether or not an Elven Queen could repair what we once lost, I can't be sure..."

Only Dyon knew that the elves of the past were nothing like they were now. Many of them didn't even have tamed beasts of their own. It was only recently that Ri began to help them go back to their roots with the help of the World Tree. They definitely wouldn't care as much as they had in the past about the actions of the dwarves. At least... in the short term.

If the dwarves and elves came back together as one, it would only be a matter of time before those same problems began to creep up once more. It was only a matter of time before they inevitable came to blows once more.

It was only now that Dyon understood asking the World Tree about the fallout of the dwarves was useless. Since they only collapsed long after an Elven Queen hadn't appeared in several generations, the World Tree had no way of knowing the truth.

"How did you contact the World Tree in the first place?" Dyon asked curiously, wondering how.

Chapter 2017: The Time

?2017 The Time

"This, well..." The elder pondered for a moment as though trying to remember. "... Between every Era, there is a transition period. A new pinnacle race isn't built in a day, after all. However, the transition period between the Primordial and Golden Eras was decidedly long. Very long.

"As you might already know, the transition between the Chaos and Primordial Eras was exceedingly fast. This was because it was the Angels themselves that defeated the Titans, so they had already existed.

"However, things were different for us. The Angels slowly and steadily declined, leading to a chaotic period of countless wars vying for supremacy.

"At the time, our two races were a simple human tribe. We did control a few quadrants, but we could only be considered to be middle of the pack, only being a 6th Level Planet Grade Empire."

Dyon's lips twitched slightly.

That was considered middle of the pack? That must mean there were super Empires that controlled thousands of quadrants back then. That was the only way to reach the star grade... One must control 1000 quadrants to reach that level. As for the 6th Level Planet Grade, that controlled 600 quadrants.

That alone was a level above the Nephilim Alliance. But they were actually one Clan!

"Back then, since there had only been two Eras before, the people of that time called it the Warring Era. It wasn't yet set in stone that an Era would be defined by its pinnacle human race, so it was a title everyone accepted.

"This chaos was part of the reason for the rise of the Dark Phoenixes. They swept up so much power in that time that many believed this new Era would be ruled by beasts and not humans.

"It wasn't as though this hadn't happened before. Before the Chaos Era, beasts were the overlords of our mortal plane. This was something many often forgot...

"But that was when a drastic change occurred. There was the sudden rise of the Jafari Clan."

Dyon's pupils constricted.

He remembered his grand teacher saying that he knew nothing of the second trial because he was only born after the Primordial Era. But, he also said that he wasn't part of the Golden Era either, and could only be considered to have existed in between them.

It was only now Dyon truly understood what his grand teacher meant. The Jafari Clan had actually risen to power during the little spoken about Warring Era!

"The Jafari Clan mastered spatial and time will in ways no one had ever done before. In the past, use of wills wasn't so sophisticated. Many viewed wills as simple power boosts and always developed them along that path. It wasn't until the Warring and Golden Eras that cultivators began to comprehend their wills with their own unique finesse and flair as the Jafari Clan did.

"Due to them, the humans once more gained equal footing with beasts. It was then that many began to think that many a new pinnacle race was appearing.

"However everything changed after their Origin Ancestor transcended. For some reason, the name of such a powerful man was lost in history, and his Clan quickly followed suit."

These words once more caused a bomb to go off in Dyon's mind.

What if it wasn't that no one had ever built an Emperor God Clan in a single lifetime before, but rather that no one remember them doing so?

Abraxus' name was expunged from history because he managed to perfect his mortal body before transcending! That must be it!

"We became very lucky as a result of this and managed to lay our hands on the favorite treasure of Jafari Clan. This allowed us some extra strength, but we were forced to hide it. After all, the Jafari Clan

treasure was something even those Star Grade Empire powerhouses coveted. So, even though we lay hands on it, it was something we kept hidden and would only use in the most dire of circumstances.

"Like this, the Warring Era continued without a clear victor. We even suffered quite a bit, almost falling to the 5th Level Planet Grade several times.

