

## **The Nameless 2021**

### Chapter 2021: Safe

Before Little Yin could respond, an enraged roar shook the skies.

The ashes of the centaur Higher Existences slowly fell like greying snow, coating the reddened skies with an even more somber air.

Dyon stood amidst nine massive holes the likes of which had depths too deep to measure.

The ground around his feet seemed ready to crumble at any moment. He didn't even seem to hear the enraged roar of the four centaur Supremes, he only continuously felt the thumping rage deep within his heart.

He had to kill more. He had to kill everything. Maybe if he killed enough, there would be nothing left to threaten them. Maybe if he killed enough... They would be safe.

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Dyon sat on a pile of corpses, his body covered in blood. His hands looked no different from a man who inexplicably dipped his palms into a bucket of red paint. It was oddly vibrant yet gruesome at the same time.

His breathing was ragged and uncontrolled, but it had nothing to do with how tired he was. Ripping those four Supremes limb from limb was as easy as slaughtering an infant.

No, Dyon's breathing had little to do with the effort he was putting in and much more to do with the torrent of emotions rippling through his heart.

Everything he looked at seemed to enrage him. The skies above his head, the earth beneath his feet, even the slight breeze. It was completely illogical, yet it was his current truth.

Oddly enough, despite what was happening to him, Dyon hadn't asked the very obvious question yet... Why?

Why was he feeling this way? Why was he suddenly so enraged? Why did it feel like everything was against him?

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"Dyon? Dyon!"

Lilith grabbed Junior's shoulders, trying to shake him awake.

Maybe if it was anyone else, they would have already fainted from shock. The aura billowing from Junior's, or rather, Dyon's body was unlike anything Lilith had ever felt before. It was the kind of presence that could squash her father with a single finger, a completely effortless, unmatched strength.

However, there was nothing effortless about Dyon's current state. His palm clutched his own forehead so fiercely that it seemed as though he might shatter his own skull at any moment. Yet, he was completely oblivious to the pain he was inflicting upon himself.

Dyon abruptly stood, a mighty roar escaping his lips.

His vajra body appeared in the skies, striking forward with a momentum that collapsed the skies.

Everything crumbled.

Countless planets in the strike's wake exploded into molten rock. Space warped and shattered, collapsing in on itself and deforming to the point of forming several black holes at once. The very universe the stood in seemed prepared to self-

destruct at any moment...

Though the strike wasn't aimed toward her, and could even be considered to be facing directly away from her, Lilith uncontrollably vomited several mouthfuls of blood. The planet beneath their feet wasn't much different either, sending the earthquakes the likes of which couldn't be scaled terrorizing its surface.

"Dammit!" Dyon roared, his voice reverberating through his steel-like vocal cords. Just this simple word made the roar of a dragon sound no different from an infant learning to speak.

Maybe realizing how reckless his actions were, Dyon quickly found Lilith's near unconscious body, the pain in his heart blossoming forth several fold.

What the hell was he doing?

Maybe it was only now that it became obvious that even this clone of Dyon's didn't have complete access to his memories. If he did, would he be reacting in this way along with his main body? It simply didn't make much sense.

It was too difficult to make heads or tails of anything. Even this version of Dyon, who had access to relatively more memories, couldn't understand the root of his rage. It was as though it was on the tip of his tongue, but refused to come out.

"Lilith... Lilith?" Dyon kneeled down, pulling Lilith up and cradling her in his chest.

Lilith breathed a bit raggedly. Dyon's body was still emitting a suffocating pressure that made it hard to breathe, but she still somehow felt more comfortable here. She didn't even have a single thought of blaming Dyon.

"... Not again..." Dyon muttered, holding on to her slight frame as though he feared she might disappear in the next instant. "... I can't lose her again..."

Lilith's heart trembled when she heard these words. Her arms crept upward, using her small hands to grasp Dyon's as they cradled her face.

But she couldn't seem to find the words to say. She felt that no matter what she said, it would be useless.

Even if she trusted Dyon with all her being, it was still too difficult to wrap her mind around some things. How were her and Dyon truly related? What was their past? What happened to bring Dyon down to his knees like this?

However, seeing him in this state... How could she continue to doubt?

The very man who seemed to be able to hold the world up was now holding onto her as though she was his pillar. But even she felt it was beyond that. It was as though she symbolized something... He cared for her, but he cared for the symbol she represented too... If he lost either, he would sooner have the world follow suit in tribute.

"... I've spared the world nine times already..." Dyon muttered incoherently. "... I allowed them to breathe, to live, to love and laugh... How many trillions of years have I given them...?"

"... If you fail to give me anything in return... then that breath and life... those loves and laughs... I will take them all back... Not just from this world, but from them all... For the price of taking away what was most precious to me... You can all pay..."

Tears uncontrollably fell from Lilith's eyes.

She felt that these weren't words Dyon spoke now, but rather ones he had already spoken in the past... It was as though he was reminding the world of his conviction... If they took what he cared about away from him again... He would destroy everything.

Chapter 2022: Ant Queen

?2022 Ant Queen

"Which of you did it?"

A booming voice resounded through the council.

Even compared to the dwarves, this meeting place was sinister beyond compare.

Twelve mountain peaks ravaged by black rock and stone pierced the skies. Dark red clouds hugged their outer forms, filling the space was a crimson fog that smelt of blood.

On each of these twelve peaks, the representation of twelve Clans stood. It was as though they alone stood above the world, passing judgement as they saw fit.

Among them, there were six humanoids and six beasts. Disdaining the human form, these beasts didn't enter in such a state. Instead, their massive bodies wrapped around these mountains as though they were no different from lounging chairs.

These twelve represented the twelve Fallen Races. They together ruled the Ancient Battlefield together.

The first humanoid was a massive man with greenish-grey skin. His body stood at two hundred meters tall. His belly was just as proportionately large, however, it didn't jiggle in the slightest. Not only did it give off an oppressive heat, but if one were to touch it, it would feel not different than placing your hand on a burning sheet of metal.

This humanoid was among the very first Ancestor Giants, a part of a race that hadn't appeared on the mortal plane in countless epochs... The singular scarlet red eye that adorned his features made it all very clear. The legendary children of the gods, the Cyclops.

