

## The Nameless 2061

Chapter 2061: [Asura]

Dyon's wives suddenly understood. They were intelligent in their own right... If a virgin's primordial yin was enough to save someone who burned their soul, there's no way that Dyon would be the only one to use this method. The fact no one knew about it might really mean that... it only worked for Dyon?!

"There's nothing to worry about, actually." Dyon said faintly through his meditation. "I had already concocted pills that could supercharge the healing of my soul in conjunction with the Soul Tome. It's just that I was so focused on you that I didn't take them. Then... someone started kicking me, and someone else rammed into me with the full speed of a three facet Overlord, so I couldn't hold on anymore."

Clara and Ri looked at each other.

In the next instant, Dyon felt a powerful punch land on his right side and a blazing kick hit him from the left.

Dyon choked on air. Wasn't this too much? No matter what, he was still in a dangerous state right now. And, a normal Supreme would have erupted into a cloud of meat paste by now.

"Alright, alright. I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

Seeing that Dyon had the state of mind to joke around, Ri, Clara, Madeleine and Amphorae calmed down, looking on in curiosity.

The pressure Dyon was giving off would be suffocating to others, but for some reason, they felt even more comfortable now than they had before.

Dyon's hand stretched out.

"[Asura]..."

A black hole of dark flames was slowly etched into existence. As his hand curved around in a circular pattern, more and more of it was drawn until eventually, a complex system of black flaming gears and runes manifested itself.

In those moments, it felt like the world was collapsing. The final [Judgement] wasn't worth much to Dyon anymore. Though it could treat the lives of Peak Dao Experts, and even Fallen, like blades of grass... So could Dyon's normal fists.

However, there seemed to be something fundamentally different about this [Asura] array. It was far more powerful than it had been in the past.

Back when Dyon first burned his soul, he noticed that his arrays were more powerful as well. However, back then, he naively dismissed it.

The Dyon of now realized how foolish this was.

What decided the strength of an array wasn't the soul strength behind it, but rather the profundity of the runes it was drawn with. In this regard, it was different than battle techniques.

For a battle technique, strength was decided both by the quality of qi and the profundity of the technique. However, for an array, it was only decided by the strength of the runes that made it up. As long as you could draw it, it would always have the same strength.

Of course, there were ways to very narrowly increase the strength of an array. For example, array manipulation techniques like adding spin. Dyon often added quick rotations to his weapon's master arrays to give them more penetrative power...

But this increase in strength was limited. One might want to mention [Soul Aid], but it had to be remembered that [Soul Aid] actually used calculations to modify the array, thus resulting in the changes in strength. So, any array [Soul Aid] was applied to would no longer fundamentally be the same.

In Dyon's youth, his soul talent was so overwhelming that he completely skipped over little minor rules like this, so he didn't understand just how amazing it was that his arrays were stronger without changing their runes at all!

'Just what is going on...?' Dyon mumbled to himself.

He crushed [Asura], dissipating it into the wind as he popped a pill into his mouth.

'Oh? I can control the speed of burning... Is this possible for others...?'

Dyon had never heard that the rate of soul burning could be controlled, so he had always gone all out from the very beginning.

Just now, he had faintly thought it would be better if he could stay in this state for longer, and as though subconsciously, his rate of soul burning slowed to a crawl.

Suddenly, all the uncomfortable effects of burning the soul completely vanished. The moment Dyon stopped going all out he even felt... comfortable?

Dyon felt like he had suddenly opened his eyes to an all-new world.

Dyon was shocked. He realized in this instant that his soul was actually recovering faster than it was being burned. It was like this was the state his soul was meant to be in.

For a moment, Dyon was lost in thought.

All his life, his soul cultivation had been beyond even his own understanding. Even if he didn't actively cultivate it, it grew wildly almost to the point of being out of control. In fact, there were many times Dyon had to actively suppress his soul so that his own body didn't shatter under the pressure.

In recent times, this had become less and less of a problem in part due to his Titan Diamond Constitution in addition to his alchemy.

Currently, Dyon faintly believed that maybe the reason his soul refused to enter the Overlord realms in true force was because of a self protection mechanism. Maybe his body really wouldn't be able to withstand the change.

Of course, even without entering that Realm, Dyon's soul was far more powerful than even and Overlord's despite still being within the dao realms.

"You're really fine?" Ri muttered, looking at Dyon with a weird expression.

"My soul... is still growing stronger..." Dyon responded softly, checking himself.

The more he observed, the more shocked he became.

The burning of his soul was actually purifying it of lingering impurities! The gold soul qi of Innate Aurora wielders was already naturally purer than those who had normal white soul qi, but Dyon's soul seemed keen on pushing even past that.

'There's nothing else this could be... It has to be a constitution. That's the only explanation.'

## Chapter 2062: Dao Heart?

Dyon felt that he had suddenly been missing out on something his whole life. Just how many constitutions with abstruse awakening conditions had he run across in his lifetime?

There was Amphorae's constitution which required falling in love with the same man through two reincarnations in order to manifest its true strength. There was Ri's constitution oddity where her Elvin Queen's Reign didn't manifest until she resolved its conflict with her Void Kitsune Faith Seed. There was Madeleine's constitution which before awakening made her feel an uncontrollable lust during the full moon...

Just how many constitutions were there that had odd conditions, often unknown to even its wielder? Dyon himself had had no idea that his Titan Diamond Body had the Ancient Battlefield itself as its world until years into having it.

Who was to say that there wasn't some obscure soul constitution with had the ridiculous condition of burning one's soul to activate?

There was no learner's manual for cultivation. It may seem like there is due to how many techniques existed, but weren't these just written by those who originally had no idea what they were doing as well? Just how many new techniques were created everyday? Every week? Month? Year? Millennium?

In the same vein, how could constitutions be so easily understood? Constitutions were incredibly rare to begin with, two of the same constitution might not even appear in the same generation! Let alone the fact that the mortal plane's population has taken a steep trend downward.