"It was then that a drastic change occurred. Much like the Origin Ancestor of the Jafari Clan, this man's name was lost in time... We only know him as the only man the Holy Goddess ever loved..."

Dyon frown deepened. They didn't know this man's name, but they knew this Holy Goddess... Doesn't that mean the Holy Goddess either failed to transcend or formed a Faith Seed in the end?

"His meteoric rise was even fiercer than the Jafari Origin Ancestor. With his own strength, he forced countless to fear him. If it wasn't because he was completely uninterested in forming a Clan, many believed he may have become the first to unite the mortal plane as one.

"Instead, he arrogantly faced those who wielded Faith with disdain. In fact, he considered it to be a handicap his opponents needed...

"For whatever reason, the transcendence of this arrogant Ancestor was far more shocking than anything the mortal plane had every witnessed before, even the Ancestor himself was shocked and confused by what was happening.

"Due to the enemies he had created due to his arrogance, many had come to assault him as he climbed his Heaven's Staircase."

Dyon nodded silently. Unlike other tribulations, the final one of the mortal plane allowed others to interfere as they pleased. This was what Orcus blamed for his injured foundation. As a result of the attacks he faced, he was forever unable to transcend in his lifetime. He had no choice in the end but to seal himself and wait for another opportunity.

"The arrogant Ancestor boldly climbed his steps, shattering the attempts of his enemies to thwart his path, but the further he climbed, the stronger the trembling of the mortal plane became.

"Eventually, many thought that the mortal plane itself would collapse. There wasn't a single corner of that was unaffected. During those years he challenge his 9999 steps, countless universes collapsed in on themselves. The death toll was unimaginable."

'Months?' Dyon's eyes widened. The ascension of his wives took days at most. But this Ancestor's took years?

Chapter 2018: Exchange

?2018 Exchange

And during all that time, he had to face countless outside attacks while never taking a step off of his path forward... Just what kind of pressure did he face?

"However, it was this that gave our elven and dwarven Clan an opportunity of a lifetime.

"For whatever reason, the arrogant Ancestor's ascension disrupted the fabric of time and space itself. Many speculated that this wasn't a simply related to the Ancestor alone. The only explanation was that his ascension was a critical point in the mortal plane's timeline. Who knew what happened in the past or future to make it so that reality itself didn't want him to transcend?

"This became an opportunity the likes of which we couldn't imagine. With the mortal plane collapsing, the barrier between us and other fabrics of reality wavered.

"For others, it was impossible to even sense these changes, however our Clan had been studying the Jafari Clan treasure for generations already.

"Since others were completely focused on the battle between the arrogant Ancestor and those supreme Star Grade Empires, they had little time to pay to us. After all, we were a pitifully small Clan in their eyes.

"Due to the violent changes in space and time, we were able to activate the Jafari Clan treasure without anyone knowing and enter a completely new Reality!

"The World Tree wasn't actually the first lifeforms we encountered... We lost many elders in those times, but we persevered. We knew that this was the only chance we would ever get to reach the pinnacle.

"During that time, we found numerous novel resources and created permanent bridges to worlds that had comparatively less danger in them...

"After months of trial and error, we finally found the World Tree.

"It was a world where the pinnacle species were Spiritual Plants, and their subordinate races were the Fairies.

"It was then that an exchange occurred between our two worlds. This was how our races came to be."

"An exchange?"

Dyon couldn't help but be a bit confused. What could a World Tree that ruled a Realm on the same level as the Mortal and Immortal Plane possibly need?

"The details of this is something even we do not know. But..." The elder hesitated. "... Worlds do not have an infinite lifespan..."

The elder didn't need to say more for Dyon to understand the heavy aura he was exuding.

Their Mortal Plane was quickly speeding toward its death. In fact, if things continued as they had on the previous timeline, it wouldn't even be much more than a few million more years until everything collapsed. This may seem like a long time, but this was the lifespan of a world they were talking about. Trillions of years to it should have been equivalent to seconds to a mortal. Yet, it actually had such a short time left.

Of course, this was sped along by The Entity, but was it really its fault? Or was it just speeding along the inevitable?