The second humanoid a woman with beauty beyond words. The delicate slopes of her soft lips and small nose could freeze the heart over. It was simply unfortunate that her hair was a bed of snakes. Each had gorgeous white scales and small eyes that shone like rubies, but when combined together, they were ghastly.

The beautiful woman sat silently with her eyes closed, the air freezing beneath her presence. She was a legendary cursed child of the gods, a member of the Medusa Clan.

The third humanoid had horns that rivalled a mighty dragon's. They curved and twists in the air, their sharpness gleaming. The lower half of his body was completely covered in fur, strong hooves forcing the mountain to tremble with its every step.

This was the origin race of the Mino Clan, the true Minotaur Warrior Race, the Torus Clan.

The fourth humanoid had skin that glistened a dark black. Ancient tattoos etched across its body, its gender impossible to tell. However, the scars on its face were unmistakable... One stretched from the left side of its mouth to its ear, revealing clearly its back row of teeth. Another ran along its right eye, revealing the twinkling whites of a blinded socket.

Still... Nothing was more prominent than the massive white tusks that dripped with saliva from its mouth... It was as though it was ready to pounce upon and eat anything at any moment...

This sort of human looked more like a beast, a race known for its savagery.... The Orc Clan.

The fifth humanoid had skin so pale that one could clearly see the veins of blood running beneath the surface of its skin. It had beauty even beyond the Medusa Clan, but unlike the Medusa who lost that beauty due to its snakes, this race didn't have to suffer such a fate.

The woman who represented them was charming beyond reason. With the light smile on her face, even if she reached into your chest to take your heart... you would thank her...

A lovely head of pale violet hair, two eyes glimmering like amethysts, and a pair of red lips that seemed to drip with blood. This was the origin race of legends of the banshee and the vampires, one of the Ancient Demons of antiquity, a race almost as old as the Titans themselves, the Undead Clan...

The sixth and final humanoid looked no different from a mortal. He only stood at just over two meters tall, his body was compact and powerful, while his eyes and hair were a dull brown. Compared to the others, he was incomparably restrained. However, not a single one of the remaining 11 dared to make eye contact with him...

The six beasts were the kind of creatures one would only hear of in fairy tales, six fallen beasts clans that once had names that rang like thunder.

On one mountain peak, a creature with devastating beauty stood, its white coat shimmering even in the harsh environment. This was the legendary Unicorn race!

On another, a mighty beast with the claws of an eagle and the hind legs of a lion had wings so large that they coated its mountain peak... The Griffin race!

To the other side, a creature steeped in deathly black aura, who had been the one to speak initially, growling forth with an intimidating aura. Its three heads whipped about savagely, ready to send all those who opposed it to a bloody hell... The Cerberus race!

Then there was a race that once struck fear in the hearts of even the most powerful. Their representor was gorgeous in the way only a human female could be. Her face was delicate and pleasing to the eye. However... Her body was coated in a red armor... If one looked closely, this wasn't armor at all but rather her own exoskeleton!

This was the royalty of the insect races, the Ant Queen!

The final two creatures were beasts the likes of which would cause an uproar on the mortal plane should they appear.

Maybe it was fate... But they were both gorgeous birds.

One had a coat of blemishless, glistening gold fur. It had three legs firmly plants on the dark mountain range. Each slight quiver sent torrents of heat in every rejection, melting the stone below it and burning the air asunder.

This was a mighty of beast... One that didn't lose out to even the Dragons... The Golden Crow!

The last beast was even more beautiful than the Golden Crow.

## Chapter 2023: Feathers

### ?2023 Feathers

Its feathers didn't seem as metallic or glistening, but this was only because its body seemed to shift from solid to a fiery flicker on a whim. It was almost impossible to tell whether this was truly a living creature... or a sea of flames...

It had a beautiful body of blue, its oppressive cold counterbalancing the Golden Crow. Its long, slender neck stretched into the skies, making it the most reserved of the beasts.

This creature was none other than the long since thought to be existent Phoenix!

"Why are you looking at me? You annoying mut. See if I don't lop one of your heads off." The cyclops growled.

"Do you think a Clan like the Centaurs can just disappear on a whim? Obviously one of you made a move."

"Who care about a damned centaur clan? What do they have that my Cyclops Race could possibly need? If you're going to speak, use one of your more intelligent heads before I leave you with no choice but to!"

"Stop bickering." The Medusa stopped them coldly. "None of us are foolish enough to destroy perfectly good canon fodder when the second phase is so quickly approaching. Obviously, this was the work of someone else."

"Could it be those fake angels?" The Minotaur pondered.

"Even though they are the strongest just below us, even they don't have the strength to wipe out the centaurs so quickly and without us noticing. Plus, they're located to the South, how could they attack the centaurs which are in the East?"



"But if we're using that logic, the only ones strong enough to wipe out the centaurs are the dwarves, but there've been no large movements from them. Even though they had three Overlords to the centaur's one, Overlords don't have time to muck around with mundane things, and they definitely wouldn't do something as foolish as painting a target on their back like this."

Though the green-haired elder told Dyon that the centaurs were their rival, this was only in so much their lower tier warriors were concerned. With 3 Overlords, the dwarves could destroy the Centaur Clan whenever they wanted. It was just that there was no real point.

They were all in this prison together, having 'ambitions' outside of breaking these chains and ascending to the transcendent plane was foolish. In that case, their youths and middle tier warriors needed rivals to hone themselves against.

"Plus, since the centaurs and dwarves were in the same general area, they would descend in about the same place for the second phase. Why would the dwarves get rid of a perfectly good buffer for themselves? No matter how weak the mortal plane has become now, they won't just roll over and die."

"You all are missing quite an important piece to this puzzle." The Undead beauty spoke in a light and airy voice. "How could you all forget about such a handsome little boy?"

Her words didn't hide the desire in her voice in the slightest.

"What the hell does a boy have to do with anything?" The Cerberus growled.

"If he was a normal boy, maybe it would be meaningless to speak about him. But... He was an elf. Don't you think that counts for something?"

