

## The Nameless 2031

### Chapter 2031: Not Enough

Their minds were filled with thoughts of murder and slaughter, of flesh and blood... Nothing would satiate them... maybe even killing was not enough. \*\* "What did you just say?" "They're dead. They're all dead." The Ancient Battlefield was a land with one season. In fact, there was no such thing as day and night either.

Everyday was pervaded was a dark red. It never became too dark, nor did it ever become too bright. Yet, this area was somehow a winter wasteland.

The ancient trees were without leaves, the mountains were covered in white caps, and the soil beneath their feet was nowhere to be seen, buried beneath a sheet of snow. There was only one territory in this prison like this... The territory of the Ice Phoenixes. Unlike when he had done so simply for saving face, the Ice Phoenix Overlord usually spent his time in his human form.

He truly looked no different from a man carved of ice. A handsome visage beyond compare, frosty sapphire pupils and ice blue hair, all adorned in a robe so white it was almost blinding. "Was sending six Overlords really not enough?" The Ice Phoenix Overlord frowned. Among the Overlords of the Phoenix Clans, he was actually of quite low status.

If not, he wouldn't have to deal with this seemingly trivial matter. In reality, the 12 Overlord Clans didn't really care about the dwarves. Though the Phoenix Clan tacitly agreed with his actions, they didn't take an active part either.

To those 12 Overlord Clans, all existences below them were nothing but ants. The truth was that even among Overlords there were separations. In fact, these separations could become very large.

It wasn't as though Overlords were a new cultivation realm, because they weren't. What separated out most Overlords was in how many facets they entered the Overlord Realm in. Madeleine, for example, had entered the Overlord Realm with her comprehension, one of the four facets.

However, there was still the body, soul and qi facets remaining. Though none in the history of the Ancient Battlefield had ever managed to reach perfection in all four facets, the true Overlords of the

Ancient Battlefield were those who had managed to reach this Realm in at least three facets. Of these Overlords, there were 13!

And each and every one of them came from the 12 Overlord Clans. This was why they reigned supreme over all others. However, even aside from these three facet Overlords, there were still two facet Overlords.

This Ice Phoenix Overlord was a mere one facet Overlord. Of course, he was still fairly young, which was why his status was still decent. But in comparison to the others above him, he was still lacking.

This was a reality that he could only accept. "Overlord Ascelyn, we cannot tell for sure what happened, but what is certain is that the dwarves suffered little to no damage. In addition, there's a dense death qi over the battlefield. "If we had to guess, there must have been some strong Necromancer hidden within the dwarven clan. Either that, or they had some hidden treasure with deep roots in the path of the death qi..." Overlord Ascelyn's frown only deepened at these words. "Necromancy?"

Neither the elves nor the dwarves have ever delved into such a thing." After a few moments, he waved his servant away. "Allow me some time to think. Since this was such a resounding failure, instigating those Clans to act again will only cause them to rebel. Even if they are nothing more than ants, this isn't the time to be dealing with such troublesome matters." "Yes, Overlord..." The servant bowed deeply. "... This servant only has one more matter to report." "Speak." "There's been movement on the Flat Plains once again." "Again?"

This is the second time in a little over a hundred years, no?" "Yes, last time it was a boy of unknown origins who crossed the Flat Plains and entered those untouchable lands. However, we lost track of him before we could take action. "Unfortunately, it happened again this time." "The same boy?" "No, it's someone different this time. He should be an Invader as well." "Did you follow him as instructed?" "We did, but we lost him as well.

It seems that those who dare to enter that place without a plan died of their own foolishness long ago... Those who dare to do so now are entirely confident in their abilities... The problem is that their strength baffles me. "Last time, the boy was a mere celestial realm pup even this lowly servant could kill with a thought. This time, though the boy is slightly more powerful, he is only of the Dao Realm. Their ability to disappear under our noses doesn't make sense..." Though the previous matters tilted the Overlords mood in an unfavorable direction, this did so as well to a far more severe degree.

Of the Ancient Battlefield, only those 13 dared to venture into that region. And even then, they only ventured its outskirts, not daring to enter too far. These two boys were really too peculiar. "... There is good news this time, however, esteemed one.

Learning from our previous failure, we focused on tagging his qi signature. As long as he exits that volatile region, we'll be able to pinpoint his location immediately without issue. "By then, all of his secrets will be yours." \*\* In the southern region of the Ancient Battlefield, the atmosphere was completely unlike how it was elsewhere. There were well built cities, beautiful stretches of manmade rivers, and even the semblance of blue skies up above that looked so real it was impossible to tell it came from an array.

At one particular city, an imposing woman with beauty beyond words took command. She stood in the skies, her violet hair gently wafting an intoxicating fragrance that made one's bones go soft. Yet, those below, listening to her commands, didn't dare to look on for too long.

This woman was an Overlord. Not only that, but she was the wife of their Emperor. Even if they were a hundred times bolder, they wouldn't dare encroach upon her dignity.

Once she finished giving her orders, the armies moved out once more.

Chapter 2032: Soul

2032 Soul

Over the past few days, they had seen an overwhelming spike in their success. It wasn't that they had gotten stronger, but rather that their enemy seemed far weaker. For reasons unknown to them currently, the entire Ancient Battlefield seemed entirely focused on the eastern region, leaving the southern region with an absence of proper protections.

Watching the armies march out from the large city gates, the beauty's gaze flickered with a complicated expression, a large majority of which was made up of worry. It was then that a sudden fluctuation of space caught her attention toward her back, but she was immediately engulfed by strong arms and pulled in.

No one below seemed to witness the disappearance of their Empress.

The beauty, however, didn't panic. She found herself in a familiar embrace, her head buried deeply into the culprit's chest. She could hear the erratic beating of his heart and could feel both his warmth and his rage.

"Dyon, what happened to you?" She spoke softly.

Whatever words she wanted to follow this question up with were stifled by a suffocating pair of lips. Her limbs went soft in an instant, the entirety of her weight falling into Dyon's arms.

Her ample chest pressed into his sturdy frame, her lower abdomen heating up as a steadily growing rod pushed more and more strongly against her.

