

The Nameless 2041

Chapter 2041: Say...

Chrysanthemum sighed emotionally. "My Mist Clan's current state isn't very good. The Mortal Empire is thriving, but we're not even a 1st Tier Clan. At the same time, the Water Mist Sect is growing more and more powerful and has already escaped our sphere of influence. Who knows how that bitch Jasmine managed to grow so powerful in such a short amount of time?"

Chrysanthemum looked no different than a wife lovingly complaining to her husband. She even took the time she was speaking to lead him by the hand to their bedchambers, as though to silently say that she would reward him well if she helped her alleviate her worries.

"It's only for now." Anak tried to soothe her. "With me here, how could your Mist Clan remain unranked for long? Especially now that I'm out of seclusion."

"That's what they keep telling us, but didn't you realize the change in the skies above?" Chrysanthemum pointed out of the window.

Out there, the sun could hardly be seen. A perpetual night loomed over the mortal plane. There was no morning and no evening, there was only a continuous dim light that filled the air with a somber atmosphere.

It seemed that for the duration of this war between new and old, the mortal plane would suffer the very same prison-like condition that those of the Ancient Battlefield did. It served as a sort of warning to take these matters seriously...

Of course, the Mortal Empire's cities looked nothing like this. Dyon had long since set up arrays to give his people a simulation of normal day and night. However, it seemed the Mist Clan didn't receive the same treatment.

The reality was that Dyon had offered them this, but they rejected.

There were two reasons for this. Firstly, they were afraid that Dyon would use this as an opportunity to monitor them. Secondly, they wanted an excuse to sow doubt in the populations under their charge about their Emperor Sacharro.

Of course, Dyon knew all of this and could easily see through them. But, since he had agreed to allow them into his Empire for the time being, he sneered and accepted their rejection. After all, it wasn't too good to force his people to do something they didn't want to.

It seemed that they were already trying to take advantage of these mind games right now. What other purpose could Chrysanthemum have for pointing out their dreary atmosphere to Anak?

"You can see clearly that the Ancient Battlefield has already descended... Isn't my husband a True God? Hasn't my husband awakened his Angel bloodline? Isn't my husband under the age of 1000 years old? So why is it that my husband is here without an opportunity to make a name for himself, yet that Emperor Sacharro and his family are flourishing?

"Can it be that the Sacharro Clan is the only one allowed to have geniuses? Are they the only ones allowed to wield power now? Do the hopes and dreams of others not matter anymore?"

Chrysanthemum didn't have to act. Her indignation was real. Her Mist Clan had plotted and waited for trillions of years. Who knew how many young girls just like her suffered for their sake?

She was among the luckier ones. She actually loved her husband quite a bit, she enjoyed being the wife of True God. At the very least, she didn't get forced to marry some ugly fat merchant for the sake of accumulating their family's wealth like some of her ancestors from the past had been.

But ever since Dyon's appearance, Anak's stature had descended further and further until finally it seemed as though they wouldn't ever be able to raise their heads up again.

"We were promised a chance to raise our merits and one day by a 1st Tier Clan and beyond. But, how are we supposed to gain merits if we aren't allowed to battle? Does this Emperor Sacharro think us to be fools?! How can we take this lying down?!"

Chrysanthemum's chest heaved with rage by the time she made it to the door of their bedroom.

Though she kept repeating Dyon's name, every time she spoke, she was actually remembering Ri. Ever since Ri appeared, all of her spotlight had been snatched away... ever since that day she took away the Water Mist Sect's legacy from the Valley of Geniuses.

'Hmph, aren't I better than you? At least I don't have to share my husband.'

Anak sighed. "So what do you want me to do? Emperor Sacharro's means are too great. If he doesn't want us to earn merits, there isn't much we can do right? Our best chance is to wait until he transcends and then take advantage to break what he built."

"Hubby's idea is good, but even after he leaves, his influence will be too much. His alchemy techniques will be passed on to his descendants, his formation arrays won't decay for millions of years, and all the resources he's accumulated will continue to benefit the core of the Sacharro Clan.

"Even if we wait, it'll likely be one of his wives' clans that take the most benefits and not us... If we want to rise again, we need to use those Failed Clans as our knife... Only when the Sacharro Clan is sufficiently weakened do we have a chance."

Anak's brow furrowed. "Colluding with Failed Clans?! Are you crazy?!"

"Hubby, don't be mad." Chrysanthemum said softly, pulling him into bed and nibbling on his earlobe. "... Listen to what this little wife of yours has to say..."

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"Who are you? You dare attack out Deity Clan?"

The words that should have been filled with rage and indignation lacked any sort of emotion whatsoever. It was as though it wasn't this person's clan being attacked at all, but rather that he was an outside observer.

The Deity Clan had always been like this... They seemed no different from cyborgs. Their skin was an unnatural gold, their gaze was more dead than alive, and even their movements seemed stiff outside of battle. If it wasn't for the fact Dyon had killed one of them before to see the flesh and blood that composed their bodies, he would have really thought to be humanoid robots.

Chapter 2042: Impossible

2042 Impossible

Even though this was the case, their imposing aura was undeniable. It was just unfortunate for them that their opponent was Dyon.

Dyon stood in the skies, his wives by his side. Madeleine and Clara stood to his right, Ri and Amphorae stood to his left, the oppressive presence of Supremes emitting from each one of them.

"I do dare." Dyon responded calmly. "I think it's best if your Deity Clan ceases to be."

"I am quite confused by your foolishness." The Deity tilted his head as though trying to understand Dyon. "You want to challenge our Clan with only one Overlord?"

The Deity's eyes landed on Madeleine. From his senses, he knew that she was the only one who exuded the aura of an Overlord. The other three women were only Supremes. And, the man who led them all was only a Dao expert. Why these women followed him... he didn't understand.

What he didn't know was that Madeleine was no normal Overlord. Normally, those who broke through in the comprehension facet would only do so with one will. However, Madeleine had done so for Reincarnation Will first, and years afterward comprehended Life Will. Even without succeeding in reaching the Overlord Realm with her body just yet, she was already no weaker than two facet Overlords.