"You're saying...?"

"If the dwarves suddenly got confirmation about backing they'd receive once the second phase began, what would they need the centaurs for? If the Elvin Clan is waiting below to take them in, they don't need to worry about us at all." The Undead beauty said lightly.

"They sure have a lot of nerve." The Cerberus growled.

"It's just speculation. I have no way of knowing for sure. Plus, it isn't as though the elves are to be feared any longer. Since the dwarves are here, their ending couldn't have been very good either."

"Underestimating the elves is foolish." A voice as cold as an endless winter froze the words of everyone who spoke. Many of them couldn't help but shiver as they looked toward the majestic Ice Phoenix.

This race hardly ever talked... In fact, though they sent a representative to every meeting... They always sent someone who was hardly worthy of being an elder of their Clan... Yet, even then, the atmosphere was so stifling.

"The elves have many secrets, especially in combination with the Celestial Deer Sect. Amethyst is only one reason our race has fallen to this state, the other is them!" The Ice Phoenix spoke emotionlessly, but it was obvious that the Undead female's words had enraged him.

"For this problem, it's best if they're wiped out as soon as possible. I expect there to be no dwarves remaining in this prison by the end of the month."

With a single flap of his wings, the Ice Phoenix vanished from its mountain peak and the horizon.

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Dyon blankly stared out into space. It had already been several days, but he had yet to move from this pile of corpses.

The smell in the air was unlike one might think. The body of cultivators, especially body cultivators, didn't rot so easily. Instead, the metallic smell of blood was what hung in the air, constantly grating on one's olfactory senses as though to eradicate all other scents.

At that moment, the sound of a person sucking in a cold breath broke the quiet atmosphere. Dyon didn't need to look up to know that the green-haired elder had arrived.

Lord Clerebold looked at the scene with a trembling heart. Those four corpses at the top of the mountain of dead Dyon sat on... Those were four men and women he would lower his head respectfully to. They could take his life with a single finger, yet Dyon was sitting on their dead bodies as though they weren't worth much of anything.

'This is bad... I expected him to cause some trouble, maybe kill off their younger generation completely and ruin their future, but I never thought he would be able to kill off their Higher Existences as well. The only one who doesn't seem to be here is their Overlord... Those Clans won't let this go...'

Chapter 2024: Can't

2024 Can't

Clerebold immediately understood the conclusion those 12 Clans would come to. Maybe there were already armies marching toward them currently. They didn't have much time to prepare at all.

Though there were natural barriers between the regions, one needs to remember that there was a ring of nothing but flat plains around the core region of the Ancient Battlefield. Dyon had run across this very flat plain when he entered the core region for what remained of the Pride Clan's Legacy.

What did this mean? It meant that even if Clans couldn't take a straight line approach to reach their territory, what they could do was take a detour to these flat plains. Using this defenseless region, they could wrap around the natural barriers and enter the east unhindered. This meant that the dwarves wouldn't only have to deal with attacks from the eastern region, but may also have to face attacks from other regions as well.

Lord Clerebold opened his mouth many times to speak, but couldn't seem to find the necessary words. He was now aware that Dyon was far stronger than him and no longer had the confidence to speak to him like a junior.

He still couldn't wrap his head around how this youth was the equivalent to an Overlord existence, yet here was the reality right before him.

To make things worse, he was certain that Dyon had been aware of his presence for a long time already, yet he simply sat there, saying nothing at all.

Yet, Lord Clerebold had no right to feel disrespected by this scene before him. In this prison, strength ruled over everything. In the face of Dyon... He had no right to hold opinions of his own.

"Es... Esteemed one..." Lord Clerebold only now realized he didn't know Dyon's name at all. "... My dwarf clan will likely soon face assaults from all sides. Since you've reached out to us in hopes of an alliance, I hope that you'll also help us weather this storm."

Though there was nothing wrong with his choice of words, Lord Clerebold still found himself drenched in sweat. It was as though these were the most difficult words he had ever strung together in his long lifetime.

The slight shift in Dyon's gaze was the only sign that he had heard the Lord's words at all. However, his reaction was still lukewarm.

In truth, Lord Clerebold was crying on the outside. Their dwarf clan might have 3 Overlords, but who didn't know this? If they were attacking them, they would most definitely bring enough fire power to deal with them appropriately.

He obviously had no idea that this threat was meaningless to Dyon. If he was really worried about it, all he had to do was call Luna here to bring all the dwarves out of the Ancient Battlefield. It took no effort whatsoever.

There were obviously special methods of leaving the Ancient Battlefield, but other than the Celestial Beasts, who would be aware of them? And even if they were, they wouldn't be capable of mass teleportation like Luna was, or else they would have all left this prison already.

However, Clerebold didn't know this, so he was still panicking. To him, even if Dyon had Overlord level strength, that was just 1 more Overlord, making 4. That wasn't enough to face the ire of the whole Ancient Battlefield.

Suddenly, Lord Clerebold trembled. "They... They're already here!"

It had taken Clerebold several to make it here. It wasn't because he was slow, but rather because he hadn't expected Dyon to accomplish so much in so little time, so he had just been patiently waiting for news.

However, his leisurely approach cost him valuable time. While everyone else in this prison already knew of the demise of the centaurs, he was a step too late. The dwarves would be caught completely unprepared!

Dyon slowly stood from his mountain of corpses, a mighty dragon with obsidian black scales that glowed a dark gold appearing beneath his feet.

"Is there a need to react like this?" Dyon's voice sounded cold and detached, as though the world itself was meaningless to him. "Any problem that can be solved by slaughter isn't a problem at all... In fact, it's the easiest thing in the world..."

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"We can't continue like this."

In a meeting room on the Mortal Plane, the grand pillars of the once mighty Golden Crow Sect seemed bland and uninviting. They had fallen from such supreme heights, crashing down to the point where they stood as the weakest faction on the Mortal Plane.

This might sound like an exaggeration, but it was the truth. Currently, the thousand or so quadrants of the Mortal Plane were divided amongst the Mortal Empire, the Sapientia, the Nephilim, the Transcendent Beast Alliance, the Dragons, and finally... Them...