"Madeleine." Dyon cupped his wife's face, feeling her delicate, soft skin sink into his sturdy hands. He almost felt appalled sullying her in this way. "... Don't ever leave me, okay...?"

Madeleine's heart trembled at these words, her eyes inadvertently tearing up out of her control.

Her small hands firmly gripped Dyon's own, a fire lighting deep within her gaze that didn't need to be spoken of with words.

"What happened?"

Dyon began to slowly explain what had occurred over the past several weeks.

"Is Ri in danger?" Madeleine asked worriedly.

"I can't tell what the motives of the World Tree is. I'm not even sure if it is the main culprit behind all of these things."

"Its motive really is too obscure." Madeleine bit her bottom lip. "Right now, a lot of Little Sister Ri's strength is reliant on the World Tree and her fairies. If she suddenly loses them at an inopportune time..."

One can imagine now where Dyon's rage might have stemmed from. The issue was that he couldn't rashly speak with Ri about this either without alerting the World Tree.

Dyon had become used to being able to hide anything from anyone in recent years, but an entity that could control an entire world was far beyond his means. Even if they were separated by an entire world, Dyon didn't dare underestimate it.

If he acted without a plan and put Ri's life in danger... He didn't dare think of the consequences.

His only possible solution was to speak with the old man. Maybe he would know something that Dyon himself wasn't yet qualified to know. But... Would even Abraxus be capable of dealing with the rule of a World? Dyon had no idea...

Seeing Dyon's gaze clouding over with flickering black flames once again, Madeleine closed the distance between them and hugged him with all of her might.

"... If anything happens to Ri..."

The hoarseness of Dyon's voice was so pervasive that it sounded no different from a beast's growl. Madeleine could feel every fiber of his being, she knew well how close he was to imploding. If it wasn't for the fact he cared for her just as much as he did Ri... Maybe he already would have.

Madeleine's intelligent gaze flickered in Dyon's embrace. She remembered years ago, just when Dyon was taking his celestial tribulation, the hamster twins warned her not to say too much. She could somehow see through things that Dyon could not despite her knowing that Dyon was more than intelligent enough to deduce what she had with ease.

But now, hearing the flurry of thoughts going through Dyon's mind, though some doubts were solved, some others deepened by several levels.

What she was certain of was that there were eight women in Dyon's life that he would destroy everything if anything should happen to. Though Dyon didn't admit it even to himself, she knew well who these eight women were.

If something should really happen to Ri, let alone the World Tree itself, Madeleine didn't have any doubt in her mind that Dyon would bury its entire world along with her.

The ruler of a world? Was that something capable of stopping her husband?

Madeleine suddenly blinked in confusion at these out of place thoughts of hers. She had always been confident in Dyon, but why was she suddenly so certain that the World Tree was an ant before him...?

Madeleine cleared her mind. Pulling away, she grabbed Dyon's wrist and led him deep into the city's central mansion.

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The mansion's master bedroom was filled with a subtly enticing fragrance.

Madeleine lay limply on Dyon's chest, her soft breasts waving with her every heavy breath. Though she was filled with a happy glow, there was a conflicting angst that left a bitter taste in her mouth. During the act itself, the couple had been able to forget everything, but after it ended, a familiar wave of emotion hit them.

Dyon silently clutched Madeleine's waist. His grip was firmer than it should have been as though he was scared she would run away.

"How's your cultivation?" Dyon suddenly asked.

"My soul is very close to breaching the Overlord realms thanks to you." Madeleine said with a light smile.

The speed of improvement of the souls of Dyon's wives was astounding. Even Luna who should have been completely unable to cultivate found that her soul strength was rapidly increasing.

One had to remember that it wasn't that Eli couldn't cultivate in the past, but rather that every step forward was difficult beyond belief to climb. Even after years of trying, and even after dual cultivating with Delia who had a God Constitution, he was only able to enter the 3rd stage of the Foundation Realm.

Chapter 2033: Where?

?2033 Where?

In much the same way, Luna's own cultivation was exceptionally pitiful. Even after living for trillions of years, her true cultivation was also in the Foundation Realm.

However, Dyon's soul seemed to be able to break those shackles for her. Currently, her soul had actually reached the very peak of the Essence Soul Stage and was very close to the Saint Stage. Such a thing was unimaginable for other Heaven's Children.

The Essence Soul Stage was already the peak level soul an Essence Gatherer could withstand, and she was already on the verge of breaching Saint Realms.

Of course, to Dyon, this was incredibly slow. To now, he had been dual cultivating with Luna for about 40 or so years, reason being that Luna avoided becoming too intimate with him before ingratiating herself with Ri, Madeleine, Clara and Amphorae. Yet, this was as far as she had gone.

For context, Dyon who entered the martial world alone with no backing or real resources, entered the Saint Soul Stage in just about a year or two. Even his wives who had a slower speed than him reached that level in less than 5 years. And much of that time he spent in a coma after fighting Elder Daiyu and Loki!

Yet, Luna had yet to reach that stage even after 40 years. The difference was incredibly stark. But, at the same time, the impressive nature of Dyon's odd soul shone at the forefront.

Thanks to her improved soul strength, Luna suddenly found that controlling energy had become far easier. Whereas before she could only muster the strength to face Supremes, she now had no problem holding her own against two facet Overlords.

Her value as a trump card was even a level above Saru and Sargerias because no matter how strong she became, she would never be rejected by the Heavens.

This gave Dyon another avenue of improvement for Luna. If things progressed like this, maybe in another one hundred to two hundred years, Luna would be capable of controlling immortal qi on the mortal plane. In fact, due to the density of volatile energy on the Ancient Battlefield, she was even more powerful here as well.

"Also, after using [Reincarnation of Heaven's Staircase], my comprehension improved the most, but my qi did as well. I just need a few more decades and my qi should reach the Overlord Realm as well. By then, I should be able to become a three facet Overlord."

Dyon's eyes flashed.

"What's wrong?"

"It's nothing much..." Dyon said slowly. "... It's just that I've confirmed something. The attack on the dwarves was instigated by someone, and it seems that someone was a member of the Phoenixes."