Of course, no one would ever guess such a thing. It was already nearly impossible to succeed in one, let alone two.

The Deity wasn't wrong to be confused. Their Clan's 7 Overlords weren't a secret. Though that number had fallen to 6 after the death of one of their own, they still have 4 one facet Overlords and 2 two facet Overlords.

Aside from them, they had dozens of Supremes, hundreds of Lords, and almost double their number of Lords in Higher Existences.

However, judging by the lineup before them... The opponent had 3 Supremes and 1 Overlord... There were other Supremes below them, but the total didn't exceed 20.

Others may have begun jeering. But, such teasing emotions weren't part of the Deity Race culture. They were simply baffled by the stupidity of their opponents.

"Big brother, it seems they look down on us." Zaire's laughter sounded over the battlefield.

To his side, Damaris was raring to go. Her crystalline eyes flickered with battle intent. She wasn't alone in her feelings either.

This only deepened the confusion of the Deity Race. Usually, the subordinates would realize the foolishness of their leader. But this time... they were actually backing him? Nothing seemed to make sense.

Three Emperor Dragons snaked into the skies, their towering heads almost becoming obscured by the clouds above.

Their roars sounded the rise of an ancient kingdom, as though a long-lost deity had risen from the ashes, ready to force the world to remember its name.

That was right, out of tens of thousands, millions, even, of wyverns, only three succeeded. The others failed in the best cases... and in the worst, they died in the attempt to cross over.

However, what was left were three mighty serpents with aged gazes that bore into one's soul. The bones of their skulls formed into bumps and grooves that became reminiscent of a crown of scales and bone. Their bodies stretched for over a kilometer, looming over the battlefield like the rulers of an era.

In the legends of the mortal world, the World Serpent existed between the ethereal and reality, wrapping itself around Earth and causing earthquakes with a quiver of its body.

The truth of their abilities, however, was far more fearsome than this. They were known as World Serpents for a reason...

The Ancient Battlefield shuddered.

Suddenly, the Overlords of the Deity Race furrowed their brows. They suddenly realized that no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't stretch their senses past the immediately ten-

kilometer radius!

"Impossible... Manipulating the space of this prison is beyond even the means of three facet Overlords."

The Deity confusion became seriousness in an instant. He had exited the Clan alone because he simply didn't believe others needed to take action. Him as a lone two facet Overlord should be capable of handling this with ease.

But now he understood the gravity of the situation. He may have not been a soul path cultivator, but his Divine Sense was still beyond what normal means could confine. He could faintly feel that this wasn't a barrier... But rather an entirely new world! It was as though they had left the mortal plane and entered an entirely new plane!

With a thought, the sharp SHIIIIING of his metallic wings spreading was like the first shot fired in the war. To the outside world, however, it was like the Deity Clan had simply disappeared from the face of the Ancient Battlefield.

The Deity Race Overlord bounded toward Madeleine.

"Hey, who said you were fighting my wife?" Dyon asked with a slight smile.

Before the Deity Race Overlord could react Dyon had appeared before him in a flash, catching him completely off guard.

In the mind of the Deity Race Overlord, even the strongest Peak Dao Experts throughout history were only as powerful as Fallen at best. How could he ever guess that Dyon could leap not just that half realm, but three realms even surpassing it?!

BOOM!

A palm and wing collided, but while the Deity Race Overlord remained at its position, Dyon was forced to take several steps backward in the air.

Despite the result, though, it was the Deity Race Overlord with the apprehensive expression.

Dyon shook his hand as though massaging some wrist pain away.

"Is it just you?" Dyon asked curiously. "Because if so, this will be much more boring than I thought."

Even as Dyon spoke, the Mortal Army below launched their assault. With an Overlord in Madeleine leading the way, those below the Overlord Realm were nothing but fodder.

Dyon was no longer in a state where he had to worry about numbers. In the past, he would be thinking of ways to assimilate the Deities into his army. But, the current him couldn't be bothered to care. Why rely on others when his Mortal Empire citizens had grown to such a level?

Chapter 2043: Unfair

?2043 Unfair

Everywhere Dyon looked on the battlefield, there was yet another talent shining through.

Aoife and Stella were like a pair of devilish beauties, one wreathed in blue and red flames, the other with beautiful white horns that gave her an exotic appeal.

Under the lead of their husband and Dyon's god son Sarid, they headed the Mino and Belmont armies with a smile on their faces, mowing down swaths of Deities and making a mockery of their race's moniker.

Sarid himself swung two massive battle axes twice the size of his own body. His deep brown skin glistened with sweat and blood, but the latter wasn't his own. Every swing seemed to create the illusion of a crescent moon, juxtaposing a gorgeous sight with bloody murder.

On another side of the battlefield Dyon three disciples were making him proud. He had worked them to the bone over the last near century, but the results showed for themselves.

Braham's bodily strength was beyond reason. Having becoming a Supreme, he was of course pursuing the path of becoming a body facet Overlord. Unfortunately, his master forbade him breaking through until he first became a soul facet Overlord.

It seemed that with his every move, he was taking out the frustration he couldn't take out on Dyon upon the golden skinned enemies before him. His fists carried the strength of worlds, shaking the very ground they stood upon with every sure connection.

Pjisel's battle style was much less straight forward. In fact, he looked nothing like his real self.

His skin was tinted with gold, metallic wings graced his back, and his expression became just as cold as emotionless as the Deities.

He suddenly understood all of their strengths and weaknesses in an instant.

They were exceptionally calculative, their thinking speed being several times that of normal humans. In addition, it wasn't that they just looked like robots, but they were in fact cyborgs in part. Of course, this wasn't in the sense that they had circuitry, but rather in that they had absorbed all sorts of ores into themselves to strengthen their bodies!

The metallic sounds of their wings wasn't just for show, they were the product of several years of tempering and were the pride of each Deity Race person.

However, their flaws were glaring as well. Despite their intelligence, their comprehension skills were severely lacking due to their lack of flexibility. They didn't comprehend artistry and feeling, so they attempted to comprehend everything based on cold hard logic and evidence, but unfortunately, not everything in existence could be described in such a way.