In fact, their own quadrant wasn't even entirely owned by them. After the matters with the Federation, they only a little over 60 universes, but the Flaming Lily Sect owned over 30.

They had lived the last nearly hundred years in fear, believing that the Mortal Empire would come sweep them up eventually. But who knew that Dyon wouldn't even care about them at all? They could

only watch as those in their surroundings grew stronger and stronger, while they themselves grew weaker by comparison.

They had once been a mighty Clan with a deep Legacy, but now they were nothing more than a laughing stock, an example Dyon kept around so that his people would never forget what they would be without him.

Humans tended to have a short memory span when it came to being thankful. Once they were given something good, there would eventually come a time where what was once 'good' would become 'normal'. By then, they would begin to take things for granted, believing that this level of 'good' was what was owed to them.

However, with a pig in a pen like the Golden Crow Sect, there for everyone to observe, their roots would never be forgotten.

## Chapter 2025: Rise Again

### 2025 Rise Again

Just like this, the once mighty Goldeen and Crow Clans that once ruled over thousands of quadrants had become no different from a zoo animal.

This level of humiliation was something that rotted and festered in their midst. Dyon didn't even raise a single finger, yet they were already prepared to collapse from the inside out. Everything... Everything was over for them.

At that time, the words spoken echoed through the silent hall. There were many of them in attendance, yet these words bounced off the walls as though they were not worth much at all.

It was at that time that the sound of footsteps slowly approaching caught them off guard.

A man with seven swinging black tails made his presence known. His face was cold and emotionless, his steps were without fear or hesitation, and his eyes flashed with an intelligent light, filled with endless cunning.

"Who are you?"

An old man of the Goldeen Clan suddenly spoke. If Dyon were here, he would know that this old man was actually a Supreme. To say that the Golden Crow Sect laid low was an understatement. It seemed they really had been waiting for the right time to strike back, even to the point of feigning weakness to share their quadrant with three other Sects.

What was even more surprising was that this man wasn't the only Supreme, but there were actually three others, two to the Goldeen Clan and two the Crow Clan... It was just unfortunate that this strength meant nothing before Dyon, so all of their plotting and scheming became meaningless.

The moment Orcus died, all of their hopes and aspirations came to a grinding halt. Trillions of years of planning came to mean nothing.

"My name is Kaori Void."

"A kitsune? How did you enter this place? Aren't you aware that your death is your only exit?"

"If you were so eager to kill me, why speak all of this nonsense. Obviously you're already desperate enough to hear my words. And... If I could enter so freely, do you really think you could stop me from leaving?"

The eyes of the elders narrowed, but they didn't say anything else.

"I can tell that your Golden Crow Clan is in dire straits."

"And what could you possibly do to help? Your strength is worth nothing here."

Kaori sighed. "This is the problem with the martial world. Not everything can be solved by strength. If you all were a little smarter in your scheming, would you have fallen to such a state? If your tactics were tighter and your means more brilliant, would you be waiting for death like this?" vvcc

"Is that what your intelligence has brought you?" An elder said with a sneer. "To insult those who you wish to ally with? I have to say, this is quite top tier intelligence."

The sarcasm dripped from his words almost like molten acid.

"If I don't say these things, would you acknowledge the two of us to be on equal footing? This meeting began by one of you threatening my life and another calling me weak, would you like for me to stand here and say nothing?"

"If you're done with your nonsense, we can get to the reason for my visit in the first place."

Kaori's reply was completely devoid of emotion. His words sounded like he was offended, but his actions spoke a much different tune entirely...

"The Golden Crow Sect will be finished if you all don't do something. The question is whether or not you are willing to risk your lives for a brighter future, or if you're content with being a pig in a pen."

"What makes you think our Golden Crow Sect won't rise again?"

"Is that a joke?" Kaori replied to the Goldeen Supreme. "Not only has the Mortal Empire grown far beyond your control, but even if they were to collapse during the second phase... Don't you have another enemy to deal with?"

The elders froze.

"I was wondering. Why is such a powerful Sect, with four Supremes at that, hiding like a field of mice?"



"You feign to the outside world that your best genius is a mere Eighth Order Celestial who's even died already. You share your quadrant with three Sects far below your strength. And even now, you skulk in the shadows, too scared to take even a single step outside."

"Don't go too far with your words, boy."

"I'm not going too far. I'm only stating the facts."

"What I find even more interesting is that everything seemed to change after the Golden Flame Mystical World opened. To think that a mighty Sect like yours would hardly care about the death of the God level genius. The world hardly heard a peep about it."

"Despite the fact everyone was aware that Emperor Sacharro was the one to take his life, you all actually did nothing to retaliate."

"Of course, someone who was far more foolish might believe your inaction to be due to the fact Emperor Sacharro had a Higher Existence backing him, but this is something only the masses would accept. Anyone who had even an inkling of knowledge was aware that many of the top ten Tower Quadrants had Higher Existences among them, albeit the weakest of Higher Existences..."

"For the death of your supposed best genius, the Golden Crow Sect's reaction was far too lukewarm."

"So... I became quite interested. The Mortal Library became quite a useful tool for me, actually. Just what were the origins of the Golden Flame Mystical World, what of your Golden Crow Sect's origins?"

"You clearly didn't like the Sacharros as you chose not to join their Empire, but you still didn't act against them either, isn't that too pitiful?"

"Even when your plans hinged on the success of the Golden Flame Mystical World's mission, you still didn't dare send out your best geniuses for fear of being discovered."

"Who knew that I would stumble upon the legends of the Golden Crow... of a stolen flame... of two fugitive clans...?"

Chapter 2026: Once Mighty

?2026 Once Mighty

The atmosphere grew colder and colder, but Kaori didn't seem to notice.

"I didn't think that the mighty Goldeen and Crow Clans would have such low class thieves for Ancestors. A pitiful sight indeed."

"You dare!?" The roars of the elders shook the planet's very foundations, it felt as though this hall might collapse at any time under their anger. Who knew what Kaori was trying to do, but he was definitely going too far in their minds.