"What animosity do the Phoenixes have with the dwarves? Or is it the elves?" Madeleine asked intelligently.

"I'm not certain, but what I do know is that the elves fought against the entity with the Celestial Deer Sect. At the same time, the old man alluded to the fact the rise of the Dark Phoenixes had the entity's handprints all over it.

"The Ice and Fire Phoenixes subsequently decided not to act against the Dark Phoenixes, yet they chose to chase down Amethyst's parents for daring to fall in love and have a child. This led to their destruction at Amethyst's hands in the end...



"But, to be capable of wiping out two Clans of that caliber, Amethyst would have to be several times more powerful... The fact she left behind a Faith Seed meant that she didn't perfect her mortal body which also means she couldn't have possibly wiped out the Phoenixes alone...

"In that case, maybe the Dark Phoenixes weren't alone in their actions at all. Maybe Amethyst was just a convenient figurehead for their demise. And maybe, the Phoenixes have a grudge against the elves and the Celestial Deer Sect as a result of whatever happened to lead to their end."

Madeleine's brows deeply furrowed. Hadn't it become very obvious that The Entity was working with the Sapientia in recent decades? And hadn't Amethyst's first action when she met Madeleine been to burn away her Sapientia bloodline and even her Sapientia glasses?

If the Sapientia could remain as a hidden enemy for all this time, who's to say there weren't others?

"Come." Dyon suddenly said, sweeping Madeleine's naked body up. "Let's go set a foundation for you to become a four facet Overlord."

"Where...?"

"Phoenix Territory."

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Ice Phoenix territory was known for its silence. Other than the softly blowing snow, its people preferred to avoid the fanfare of a hustling and bustling region. If they wanted to experience such a thing, they would leave this place. Not that many of them cared to.

However, on this day, something drastically changed.

Nine white suns suddenly appeared in the skies. Though they didn't have any heat coming off of them, everywhere they passed, snow and ice seemed to melt on a whim. They had no ability whatsoever to fight back, they could only watch as their lush winter wonderland, known as a wasteland by those who hated the cold, became just like every other piece of land in this prison.

But this was only the beginning...

When observing from afar, it seemed that these nine massive suns only melted the snow. However, when it approached them, they suddenly realized that something far more sinister was occurring to their lands.

Not only was the snow melting, but the land beneath it was being compressed and depressed. Nine deep valleys followed the trajectory of the nine suns as though even the ground itself was being repelled.

What shocked the phoenixes observing this drastic change was the couple that stood amidst the nine suns.

One was a male with flowing violet hair. His eyes seemed to flicker with amethyst flames, dancing about with an arrogant flare.

His woman held his hand, watching on with an indifferent expression. She was gorgeous beyond reason, the kind of beauty that could only possibly appear on the Immortal Plane... Yet, she was here gracing them with her presence.

Chapter 2034: Who?

?2034 Who?

Sonic booms resounded through the skies as a familiar Overlord cut through the air, making his toward them. But just as he was about to enter with a kilometer of the fiery white suns, he was suddenly hit with a vicious forcefield.

His handsome face distorted to the point of near comedy. It was as though he ran directly into a glass screen he hadn't seen coming.

He coughed, a mouthful of blood ruining his pristine white robes.

His expression turned gloomy. This was Ice Phoenix Territory. Who had ever dared attack them directly in the last several million years? Even those other 11 Overlord Clans didn't dare to do so because attacking them was tantamount to provoking all three of the Phoenix Clans. Each one of them alone was already more powerful than the Deity Clan. But the three of the together were in the top ranks of the 12 Overlord Clans. Who would dare do such a thing?

"Who are you?" Overlord Ascelyn.

"You... You're decent, I guess..." Dyon looked toward Ascelyn as though he was looking through him. He might as well have been air.

With Madeleine by his side, he could pull on her Fire Law comprehension. This was one of the abilities of the Dragon and Phoenix Dual Cultivation Technique. In this case, his white flames were a level more powerful without him having to risk comprehending a Law himself.

With this husband-and-wife pair standing together, a single one facet Overlord simply wasn't worth much. Though, it was curious that only one Overlord had appeared to now.

With Dyon's Immortal Sense, he could cover the entirety of the Ancient Battlefield with only a single odd exception: that mysterious core region. However, due the fact he wasn't 100% certain if there were any who had entered the Overlord Realm with the soul facet, he restricted himself a bit so as not to give away too much of his strength too soon.

Still, even with him restricting himself, it was still an easy affair to cover a single territory. He was well aware that the only Overlord in Ice Phoenix territory currently was this one before him now.

A moment later, Dyon stretched out his hand, causing a seal qi that threatened to collapse everything to surge forward.

The Seal appeared in the skies, covering the lands below with a golden glow as its numerous complex gears began to churn.

Ascelyn's expression changed drastically. Understanding what was about to happen, he turned and ran. He didn't care for the shocked expressions of his fellow Ice Phoenixes, nor did he care for his own face. If he didn't leave now... He would face a fate far worse than death!

However, would Dyon really give him a chance?

With a snap of his fingers, the world changed. Those beautiful nine suns flickered and disappeared, replaced by nine raging black suns shimmering with flames that seemed descendant of hell itself.

What once was an irresistible push became a pull so powerful that Ascelyn's made sprint halted in an instant.

"No!" He roared. But, it didn't matter.

He clawed at the ground as he was pulled toward the couple in the sky, a helpless rage reddening his visage.

Nine golden pillars of sealing qi descended from The Seal above, crashing into his body in a rhythm that seemed to resonate with heavenly laws.

"My wife has needed a mount for a very long time already. You'll do just fine." Dyon said without emotion.

Ascelyn was forced out of his human form, the gorgeous image of an ice blue bird flickering into existence.

"You dare do this to me?!"

A roar shook the once icy landscape, but it was immediately followed by cries of pain. How could The Seal so easily allow an enslaved beast to have thoughts of rage and murder toward its new master?

Madeleine smiled and shook her head.

"Is this really what you meant? You're so bad." She couldn't help but giggle. In reality, she felt a little bad. This Ice Phoenix had probably ruled over countless individuals with impunity for so long, yet now he was in this state.