Dyon suddenly felt a wave of enlightenment, his body all but froze.

'I always believed the greatest weakness of the soul was that it couldn't be used to attack directly, but is that really the case? How many people use qi to attack directly? You might be able to kill someone far weaker than you with a surge of qi, but when facing an opponent at near or the same level, it's always best to choose to use a technique...

'The path your qi takes in your meridians, the way it's expelled, how it's used, this is what makes the energy path gain its strength.

'Before that, the body cultivation path was the most crude. Aren't the muscles qi and soul qi in this context? No one uses their muscles to attack directly, that would be ridiculous... We use our muscles as levers to generate torque and explosive power in our limbs... This is how the strength of the body path comes into play...

'But what about the soul? We use arrays to implement our strength, but the problem is that scaling this strength is too difficult.

'The more powerful the array, the longer it takes to deploy. The more complex the runes of the array, the stronger it is, but once again, it takes longer to draw...

'But this isn't a flaw of the soul, it's the flaw of the techniques used to converge soul strength. The problem is that it's simply too difficult to fix this issue... techniques like [Soul Aid] have tried, but they mandate a high threshold of both talent and stamina.

'This isn't my problem to fix, though. I have no need to do so, nor the time to do so. But what if my constitution fixes this problem for me...?

'Arrays use runes to communicate with the heavens. That archaic language is able to connect with the heavens in such a way that it becomes capable of commanding it to perform certain tasks. This is why I always equated drawing arrays to writing code.

'The true theory behind it is akin to a gate. Every rune is able to open a gate toward heaven's power. The more complex the rune, the larger the gate, and the more powerful the array.

'But what if my soul was able to forcibly make this gate larger with the use of weaker, more simply runes?'

Dyon's eyes flashed opened, the illusory white flames around him vanishing completely.

'Everyone can only use their soul to form a bridge with the Heavens... But what if I can do much more than just form a bridge...?'

"To forcibly open heaven's gates... to snatch fate from its jaws as you please... This is the essence of my constitution... But is it really a constitution? Or it is my dao heart...?"

Dyon faintly felt the bottleneck on his Titan Diamond Body loosen, but he knew there was no point in trying to breakthrough once again. He understood now that the reason he hadn't been able to breakthrough before was because he was lacking in comprehension. Now, however, he was lacking in energy.

What a joke this was. In order to perfect Titan Diamond Body, only immortal qi would work. But Dyon's body couldn't withstand such a thing right now. In fact, it wouldn't be able to unless he broke through the mortal plane. But if he broke through the mortal plane, he would lose the chance to perfect his mortal body.

How could this be anything other than a cruel joke?

Still, Dyon was not a normal man. He had already thought of two possible solutions.

One was concocting a true immortal grade pill. The trouble was that he didn't have any immortal grade herbs. This wasn't a gap he could fill by grafting mortal grade herbs together...

The second solution lied in something that had been playing at the back of his mind for a long time already... The Overlord Realm!

When Dyon was dual cultivating with Ri just now, he realized the progress of her soul's strength had slowed to a grinding halt. It was as though now that she had entered the third facet, entering the fourth would be impossible.

There was definitely a secret laying silently here. And Dyon wanted to know what it was!

Dyon threw these thoughts to the back of his mind, grinning evilly.

Ri blinked innocently, pretending not to notice. On his other side, Clara rolled her eyes and fell to her pillow, pretending to be asleep. Madeleine took an 'I can't hear or see anything' approach, while the distance between him and Amphorae, despite not actually changing, seemed hundreds of times wider.

"You four actually want to bully me like this?"

Ri tilted her head. "Did you all here anything?"

Chapter 2063: Last Time

?"Nope."

"Not a thing."

"Nothing here."

Too bad Dyon's evil grin only deepened. "Oh, it seems I've been too magnanimous as a husband."

He dove toward Ri.

Laughter erupted in the room before fading to moans of passion.

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Days later, the group of five found themselves in very familiar surroundings.

Every so often, a new expert would fly overhead, looking down at the river of black with curious gazes. But, not sensing anything different, they could only leave.

"It seems you caused quite the commotion." Dyon said with a grin.

With his soul strength and Immortal Sense, if he didn't want to be sensed, it was impossible for these buzzing flies to do so. So, he and his wives didn't have to hide under any cover, they stood directly by the river's edge, getting ready to step forward.

Ri pouted. "I still feel a bit uncomfortable about being a full beast now..."

Her words were soft, but Dyon could tell that this really bothered her. His gaze suddenly fell with some guilt.

"I'm sorry. I really didn't think about it because I'll love you no matter what you are."

Seeing Dyon look at her so seriously and say such cheesy words, Ri's heart couldn't help but feel warm. Her smile bloomed, all of her worries seemingly flying away.

Clara, Madeleine and Amphorae smiled lightly. Of course they had already said these words to Ri as well, but it seemed she really placed Dyon's opinion above theirs. It was both jealousy inducing and adorable.

"Was the World Tree really so bad, though?" Ri asked curiously. "He was never anything but good to me."

Dyon sighed. "I don't doubt that, but I am certain that he had an ulterior motive.

"Considering the beauty of his world, he seems like a good ruler. However, he crossed a line trying to use you in his schemes. Maybe from his point of view, he wasn't wrong. What he was doing was for the benefit of his own world. Objectively, there's nothing wrong with that. But he should have used someone else."

Seeing Dyon's stubborn attitude, his wives giggled. He really was too overprotective.

He always spoke about Alauna finding a good husband in recent years as well, but didn't he know that no one dared to approach her because of him?

Who were they kidding, Dyon definitely knew this. However, in his eyes, if you didn't have the courage to stand up to him, what right did you have to marry his daughter?

"Alright, let's go..." Dyon's gaze turned serious. "... I really want to see what it is the Mist Clan is hiding under there."

Dyon brought his wives over a familiar scene. The waters beneath his feet directly became calm, looking no different from the surface of a black mirror.