"Did I speak wrongly? Your Clans were once the subordinates of the true Golden Crow Clan. Yet, when they came to face an enemy, even after so many generations of nurturing you all, instead of taking their side, you stabbed them in the back and stole the root of their bloodline.

"In the end, the Golden Crows were forced to enter the Ancient Battlefield as a failed Clan, while your Goldeen and Crow Clans took over their legends.

"How many youths of the mortal plane are even aware that the Golden Crow was a legendary mythical beast that stood on par with the Dragons and Phoenixes? To them, the Golden Crow bloodline was always human... I wonder how enraged the true Golden Crows will be once they descend upon the mortal plane once more..."

The sound of clenching jaws filled the hall, but the two Clans really had no way to rebut these words.

They had no idea how Kaori learned of this story. There was definitely no history book that told it in its entirety... The only explanation was that this kitsune was actually capable of pulling tidbits from across hundreds, maybe even thousands of stories to patch this truth together himself.

What level of intelligence did it take to achieve something like this? The elders here couldn't even fathom it at all...

How could the Goldeen and Crow Clans not have gone to extreme lengths in order to hide this past of theirs? If it became common knowledge, it would heavily impact their Faith... Yet, despite this, Kaori pieced together to truth himself.

Kaori had gotten more than 90% of the story correct. In fact, this was the very reason that even when their Goldeen and Crow Clans began to decline, they decided upon Orcus' trillion-

year plan as opposed to entering the Ancient Battlefield and facing their feared enemy...

"Now, I don't know what plans your two clans had put in place in order to deal with this coming calamity, but what I do know is that your Clan most definitely failed the moment the matters of the Golden Flame Mystical World no longer went your way...

"The real question is if you're willing to give up like this, or if you're willing to fight."

Kaori's cold gaze flashed with the first sign of emotion he had displayed since he entered this hall. A mixture of unbridled fury and determination shone outward so fiercely that his aura completely changed. He was a weak man... So weak in fact that any one of the elders in this hall could pinch him to death. But, in that instant, he suddenly became the strongest...

"Emperor Sacharro must die by my hand. I won't rest until I have the heads of everyone he cares about. I need to see the despair and rage in his gaze, I want to make him bathe in the blood of his loved ones.

"And to do that, I need the once mighty Golden Crow Sect."

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Dyon stood above the battlefield upon Chenglei's head. The latter remained absolutely deathly silent. He could feel the turmoil in Dyon's emotions and suddenly found it difficult to breathe just allowing him

to stand on him. Compared to this repressive aura, the restrictions of the Immortal Plane were nothing but a joke.

It seemed as though enemies were converging from all sides. The only saving grace was that dwarven territory was located toward the very northern edges of the eastern region. As a result, they could only be attacked from their south as their back was covered by an endless mountain range.

However, even under these conditions, the atmosphere of the dwarven clan was incomparably solemn. They never thought that taking in an invader would lead to such an outcome.

Races of all kinds poured in from all angles. Pixies of only half a foot tall, blue furred apes with twin sets of arms, massive kilometer long serpents, humans with the scales of lizards... It seemed as though the whole history of the mortal plane was marching to destroy dwarven territory.

Still, even with all those numbers, even with all of their momentum, none stood within even half a kilometer of Dyon and Chenglei.

A frontline of warriors stood silently, the fear in their eyes palpable. They had come to destroy, yet they didn't even dare to take another step forward.

Many of them wouldn't dare to provoke the dwarves on a normal occasion. Unfortunately, individuals far more powerful than they were urged their action. They had no choice but to take this step forward. If they didn't, the only path left would be death.

The Ancient Battlefield didn't have Dragons. With their sovereignty, dragons would rather choose death than enter this prison. All they had to base the legends upon were the wyverns that treated the mountains as their home. However, this didn't do what they were seeing before them now any justice...

This wasn't to say that wyverns weren't dangerous. Wyverns were at least 70% of the reason why no one dared to casually cross the mountain ranges that separated the regions. If the wyverns were to all come together as a collective, they would form the 13th Overlord Clan.

However, even they could not touch the majesty of the beast before them now.

Chenglei body snaked through the skies for ten kilometers. There wasn't a single segment of his majestic form that wasn't covered in black scales that reflected like tempered metal.

His large head looked down toward the coming army, his yellow reptilian eyes flickering with disdain as his two horns pierced into the skies. Even his slight breath seemed to scorch the clouds, his menacing glare sending shivers through the hearts of those below.

If this dragon was so powerful... Just what kind of existence was the man who stood atop his head?

## Chapter 2027: Death

A silent stalemate was formed as the armies slowly approached. Chenglei was a massive deterrence, but he alone could never strike as much fear in their hearts as the collective order of the 12 Overlord Clans. Even if they lost their lives, they had no choice but to step forward.

Soon, the skies began to fill themselves with the main characters. The Supremes began to appear one after another... Followed finally by the Overlords. Even Lords could only stand on the ground below. "Overlord Sadon.

Overlord Fridus. Overlord Gilpin. If you obediently hand over your heads along with this boy's, we will give your dwarven race a path to survival.

If not... You can consider this your dwarven race's last day." The three Overlords of the dwarven race had yet to appear. "Overlord Afra. You seem to be very happy with this turn of events." A sneering voice stepped out from a warp in space. "To think this is the very same Overlord Afra who would dare to breathe too loudly around us." The one who spoke previously was none other than the one Overlord of the centaur race. Her lower half was matted in pristine white fur and silver hooves, while her upper half hung freely, revealing a set of two perfectly shaped breasts that looked no different from morning dew dripping from a green leaf.

The only thing separating the two was a bowstring strapped across her chest. If one ignored the fact her lower half was that of a horse, she was an exquisite beauty who didn't seem to care for cultural norms. Who would dare question the decency of an Overlord anyway?

In reality, though, this was simply the way of the centaurs. Aside from the times they wore armor, they strode around the world bare. This was the case for both their men and women.

It was clear that Afra didn't believe she needed armor for today. This wasn't going to be a battle... It would be a slaughter! In that moment, the three Overlords of the dwarven race finally appeared.