This was likely the flaw that stopped the Deity Race from becoming the 13th Overlord Clan. Their souls and comprehension were simply far too lacking. As a result, birthing a three facet Overlord was next to impossible for them despite the fact they cultivated much faster than other races.

'If that's the case, I know how to defeat you.'

Pjisel's body shifted its shape once more. His visage became as calm as a lake, a vertical eye appearing upon his forehead as he began to hum silent hymns.

The Deity Race warrior he faced suddenly trembled.

"Impossible! They're extinct... They're extinct..."

Just like that, his vision blurred and his consciousness faded.

"Haha! Braham, Bowaye, I'll definitely win this time!"

Pjisel's two junior brothers looked over to find a sight that had them shaking their heads. Since when had this mighty Deity Race become no different from soft grass? Every single one that stepped within 5 meters of Pjisel fell to their deaths, completely oblivious.

Bowaye grit his teeth in rage. "Dammit! You dare play with ores before an Earthen Sprite?! Just you wait Pjisel, this contest isn't over yet!"

It always confused him why Dyon took him as a disciple, though he still felt blessed by the reality. It was just that compared to Pjisel and Bowaye, he seemed lacking.

However, Braham wasn't the kind of person to get bogged down by such things. In fact, as soon as he thought of it, he had already forgotten it, turning his attention toward mowing down deity race warriors.

"Oh? Not bad." Dyon said with a light smile, watching Pjisel.

Pjisel's constitution was incredibly powerful despite the fact it was only of the Earth Grade. And, it only became more so with a master like Dyon backing him.

The three eyed race Pjisel just began imitating had long been extinct, even on this Ancient Battlefield. Yet, because of Dyon, Pjisel had access to their abilities.

The Nephilim Alliance territory was indeed the most ancient. They had many hidden ruins and sites left unexplored. Most of these ruins were completely useless to Dyon, but to Pjisel, they were invaluable.

He was able to use the residual qi, auras, and even in some cases DNA these lost civilizations left behind to mold an imitation of them. Like this, he could use the very abilities they once did with ease.

The three eyed race was known for the ocular techniques. More specifically, they were known for their ability to attack the soul with their gaze.

Such a feat was rare beyond reason. One only had to remember how much Dyon has struggled throughout his journey despite his overwhelming soul talent to know just how rare soul attacking abilities were on the mortal plane.

But this was what was so special about the three eyed race. The truth was that they weren't using their souls to attack at all. In fact, they were using normal qi. However, they had the ability to use this normal qi to directly impact the soul!

This sort of reality was devastating for the deities.

Chapter 2044: Fell

?2044 Fell

How could they have lived so long without knowing their own weaknesses? The Deity Race not only knew about their soul weakness, but they also took measures to stop it... The problem was that their means of stopping powerful souls were completely useless because the methods of the three eyed race were so unorthodox!

"So, how would you like to end this?" Dyon asked casually.

The Deity Race Overlord's gaze flashed with the smallest bit of emotion. For a race like them, this much was enough to prove he was boiling over.

He had no choice but to pay attention to Dyon, but this let his Overlord wife not to mention the rest of the army wreak havoc among them.

Clara's torrent of flame and wind qi melted their metallic bodies. Ri's gorgeous kun peng drowned them in illusions they simply didn't have the soul strength to pull themselves out of. Amphorae's beautiful smile belied the harsh reality of her cruel slaughter, every note of her lyre reaping another dozen lives.

The most powerful of them all, Madeleine, strolling through the battlefield, taking out the most powerful with her godly atmospheric qi control and her deadly flames.

Maybe in their entire lifetimes, the Deity race had never experienced such a one sided battle, even in their own victories.

"You can't mean to just stand there, right?" Dyon asked pitifully. "I was looking forward to battling a two facet Overlord."

"There's no point in battle. We lost the moment this world was separated from the true plane." The Deity Race Overlord replied blandly.

His gaze flickered as he looked toward the three looming snakes who hadn't partook in the battle... Their bone crowned heads stood tall and proud as though they were the rulers of the world.

With the world separated, there was too much they couldn't do.

For one, he couldn't contact the other five Overlords of their race. Secondly, there was no retreat. Thirdly, a 10-kilometer radius may sound like a lot, but even for a celestial, this is an incredibly small span, let alone for Dao Experts and Higher Existences.

In such a confined space, the weaker party had no chance. Not only could they not retreated as stated, they had no ability to maneuver or use guerrilla warfare... All the benefits they should have had due to this being their home field was completely wiped away.

"However, I will still battle you. There is a 1 in 1 000 000 000 000 000 chance for me to enter the three facet Overlord Realm while facing you. This is the only logical path remaining."

Dyon felt a faint admiration for the deity race at this point. Though others might be off put by their lack of emotion, didn't their actions have a core of heroism to them? Even if his logic was kind of odd, it was still respectable.

Unfortunately, this wasn't the 1 in a quadrillion chance the Overlord was looking for.

Though defeating a two facet Overlord was no longer as casual for Dyon, he had no need to put his life on the line either. If it wasn't for him slowly training his Perception, it would have ended much sooner.

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That day, the Deity Race, the first ranked Clan below the 12 Overlord Clans, fell. It was completely silent and no one understood what happened until it was too late. They were completely wiped from the face of the Ancient Battlefield. However, it wouldn't be until a year later that everyone realized the change...

Of course, Dyon wasn't actually so cruel. When he lost his mind to anger, he had indeed wiped out the centaurs to the last blade of grass, an action that oddly hadn't left a sour taste in his mouth. He didn't fully understand why it was he harbored no guilt... But thinking back, when he took his first life well back in his Focus Academy days... He hadn't felt the normal human visceral reaction either...

Sometimes, Dyon felt like he was a deity looking on from above. Even the so-called Deity Race themselves were below him.

Still, maybe due to some faintly lingering human attachments, he spared much of the Deity Race, sending them back to the mortal plane. Ironically, in this way, he actually fulfilled their dreams by making them a part of his Mortal Empire.