Soon, he dove downward. But, his wives weren't surprised to see that this location was far different than his last attempt. It seemed he entered the wrong region on purpose back then... In fact, Dyon had

purposely chosen the most volatile region for the sake of helping Ri comprehend her water will to a new stage.

Like this, they entered the familiar underwater world, devastation lying in every direction.

"It really does look much more beautiful than it did the last time." Ri said faintly.

Ri's connection with water was much deeper than it had been in the past. Not only was her snow kitsune bloodline much stronger, but her celestial fox as well as celestial kun peng blood strengthened this even further.

However, if others heard her words, they would think her to be crazy. This environment was anything but beautiful.

Though this segment of the river was much calmer, for those with sharp enough eyes or senses to see through the dark waters, there was still a violent storm in every direction.

There were tornados of water to the right, creating underwater tunnels of air. However, if one casually entered one, there would only be death. The drastic change in water to air pressure would cause one to burst from the inside out. And this was if you could make it into the air pocket in the first place. For most, the blades of turning water would turn you into minced meat fist.

To the left, there were sections where these tornadoes of water met together at their ends, forming massive spheres of churning water that had cyclones jetting out from their surface like tentacles.

These formations were even more dangerous than the tornadoes of water, because they were so unstable that they could burst at any time, resulting in an explosion so large that even this deep below the surface, a mountain of water would form into the skies.

None of this even touched upon the beasts. They had the same ugly, deformed visages the very first beasts Dyon met on the Ancient Battlefield had. However, the difference was that this environment was so much more savage than any that grew to adulthood had strength beyond reason. Even the weakest were Fallen in strength.

Many of these beasts seemed completely out of place. Some of them had mammalian faces on fish-like bodies. Some more pitiful beasts were the exact opposite, having bodies that should have been found on land.

However, Dyon's Presence was so off putting that they didn't dare approach.

"What did you come to understand about water?" Dyon asked curiously.

Others might be worried about ruining their dao by listening to the thoughts of others, but Dyon was extremely confident in his current dao heart. Plus, there was that technique about swallowing Daos to strengthen your own the Dragon King told him about that he had still yet to use.

Right now, that technique was pretty useless to him. But, who said it would continue to be in the future?

"I just came to realize that water is the ultimate vessel... Not only can it take any shape, but its ability to contain and control is beyond compare... Believing that ice is the best form of water isn't the proper path... Ice is only so powerful precisely because of the properties of water."

Chapter 2064: Really?

?Clara giggled. "This is why I told you to seriously study science, Ri. If you had, you would have had this breakthrough a long time ago."

Ri blinked, feeling slightly aggrieved. She didn't want to touch that science stuff with a ten foot pole.

"Really?" She said doubtfully.

"Really." Clara nodded, trying to convince her. "In terms of materials, water is among the best in terms of specific heat. Well... 'best' is subjective, but the short of it is that compared to other materials, water has a very high threshold for both accepting and retaining heat."

"In terms of the scientific theory, for every joule of energy you spend, water will, on average, raise less in temperature than another material. At the same time, more energy has to be extracted from water, on average, for it to drop in temperature."

Ri's eyes glowed. Though she hated science, she was still intelligent. This explanation alone was enough for her to understand.

"So you mean that water of the martial world can exaggerate this property to its limits."

Dyon nodded. "This is why ice will is so powerful. It's very difficult to melt ice in the first place, especially when it comes in large blocks. For every output of fire will, it takes less ice will to counter it. Water will always suppress fire, no matter what form it's in. Even water vapor stifles fire by starving it of oxygen it needs.

"In fact, ice's specific heat is actually much smaller than water's in the first place. So in a lot of ways, water will is the superior form. It's just that it's difficult to understand and apply its uses."

Ri became more and more engrossed in their words.

But, suddenly realizing she was falling for their trap, she shook her head and snapped out of it.

"You two won't trick me like this. Science is the devil's literature."

Seeing her being so defiant, the four of them couldn't help but laugh.

"Their knowledge isn't so bad, Little Sister Ri. Their music theory was very eye opening to me and Big Sister Amphorae."

"Hmph, no matter what you say, I refuse."

Dyon smiled. He remembered trying to get Ri to read a textbook, but she said it gave her PTSD about her days learning royal etiquette. She always liked the dresses, but stuff like curtsy technique and dining etiquette made her head spin.

Dyon's smile froze, his progression down suddenly grinding to a halt. Seeing this, his wives immediately put up their guard, but Dyon said nothing for a long time as though trying to sense something.

"It seems this is more serious than I thought..." He said lightly. "... It's extremely faint, but my immortal sense just felt an even stronger suppression down below. And... I think it's rapidly approaching suppression similar to what I faced in the Realm..."

Dyon didn't want to think one of his guesses was actually correct, but it seemed that below these waters... There was a world no different from the Immortal Plane below...

"Is it really the immortal plane?" Madeleine asked.

"..." Dyon's eyes narrowed. "No, I don't think so. But, I think it's very possible that this environment cultivated a place that's maybe no different from the immortal plane in action, but is lacking in substance."

Dyon found even his own words to be hard to understand. But what he was trying to say was that something created an environment below that seemingly gave off similar pressure to the immortal plane below, but it was lacking in several factors.

For example, it was lacking in the most important 'Laws'.

The reason Dyon could only cultivate [One Above All] in his Realm wasn't because of qi, but rather because of the special laws that created it. The mortal plane's highest wills were only of the 9th Dao Realm. Anyone who comprehended something beyond this could only rely on their own extrapolations or their special bloodlines and abilities.

In fact, Dyon's Realm didn't even have immortal qi within it. In his own ignorance, he had misjudged there to be qi. But this wasn't the case. What caused his injuries hadn't been immortal qi, but rather the suppressive effects of the Realm's Laws when fused with mortal qi.

The combination of the two was too much for a normal mortal body to withstand. It was only recently that Dyon began to have the ability to withstand this pressure better than most others.