Despite the situation, they seemed unperturbed, but the emotions flickering in their eyes were clear for anyone who paid enough attention. It seemed they really thought they were finished this day. "Is there anything to be proud of about having superior numbers? If I only had to fight just one of you, I would have nothing to fear!

To dare say these words to me after throwing away millennia of mutual cooperation to slaughter all of my kin..." Her eyes reddened with rage. "... You deserve death!" Overlord Afra obviously didn't come alone. The only ones who could handle Overlords were other Overlords. This was the main reason the centaurs were never a match for the dwarves.

However, this also made the solution easy. Simply send more Overlords! Five more appeared by Afra's side, causing the three Overlords of the dwarves to grow serious.

It was obviously not a problem to deal with or even kill Afra along. But this... This was troublesome. Overlord of the sixth ranked Pixies.

Overlord of the fifth ranked fauns. Overlord of the fourth ranked Crown Serpents. Overlord of the second ranked Black Devils.

And the last... It was a winged man. Upon first glance, he looked no different from an angel. But it was obvious to Dyon that his bloodline was nowhere near as powerful as that of an angel.

However, he did have a very strong pure aura that radiated with holy will. His eyes were golden, his hair was golden... even his skin was golden as well. They called themselves the Deity Race and were ranked first below the 12 Overlord Clans.

They looked more like mechatronic bots than a living breathing race. Completely without emotion or expression. "Since you have chosen to reject my kindness, I will slaughter each and every last dwarf. I'll strip them of their skin and have them decorate the tombs of my fallen kin.

I'll make certain that you regret your actions even in your after life!" Overlord Afra's shrill voice shook the battlefield. The strength of a Qi Path Overlord was nothing to look down upon. An expert of this caliber could rule the mortal plane with their lone fist. "[Devour]." Dyon's voice was soft.

Compared to the high-pitched shrieking of Overlord Afra, it was subdued beyond reason. Yet, the moment he spoke, the battlefield seemed to collapse. A surge of soul qi the likes of which these Overlords had never felt before swept through the battlefield.

Agonizing screams overwhelmed the echoes of Overlord Afra's rage, swallowing them whole as though they meant nothing from the very beginning. One after another, warriors began to collapse. First it was just a handful, then it quickly became dozens, then hundreds, then thousands!

The devoured qi rushed out. It became so dense that the usually invisible qi began to flow with a fierce golden hue, swirling into the skies as a sphere above Dyon's head. "Chenglei." Dyon said emotionlessly. A roar shook the skies.

Ancient trees that had stood for millions of years collapsed one after another under his might. "RISE. ETERNAL HELL." The surging qi in the skies began to darken, converting into such a dense qi that clouds become lost their reddish tint and became overwhelmed by a black majesty. "[Corpse Devour]." The dead bodies trembled fiercely. Having already fallen to the ground, they stiffly stood.

However, the shock of countless acres of corpses rising again was a minor problem... The moment the words [Corpse Devour] left Dyon's lips, their bodies began to sink inward. Their blood, their inner organs, their meridians, their skin... Each converged into themselves, collapsing inward as though being eaten by their bones. And this time, appearances were exactly accurate.

The aura of the corpse puppets surged. A dead serpent with a body length of three hundred meters expanded to five hundred meters. Its cultivation which had once been at the middle dao realm suddenly surged to the higher dao realm.

Similar occurrences occurred all throughout the battlefield. Not only had they not lost any battle prowess in their deaths, they grew exponentially more powerful!

## Chapter 2028: Kill

To make matters worse, the very same qi that was stolen from them to cause their death in the first place was what was used to create them. Dyon and Chenglei's tandem hadn't lost any stamina or strength, yet in an instant, they created an army of millions. Black skeletons emitting dense black qi all simultaneously maneuvered an about-face.

The clicking and crackling of bone sounded as the corpse puppets roared animalistically into the skies. This turn of events was simply too devastating, and it only became worse as the corpses began to reap one life after another, growing the number of their army. Refining corpses was supposed to take time.

If they were used directly after their death, they'd be much weaker than they had been back when they were alive. However, Dyon had already reached the One with Self Realm of [Devour]... The technique became no different from clay in his hand. Using the bones of the skeleton as the origin point for the technique... making use of the strong bodies of the Ancient Battlefield population to make their corpse puppets stronger... These things were too easy.

In the next moment, hundreds of corpses appeared by Chenglei and Dyon. However, this time, they weren't from the coming army, but were rather the very centaurs they just slaughtered. Four Supreme corpses stood at their helm, following closely by dozens of Lords and hundreds of Higher Existences.

Overlord Afra's expression flickered from pale to red to green, her heart trembled so fiercely that blood leaked from her lips. "Stand back." Dyon's cold voice was very clearly directed toward the three dwarven Overlords. "Today, I really want to kill." Space shook and shattered as four more beasts appeared by his side. The four beast babies had grown considerably. Maybe if it wasn't out of habit, Dyon would have long since stopped calling them babies at all... Biibi had fully grown into her Celestial Deer form.

Her limbs brimmed with a powerful force, causing the air beneath her hooves to solidify. Her body glowed with a golden light, a supreme celestial will twinkling around her like stars in the night sky. Dyon had gone not only purified her bloodline completely, but he mutated it with the Lux Clan's Light Qilin bloodline.



This not only made Biibi's inherent magic affinity more potent, especially in the vein of light magic, but it also made her speed reach an unprecedented level when coupled with the Celestial Deer's wind affinity. Sen's appearance made the four-armed apes in the enemy army tremble in fear. His white fur glimmered with a royal blue luster that formed an armor of diamond.

His bestial form had grown two tusks that seemed ready to tear even a Dragon limb from limb. Not only had Dyon purified his bloodline, but he also raised the Diamond Skinned Ape bloodline he gained from the Golden Flame Mystical World to its upmost. A single swing of his rod could level planets and eat suns, he was completely unlike he had been in the past.

Linlin exuded an ancient aura. Her beautiful black shell was etched with runes of silver and gold, radiating in the skies like an unmatched treasure. Her shell alone was comparable to a Venerable Grade Treasure.

Nephilim territory was indeed worthy of being known as a the oldest of the mortal plane. The ancient qi Linlin managed to absorb from them was responsible for the power she wielded now. Finally, there was Shere.