"There's no need to feel bad. He sentenced billions of dwarves to death on a whim just a few weeks ago for his own purposes, yet I gave him such a blessing in return. This is already his best outcome."

Madeleine smiled, but didn't respond.

She felt that Dyon's manner of speaking had changed. It wasn't that his words were different per se, but rather that he spoke from on high suddenly... As though everything was beneath his notice.

Something was bubbling up within her husband, she could clearly see it. If this world pushed him too far... He really might destroy it all.

"Was this the foundation for the four facet Overlord Realm you talked about?"

Dyon shook his head. "This is actually just a convenient detour. What we really needs is Phoenix flesh and blood."

"You mean... Your master's pill concoction path?"

Dyon nodded. "There are no phoenixes on the mortal plane aside from Mia and Bella. But, even if I was willing to use them for such a thing, they are Dark Phoenixes, so they aren't truly compatible with you. Luckily, there are so many phoenixes here.

"What you're lacking in is your bodily strength. Though Amethyst reformed your body to a certain extent, both your Sapientia bloodline and your Goddess' Disposition constitution are qi centric. You don't inherently have a very powerful body, unlike a beast would. So, reaching the Overlord Realm with your body will be very difficult for you.

"If we want to change that, we'll have to slowly start reforming your body and make it more bestial. If I concoct some pills with Phoenix blood, it would naturally be the most compatible with you. At that time, reaching that realm in all four facets won't be impossible."

"But..." Madeleine's brow furrowed. "... I have a feeling that there's a reason no one has reached four facets before. It's likely that the Heavens simply don't allow it."

Chapter 2035: Rage

?2035 Rage

"I agree. I don't believe that in the history of the Ancient Battlefield, there was no one capable of such a feat. In fact, I believe there are two possibilities..."

"The first is that we are wrong from the very beginning and that there have been individuals who have succeeded."

"You mean they've been purposely erased from everyone's memories?"

"Mm." Dyon nodded. "It's not impossible. The Unicorn corpse puppet I gained from Orcus was forgotten by me many times despite my having The Seal. It wasn't until recently that that forgetfulness no longer affected me. But, by then, the corpse puppet itself was already useless."

It was quite an unfortunate series of events.

Dyon continuously forgot about having the corpse puppet by his side. And, by the time his soul was strong enough such that The Seal improved to the point of this forgetfulness fading, the corpse puppet was already of no use to him.

With how difficult it was to create Higher Existence corpse puppets, one can imagine that the unicorn corpse puppet wasn't even a Lord, let alone a Supreme or an Overlord in strength. The current Dyon could shattered it into pieces with a single glance.

He ended up handing it over to Chenglei for his army. After all, a Higher Existence corpse puppet was better than a dao formation corpse puppet anyway.

"If the first option is true, then it likely means that the four facet Overlord is a ray of hope left behind by the Heavens, which makes sense. After all, though these are Failed Clans, the generation that 'failed' died off long ago. It's not fair to punish their descendants with absolutely no way out.

"In that case, those who were 'forgotten' likely reached the fourth facet and transcended. Or maybe there is another secret we're unaware of.

"The second possibility though, is much more complicated. In case that it's true, it means the Heavens are completely opposed to the existence of a four facet Overlord."

"But why would that be the case?" Madeleine asked thoughtfully. "Is it because the four facet realm is beyond what a mortal body can endure?"

"I think the truth actually may be hidden within [Inner World: Sanctuary]. It's the most complex cultivation technique I've ever read, to the point where it's deliberately precise about its every detail. In fact, due to its understanding of its complexity, it's very forgiving at the same time, being the only cultivation technique I've ever know to allow its wielder to return to their foundation and rebuild it anew as a stronger, sturdier base.

"But what's odd is that it suddenly becomes extremely vague when describing the transition between the mortal and immortal realms.

"That either means its creator was harboring a secret they didn't want anyone to find out about...

"... or... Maybe even the creator of such a mighty technique had no idea of how to deal with this mysterious realm between mortal and immortal."

If BPA saw the current scene, maybe there would be no end to how much rage they felt.

A gorgeous blue bird with a wingspan spanning almost ten kilometers lay chained to a mountain range. Its once vibrant blue flames dwindled weakly, paling to the point they almost became gray. Most ghastly of all, its chest was cut open and its ribcage split, revealing a still beating heart.

Dyon sat in the skies with a tranquil expression, Madeleine sitting silently by his side. On her lap, Little Chibi played around like a little girl. Though she didn't have a corporeal form, she could borrow Dyon's qi to give herself substance, allowing her to be more than just a spirit.

Of course, she could use atmospheric qi to the same effect, but she seemed to like Dyon's own qi more. At the same time, she couldn't help but bury her chubby cheeks into Madeleine's ample bosom.

Concocting pills without Little Chibi's involvement was actually more difficult. Many of the advantages of the Battle Cauldron were lost without her effort. But to the current Dyon whose alchemy foundation had reached unprecedented heights, it wasn't too big of a deal.

A trail of ice-cold blood exited a small wound from Overlord Ascelyn's heart. The wound was so small in comparison to the sheer size of his heart that it was almost as though there was nothing wrong at all. If it wasn't for the long trail like a river floating through the sky that connecting his chest and Dyon's cauldron, it would be impossible to tell.

Dyon wasn't very worried about Ascelyn dying, though. For one, although he was using hundreds of liters of his blood, considering Ascelyn's sheer size, this was a mere drop in the bucket. Secondly, he was an Ice Phoenix. Other than ice will, what he was most adept at was life will. Even if he was several steps closer to death, he would be fine.

Despite his state, Ascelyn's heart was thumping wildly in shock, something that anyone could clearly observe.

He saw that his blood was being used to concoct something, but with his depth of knowledge, he could both see that Dyon wasn't using Runic Vein Theory, and also understood that Dyon was using his soul qi. Since when could flesh and blood be used to concoct pills?!

At the same time, although Dyon's movements were limited and his effort seemed minimal, there was a profound air about each shift of his hand seals that made the phoenix Overlord tremble.