As for the five remaining Deity Race Overlords, Dyon smoked them out one after another. Caught completely unawares, and facing such large numbers, there was truly nothing they could do.

No matter how benevolent Dyon was, he couldn't let those Overlords live. For one, they were useless to him on the mortal plane since they could not exit without being rejected by the Heavens. And second, if he kept them on the Ancient Battlefield, there were too many variables to contend with.

When up against Overlords, Dyon didn't dare claim that his seals were infallible. The best choice was to destroy the root of the problem so that they wouldn't grow dangerous.

Dyon could faintly feel that his demeanor was changing. Even though he never felt much from killing in the past, there was still a faint barrier that remained... one he never crossed. But he suddenly felt that he simply didn't care about this barrier any longer...

It was as though he felt the lives he reaped were owed to him.

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"Are you certain?"

The opposing part looked on in disdain. "I grew up in the Void Clan, I was their heir and still am their heir. How would I not know about Void Tunnels?"

If Dyon were here, the words 'void tunnel' would ring in his ears fiercely.

Void tunnels were the special ability of Void Kitsune. As the wielders of this supreme law, they were capable of building 'fast lanes' to other universes.

Of course, these void tunnels were mostly a strategic resource used in wars. Not only did they take an obscene amount of time and effort to build, but who would use a void tunnel when they could use a teleportation array? The former still took at least a year to travel through, while the latter was near instantaneous.

Still, the individuals speaking would be even more surprising than the topic itself.

Chapter 2045: Cold

On one side, there was Anak. Beside him, there was not only his wife, Chrysanthemum, but also the hidden genius of the Mist Clan, Valen Mist.

On the other, though... There was Aki Void, the very man Dyon had imprisoned for many decades, the man who nearly blinded Ri for a lifetime, the man Dyon castrated in the Valley of Geniuses after realizing his identity.

Dyon had raised Aki up for many years. Not only him, but Gin Jikan and Masako Heaven as well.

In truth, their current strength was far beyond what they would have become without Dyon. Even if they trained to the end of their lifetimes... Becoming Peak Dao Experts like they were now was nothing more than a pipe dream.

However, were human emotions really so simple? Dyon killed Aki's grandfather, not everyone could forgive that like Chenglei had. Dyon cut off his manhood before the eyes of countless individuals, forever severing his line and robbing him of this pure joy. But, worst of all... Dyon snatched his freedom, locking him in a cage for countless years, forcing him to cultivate to his whims...

Even through all of this, Aki couldn't retaliate. He thought that if Dyon kept neglecting him, if his strength continued to grow, that one day he would be able to silently shatter the seal Dyon placed in him and escape to plot his revenge alongside his father.

But who knew that a seal Dyon casually cast when he was nothing more than a young man in his 20s could actually persist for so long?

This reality made Aki's blood run cold. Even after Dyon poured resources into him, even after he spent every waking moment of everyday dreaming of revenge... He still wasn't better than a Dyon who was nothing more than a child in the eyes of mature cultivators...

A devastating blow of this magnitude completely crumbled his resolve. Versus such a character, even if he eventually shattered the seal he neglected... What did it matter? How could he ever win against such a monster?

He was prepared to simply live out the rest of his life, dying without descendants to pay for a crime he committed in his youth. But... It was then that these three appeared before him, questioning him about the void tunnels of his clan...

Because of the seal, he had no ability to directly act against Dyon... But how was he to blame for simply answering the questions of a few curious strangers?

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"Stop sneering and tell us directly." Valen lost his temper.

He had felt so stifled over the last several decades. When his life began, he was already written in as the hope of the Mist Clan. It was he was supposed to enter the Ancient Battlefield and bring glory to them. But... Dyon happened.

He had endured for so many years, waiting for his moment, only to realize it probably would never come. This was too infuriating.

Now, one of Dyon's slaves dared sneer at him? It was taking everything in his power to not slap Aki to death.

Unfortunately, he soon realized after this thought that Aki was several times more powerful than he was. Because of the Mist Clan trying to keep Dyon's prying eyes away, they refused much of resources using various pretexts. As a result, Valen didn't improve nearly as quickly as he could have...

While Aki was a Peak Dao Expert, he was still a Middle Dao Expert...

However, his words had already been said. Even facing the pressure of Aki's gaze, he could only swallow the rest of what he wanted to say.

"The void tunnels of my Void Clan take years to build, so they obviously can't casually be destroyed either. There're definitely still standing. I wouldn't be wrong about something like this."

If it wasn't for void tunnels lingering far beyond their period of use, how could Head Void ever have made it back to Dyon's home planet years after Saru finished using it?

One had to remember the void tunnels were the very reason Saru managed to make it to Dyon's home in any sort of reasonable time. If not for them, she would have been well into her 20s or even 30s by the time she made it. If that happened, how then could she have been just a little girl when Dyon met her?

"Aki, we need a void tunnel that can deliver us outside of Mortal Empire territory." Anak said straightforwardly. "I won't say too much else."

Anak knew that Aki hated Dyon with every fiber of his being. However, if he made it too obvious they were doing this to go against Dyon, Aki's seal would trigger. If that happened, Dyon would be informed and everything would be for naught.

Aki's eyes narrowed. The moment these three had come to ask him these questions, he had been aware of their purpose, he wasn't a fool.

"Using those void tunnels is dangerous." Aki said plainly. "Emperor Sacharro used the Jafari Clan treasure to change the positions of the universes. In some cases they were brought closer together, in others, further apart.

"He even used the Sage Tower to reposition the universes themselves to produce the best defensive formations there could be.

"On top of all of this, haven't you noticed the drastic changes in the stars in the skies? Haven't you noticed that there are far fewer of them than there had been in the past? You can imagine that if Emperor Sacharro has the power to move universes, what do mere stars mean to him?"

Aside from Anak, Chrysanthemum and Valen paled visibly.

Wasn't this the stuff of fantasy and fairy tales? How could a man change the position of a universe?

"In case you need me to spell it out for you, the study maps becomes incredibly complex when the scope of the universe is taken into consideration. It becomes even more complex when a large time factor is added.