If one wanted to measure intimidation alone, the crimson slaughter qi that violently whirled around her body was without competition. Blue devil flames raged from the depths of her vicious gaze. She felt Dyon anger the most, she wanted nothing more than to help him vent his fury.

The bones in her body crackled, a roar the likes of which forced even the Overlords to take a step back escaping her lips. A black exoskeleton seemed to form from thin air, descending down the length of her spine and tail before covering the front of her front and hind limbs. A sharp SHIIING resounded as her claws and exoskeleton morphed into one.

All the sanity vanished from her pupils, replaced by nothing more than a will for slaughter. Little Chibi bobbed over Dyon's shoulder, her adorable appearance hidden beneath her heavy black lid. It seemed she had no intention of coming out... She was entirely focused on using the dead to pave a path forward.

Below, the agonizing screams and cries for help of the armies below sounded. But, unfortunately for them, their six Overlords didn't dare to budge an inch. Their attention was entirely focused on Dyon.

They didn't even dare to spare a glance toward the three dwarf Overlords any longer. "Nine times..." Dyon muttered. "Nine times..." He didn't know what these words meant, but they fiercely rung in his ears, unwilling to allow him to think of everything else. For some reason, every time he thought it, an image of one of his wives would flash in his mind, only enraging him further. Chenglei's mouth opened, a surge of violent qi swirling in from the surroundings.

An ever-growing ball of black flames surged as he cocked his back, his throat expanding violently. Biibi muttered a few words beneath her breath. In tandem, a massive crystalline array appeared before the ball of black flames.

The expression of the six Overlords completely changed. The only one who seemed uncaring for the situation was the Overlord of the Deity Race, yet even he was quickly gathering his strength into his fists. "... [Asura]." What was already a prison became a fiery hell. Dyon's words became like a death sentence.

Spears of flaming black descended from the skies. Retaliation seemed completely futile. The runes on Linlin's back glowed fiercely.

Every utterance that left her lips blocked another oppressive strike of the six Overlords. A single word dispelling an attack that could destroy worlds. Sen beat his chest, his rod slamming into the ground.

Waves of dense earth qi caused the ground to form violent tides as though it was no different from the dark oceans of the Ancient Battlefield.

## Chapter 2029: Reminded

Shere's claws extended. A fiery blue flame coating them as she drew her palms across the skies. Space was torn apart as though it was nothing more than a thin film of paper.

It was at that moment Chenglei released his Dragon's Breath. Those of the Ancient Battlefield could be said to have long forgotten the might of the Dragon Race... However, on this day... They would be reminded. Biibi's crystalline array accepted the destructive wave, concentrating it into a single point at that blasted outward and covered the skies.

The figures of the six Overlords were complete engulfed. Dyon stood above it all like a god passing judgement upon his subjects. His gaze was completely devoid of emotion as hundreds of kilometers of landed were blasted apart and turned to ash.

Even a good portion of his own skeleton army was destroyed in the wake of this strike without a care... This time, there were no pitiful screams or cries for help. There was only death and destruction. By the time the figures of the six Overlords were revealed once more, over half their army had been wiped out, while they themselves were in a sorry state.

Overlord Afra breathed heavily, her once flawless skin singed in several areas. Her expression flickered violently as she looked toward the destruction around her. Even to now, Dyon had yet to raise so much as a single finger.

But... She soon regretted thinking this thought. Because in the next instant, Dyon disappeared from Chenglei's head, appearing before her to throw out a strike that seemed intent on destroying the world. Dyon fists and kicks fell like a torrential rain.

Overlord Afra furiously fought back. Her six arms seemed tender and without strength, but each held a power capable of obliterating a solar system. "Are you all just going to do nothing?!" Afra roared. Chenglei's attack boosted by Biibi's array had been powerful, powerful enough to threaten them, actually.

However, it wasn't enough to put them in an unrecoverable situation. Their injuries were minor at worst. There was no excuse for her to be fighting alone now.

The five Overlords hesitated, but they knew they had no choice. What other option was there? To go back and be killed by the 12 Overlord Clans instead?

The truth was that they were intimidated by Dyon's bloodthirsty aura. His visage seemed expressionless, but a light in his eyes danced with the will to tear them apart, even if he had to do so with his teeth. Had they really enraged him so much?

Wasn't it he who nearly pushed the centaurs to extinction? Wasn't Afra the only remaining centaur barring those who had been outside of their territory at the time? When did it become his turn to be so angry?

Suddenly, the cauldron bobbing above his shoulder shot into the air. It expanded to such a large size that the skies were completely overwhelmed by it. BOOM!

A mind-numbing pressure descended. The gravity multiple by two times, then three, then ten, then a hundred. The heavy bones of the Ancient Battlefield population creaked as their speed slowed, but Dyon only seemed to grow faster and faster.

His body shimmered with a crystalline sheen as though he had been carved of diamond. His Daos appeared in the skies, one after another, the sharp cry of crackling lightning bursting ear drums to the point blood fell like rain from the sides of many faces. Dyon roared, his six pairs of wings blossoming to his back.

Lightning coursed across their golden metallic surface, amplifying and conducting it at a speed Afra couldn't react to. Flames of black and lightning of gold converged together as one, running across Dyon's body as though it sought to burn him to a crisp. But the reality was that Dyon didn't even feel pain, let alone could he possibly be injured.

Dyon engaged with Overlord Afra once more, but this time, his attacks were far more potent. Each came with a level of fire power that shook the Overlord to her core. The heat was too oppressive, the lightning too fierce. [Descending Palm]. [Bloody Guillotine]. [Vanishing Fist].

A torrent of techniques rained downward without rhyme or reason. Every attempt Overlord Afra made at a counterattack was seen through and thwarted so fiercely that she became no different from a punching bag, a mere flesh doll for Dyon to use to vent his frustrations. The remaining five Overlords finally sought to take action, but the stalling methods of Dyon beast partners were too fierce.

Biibi's speed had already crossed the threshold of Overlord. Linlin's shell was comparable to Immortal Plane defensive treasures. Shere's attack potency couldn't be ignored.