Heat Death was a novel concept to the martial world, but to Dyon's people, it was an irreversible calamity they had known about long ago. The addition of qi to the theory didn't make things any better, it was just yet another form of energy that would eventually become completely useless. Why else would universes slowly decline in qi density? Everything would eventually come to an end.

Maybe it was this very inevitability that caused the rift between The Entity and its senior brother.

The former felt there was simply no point. To it, the life of its senior brother was worth far more than the lives of everyone on the mortal plane combined. There was nothing its senior brother could say to convince it that the sacrifice was worthwhile.

As for the latter, he was enraged by something completely different. He was so powerful, yet he could only watch as everything he loved came to an inevitable end.

His parents came first, then his first wife... The second.. And eventually the ninth...

How infuriating such a feeling was. To hold all the power in the world at the palm of your hands, to be able to make sea, land and land, skies on a whim, yet to be completely unable to save what you wanted to the most.

There was definitely a secret here, though. What kind of price did the elves and dwarves need to pay in order to keep the World Tree happy? Why was it that the World Tree had never brought up this 'payment' after reconnecting with an Elvin Queen after so long? And was the World Tree really the only world like this to connect to their mortal and immortal planes?

'If there really were once near infinite universes, who's to say that there weren't also near infinite worlds? Is it really possible that in all these worlds across all of these walks of life, there was only one treasure like the Jafari Clan treasure?

'Is it really possible for a single race of Dark Phoenixes to cut the number of universes from countless trillions, to the barely 100 000 that existed today? What could a dying world need to sustain itself if not a living world full of vitality?'

The more Dyon thought, the more serious his expression became.

The mysterious beginning of all things? The root of all life? He wasn't qualified to ponder upon it. To the current him, it was an impossible question to answer. He couldn't comprehend how life began without anything sparking it, and if there was something that sparked it, what sparked this spark?

It was an endless cycle without an answer, the kind of mystery that could shatter one's dao heart if they pondered upon it for too long.

But, what Dyon was qualified to reflect upon were enemies that placed his family in danger.

He had yet to give Madeleine a child. His daughter had yet to find a man she could trust her life with. He had yet to resurrect his parents, for them to see the kind of man he had become.

After speaking with The Entity all those years ago, Dyon had given up on ever seeing his parents again. It was maybe that very point that began turning him from the Dyon he wanted to be, to whatever cowardly dreg he had become just a few decades ago.

But the current him wouldn't allow anything to block his path.

Chapter 2019: Agitated

?2019 Agitated

He and his wife were deemed too talented to birth a child by the Heavens? So what? His parents' souls were extinguished from existence? So what? Worlds outside his own seemed to think they were ripe for the picking? So what?

Dyon didn't even notice, but his aura had flared. In his rage, Calen uncontrollably fell to his knee as a cold sweat matted the backs of several elders.

In just the few moments, it felt as though a deity had descended upon the plains of this ancient prison.

The elders hardly understood what had set Dyon off. It was only the green haired elder who looked toward Dyon with a fierce glint in his eye. There were numerous complex emotions within... excitement, curiosity, and oddly... greed.

It wasn't a malevolent greed, but rather an odd greed that seemed more like appreciation.

This secret Dyon had come to understand was one only the Titans, Angels, Dwarves and Elves had had the right to comprehend in the past.

Dyon blinked out of his odd state. His emotions were still agitated, but at the very least, he restrained his aura, helping Calen to his feet.

He had meant to apologize, but all he found was a look of worship in the young man's eyes. Unfortunately, this kind of look only made Dyon feel worse.

"Young man... You are stronger than you pretend to be." The green haired elder said with a teasing smile.

"I've never tried to hide it, it's just that you've only just come to know me."

Dyon, who was still have trouble controlling his rage, replied a bit more tersely than he had intended to, but he truly wasn't in the mood to correct for his rudeness.

It had been a long time since he had trouble controlling his emotions. Even he wasn't certain what had set him off so fiercely.

Sure, the idea of an enemy sneakily snatching things that weren't theirs was infuriating, but the enemy didn't even have a face. Why was he so agitated?