However, this also meant that the suppressive effects of these Laws in combination with Immortal Qi would be even more devastating.

"Whatever is below is lacking in Laws and even in Immortal Qi, however it's suppressed and concentrated mortal qi to such a level that it's becoming infinitesimally similar to immortal qi... As though it's become a new category of qi entirely.

"At the same time, some extremely weak Laws exist. They can't compare to the full Laws of the Immortal Plane, but I suspect that some comprehension facet Overlords passed down their knowledge here..."

Dyon's visage was incomparably stern. He could already sense the barrier to this place and wasn't entirely certain what to expect once he crossed over.

Though he described this place as a knockoff of the immortal plane, his deeper thoughts realized that things weren't so simple as this. If this was only a knock off of the immortal plane... Why was his Immortal Sense so restricted?

World Seers were specifically classified by their ability to see entire realms within the immortal plane. Essentially, even the immortal plane shouldn't restrict him so much. So why was this place doing so?

Dyon looked toward his wives and bitterly smiled. He obviously wanted to tell them to enter his Inner World, but they were purposely ignoring him before he had even said anything.

"In that case... Let's go."

Into seemingly empty space, Dyon stretched out his hand through the blackened waters.

A moment later, his hand met resistance. It was as though a glass plate was hidden well beneath the ocean currents. However, Dyon didn't seem very surprised.

#### Chapter 2065: Pay Up

?Dyon had long since devoured Valen's memories. With his added control of [Devour] after reaching the One with Self Realm, he could even pick and choose which memories he snatched, allowing the latter to keep his life. Of course, this was only a recent ability he gained after he had refined his soul qi control through decades of pill concocting.

Valen's life may still be useful to him... So he kept him alive for now.

Unfortunately, Valen's memories didn't have anything useful in them. Apparently, his only mission was to enter this place and find his Ancestors. Other than that, he was meant to inform them of the situation outside. Beyond that, there was nothing.

Dyon didn't believe that things could be so simple. But what he did believe was that Valen didn't have the right to know the truth.

A drop of blood appeared in Dyon's hand. Of course, it wasn't his own, but rather, Valen's.

Protecting it from the waters with a sphere of qi, he pressed it into the sheet of glass.

The water rippled outward, creating a portal beneath the waters. Though it appeared no differently from the countless whirlpools above them, it was decidedly calmer.

With another glance back, Dyon shook his head and gave up, taking a step forward with four beauties in tow.

In that moment, the world completely faded.

The pressure grew with each passing moment as though they were quickly descending the ocean waters below.

Dyon's senses remained locked on to his wives. No matter what, he refused to let anything happen to them. Since they wanted to be by his side, that was fine. As long as he was here, he wouldn't allow a single hair to be harmed.

A bright light washed over their visions. By the time they cleared, the situation before them was very much like what Dyon expected. How could the only entry into their world not be constantly guarded at all times?

Above their heads, there was a massive transparent dome. It reminded Dyon of the concealment array his master cast over the ruins of the Celestial Deer Sect, except this one was far larger. So large in fact that a normal person wouldn't recognize it to be a dome, but would rather think a flat sheet of transparent glass was above their heads.

However, this was only a minor detail, because dressed in gorgeous blue armor and brandishing tridents, there was a squadron of warriors that seemed to have expected their arrival.

Upon closer inspection, Dyon realized that there were actually three domes. The largest one, which was currently over their heads, was the most outward dome of glass. Further forward, There was another medium sized dome with yet another much smaller one beneath it, separating this underground world into three regions.

The current region Dyon and his wives were in was very close to the outer wall of the dome. In fact, if it wasn't for the sharp vision of Dyon's right eye, he wouldn't be able to see out of their current situation at all.

Dyon was effectively observing all of this from within an extremely confined space. The details he could see through made it seem as though he was standing in the open air, but the reality was that he was in what amounted to a cage without a door.

He and his wives stood at the mouth of an underground cave, the entrance of which was not only blocked by the several blue armored warriors, but also diverging tunnels. Dyon's gaze had followed

along these diverging tunnels to witness what was outside, but to anyone else, there was nothing but the pale light of an underground space before them.

In fact, even the so-called 'entrance' that was being blocked was hundreds of meters away from their current location. It was just that with Dyon's eyesight, it might as well have been right before him.

If Dyon set all of these things aside, though, his immediate surroundings felt as though he had just stepped foot into a bizarre sci-fi movie.

The portal he and his wives had just walked out from was surrounded by all sorts of metallic machines and black wires as thick as a human's forearm.

The pale lights he thought of before were eerily reminiscent of light bulbs Dyon had once read about in a textbook long ago.

For a second, Dyon thought that instead of stepping into a world of cultivation, he had returned to his mortal world by some sort of odd means. Of all the things he could have expected... This was the very last.

Sending his gaze out through the diverging tunnels once more, Dyon's suspicions were confirmed.

Below the three domes, there were countless futuristic structures. Of course, there weren't things as ridiculous as flying cars, but there were numerous transportation vehicles that screamed of technological advancement, one of which was a silver pod with tracks that wined around the city as though it was a rollercoaster rather than a means of getting from point A to point B.

Seeing Dyon's skeptical expression, it was clear the warriors before him completely misunderstood what he was thinking about.

"Pay up." One of the warriors jabbed their fellow soldier with an elbow.

"Buzz off, does that look like a shocked expression to you?"

"If you want to renege on your debts, just say so. Who asked you to bet on country bumpkins?"

"You're ridiculous. At the end of the day, they're cultivators. How many ridiculous things have they seen in their lifetimes? Descendants of our bloodline wouldn't be so uncultured."

"Members of our bloodline? Do you think anyone important would be sent out for so long? Plus, with so many generations separating us and how much their blood has mixed by now, how could they still be considered one of us? They don't even have their adult patterns."

Chapter 2066: Purpose

As the warriors were jeering, one of them stepped forward. There was no doubt that he was the undisputed leader, because the moment he took action, no one dared to speak anymore.