"Not only do moons have orbits, but planets, stars, galaxies, galaxy clusters and even universe within quadrants and quadrants themselves have orbits."

Chapter 2046: Wasn't a Smile

"In order to find the locations of things in such a vast place, one must calculate each one of these variables, not a single one can be out of place, not to mention taking into account the birth of new celestial bodies and the deaths of old ones. Why is it do you think that universe spirits are so difficult to find?"

"You're asking me to pinpoint the location of a void tunnel when the Emperor of the Empire you reside in can change the position of stars on a whim. To make it worse, not only is he changing their positions, but in many cases, he's clustering the ones he doesn't absorb together to give invading forces as little points of reference as possible.

"Even if one managed to infiltrate the barrier of space and time that protects these universes, could they even find a target to attack?"

"Even if you're a Higher Existence, how many million miles of black space can you see across? What if millions of miles became millions of light years? You three simply don't understand the scope Emperor Sacharro is working on. He is the only man born in this era that doesn't take the title of True God as an exaggeration.

"You tell me." Aki sneered once more. "How am I supposed to find the location of this void tunnel for you?"

Chrysanthemum and Valen felt a trembling down the core of their souls.

It was true, they never really understood the kind of enemy they were going up against. A man who could become the Emperor of a Planet Grade Empire without even being 300 years old wasn't something they could imagine.

Only Anak smiled at these words with a teasing expression.

"You've already said so much... But why is it that I feel you have a solution already?"

Aki smiled a smile that wasn't a smile.

"Even if you are a God, there are still some things you cannot change. The void exists above space. Many don't understand why it is void will is a supreme law while space, despite its obvious power, isn't. In face, space will is at times even stronger than some supreme laws, but it has no right to hold this title because it will always be beneath the void.

"The reason is simple. Space can be manipulated... it can be twisted, bent, shattered, deformed, even destroyed. However, the void will always exist. Before life existed, there was the void. When all life ceases to be, there will still be the void."

The three of them frowned at Aki's words, not truly understanding the scope of what he was saying.

But... if void will was so powerful, why was it that the Void Clan was so weak?

"Much like energy, the void cannot be created or destroyed, it simply exists. And, once it's been used, it cannot be reverted to the same state it was in before in the same way energy becomes useless after it becomes heat.

"However, the void isn't so simple as this. There is no 'useless' state of void. This is what makes it so mystical."

"You're not making any sense." Anak shook his head. "It's useless, it's not useless. It can't return to its original state, it can... Just get to the point."

Aki sighed. "It's like speaking to a wall... The void is the foundation of all that is. It is everything and is nothing at the same time, why are you even wasting your time trying to comprehend my words? You just need to listen to them and understand my surface meaning.

"Others might be unable to due to, but those sensitive to the void don't need stars to navigate. Even if Emperor Sacharro managed to completely rearrange the topography of the void, it still wouldn't matter. This is the essence of what I'm saying."

"So you can, in fact, do it?" Anak's gaze lit up.

"Assuming that Emperor Sacharro hasn't destroyed the void tunnel... yes."

"Didn't you just say that you were certain that they still existed?!" Valen's temper flared once more.

"And then I proceeded to explain to you how Emperor Sacharro can't be defined by normal logic. Wouldn't I be a hypocrite if I didn't listen to my own words?" Aki said without care.

Valen clenched his fists, but he couldn't rebut.

"Anyway, I don't have much to do. I'll just take you all there."

The more Aki spoke, the more Anak understood just why it was Dyon's seal had yet to flare up... In Aki's mind, Dyon's position in his heart stood above everything... Maybe even the Heavens themselves.

To him, even if he went all out, even if he participated in this plot, Dyon would be completely unaffected. Therefore, how could the seal recognize that Aki was doing something detrimental to Dyon? Ironically, Dyon's own strength became a loophole in his own seal.

While Anak was thinking of this, though, Valen and Chrysanthemum were brimming with excitement. They had no idea what Aki and Anak were thinking, so they believed that this invincible Emperor Sacharro had finally showed a chink in his armor.

Everything was going according to their plan. First he enlisted the help of Anak to enter the Mortal Empire Capital City, Soul City. Only he had the cache to enter this place as both a True God and a great talent. In addition, he was the only one among them trusted enough by Dyon to do so.

Second, they found Aki. They knew making it out of Mortal Empire territory was an impossible task without special means. Their original plan was to bribe one of the members of the Array Alchemy Association into building an unregistered teleportation array for them. But, who would have thought that Anak would come up with this much better plan?

If they could use the void tunnel, the risk was even lesser, especially due to the fact Aki hated Dyon to the bone and wouldn't sell them out lest he want to die.

Chapter 2047: Distant

Of course, it would take them at least a year to get the other side of the tunnel... But it was worth it!

This was exactly what raised the curtain on the first phase's sixth year...

By this time, the 'invaders' had already been chosen their sides. One would think that Dyon's actions would place a heavy burden on them, making many want to find them and kill them all. However, Dyon's actions actually had the exact opposite effect.

Many weaker Clans felt that they would be helpless unless against such a powerful enemy. So, those who had aspirations of descending the battlefield immediately found trees to hug.

The brewing storm of the Ancient Battlefield was rumbling forth with ever growing momentum. Some wanted to bury their heads and bide their time, but the era they lived in simply didn't allow for it.

In the southern region, three mighty hegemony suddenly became four, catching the entire Ancient Battlefield off guard.

The true clash for who would hold the right to their own existence was coming.

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"Mom, it seems like dad was right." Alauna said softly.

"Mm... Your father has never been wrong about this kind of thing for as long as I've known him."

"Is that so?" Alauna teased. "Never?"

Luna sighed. "Sometimes I think he's simply on a different level from the rest of us. You should cherish these memories you have... I fear that one day he may grow too distant from us all."

Alauna's playful expression faded. She wrapped her arm around her mother's, leaning into her shoulder.

"You worry too much, mom. If there's one thing that dad would never do, it's separate from his family. But... What he'd do if we left this world before him... That's something I worry about all the time."

Luna pinched her daughter's cheek. "Listen to you, what are you thinking about. What kind of daughter worries about dying before her father? Maybe I didn't discipline you enough as a child."