"Who is your fiercest enemy in this region?" Dyon didn't wait for the elder to respond, instead directly asking this question.

"Fiercest enemy?" The elders looked toward each other. What did he mean by asking this?

"You could say that our long-time rival would be the centaurs. Flying is inconvenient on the Ancient Battlefield, so their added movement speed is a terrible pain to deal with. In addition, their archery is as fierce as their close combat."

The green haired elder was the only one who thought to answer Dyon's question.

"What's their power distribution?"

"They have 30 or so Higher Existences, 10 or so Lords, 4 Supremes, about 10 000 Fallen, and 1 Overlord. Their most powerful are usually their four armed and six armed warriors. Their two-armed warriors don't have very pure bloodlines and struggling to do anything but body cultivate."

The green haired elder had hardly finished his words before Dyon vanished. Shattered bits of red, cracked land and the tumultuous raging river waves were all the evidence that were left of his having been present just a moment ago.

"He...?"

The elders were stunned silent. Even they hadn't clearly seen how Dyon disappeared. Just what was going on?

They had no idea that Dyon had had no intention of showing them how truly powerful he was so soon. However, if he didn't blow off some steam now, he felt that body would implode.

He suddenly felt like he wanted to destroy the whole world, as though a rage he had buried for so long was bubbling up and out of his control. If he didn't take control of something, of anything soon, he felt that he might completely lose it.

"He's dangerous." The green haired elder spoke.

"Lord Clerebold?"

"I have a feeling that he didn't come here hoping our past relationships would protect him. He came here with confidence that even if we turned hostile, it wouldn't matter." Clerebold said calmly.

"But..."

"There are some things that logic will only hamper you in. What is the use of logic if it only clouds your eyes to the truth? He is a Peak Dao Expert no weaker than a Higher Existence, and that is just a conservative estimate. He alone is worth our investment into the elves."

"Then... Shouldn't we stop him?"

"Why is there a need for that? They can't take the initiative to attack him even if he pisses in their faces. He can wantonly kill as he pleases and they can only watch until he turns his first to them. If he really is as powerful as I think he is, he's going to become the demon of this prison very soon."

Having such a powerful enemy wreaking havoc in your territory, yet being completely unable to retaliate? How maddening would such a thing be? If the Heavens knew Dyon would abuse their rules like this, they likely would have never made them like this to begin with.

The centaurs were ranked 7th on Dyon's list of notable clans while the dwarves were ranked 3rd, yet he had actually decided to wipe them out because he was having a bad day. If their leaders knew the truth, maybe they'd directly commit suicide so as to avoid having to witness such a tragedy.

Dyon didn't have the luxury to be morally upright any longer. For every Failed Clan he didn't eradicate, it was another enemy lying in wait to stab his loved one in the back. Anyone who wasn't his ally on this battlefield... deserved nothing short of death!

"Contact the esteemed Supremes." Clerebold said without hesitation.

"Has it really reached this point?"

The elders hesitated. Contacting Supremes for anything short of a cataclysmic event was seen as a sin.

Supremes had their minds entirely focused on one thing: becoming Overlords. At the same time, Overlords were entirely focused on breaking the chains of this prison and transcending. The first phase was complete inconsequential to them. They would only make their appearances for the second phase unless they were forced out. Yet...

Chapter 2020: Mess

?2020 Mess

"Do you really want to miss out on the Faith eradicating the centaurs will bring us? Stop speaking nonsense and tie our Clans to him immediately!"

Centaur territory had turned into a complete mess. Raging winds and blazing fires tore across the forests and villages, matched by the high-pitched screams and last moments of countless cultivators.

"Dammit!"

Dyon ripped a centaur apart, his left palm gripping a hoof and his right pulling an arm. The devastating sight of a human upper half and a horse lower half being torn from one another made those who were faint of heart vomit the contents of their stomachs.

But the agitation in Dyon's heart on grew.