Dyon, though, hardly paid attention to such things. Instead, he was lost in his own train of thought.

Who said that the mortals were the only ones who could make advancements in science? He had always neglected the possibility because of the special circumstances his ancestors were under...

In a world of cultivation, what was the point of science? Though Dyon didn't prescribe to such thoughts, this was a reality he saw being played out everyday. There was no point in delving into this unconventional path, especially since the rewards were so little in the beginning, if one could progress through cultivation.

However... There was something else he hadn't thought of until now.

What if you could progress in cultivation any longer? What if you knew you had reached the absolute extremities of what cultivation could provide to you? What if you lived in a place where you knew it was impossible to transcend or take another step forward in cultivation... A place where the absolute limit was the Overlord Realm...?

Would you start caring about science then...?

'... How interesting...' Dyon's lips curled into a smile.

"State your name and purpose." The commander of the squadron of blue armored warriors finally spoke.

His steely blue eyes seemed to try and bore into Dyon's soul. On his cheeks, just below his eyes, there were scales that shimmered a beautiful bluish green. In fact, now that Dyon looked, all of the warriors had this feature. Maybe this was the 'adult patterns' that guy referred to...

"My name and purpose?" Dyon tilted his head slightly. "Who are you exactly? Is your clearance high enough to know of my purpose?"

The commander's gaze narrowed.

His eyes shifted from Dyon to his four wives behind him, then back to Dyon. They truly didn't look nervous about being here.

Did something go wrong? Their branch Clan on the surface shouldn't dare to betray them. On top of that, they should even have a bit of fear toward them. After all, they were their ticket to rising up in the world.

After trillions of years, what level of deterioration had they faced? Or rather, should they have faced? The fact they could survive now could only be due to measures provided by the main clan.

On top of that, how could there not be contingency plans put in place just in case they decided to rebel? Any fool would be able to understand that no plan taking over so long would be without such a thing. Yet, he still dared to act so brazenly?

If the commander was stunned, much less needed to be said about his subordinates.

Their formerly playful demeanors turned to frowns. It was only then they realized something that had made their own commander apprehensive.

Why was it that four supreme beauties had been standing right there... yet they seemed to only be able to see Dyon? As though their instincts were screaming at them to not focus on anything else but him...?

Dyon's gaze swept around the general area once more. Seeing that there was nothing left to analyze, he took a step forward.

"Let's go, we may see something interesting."

Dyon smiled, the gentle curve of his lips seemingly dissipating all of the pressure that had been building up in the room. The only problem was that this smile wasn't for them, but rather, for his wives behind him.

The commander was startled awake by Dyon's sudden movement.

"Please wait. The appropriate authorities have been contacted already. They should be on their way now."

"A pity." Dyon said blandly. "I don't feel like waiting. I believe that they should have known that I would be arriving long ago, yet they still haven't. If I continue to wait for them, doesn't that mean that I've accepted that they look down on me?"

"This..." The commander suddenly felt uncomfortable.

He had been supremely confident just moments ago, but this boy seemed to have taken control of the situation in an instant.

Dyon continued to walk forward, passing by the commander without much thought and directly out toward the city beyond. It wasn't long before his eyes landed upon exactly what he had seen before. However, the great city was obstructed by a high city wall, cutting the barren wasteland they stood in from their civilization.

Clara sighed. "Why do you insist on angering everyone you come across?"

Dyon laughed. "Who asked them to look down on me?"

"They weren't looking down on you, they were looking down on Valen." Clara rolled her eyes.

Dyon only grinned, pretending not to know the difference.

Since he was here in Valen's place, he might as well fight for some of their dignity back. Weren't they a Clan of his Kingdom? Infringing on the dignity of his Mortal Empire was a big no. Until he personally kicked them out, they couldn't leave even if they wanted to. For now, their face was his face as well.

Dyon lifted up into the air, completely oblivious to the shocked gazes of the warriors who had rushed after him.

"This..."

The warriors suddenly felt a cold sweat pour down from their backs.

Flying on the mortal plane required the strength of an Essence Gatherer... On the Ancient Battlefield, the requirements were so stringent that only Higher Existences had the stamina necessary to sustain it... But in this place... Only Overlords could barely lift an inch off the ground! Yet Dyon was already several dozen meters in the air!

Suddenly Dyon paused, he looked back, a sweeping wind qi surging from his body as he brought his wives along.

To be able to lift so high into the air... Only three facet Overlords could do so!

'This is impossible... Impossible! He was definitely only a Dao Expert!'

When he saw how easily Dyon raised his wives into the air, the commander almost passed out.

Chapter 2067: Subtle

What he didn't know was that the Ancient Battlefield was Dyon's constitution world. They were all essentially tenants in his abode. How could it be as difficult for him to fly as it was for them? Not only was Dyon stronger within the Ancient Battlefield than he was on the mortal plane, he was especially strong in his wills.

Just as Dyon was about to soar over and enter the city walls, the very entourage he had been expecting this whole time finally appeared.

At the helm, there was a middle aged woman with a mature beauty to her. Her hair was a delicate light red, almost to the point of being pink but not quite. Her gown fluttered like wings to her back and her pupils shimmered with an intelligent and soft amber.

Much like the others, she had dragon-like scales just below her eyes and upon her cheeks. However, they were far thicker and brighter than that of the commander below. In addition, hers were the same gentle red color as her hair.

There was a small shock in her eyes when she saw just how high Dyon had flown, but it was covered by a thick veil of calmness. If it wasn't for Dyon's right eye, he would have completely missed this subtle difference.

Dyon gazed upon the middle-aged beauty with an indifferent expression. In truth, for her to look even the slightest bit aged with her level of strength, she had to have lived for several million years. To maintain such allure after so many years was truly a feat.

If Dyon was an unmarried man, the idea of being with such a mature beauty would be quite a temptation. Unfortunately, the current him didn't allow oxygen to such thoughts.

"It seems... I've grown old."