The clouds in the sky suddenly began to rumble.



'Pill tribulation?!'

One had to know tribulations on the Ancient Battlefield were countless times more difficult. This was one of the fundamental reasons why Ancient Battlefield practitioners were more powerful per a given realm than an equivalent expert on the mortal plane would be. If it wasn't for Faith, the mortal plane would have never won even a single instance of this war.

Likewise, calling down a tribulation was many times more difficult as well. Just what realm of perfection could this pill have possibly reached to call down a pill tribulation even in this prison?!

Madeleine sighed, wrapping her arm around Dyon's and leaning into his shoulder as the battle cauldron shot into the skies.

"What's the matter?" Dyon asked, his eyes filled with affection.

"I'm jealous." Madeleine said with a slight pouting expression.

## Chapter 2036: First Wife

### 2036 First Wife

Dyon was surprised to see this. Madeleine had never said such a thing, even as a joke. In fact, it was always Dyon projecting his guilt onto her a lot of the time. As his first wife, he really owed her too much to the point where he felt he was taking advantage of her.

However, for her to say this... Dyon had a feeling she really meant it this time.

"You only concocted one pill, but you've calmed far more than I ever helped you to." She said softly.

Hearing these words, Dyon blinked in shock before realizing that Madeleine was right. He felt a lightness in his heart currently he hadn't felt ever since before he learned the truth of their mortal plane's collapse.

Dyon sighed, slipping his arm out from Madeleine's grasp and wrapping it around her waist. He really didn't know how to respond.

Did concocting pills mean more to him than Madeleine? Absolutely not. If he had to choose between never practicing alchemy again and his wife, he wouldn't even need to think about it.

But, he really didn't have a good explanation for himself. He didn't know what it was about alchemy that put him at so much ease.

"You don't need to feel guilty." Madeleine pecked the side of Dyon's lip softly. "It's just the way you are. You're not overbearing or controlling as a husband, but I've known for a long time that the greatest pleasure you feel is in conquering. It's the reason you love to battle and concoct pills so much.

"To battle is to impose your will on your opponent. To concoct pills is to snatch blessings from the Heavens themselves and create something where there was nothing before... In many ways, it's an even higher form of conquering than battle can provide.

"You can never lay your heart down to properly 'conquer' me because you don't have it in your heart to treat me like an object or a thing to oppress with your will... For that, I'm very grateful."

Her sweet smile was accompanied by the roaring of thunder clouds. Nine sets of strikes with nine strikes each descended, threatening to shatter everything in its path. Yet, Dyon only had eyes for the woman in his arms... His first wife... The woman who seemed to understand him better than even he understood himself.

The battle cauldron descended from the skies, revealing the form of two blue pills wafting a frosty fog.

Depending on the level of reinforcement, a different degree of tribulation would descend. In the case of a one time reinforced pill, just a single strike of lightning would fall. For a two times reinforced pill, two sets of two strikes would fall.

Since there were nine sets of nine strikes for a total of 81 this time, this was without a doubt a nine times reinforced pill on the level of a half-immortal grade pill.

In truth, this could be seen as partly in thanks due to Ascelyn's blood. The ice phoenix Overlord first entered the Overlord realm by the easiest means: the qi facet. After this, he continued to choose the body facet hoping to reach the two facet Overlord realm through it. Since he was a beast, after all, this was likely the best choice as the comprehension facet was the most difficult excluding the soul facet.

Thanks to this, his blood was infinitesimally close to the Overlord realm, helping the quality of the pill to improve.

"Is this your Endowment of Multiplicity? How magical." Madeleine said softly.

Dyon nodded. "It only seems to work when I refine half immortal grade pills. It's a shame, if it worked for lower grade pills, some things would be much easier."

"It's probably because lower grade pills aren't capable of communicating with the heavenly dao to the same extent, so it's impossible to evoke an Endowment through them. But maybe if you reach a realm of returning to simplicity... Then it'll work with any pill you refine."

Dyon's eyes glowed at these words. Sometimes he forgot his wife was a cultivation genius few could match. But her advice made this clear and obvious to him once more.

"Here." Dyon said with a slightly evil grin, handing his wife one of the pills.

"There's only one reason you look at me like that, you're getting more bad." Madeleine said with a teasing expression.

"I'm innocent." Dyon said righteously. "It's just that in order to refine this pill properly, your body is still a bit too lacking. You'll need to siphon off my vital qi in order to succeed. It just so happens that dual cultivating is the most efficient method."

Madeleine shook her head with a content smile, sinking into Dyon's arms as they vanished from their position in the sky. It seemed the couple had completely forgotten about the chained ice phoenix.

As the husband and wife pair spent a few lovely moments together, the Ancient Battlefield had been sent into yet another uproar.

Last time, it was the centaurs. But, this was something many could still ignore. Though it was shocking for such a powerful clan to be eradicated, they were still ants in the grand scheme of things.

But now, the mighty Phoenix Clan had actually had their tail stepped on! Not only this, but one of their Overlords had gone missing! To make matters worse, this missing overlord actually had a great chance of reaching the second facet! To say he was valuable to the phoenix clans as a whole was an understatement, yet he was gone, just like that.

All the phoenix clan was aware of was the visage of a couple with violet hair and oppressive fire dao. This was all those who survived the ordeal could relay...

Unfortunately, there were simply none that fit this description on the Ancient Battlefield. But that was when another piece of information was released that sent a massive wave through the prison of failed clans... The couple actually gave off the qi signature of Invaders!

## Chapter 2037: Emperor Dragons

### 2037 Emperor Dragons

Suddenly, the discourse within the Ancient Battlefield completely shifted. This should have been their opportunity to leave this prison, to enter the mortal plane once more... However, with each passing day, more and more monsters of the mortal plane were appearing... Wasn't it supposed to be easy for them this time around?!

One has to understand that the prisoners of the Ancient Battlefield can't just sneak off when the second phase began and find a small land for themselves to live in peace. If this was possible, how many would truly fight at all?

If one doesn't claim a territory during the second phase as a former prisoner, once the second phase ends, you would be fiercely rejected by the Heavens, leaving the only result as death.