Peals of thunder rippled through the skies as streaks of descending lightning matched his bloody rampage. Poor souls who sought to stop his onslaught but were above the age of 1000 years could only collapse into their own ashes. But even they were among the lucky few. At least they got to die painlessly.

"Halt your steps! He's an Invader!"

The roar shook the centaur population to their very core.

Their geniuses had already been torn apart, laid in a bloody heap of limbs and sheered organs. How were they supposed to stop this young man now?

Unfortunately, even though they stopped, Dyon seemed to have no intention of doing so.

The centaurs were ranked 7th on his list, but this was only the tip of the iceberg. Despite their forms, these creatures had a fondness for the human female form. The number of women who had been torn apart by their population was simply too many to count.

Still, Dyon would be lying if he said his current self cared about this. Even if they were the most innocent of creatures who harmed not even the smallest of insects, he would still vent his rage on them.

This abrupt, suffocating feeling was barreling upward from the depths of his soul. He felt the violent need to vomit, cry and shout into the skies all at once.

In the first moment he felt this feeling, he had tried to stamp it out, but the result was the wild fluctuation of his aura. The second time he tried was on his way here, he wanted to slowly calm himself over time, but he found that the feeling only became worse. The third time was occurring even to now. Every life he took, he tried to douse his rage in with their blood, but it felt like this crimson lifeline was nothing short of oil to fire.

"Fuck!"

'Dyon! You need to calm down. Now!' Little Yang yelled into his ear for what was maybe the millionth time.

They had felt Dyon's truth the moment they became his beast companions. While Dyon didn't know why he was so agitated, they did. The trouble was that Dyon didn't seem to be listening to anything right now. It would be a miracle if he could even hear his own thoughts.

Hours later, Dyon stood in the midst of countless corpses.

Had he eradicated the whole of the centaur clan? No... Many had simply decided to run away.

The only ones left were the Half-Step Transcendents who stood in the skies, trembling with rage. But who knew that Dyon, who was covered in blood that couldn't possibly be his own, actually looked up into the skies and did something they never thought he would do?

"[Nine Suns of Armageddon]. [Fiery Hell]."

Dyon's [Nine Suns of Armageddon] was nothing like they had been in the past. Before, though they were large, they could only be considered as empty shells. Dyon proficiency was only enough to barely form an outer layer that was no thicker than a balloon's skin.

However, now, everything was far different. They were half the size of the large moons Dyon formed in the past, but now, each was a densely packed sphere of black flames. In fact, they didn't even look like flames from the outside. They looked no different from dense black balls, the weight of each seemed to match an entire planet!

"Just let it all burn..."

The nine suns crashed into the grounds below, incinerating everything in their wake.

In those moments, it was as though all sound had left the world. The only thing left was a high-pitched buzzing noise that grated on the nerves as nine pillars of black shot into the skies.

The clouds above were swept into a sea black flames. The grounds below crumbled and shattered, sending wave after wave of piercing hit and oppressive energy in every direction.

'Little Yin, what do we do.' Little Yang nervously spoke to his sister. They were truly at a loss.

'He's never truly resolved the impact of his Chaos Flames. Even when he was at the pinnacle of his powers in his very first life, he never truly quelled it. Only his wives were capable of stopping this. If not

for that, with his stubborn personality, he would have never fallen in love again after the death of his first wife...'

'But they're alive now dammit, why is he acting like this.'

Though Little Yang said this, he knew exactly why Dyon was acting like this. It was impossible for any seal to hold Dyon down for so long. The only person who could defeat Dyon, was Dyon himself. Maybe if his former self had laid the seal down on anyone else, this would have never become an issue. But now, conflicting thoughts were beginning to bombard Dyon's head time and time again.

He had no idea how to resolve these feelings. He suddenly felt oppressive emotions, emotions that seemed to have built up for countless trillions of years, yet he didn't know where these feelings came from. He couldn't find the root of it at all, but this only sunk him further into madness.

'We should have stopped Dyon from asking too many questions. Killing off the centaurs is fine... The number of tragedies tied to them in the former timeline after they descended upon the Mortal Plane was too many to count. But what do we do if Dyon starts killing innocents...?'