Elianora gazed upon Dyon's strength and indifference with a curious eye. She truly meant these words. She had never seen a youth on this level.

As a resident of the Ancient Battlefield, she could immediately tell that Dyon had the aura of an Invader. This meant that he was at most 1000 years old. Yet, he actually had the strength to stand with her in the skies, not to mention carry four beauties with him, without the slightest issue.

"I presume you are the 'higher ups' he referred to?" Dyon asked.

One of the elders behind Elianora frowned.

"Boy, even if you have some strength, haven't you understood the benefit of respecting your elders yet? In addition, our City has rules. Only those who can raise into the skies under their own strength are allowed to fly through the air."

"A single hair on the heads of my wives is worth more than anyone below. If you're asking them to lower themselves, I advise that you rethink your words."

Dyon's sharp eyes caused the elder's soul to tremble.

Elianora watched on with the curious light in her eye growing fiercer. It seemed she had no intention of interfering.

"Isn't it just flying through the air?" Madeleine said lightly.

Before the elder could sneer, feeling that he had been let off, there was a sudden change that caught them all off guard.

Madeleine's body was suddenly wrapped by a violet flame. The call of a phoenix shook the skies, elegant wings of purple adorning her delicate back.

As her body strengthened, so did the phoenix blood coursing through her veins. After all, the basis of normal body cultivation was found within the blood.

On top of this, though only three facet Overlords could soar through the skies with ease, was Madeleine not already no weaker than a two facet Overlord? Coupling that with the legacy of an emperor of skies and the result was easy to guess...

Ri smiled lightly, seemingly finding this change to be interesting. Without hesitation, she stepped out from Dyon's gentle whirlpool of wind qi, flying through the air with absolute ease. While Madeleine was a two facet Overlord, Ri had already stepped into the third. From the very beginning, this wasn't a massive issue to her.

"Damn, I was having a leisurely ride to now. Why do I have to start putting in some effort because some dogs can't shut their mouths..." Clara mumbled this under her breath, but who here wasn't a high-level cultivator? Her words made the elder's face no different from a liver.

A raging wind erupted from her body. Suddenly, she weighed no heavier than a feather. She swayed in the air as though she commanded it as she pleased. Clara had an even easier time standing in the air than even Ri did.

Amphorae indifferently watched this scene and hadn't planned on taking action at all. But watching on as these elders immediately turned their stunned gazes toward her, she could only sigh.

In that moment, a sharp aura of slaughter enveloped the outer city. A state of panic immediately ensued, it was as though purgatory had descended upon them.

A blood red light swept through the surrounded, completely enveloping Amphorae in a cocoon of crimson.

Slowly, this cocoon unfurled, revealing six pairs of blood red wings. A single gentle slap sent baleful winds in every direction, stifling the air with a bloody scent and oppression.

The more the elder watched on, the paler he became. Of all the things he thought would happen after he said those words, let alone this being the last thing he thought of, he hadn't thought of this possibility at all!

One young man capable of flying through the air on his own was devastating enough... But for there to be four others, just as young, capable to this level... It was too much!

Suddenly, Dyon's words of his wives being worth far more than those who were below echoed in their ears once more. In the martial world, strength ruled above all. Even when they learned of science here, strength still prevailed above everything!

The elder gulped, unable to meet Dyon's gaze.

"It can't be that our Mist Clan produced five such geniuses even after so many years... can it?" Elianora's gaze flashed, her eyes sparking with a far more intense light.

Chapter 2068: Why

It simply didn't make any sense. By all rights, their current Mist Clan could sweep through the whole Ancient Battlefield barring that singular Clan. Though that Clan seemed even with the others on the surface... even they didn't dare to underestimate them.

However, even they didn't have a single genius on the level of these five. How was that possible?

Her first instinct was to think that these were spies. But... Any Clan these five came from should be far more powerful than them, right? How could they care about them?

She could have never guessed that Dyon built his own Clan from the ground up.

"Why not?" Dyon asked.

"I think you know the answer to that question even better than I do." Elianora said with a smile.

"Then I guess the real question is whether or not you really care about the answer to that question."

"Oh? And why wouldn't I care exactly?"

"Simple, really. Our Mist Clan has waited so long for this exact opportunity, yet we know so little about it. Do you really expect me to believe that my ancestors waited trillions of years just so that I could give you a progress report of the outside world?"

Of course Dyon wouldn't say this, but the true reason he was so skeptical about all of this was because he knew what happened in the future. Not only did Jade not mention this underground world even once, she didn't even have the faintest mention of the Mist Clan either. Both fizzled out as if their goal never had anything to do with the mortal plane in the first place.

The problem was that anyone on the Ancient Battlefield, especially ones as powerful as this Mist Clan, would never miss out on this opportunity.

Just for a casual meeting with Dyon, they had brought out not only a three facet Overlord, but three two facet Overlords! Who used such an entourage for an escort party? Yet, Dyon was supposed to believe that such a powerful Clan simply gave up on the idea of ever returning to the mortal plane? That was ridiculous.

"Is information not the most important factor in who wins and who loses a war? Why wouldn't we invest so much into it?"

"If you understand it's so important, then why are you keeping it from me exactly?"

"Isn't it exactly because it's important that I would keep it from you?"

"Maybe if I was an outsider..." Dyon's gaze flashed with a faint sinister light. "... Could it be that you're treating our branch Clan as an outsider Clan?"

Elianora's playful appearance turned serious toward Dyon's accusation.

Maybe in the past, the Mist Clan didn't have the right to say such words before her, but considering the strength these five had, she didn't have the confidence in saying so anymore.

"... Let's speak on such things in the future. For now, welcome to our underwater City. We've never given it a name because we don't want you to think of this as a home. This is nothing more than a stepping stone!"

Elianora's forceful tone caught Dyon off guard by a bit, but he still followed her.

The sight of a group flying over the city was a rare occurrence for even the people of this underwater city, so it wasn't a surprise many pointed and stared. Though, the bloodthirsty aura given off by Amphorae caused many to do so while shivering.