However, how difficult was it to find universe spirits? It was nearly impossible without thousands of years of research and calculations. Not everyone was like Dyon and had Immortal Sense capable of blanketing a universe.

What did this mean? The only way to succeed was by using the second phase's rules to your advantage and defeating a ruling Clan or Sect. Due to the special rules in place for this period, the ownership of the universe spirit would be automatically transferred over.

What was the point of saying all this? It was to say that if the enemy they thought was so easily had suddenly becoming so enigmatic and powerful, how would they dare easily descend for the second phase?

Once they chose to descend... There was no going back! It was either they grasped victory, or they died a horrible death!

For the first time, panic overwhelmed the Ancient Battlefield, creeping up even into the 12 Overlord Clans and reaching the ears of the 13 three facet Overlords...

Unfortunately, the torrent of bad news kept flooding in.

First it was a blue haired elf. Then a violet haired phoenix bloodline human. Then it became a nine tailed void kitsune. Then a red haired, crimson winged angel...

Geniuses of a level far beyond what the Ancient Battlefield could even imagine cropped up one after another, descending them into chaos.

Not even 5 years into the first phase, and more than half of the top Clans below the 12 Overlord Clans were completely annihilated.

All the while, no one noticed that the southern region was slowly being unified by a power led by races of creatures no one had ever seen before.

A mighty race who called themselves The Bronzed. Another that called themselves the Cobras. And the final that called themselves the Emperor Dragons...

"Just... Just what are these monsters..."

Dyon's 'creations' had grown to unprecedented levels in the last several decades. Even their relatively small number had grown significantly.

In the past, Dyon had had thoughts of finding all sorts of these mutated beasts to improve and better. But as time went on, he learned just how naïve such a dream was.

Could those 12 Overlord Clans be completely unaware of these mutated beasts toward the outer edges of the Ancient Battlefield? Could they possibly not know the affect holy type qi could have on such mutated beasts?

The answer was of course not. After so many years on the Ancient Battlefield, it was impossible for Dyon to be the only one to witness this almost magical path.

Back then, Dyon had only used essence grade holy type qi to birth the Bronzed and the Cobras. Such a low level resource meant nothing to those Overlord Clans who hoarded celestial grade qis.

The main issue with using these created beasts was a problem of their cultivation methods. They had a completely different set of meridian and blood vessel structures. Trying to grow their strength was no different than trying to forge an all-new cultivation path for a newly appeared species.

After the female Bronzed learned to wield qi, its progress was simply far too slow. If it wasn't for its overwhelmingly strong body, it would have been impossible for it to even think of facing dao experts like it had in the past.

With everyone on the Ancient Battlefield so focused on improving their own strengths, how could they have time to carve out a new cultivation path all for some auxiliary beasts that may never reach the height they hoped for?

If Dyon were to be honest, this sort of experimentation was part of the reason for his slow progress in conquering the Southern Region. Of course, the other, larger part of the problem was the fact the Deity Clan was located in this region as well. On top of that, the largest portion of the territory was held by 3 of the 12 Overlord Clans. It wasn't something the him of the past could casually conquer.

It was exactly because he knew this that Dyon invested his time into slowly raising up these Bronzed and Cobra. He saw potential in them and he had access to skills even those 12 Overlord Clans did not. He may have taken a step back by acknowledging their combat strength in the past, but even when he was a celestial, he didn't believe there was a single person on the mortal plane who could match him in alchemy.

At this current moment, yet another Tribe was being terrorized by the Bronzed. Each of them gave off an ancient aura that seemed not to lack even in comparison to the most domineering beasts.

Their heads were shaped like that of a bull's, their sharp horns curling with malice. Their bodies were covered from head to toe in beautiful bronze scales, reflecting the sinister red glow of the Ancient Battlefield. Their four limbs vibrated with power, their claws digging into the coarse ground like only an eagle could.

Each one of their movements was filled with an arcane danger, even a gentle flap of their wings sent wind scythes slicing in every direction, making a mockery of the ancient trees that had stood for so long.

On another battlefield, the Cobras showed their might. While the Bronzed may have beautiful, the Cobras exuded a deathly aura that consumed everything in their path. The gaze was piercing, their bodies violent, their breath filled with a poison air.

Chapter 2038: Restricted

2038 Restricted

Their serpentine lower bodies curled into the tail of a scorpion. A black shelled exoskeleton followed up their snaking bodies, twisting into six scorpion legs that became their armored rib guards.

Their upper body formed two powerful arms matted in pinkish-

red fur, the slightest touch of which could slice apart steel. Their boar-like heads were covered in the very same black exoskeleton, only revealing two sinister crimson eyes... But what couldn't be hidden with their long black tusks, dotted with holes that dripped a purple liquid... As each droplet fell to the ground, a sizzling sound grated on the soul, each searing the soil beneath their feet with the aura of death.

These creatures had already become the nightmare of the southern region. They seemed to treat war like a game, using it to hone and mature their strength, uncaring and unfeeling for the lives they reaped.

However, these two beast species had a third sibling that struck fear all the more.

The four regions were each separated by a mountain range. To laymen, this may have been the real reason the regions didn't interact very often. However, to those who dared to risk their lives, the true reason wasn't a mere geological disadvantage, but rather a bloodthirsty creature that treated no one as friend...

To the mortal plane, they were known as the Failed Dragons...

They weren't as beautiful or majestic... Nor were they as talented or powerful... Even their so-called pride was nothing more than hot air, or why would they ever enter the Ancient Battlefield in the first place?

The wyvern... An ugly beast that was no different from a lizard with wings or a garden snake with limbs. It was a race that had long been obliterated from the mortal plane by the Dragon Race themselves.

Yet, some of their Race had suddenly gained a newfound confidence under their new ruler... Enough confidence that they dared to call themselves the Emperor Dragons!

Dyon didn't believe the wyverns needed to be changed, nor did he have some magical ability to change the path of an already established race. What he could do, however, was light the path they needed to follow.



What wyverns lacked the most in comparison to dragons wasn't just strength, but rather, a proper dao heart.