Alauna giggled. "How could you bear to punish such a perfect little girl like me?"

The mother-daughter pair had a small intimate moment. But unfortunately, they couldn't bask in it for long.

"What should we do?" Alauna asked.

"It's exactly like your father said. The Sapientia are split along two lines, but which holds more power is already clear. If this continues, Little Sister Madeleine's parents can only wait for death."

The mother-daughter duo hadn't been sitting idly by as everyone else fought. They had snuck into Sapientia territory for several years already.

Dyon didn't actually mind giving them such a dangerous mission only because the safety measures he put in place were beyond the means of the Sapientia to handle.

Of course, Dyon himself had entered Sapientia territory before, but it was impossible to simply expect to stumble upon an incredibly important conversation going on at just the right times. Even if Dyon could scan an entire universe back then, the Sapientia controlled over 300. He obviously couldn't monitor them all at once.

So, Dyon decided to wait... Wait until the point the Sapientia were certain that he was out of the picture. Then, he made use of his talented daughter.

As the offspring of a Heaven's Child, Alauna's talent couldn't be questioned. While Amphorae was the first of Dyon's wives to reach the Supreme Realm, Alauna was the first of the Mortal Empire to reach it in that time, period.

Not only this, but she had broken into the two facet Overlord Realm as well. In truth, she could have become a three facet Overlord as well, but hadn't done so, so that she could continue to appear on the mortal plane.

As things stood now, she had reached that realm in the two facets the Heavens tolerated: her body and her soul. This was exactly why Dyon could entrust her with this mission, because her Immortal Sense would give her a certain advantage in concealment.

Even if the Sapientia were hiding a soul facet Overlord, the soul talent Alauna had simply being Dyon's daughter wasn't something a normal First Grade World Seer could match.

Alauna rubbed her little hands together, smiling an evil grin.

"We could just beat them all up. I'd really like to see if the Sapientia are hiding anything that could catch my interest."

Luna rolled her eyes, smacking her daughter's forehead with a palm.

"Don't run around being as reckless as your father. This has to be handled delicately."

Alauna sighed, but it was unknown whether this sigh was for the faction of Sapientia in danger, or if it was for herself.

"I just don't understand what they were thinking? Is this all their plans amounted to?"

"Momma Madeleine's parents ran off to dad's home universe to train up some disciples, but those same disciples, even with dad's help, could only become Higher Existences even if they survived their Heaven's Staircase trial which they've yet to take..."

"On top of that, even after undertaking that mission, they left a ticking time bomb like Oshire who almost killed dad all while abandoning their daughter at the same time. What kind of plan was this? Whoever thought of it should be ashamed."

Luna shook her head. "I don't believe such geniuses in cultivation could be such fools, but that doesn't bar them from being naïve. If your father is correct, maybe they wanted to train up disciples from his home universe to see if any of that latent still remained. After all, they likely guessed that the true pinnacle human race of the mortal plane would be born from there..."

"In the end, they were right. It's just that your father succeeded where they failed."

Alauna's eyes flashed with understanding.

"Only by revitalizing the pinnacle race could they potentially delay the Ancient Battlefield's descent. Dad's words..."

Luna nodded. "He didn't explain everything to you because he wanted you to come to the conclusion on your own... It looks like you did...."

Chapter 2048: Won't

"The Ancient Battlefield's descent this time is so early only because the pinnacle race failed to be born, causing the Heavens to give up on the Era and seek to start anew.

"The minority faction of the Sapientia likely wanted to stop this descent by rebirthing this race of people..."

"Going to your father's universe, raising up disciples, hoping that they would become key wielders. All of this was for the sake of finding the remains of that pinnacle race.

"I'm sure you understand what that means." Luna said solemnly.

Alauna's expression turned serious. "The crux of the Sapientia's plan lies within the Ancient Battlefield and the minority faction knew that and wanted to stop it. Maybe the catalyst for dad's failure in the past timeline was sparked long before he even got the chance to fight back..."

Luna's gaze became cold. "No matter what they're planning, this time, we won't allow them to succeed."

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"Seems it's almost time..." Dyon mumbled to himself.

It had already been a year since the Deity Clan fell. What remained of their population was sent off to the mortal plane while their territory was taken over by Dyon's armies. As for assimilating them into the army, Dyon wasn't in a rush to do so. Honestly, his people were no longer at a stage in development where their strength was weak in comparison to others. In Dyon's opinion, the talent of his people had already reached the peak of what the mortal plane was capable of birthing.

At the same time though, the majority of the Deity Race was actually quite grateful to him despite what led their being under his charge. After all, it was his actions that allowed them to break free of this prison. So, it wouldn't be impossible to make use of them in the future.

Currently, Dyon sat on a bed of grass, facing a raging ocean tide.

It was an odd dichotomy, almost like a barrier splitting two worlds. On one side, the side of the dark waters, it was like the embodiment of death and destruction. But, on the other, there was lush grass, filled with peace and calm.

Of course, the Ancient Battlefield didn't usually have such healthy grass. Much of it coarse earth. The ground was simply too hard for such weak plant life to grow. However, to Dyon, accomplishing this was as easy as waving a hand.

Dyon didn't even seem to notice the raging waters before him as he feasted on what seemed like an endless supply of food.

All around him, his wives reclined with him. Having been so used to beautiful scenery for so long, they almost found the violent of the Ancient Battlefield waters to be therapeutic.

Ri giggled lightly. "Dyon, you eat nothing but Saru's cooking these days. She's an Overlord yet you've made her into your own personal cook, don't you feel bad?"

Dyon paused his drinking of a large bowl of dragon marrow soup.

"... Nope." He said with a shameless grin.

Over the past several decades, he had only missed a rare few days of eating. If a team of mortals had to cook at the volume he consumed, not even a thousand chefs would be enough.

Through his study of alchemy, Dyon had become more keenly aware of the secrets of his body, even more so that he had when he awakened his Immortal Sense. Though he had always loved to eat, there were many times he would go months without touching a scrap of food simply because he had thrust his mind into training and other stressful matters.