And Sen's ability to manipulate the terrain was far too potent. The only one among them that wasn't mentioned was Chenglei, but his improvements were beyond reason at times. He too, much like Dyon, hadn't accepted the descent of his Heaven's Staircase.

But, there wasn't a single moment he hadn't spent improving himself. In the past 80 years, Dyon often entered the Realm in order to concoct pills. He felt the pressure of doing so in such an environment improved his control and his ability to find the minor flaws in his refinement process.

Every time he entered, these five would follow him, but Chenglei could be said to be the most insane of them all. During the first few attempts, he would only silently endure much like he had the first time. However, as time progressed, he began to forcefully circulate his qi, purposely injuring himself with Immortal Grade Qi.

It wasn't just his body, but also his soul. Then, he would rely on Dyon's half immortal grade pills to heal himself. This sort of savage treatment brought the realms of his body, soul and qi far beyond their normal limits.

Even without accepting his Heaven's Staircase, his strength grew exponentially. Even now, with just his body, he was no weaker than a Supreme. Thanks to his connection to Dyon, he had comprehended Star Qi in just 80 years and his senses were at the bottleneck separating Divine Sense and Immortal Sense.

#### Chapter 2030: At Once

However, these were only minor in comparison to the true root of his strength. After learning the importance of perfecting his constitution before transcending, Chenglei, who had once arrogantly ignored his constitution, treated it like his treasure trove. He vastly improved, relying on Junior's expertise to carve out a smoother path for himself.

He knew what he needed to do. If he wanted to avoid the fate of being mediocre on the Immortal Plane, he had to carve out his own path, a path that didn't just rely on the Sovereignty of the Dragon Race... But didn't entirely ignore it either. Orcus failed to ever gain a Higher Existence corpse puppet for himself, but that was because he was too weak to kill Higher Existences without the assistant of his undead.

However, Chenglei would be different, he would be a Necromancer that could stand on the frontlines along with his puppets. He and Dyon together would strike fear in any battlefield they stood upon. He would follow Dyon to the ends of everything.

He would reap the lives of anything that opposed him, even if what was to be reaped was the martial world itself! Chenglei's roar disoriented the Overlords. In the next instant, his body rapidly shrunk, revealing the form of a man covered in black scales.

His horns curved menacingly atop his head, his strength blooming to a level that made the Overlords tremble. How could they forget? The most dangerous form of the Dragon Race wasn't their beast form, but rather than hybrid form!

Dyon seemed to resonate with Chenglei's conviction. In that moment, his Death Dao trembled, wanting to surge into the Realm of Law. But Dyon growled furiously, suppressing it so fiercely that it almost shattered completely.

Even the Heavenly Daos didn't dare to whimper beneath his rage. His blue eyes darkened, his light blue hair turning into a streaming black river. His body expanded in size, reaching Chenglei's same three meter height.

Black scales sprung all across his body, two horns just as menacing as Chenglei's own springing from his head. The resonance of Dyon's roar deepened. It was as though he had truly become a beast.

That very handsome appearance that had maybe stopped the Overlords from feeling the fear they should have vanished. Their knees trembled, their hearts quaking as a demonic qi surged from Dyon's body. The Dragon King sprung from his wrist, forming a long, slender black pole that stretched to his side for 5 meters.

One would think that was it. Maybe this fearsome character wanted to use some odd pole art. But the next change only made their hearts tremble fiercer.

The long staff began to slowly change. The ominous curve of a glistening black blade began to etch itself into existence inch by inch. It crackled under the intense heat of Dyon's chaos flames and shone under the bright flashes of his lightning dao.

The curve of the scythe became long to the point of being obscene. Dyon held out the five-meter polearm to perfectly perpendicular to his side, yet to curved so viciously that the very end of its blade only ended a certain distance beneath Dyon's feet. Dyon's golden wings were slowly taken over by his black flames, their golden sheen darkening into a dense, deep obsidian.

They expanded along with his size, spreading through the air along with his scythe. "[Dance of the Devil]... [A Murky Night]..." Dyon lifted his arm, joining the battle in tandem with Chenglei. His strikes were swift and ethereal, disappearing into the fog of shadow and reappearing like the sound of thunder. The claps of sonic booms resounded through the battlefield, blasting craters into the ground below.

The black devil Overlord trembled at Dyon's appearance. How could he not recognize the root of his bloodline, the Demon Qilin? He was suppressed so severely that he was the first to suffer a tragic injury.

Dyon's scythe cut down the length of his shoulder, ripping apart of his torso and taking with it half his leg down its length. An agonizing roar shook the skies, but he didn't even have the chance to recollect himself before Chenglei appeared to his side, following up Dyon's attack as though they shared a shadow. His claw-like shot forward, ripping out a piece of his face as though the black scales that acted as his protection meant next to nothing.

Dyon swerved in from Chenglei's back, following up the attack with yet another swivel of his scythe and taking out another arm. The black devil Overlord could only turn to run. His Race was ranked second below the 12 Overlord Clans, yet he was actually the first to end up in such a sorry state.

However, even if he wanted to run, would the draconic duo allow him? The other Overlords tried to stop it, but it was already too late. Chenglei appeared in his escape path, shooting a clawed kicked toward the latter's head.

Dyon appeared to his back like a ghost, utilizing [Shadow Escape] from Orcus' legacy on a casual whim. His body became no different from a wisp of smoke, vanishing and appearing as it pleased. With a thought, a fist tore through space, aiming for the back of the black devil's head.

BOOM! The two attacks landed at once. The skull of the black devil was actually so strong that he didn't die instantly.

Instead, the sickening sound of his bones cracking and his brain turning to mush sounded through the battlefield. Like a bursting rain of flesh, blood and bone, his headless corpse fell to the ground. There was no doubt that the black devils had incredibly robust bodies.

The overlord was so heavy that when his corpse contacted the ground, it tore its way through, falling for hundreds of meters through the tough earth before finally coming to a stop. Dyon and Chenglei roared into the skies as though announcing their war kill. The thumping hearts of their enemies rushed through their ears like steroids pumping through one's veins as they surged forward once more.