Soon, Elianora had led them to a grand palace, albeit one of only two stories. Still, what it lacked in height was more than made up for in grandeur and width. It had a grand soft edge structure that was both pleasing to the eye and architecturally sound.

Not long later, Dyon and his wives were placed into a luxurious room.

The square footage alone was much larger than even six homes spliced together. It was bathed in warm colors of blue, violet and green, giving one a comfortable feeling.

"Is it really supposed to be so easy?" Ri's flopped onto the massive bed and asked curiously.

"Maybe they just don't care." Dyon said thoughtfully, looking out of the window.

"If they really didn't care, why invest so much over trillions of years? If it was only about having someone from the outside, they could have snatched up any one of the invaders that entered this time." Ri responded.

"Maybe... Unless they already expected this Era to be exceptionally weak..."

"You mean they expected our Era to be weak and wanted to raise up their own representative to use as a result? How could they be so sure of such a thing? And even if they were... Is Valen really so powerful?"

Dyon's gaze flashed with a murderous light.

After learning about the possible deeds of the World Tree, he had begun to take in everything with a skeptical eye.

The dwarves had said that only the foremost race of an Era was able to know of this secret, but was this really the case? How could such a secret be perfectly kept?

On top of this, even if lower level Clans wouldn't know, just how powerful was the Mist Clan? They were capable of guaranteeing the survival of a branch Clan of theirs throughout who knows how many generations?

Even if they weren't a pinnacle race... Were they far from it? Who's to say in that case that they weren't the next most likely to know such a secret?

If they were aware, they could most definitely plan for such a future... And in that case, if they knew what was happening to the mortal plane, why would they be interested in returning to it? Why would they ever care to step foot upon a dying plane?

If Dyon were them and knew of such a secret... Wouldn't he do everything he could to bring him and his people as far away as possible?

"As for your first question... I'm not really sure." Dyon said honestly before giving his wife a teasing grin. "Looks like my little wife has gotten incredibly spoiled. Valen may be weak to us, but in regards to the normal standards of the mortal plane, was he?"

## Chapter 2069: Trillions

Days later, Dyon and his wives were finally called by the elders of this underwater city. Maybe they thought they were putting pressure on Dyon by taking so long, but the reality was that Dyon had leisurely spending his time without a care in the world.

He found that in this incredibly suppressive environment, Madeleine's body strength improved by leaps and bounds alongside the use of his concocted pills, so it was very much worth it. If Madeleine could breakthrough with her body, she'd be nearly undefeatable within the three facet Overlord Realm.

This was truly an excellent place for cultivation. Even Clara and Amphorae's qi cultivation rapidly increased far more than it did in the outside world. There was something this suppression provided that Dyon's qi accumulation arrays could not.

'I'll have to see if I can modify my arrays to imitate this atmosphere... In the end, wouldn't it just take a deep understanding of water qi?'

As Dyon was lost in his thoughts, he and his wives made it to a grand hall. There were numerous seats all around, but there were only three that were filled.

One was occupied by Elianora – she sat on the right. On the left, there was a middle aged man who had bright gold pattern scales beneath his eyes and on his cheeks, coupled by a head of white hair and piercing gold eyes.

Finally, in the middle, there was a very old woman whose size seemed to have shriveled up in her age. Her feet couldn't reach the floor and her back was hunched over to the point of causing discomfort even in those who simply watched on, let alone to her herself.

Maybe in the past, the scales beneath her eyes had been bright and vibrant. But now, they were just as grey as her head of hair and just as lacking luster as her seemingly blinded gaze.

Still, seeing her, Dyon's eyes narrowed. He felt that of all the experts he had ever met, she was the most powerful. In fact, she had to be infinitesimally close to the four facet realm.

Dyon had a feeling that the four facet realm was a massive watershed into something completely unseen before, but he had never been more certain of this reality until today. To be capable of growing so powerful, yet still failing to breakthrough... Just what was the four facet Overlord Realm?

"... So young, yet so powerful... How rare... How rare indeed..."

The voice was ancient beyond comparison. Dyon felt that maybe even his grand teacher didn't have such a wizened voice. But then again, that old guy was never serious about anything.

Dyon inexplicably found himself missing that old man. It was a weird feeling he hadn't felt before.

He had a lot of debts to collect from that old man once he ascended. But first, he had to enter the top floor of the Epistemic Tower. Unfortunately, it wouldn't allow him to do so unless he became a Higher Existence and Dyon still lacked the power to force his way in.

Either way, he'd see that old man eventually.

Dyon smiled. "The Ancestor of our Mist Clan is quite exceptional. Please take this as a gift, consider it an act of filial piety from this junior."

A medicinal pill appeared in Dyon's hand and slowly shuttled through the air to hover before the wizened Mist Clan Ancestor.

In that moment, the hunched over granny inexplicably straightened her back. The sound of bones that hadn't been used in ages cracking resounded through the quiet hall. Elianora and the golden scaled elder simply didn't dare to make a sound while their ancestor was thinking.

"... This pill... Which ancient ruin did you get it from?"

"Ancient ruin? Ancestor, you're mistaken. This junior refined this pill himself."

Hearing these words, Ancestor Mist trembled, her deep wrinkles vibrating along with her emotions.

She plucked the pill out from the air, observing it carefully.

"... You wouldn't poison this old lady, now would you?"

"How could I do such a thing to my respected senior?"

Maybe the old woman didn't truly care about Dyon's words, because before he had even finished his words, she had already eaten it. There were no fireworks, no pomp and circumstance, simply the light gulp of an elderly lady.

However, though the ceremony beforehand was ironically unceremonious, what followed afterward had the two elders to either of her sides grip their seats tightly.

Before their eyes, their Ancestor began to change.

First, it was a single cough, sending black blood flying out of her body. At first, they thought Dyon really had poisoned her. But the next change froze them right in their seats.

Their ancestor began to slowly grow taller. No, it wasn't taller, but rather that her brittle bones began to regain their original strength.