The wyverns believed themselves to be arrogant, but in reality, they were stereotypical beasts. Despite many of them having high cultivations, their intelligence was lacking, and their comprehension was even worse.

Beasts could usually make up for this lack of comprehension with their innate affinities, but the wyverns were both lucky and unlucky in this respect.

They were lucky in that their affinities were highly tailored toward their bodily strength. Much like Celestial Tigers, they specialized in a sort of slaughter qi, but this slaughter qi was much less refined. While a Celestial Tiger's slaughter qi had aspects of intimidation and mental attacks, a wyvern's slaughter qi was a pure physical augmentation.

And this was where their lack of luck became clear. They continuously evolved along the path of greater pure strength, but they lacked any sort of flexibility. Wasn't this the very same reason the Titans fell in the end as well?

As powerful as he was in the way of alchemy, Dyon couldn't just concoct a pill to raise their intelligence. Well... He could, but the issue was the spiritual ingredients needed. They were simply too rare, even for his current level of wealth.

What Dyon needed to do was find a way to have the wyverns raise their intelligence themselves... But if such a thing was so easy, wouldn't they have already done it?

It was then Dyon noticed something peculiar.

On a day several decades ago while his clone was on yet another campaign through the Ancient Battlefield, he released his Presence for a matter he had long since forgotten about. However, what he did remember very clearly from that day was how the wyverns reacted to it.

Dyon noticed faintly that their blood began to boil, vibrating at a frequency that was eerily similar to when he unleashed his own Presence.

It was then that Dyon had an epiphany.

Presence... Perception... They were mystical martial arts that one could release with just your body and nothing else. In fact, even Dyon's own mortal father had comprehended Presence and likely even Perception without having cultivated a single day in his entire life.

This sort of instinctual cultivation, one that relied on the most primitive tool one's own body... Wasn't it perfect for the wyverns?

It was then that Dyon realized his previous assessment of the wyverns had been too shallow. Their 'slaughter qi' wasn't actually a qi at all, but rather a slaughter martial intent that was passed on through their bloodline.

Thinking back to the Pride Clan's pool of blood, Dyon fell into his own thoughts.

Ever since that day, his Presence had morphed into something completely out of his expectation.

Firstly, it no longer seemed restricted by the strength of his body, though, somehow, his bodily strength still contradictorily helped to strengthen it.

Secondly, he could no longer properly categorize his Presence either. Before he absorbed the pool of blood, he had been an Emperor Grade Presence wielder. But now, he had no idea what realm he was in. Was it the God Grade? He didn't know...

Thirdly, he couldn't detect these changes in his own blood. He thought that maybe there would be some mutation, but his bloodline still followed his Titan Diamond Body without faltering. It was almost as though the changes made weren't tangible at all, yet their impact was very clear.

The point of all this was simple. If even Dyon couldn't make heads or tails of what was going on, how could the wyverns who innately lacked intelligence comprehend was sort of secret lay dormant within their own bodies?

However, now, they had Dyon to think for them... Comprehending the Pride Clan's blood might have been beyond him, however, the wyvern bloodline was much more straight-

forward.

#### Chapter 2039: Normal?

Instead of being a mysterious martial will that could attack the psyche of an opponent, the wyvern's bloodline was entirely focused on strengthening their own bodies. This was without a doubt the simplest by far! In fact, training them was even simpler!

Every day for over a century, Dyon forced the wyverns to bow beneath his Presence, forcefully agitating their blood again and again. He showed no mercy, even stamping his feet upon their heads and grinding them into the ground. This situation went on for decades.

The humiliation was etched into their souls so fiercely that some of them even directly committed suicide. It was a cruel thing indeed, but Dyon continued. Dyon goaded them with words, each sentence seemingly piercing directly into their hearts.

Finally, on one faithful day, one of them finally snapped. A mighty roar escaped its lips as land for hundreds of kilometers was completely leveled. However, the result left Dyon without an ability to laugh or cry.

He could only look on with what must have been a hilarious expression. Shouldn't this breakthrough have made the wyvern akin to a carp leaping over a dragon's gate? So... Why was it that this evolved wyvern actually regressed and became a normal snake...?

The same thoughts Dyon had that day were the same thoughts their enemies had when they appeared on the battlefield. They were nothing but big snakes, what was the point of being afraid of them? It wasn't until these battles begun the fear struck the core of their hearts. \*\* "How can they be so powerful?" Madeleine couldn't help but ask curiously.

When Dyon told her to rely on the Bronzed, Cobras and Emperor Dragons, she had of course trusted him, but she couldn't help but want to know. It had already been five years since they entered the

battlefield and Dyon had spent this time stirring up trouble wherever he went. Those 12 Overlord Clans probably had no idea that he was simply diverting their attention in order to perfect his defenses in the Southern Region.

In his mind... Why risk entering the second phase at all? If he could end it all right now, who would dare threaten his Kingdom? The characters that the Ancient Battlefield Clans had come to fear were none other than Dyon himself, his clones, his wives, and the various Higher Existences of his Empire.

No one on the mortal plane had any idea just how powerful the Mortal Empire had become. Since even they didn't know, the 12 Overlord Clans were even more in the dark. Striking fear toward the core of their hearts in this way was a perfect battle tactic.

They simply didn't have the time to care about the middling affairs of the southern region's outskirts. "The Bronzed and Cobras are actually quite unique... They have the DNA of countless beasts hidden within them due to their odd inter breeding practices. In the past, this became a detriment. With so many strands of DNA competing for dominance, they ended up becoming mutated creatures that lacked intelligence and couldn't make optimal use of their strength. "What holy type qi did was light a path for them.

It naturally had the ability to fix this inner war between genomes, allowing the most powerful in each aspect to shine through. "The issue that remained was that now there was an entirely new species with no idea how to cultivate itself. If it wasn't for my awakening my Immortal Sense, I would have never been able to carve out a path for them." "So that's why they're so strong. They're essentially perfected chimeras..." Madeleine mumbled. "But these wyverns, they became snakes?