However, Dyon came to understand that his own actions had actually limited the growth of his Titan Diamond Body. Though he could survive without food, it was detrimental to himself to do so. In fact, if it wasn't because his qi density was so high and he had a near endless supply thanks to his inner world, he would have starved to death.

Having been stuck at the bottleneck to the Faith Silk Realm for so long already, Dyon's food consumption could probably feed a nation. At the same time, he wondered if keeping his body satiated might help him tear down this final barrier.

There was another bottleneck Dyon was more worried about, though. And that was his soul...

He long since knew that after entering the immortal realms of soul cultivation, its path would diverge into two directions. One dealt with the senses, while the other concentrated on raw qi output and strength.

However, by his calculations, with his talent, he should have long since broken through in this second path. But for some reason, his soul refused to push past the peak star qi realm no matter what he tried. Even half immortal grade soul path pills didn't work.

Having relied on his soul talent all his life, this reality made Dyon uncomfortable. Not less confident... just uncomfortable.

"If you won't take her as a wife, then I will." Ri said just as shamelessly. "I've always wanted one of them."

Dyon nearly choked on his soup.

He seemed to remember that back when he took Ri and Madeleine to visit the mortal world during the World Tournament, Ri and Madeleine had kissed. Dyon couldn't remember a time that ever happened again, but it seemed Luna was starting to influence his Ri in devilish ways. Still, he couldn't seem to find the will to be mad about it.

Suddenly, a low boom reverberated through the amiable atmosphere.

Ri, Dyon, Amphorae and Clara all looked over to find that Madeleine's clothing at burnt to ashes, her aura sky-rocketing several times over.

With a casual wave of his hand, Dyon erected a barrier around the 5 of them that stifled the aura's ability to escape. In an instant, everything was sealed, not even the small ant could sneak out even if they wanted to.

Flames of violet danced along Madeleine's flawless skin, a thin sheen of black sweat being burnt away even as they were produced.

Dyon understood what this was immediately. The last bit of Madeleine's bodily immortal impurities were being cast away. After 6 years of eating pills refined of Ice Phoenix and Fire Phoenix blood, Madeleine had finally undone the last of her shackles and entered the two facet Overlord Realm using her comprehension and her body!

Chapter 2049: What's Wrong?

Dyon grinned. On one hand he was appreciating his wife's body, but on the other, he was genuinely happy at her increase in strength. It was only a shame that he couldn't do so as easily for his other wives.

For Clara, one might think using Fire Phoenix blood might be enough, but it wasn't.

Clara's body was a special balance of fire and wind. Even though her third constitution was Eternity's Balance and would greatly help in this regard, raising the completion of Eternity's Balance was far harder than any other constitution Dyon had ever come across.

For example, Dyon's Titan Diamond body crept toward completion as his body strengthened. His Silver Mirror Constitution was a bit harder in that he needed to comprehend the mysteries of defensive laws in order to push it forward, but another large majority of it was tempering his qi, which was still relatively easy.

However, his Eternity's Balance constitution left him at a loss.

Simply put, the best path for Clara was to raise his fire and wind spirit bodies at the same rate to more easily maintain their balance. However, while finding high level fire beasts was easy considering fire was a powerful will on par with lightning of the elemental wills... wind beasts of a high level were nearly impossible to find. At the very least, Dyon had yet to find one.

For the same reasons, finding high level wind abyssal cores was also difficult. This left Dyon at a loss for Clara.

On another side, there was Ri. Her situation was even more complicated because she was fusion of two supreme races. The Kitsune and the Elves.

The former was still relatively easy, after all, Dyon had a vat of celestial fox blood. He had been feeding her the very same body tempering pills Madeleine had been eating as well. In fact, he had been feeding them to her ever since he comprehended his master's legacy... So several months longer than Madeleine.

However, the kitsune body was naturally weak. So, strengthening it, naturally took more time.

Dyon had been experimenting with combining different celestial beast bloodlines to create a stronger pill that wouldn't be volatile, but this would still take some time.

Then there was the largest elephant in the room, one that only Dyon and Madeleine knew about... her elven bloodline.

Dyon had been purposely ignoring it to now, trying to strengthen her kitsune side and by proxy weaken her elven side, but there really was nothing more he could do.

That left Luna and Amphorae...

Luna was slowly growing in strength as her soul was strengthened, so there weren't any major problems there. However, for Amphorae, this matter relied on Dyon's own comprehension of blessings.

Dyon had already allowed Amphorae to become an Ascended Seraphim, but there was really nothing more he could do for her. This was already the pinnacle bloodline of the angels.

Unless he comprehended magic to a deeper degree, he couldn't evolve her any further.

Unfortunately, this wasn't a simple matter of comprehension, Dyon essentially had to study magic to the point where he could create a new path in it. The problem was he didn't have a treasure like [The Dao of Magic], so he was at a complete loss on how to do so.

However, in this regard, he did have one idea... There was a certain Clan of the 12 Overlord Clans that just might have what he needed, but he didn't dare to casually touch them before. Now that he had consolidated his foundation in the southern region, though, it may just be worth it.

'... I should try something else first.' Dyon thought to himself seriously. 'That is a Clan even I cannot underestimate just yet. After all... They're the reason my constitution exists.'

At that moment, Madeleine's eyes slowly opened. She was completely unable to hide the happiness within.

Her smile seemed to light up the world. Even the raging dark ocean waves slowed to witness her perfection.

"It seems our Sacharro Clan now has a two facet Overlord." Amphorae said with a light smile.
"Congratulations."

Madeleine beamed, reaching over and giving Amphorae a tight hug without regard for her nude body. After bonding over their love of music, it wasn't a surprise that the usually silent Amphorae would go out of her way to congratulate Madeleine. It could be said that Dyon couldn't ask for a better first wife.

"A two facet Overlord that may not be very far from a three facet in strength." Clara added with her own smile.

The girls giggled amongst themselves, completely ignoring Dyon.

"Hey, hey. Shouldn't I get some credit for this too?" He said righteously.

"Wipe the sauce off your face before you try to be so dignified." Clara said with disdain.