Her spine straightened, her hips loosened, her wrinkles stretched out once more into soft, elastic skin.

Before their eyes, an old woman with one foot in the grave became a delicate, petite beauty with the features of a heavenly goddess. Even her graying scales regained their pure white luster, radiating a faint light that was nothing less than holy.

The old, or rather, once old lady began to laugh jovially. However, her voice wasn't as ancient as it once was. Instead, it became a sonorous bell that was nothing more than soothing to the ear.

In a flash, she had re-entered the prime of her youth. No, even the prime of her strength.

"For this alone, I do not care about your true identity."

These were the first words the Ancestor spoke after she stopped laughing to herself.

Her now long legs crossed over each other, their softness sinking into one another in a nose bleeding scene.

Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, because of her shrinkage in height, her dress was now about a few feet too short, now stopping about mid thigh. A normal man would find it hard to control himself before such a scene.

"I will get right to the point..."

Chapter 2070: Hidden

"Trillions of years ago, our Mist Clan realized that relying on the mortal plane was no longer an option. Back then, due to a series of events, we entered the Ancient Battlefield.

"The short of it is that within our territory, there is a hidden rule of the first phase of the Ancient Battlefield. This hidden rule is our key to leaving the dying world behind."

Dyon's eyes flashed with a blinding light. It seemed that the uniqueness of this Ancient Game was finally shining through.

Dyon's eyes narrowed.

"As you know, since the Ancient Battlefield is the third and final Ancient Game, there's not much about this hidden rule that I can tell you. In the past, the restrictions were so strong that I couldn't even mention the fact there was a hidden rule at all... But..."

Dyon could see the helplessness in the Mist Ancestor's gaze. Maybe she had hoped that the predictions of her predecessors would be wrong, but the mere fact she could mention this rule at all spoke volumes about the weakening of their mortal plane.

The first time Dyon came across an ancient game was in the Elvin Kingdom. They had fused the concept of one into the array that protected their tombs. Back then, after Dyon managed to figure it out, he tried

to explain the rules to Ri who had been by his side at the time. But, Ri had heard nothing but silence during his entire explanation.

Now, the situation was much different. Dyon strength, as well as the Ancestor's, were both approaching the extreme limits of what the mortal plane allowed. So, already by definition, the restrictions the mortal plane could place on them was decidedly limited already.

However, in a situation like this, the Heavens should theoretically be able to suppress them regardless. After all, the Heavens of the mortal plane and the Heavens of the immortal plane weren't separate entities, they should be one in the same. If this wasn't the case, how could it be that The Entity wasn't able to use its full strength here?

This all led to one obvious conclusion: the mortal plane was far weaker than it had been in the past, almost to the point where Dyon and this Ancestor could ignore its rules entirely.

Ancestor Mist shook her head. Maybe she still wasn't used to the lack of stiffness in her body, because the movement was far more exaggerated than it should have been. Yet, instead of feeling awkward, she forgot her complicated feelings and smiled brightly again.

"Let's not speak of such useless things. I believe by the fact your first instinct wasn't to question why we'd like to leave this plane, you yourself understand the kind of precarious situation we are in."

Dyon sighed. "The question is, is your goal to seek a path to the Immortal Plane, or are you entering a separate World?"

Ancestor Mist's pale golden eyes flashed.

"We are looking to enter a separate World... The path toward the Immortal Plane... Is too dangerous for even me to take alone..."

At these words, filled with hidden meaning, Dyon's heart trembled as waves were sent through it.

First, this Ancestor had admitted that such a path did exist on this Ancient Battlefield itself. Secondly, by noting just how dangerous it was, it left Dyon with an obvious answer as to where this path was.

"Interesting..." Dyon said slowly.

"The first phase is far more complex than any one person knows." Ancestor Mist continued as though the previous topic had never been mentioned. "However, the fundamental truth is the same:

"It is to fast track the progress of the youths who enter."

Dyon nodded seriously.

"I understand." He said. "The Ancient Battlefield was created after the war between the Angels and the Titans. It's well documented that the Titans lost because they lost their will to improve, they became complacent... They lost the edge that brought them victory over the Beasts.

"However, this stagnation in evolution isn't something the Heavens can accept, is that correct?"

"It seems you understand far more than I thought you did... That's exactly right. The purpose of the Ancient Battlefield, of the so-called 'pinnacle' races, of this Ancient Game, is precisely to ensure that we continue to progress.

"However, our Mist Clan Ancestors predicted that this model would soon collapse, that by this third descent of the Ancient Battlefield, the Heavens would be forced to try and reset everything and try again. This is why this descent is so much earlier than the others have been."

"So what you're essentially saying is that the opportunities that the Heavens provide for youths to evolve are far more than what it seems on the surface..." Dyon suddenly smiled a knowing grin. "... It's just that maybe powerful Clans like yourselves which have existed in this prison for so long have purposely kept them hidden."

Ancestor Mist smiled in response.

Half of the point of an Ancient Game was figuring out the rules. Who said there was anything wrong with purposely keeping the rules hidden from your opponents? After all, this was a battle of Failed Clans versus the Mortal Plane.

The Failed Clans couldn't use these 'hidden rules' for themselves, so their best option was to play keep-away.

Dyon finally understood everything.

"So you needed to groom a powerful descendant you could trust, one that would be minimally affected by the deteriorating standards of the mortal plane and could pass through this 'hidden rule' for you and open a pathway toward escape.

"I'd even go so far as to believe that since this 'hidden rule' you speak of is tucked away beneath these deep waters, a place you could say is the most dangerous in this mortal section of the Ancient Battlefield, it likely happens to be the best opportunity available in the first phase."

Ancestor Mist's pupils constricted toward Dyon's astute analysis, especially when he emphasized the word mortal, however she maintained her smile.

"So what do you say, do you accept? Will you challenge this hidden rule?"

Dyon's lips curled. "There's nothing I don't dare to do."