Isn't that a sort of reverse evolution?" Dyon smiled bitterly. "I thought so too. The momentum of their breakthrough was so fierce, yet the results were so disappointing. But that was when the twins told me something that made me think... "Just where did the legends of snakes becoming dragons come from?" Madeleine violet eyes flashed. "This isn't a chicken and the egg situation..." Madeleine said slowly. "No one doubts that serpents are more ancient..." Dyon nodded. "In that case, how was it that the Origin Species of Dragons so suddenly became so weak?

It's likely a case of converging and diverging evolution gone wrong..." Converging evolution was the process by which two unrelated species independently evolved to become something similar... While diverging evolution was the exact vice versa. In Dyon's thoughts, the origin serpents diverged, becoming wyverns and dragons... While the wyverns under Dyon's charge had successfully converged, returning to their origin. At the same time, some weaker species underwent convergent evolution to become the weak snakes they knew today... As for how powerful they were?

Dyon was uncertain. They still lacking in strength in comparison to Higher Existences. At most, they were as strong as Fallen.

But the real issue that made him raise his eyebrow was the fact that according to his Immortal Sense... Their bone age had reverted back to 0 the moment their evolution finished... Simply put... They were newborns! Thinking to this point, Dyon could help but think back to all the legends his mortal world told of snakes and serpents, but there was one among them that stood out in particular... Especially when he saw that these 'newborns' were over a kilometer in length already... The legend of the World Serpent... Jormungandr... \*\*

#### Chapter 2040: My Side

Slowly, time began to pass, a few hours became a few days, a few days became a few weeks, then even months. On one particular day, over a year after the young man fell, his eyes suddenly flashed open. He seemed to stare blankly into space for a long while, his thoughts completely hidden behind his expressionless gaze.

But he soon began to laugh. He laughed so uproariously that the sound of crows flapping their wings to run away played as a chorus in the background. "The Heavens are on my side... For me to survive, they have co-signed your death... Wait for me well..." \*\* "Those 12 Overlord Clans are probably running around with their hair on fire, yet here you are taking a nap." Clara's ruby-like eyes glittered as she kicked Dyon's side. The man had turned the Ancient Battlefield upside-down, yet he actually had the state of mind to take a nap on soft grass.

If those Overlords knew about this, they would definitely spew up blood in rage. "I may be like this, but my clones are hard at work." Dyon said righteously, rolling over to continue his nap. "Oh, I see how it is. If it was a Big Sister Madeleine, you'd get up. But since it's just little ol me, you can ignore this mere third wife, huh?" Dyon suddenly froze, his neck turning back slowly to reveal a pitiful expression.

Unfortunately, Clara's gaze had already turned stone cold. Dyon coughed. Urging tears from his eyes he immediately flipped upward and onto his knees, wrapping his arms around Clara's thighs. "My lovely wife don't be like this.

Don't you see how pitiful I am?" "Hmph." Clara snorted. "If you were really so apologetic, why is your hand groping my ass?" Dyon's pitiful expression vanished to reveal an evil grin, his hands wantonly

kneading. "Who asked it to be so soft. It's just a simple reflex, just a simple reflex." Clara rolled her eyes, but her feigned coldness had already disappeared. "I'm glad you can be so leisurely while working your women to the bone. I haven't had a single moment of rest in years yet look at you." Dyon stood, wrapping his arm around Clara's waist.

Her body softly fell into his with ease. It was clear by her tacit agreement toward his embrace that she was never really angry. His wives had truly become too beautiful in recent years.

As more and more of their mortal imperfections were shed, they looked no different from fairies that stood above the masses. Even their unique fragrances were intoxicating to the point of bordering on poison for the soul. "The work is done now. If you want to lay back and watch your husband wreak havoc, I'll let you do so." Dyon said with a teasing expression.

With all of their plans properly laid out and the foundation of the southern region complete, they could begin their strikes with full effort. Their armies would move as one. If Clara truly wanted to take a break, Dyon wasn't joking, he wouldn't mind her placing what remained of the burden on him.

This was his wife. Though they had their rankings from first to fifth, he didn't separate them in his heart. Clara's feelings meant just as much to him as Madeleine's.

He would bend over backwards to please her. Of course, Clara knew this as well, or else she would have never agreed to marry him at all considering her personality. "I'll take you up on that offer." Clara nodded shamelessly. "I don't feel like lifting up another finger." She spoke as though she didn't notice Dyon's hands had already undone the belts that held up her tight leather armored pants. "You just have to go along for the ride." Dyon said meaningfully. \*\* "Hubby, where have you been for so many years? I was worried about you." Chrysanthemum pouted, her expression filled with grievances as she held onto Anak's arm.

In recent years, the former True God Anak had truly undergone drastic changes. From once being over five meters tall and forcing Chrysanthemum to use a gigantification technique just so that they could make love, he had shrunk down to the size of a normal man. Of course, by normal standards, two meters was still exceedingly tall.

But, compared to the him of the past, it was much better. This gigantification technique was one passed down through the giants specifically so that they could marry other races of humans. It didn't actually provide any martial prowess.

In fact, it made one weaker by dispelling their strength over a larger area. It was a purely auxiliary technique for the benefit of conceiving and bearing Giant Race children. That aside, Chrysanthemum had no need for it anymore.

Ever since Anak awakened to his true Angel bloodline, his blood grew more perfect and the gigantification side effect the Giant Race experienced as a result of their accepting these higher-grade bloodlines disappeared. He had essentially become a true Angel! Anak raised an eyebrow. "I told you that I was going into secluded cultivation for a few years, no?" "You did, but I missed you." Though Chrysanthemum's watery eyes seemed sincere, Anak was sneering on the inside.

Ever since Dyon told him the Mist Clan was using their dual cultivation to slowly turn him into a slave, he had never seen this wife of his the same. He didn't know whether or not she was aware of her role in the past, but judging by the fact she was rushing to come and get him just like Dyon predicted all but sealed her fate. Though it still wasn't 100% certain, it was hard for her to escape responsibility like this. "Alright, alright." Anak pretended to coax her. "What were you so eager to find me for?" He embraced her, kissing her forehead lightly.

He completely missed the complicated expression that flashed in Chrysanthemum's eyes. But, it was quickly overshadowed by helplessness and finally... resolution.