Dyon pouted. "Aren't you my wife? Shouldn't you be caringly wiping my mouth with your handkerchief?"

"Sure, here." Clara said with a playful smile.

Just as Dyon was about to believe her, a strong wind slammed against his face. If it was a mortal, they would have definitely erupted into a shower of meat paste, but for Dyon, his skin only comically deformed as the sauce flew from his lips.

The Empresses of the Mortal Empire erupted into a fit of laughter. Even Amphorae couldn't help but cover her red lips with a small hand, looking away from Dyon.

Dyon lowered his head, feigning dejection. "To treat an Emperor like this... This Heavens don't have eyes."

Suddenly, his eyes sharpened. 'It seems I was right, it really is time.'

"Did those Clans notice already?" Madeleine probed.

The Clans Madeleine was referring to were obvious the 12 Overlord Clans.

Since there were four regions, there were three Overlord Clans to each. Obviously, since Dyon had made such massive moves in the southern region, the Overlord Clans that resided here would eventually notice no matter how much they usually disdained to care about the trivial matters of their subordinate tribes and clans.

However, Dyon surprisingly shook his head.

Chapter 2050: Sharp

"Even if they did notice, they wouldn't casually act due our actions in the last 6 years. They should more or less have some apprehensions toward our mortal plane cultivators now."

Over the past 6 years, not only had Dyon personally attacked using his various clones and primordial yins, but his wives and subordinates had as well. The Ancient Battlefield now believed the mortal plane had dozens of Higher Existences below the age of 1000 years old. So, if this was the case, how powerful would the elder generation be?

This apprehension wasn't the end of it either. Originally, they had believed the Ancient Battlefield was descending because the Heavens were dissatisfied with this current Era and wanted to supplement their strength with the older eras. But now... A far darker reality had begun to spread...

What if it wasn't that the Heavens were dissatisfied with mortal plane... But rather that the Ancient Battlefield was no longer needed because this Era was already perfect?!

This sort of psychological warfare was already crushing the prisoners of this Ancient Battlefield with a weight the likes of which they had never felt before.

However, even with all of this being the case, this wasn't what Dyon was referring to.

"Then what is it?"

"As expected, the Mist Clan found a way to circumvent my rules and enter the Ancient Battlefield. I've sensed Anak's entry."

"They really found a way?"

Dyon's wives looked up in surprise. They knew how airtight the Mortal Empire's defenses were.

"It's better this way." Dyon said with a light sneer. "The Mist Clan was just as useful as I thought they'd be."

"Stop pretending to be mysterious and explain already." Clara rolled her eyes.

"It's nothing special, it's just that the Mist Clan hasn't attempted to contact any of the 12 Overlord Clans."

"How does that make them useful? Doesn't that just mean their backer is too weak to enter our notice?"

"Well, that would be the case if the 12 Overlord Clans really are all we have to worry about." Dyon said lightly.

The expressions of the four women turned serious.

"There are others?" Ri asked.

"Think about it." Dyon said. "What are the dangerous areas in this Ancient Battle that no one dares to approach lightly?"

"You mean that Mist Clan is from the core region of the Ancient Battlefield?!"

However, Dyon surprisingly shook his head no.

"No. I don't believe that region is as simple as it seems. The old man once said the Immortal Plane has an Ancient Battlefield of its own... I have a feeling that core region is related to it. Who knows, maybe to the Heavens, the Failed Clans of the mortal plane and the Failed Clans of the immortal plane might as well be housed in the same place."

Dyon thought for a bit then waved his hand. "It's just a fleeting thought, I don't really know. I can't enter that area casually either. The Pride Clan cave I entered before was on the very outer edge, and back then, I relied on my Divine Sense to avoid anything troublesome."

"The water." Amphorae suddenly said.

Dyon smiled a smile that wasn't a smile.

"Everyone has been so focused on the last that everyone's forgotten that there's one place even those Overlord Clans don't casually touch."

"You're saying the water is hiding a system of Clans even those on the surface may be unaware of?" Madeleine's brow knit tightly.

"I can't say for sure... But what I do know is that back on my home planet, we knew more about the stars in the sky than the oceans on our own homeland. Of course, we were mere mortals then, so all of these secrets were laid bare when we gained cultivation, but don't you remember what happened?"

"Back then, even with our cultivations, Ri and I ran into troublesome opponents. The blue whales, the seahorses, the king jellyfish... The reef that took my arm..."

"When an ecosystem is allowed to evolve all on its own without observation, the end results could be beyond our wildest imaginations."

Dyon's gaze grew sharper.

"I don't know the truth, but what I do know is that my Immortal Sense can only penetrate 10 000 kilometers below this ocean's surface."

This truth was a shock to Dyon's wives... Dyon was a Third Grade World Seer! He could see through 3 universe barriers at once! What was 10 000 kilometers to a universe which was trillions of light years across?!

"The water isn't normal water... Somehow, it's infused with such thick qi that it acts as a natural barrier all on its own. The density of qi in the water is over a thousand times that of the air around us now. I'm sure you understand what that means... This Ancient Battlefield already has qi density several times that of our mortal plane, so you can imagine what it means for its oceans to be even several levels above that."

Dyon's words were spoken calmly, but the expressions of his wives only grew more solemn.

"That's why you let the Mist Clan go all this time?" Madeleine asked.

"Well, mostly, yea. I had a feeling that the Clan they were attaching themselves to couldn't be normal. There simply aren't any Clans with the affinities of the Mist Clan."

"There are though." Ri's brow furrowed.

"Those Clans are only among the ranks below the Overlord Clans. Because of that, we can directly eliminate them." Dyon said with confidence. "Think about it. For the Mist Clan to have connections to the Ancient Battlefield, one of two things must be true.

"One, the Mist Clan has existed on the mortal plane since the last Ancient Battlefield descent at the very least. If the matter is even more outrageous than even I think, then it's possible that they've existed since the second or maybe even the first descent."

This possibility was already awe inspiring, but quite frankly, Dyon believed that the second was even more poignant.

"The second possibility is that... they managed to exit the battlefield."