

## The Nameless 2091

Chapter 2091: Disdain

"What is it?"

"Can you feel it?" Dyon asked again. "If you wanted to concoct a pill here, what would you do?"

For a moment, Alauna didn't understand the question. Wasn't concocting a pill easy? With her proficiency, she didn't even strictly need a cauldron either.

However, the moment she acted on those impulses... She suddenly realized that something was wrong.

"... I can't?"

Her words seemed to question herself. She couldn't understand just what was happening.

"The laws of this world are completely different. The heavenly herbs are different, the evolutionary pathways are different, there aren't even carbon-based lifeforms in this world.

"Our techniques of separation, of grafting, of extracting and expelling. None of it works here."

Alauna could hear the frustration in her father's voice. But at the same time, there was an underlying unyielding command that almost sneered. His intentions were clear. Her father had every intention of subduing this world completely.

"The theory of array alchemy we've learned, that I've taught you, are supposed to a flawless foundation. It's supposed to allow us to comprehend herbs we've never seen before and concoct pills that we've never conceptualized. But the reality is that it's flawed, it's much too flawed.

"When I first saw the [Dao of Array Alchemy], my first thought was of how arrogant such a title was. It's only now I knew how ridiculous it really was to do such a thing."

"Dad..." Alauna interrupted. "... Wasn't Array Alchemy created in our world? Other worlds likely don't have it."

Dyon nodded. He knew that the aurora was created by the old man's first disciple, following with array alchemy was also created by him.

"You mean to say that it's fair for it to be called the Dao of Array Alchemy since it was only meant to encompass our own world to begin with, right? But I don't see it that way.

"Array Alchemy is an attempt to snatch victory from the jaws of Fate. Its core is Creation itself. At its highest levels, it can not only concoct pills, but create the heavenly herbs the pills are concocted from. Such a lofty ideal couldn't possibly be limited to one world.

"Yet, even now, the limit of Array Alchemy is the creation of Grandmaster Grade Herbs. I have no ability to create even Comet Grade Herbs, let alone Immortal Grade Herbs. The distance from the peak of this world alone is too far away, forget about the peak of everything."

Alauna giggled. "Dad, most people can't even create common grade herbs. You're the only one who can create even Master Grade herbs, but you're still complaining."

Dyon shook his head, pinching his daughter's nose lightly. "After slaving away for 80 years, the Grandmaster Grade is still my limit. That's too pathetic. Before that, I was even worse, only able to create Common Grade Herbs."

Alauna pouted. "Then what does that say about me?"

Dyon grinned. "That just means you're still worse than your old man, no?"

Alauna slapped Dyon's hand away from her nose, huffing with indignance.

"This is the key." Dyon suddenly became serious, an imposing might spreading from his limbs. "You're my daughter... I want you to see this first step. I want you to see what it means to disdain everything."

Alauna's gaze glowed, looking toward her father with a near reverential expression.

"Tell me, what do you know about Soul Nature?" Dyon's own gaze softened as he met his daughter's.

"A Soul Nature is something Soul Path cultivators can gain when crossing the mortal barrier and creating their Nascent Soul. It seems pretty important... But dad, I've never seen you try to gain a Soul Nature for yourself..."

Honestly, Alauna was a bit confused.

Her father had been stuck at the peak of the mortal realms of the soul for a long time now. By right, Dyon should already know what he was missing was a Soul Nature. However, Dyon pretended like he didn't think of this and continued to try and breakthrough. It didn't make much sense.

Dyon learned about Soul Natures back when he battled Orcus. In fact, it was due to the fact that Orcus was cultivating a Death Soul Nature that Dyon was able to defeat him with Madeleine's Life Flames. If not for this, he may very well have died that day.

On top of this, considering Dyon was now asking this question of his daughter, it was clear he hadn't forgotten. So what exactly was the problem?

"The truth is that I never tried to gain a Soul Nature because nothing spoke to me. I have my innate flames and lightning to choose from. Those would be my best options. But I could never settle out anything. So, I simply decided to not choose anything at all.

"As of now, I'm happy I made such a choice. If I had decided on a Soul Nature... It would be even more difficult to accomplish what I want to do now."

Alauna's lovely head tilted to the side, a curious expression furrowing her delicate features.

"Too cute." Dyon grinned, pinching his daughter's soft cheeks.

Alauna puffed up her cheeks, using the momentum of them ballooning to push Dyon's fingers away.

"Cute? I'm a great beauty." Alauna said proudly.

Dyon blinked. His daughter wasn't wrong. She hadn't settled on any man simply because there wasn't one worthy of her on the mortal plane. Not only were her looks unmatched, it wasn't an exaggeration to say that she was the second most powerful on the plane behind only Dyon.

Whether this remained true if the experts of the Ancient Battlefield were included, Dyon wasn't sure. But this didn't matter much to him.

But he still shook his head, his smile blooming toward his daughter's pouting expression.

"Definitely the most adorable."

Seeing her father set on teasing her, Alauna tried to veer them back to the main topic.

"What is it that you want to do?"

"I want to find a way to break free of the Heavens. But, if I modified my soul to conform to one of its laws, doing so would be nearly impossible."

Chapter 2092: Shift

"So you want to forego creating a Soul Nature entirely?"

If others saw Alauna's nonchalant response to what should have been a bombshell, they would most definitely check to see whether she had a fever or not. Since when could breaking free of the Heavens be spoken of so casually?

Yet, Alauna simply expected her father to accomplish the impossible. There wasn't much of anything he could say to shock her.

"Hm... It's a bit more complicated than that." Dyon said thoughtfully. "I want something beyond a Soul Nature.

"The concept of a Soul Nature is too simple. Why does one's Soul Nature have to be an element? Why fire, or lightning, or death? I want to build my Soul Nature upon something greater."

Alauna's gaze burned. "A Concept?"

"Maybe..." Even Dyon seemed to not know the answer to this question. "... A Concept may be heading in the right direction. I feel like the true answer is something even more enigmatic."

"Concepts are already so difficult to grasp. They have no rankings and partitions among them, yet everything seems to know their names subconsciously. What could be more enigmatic?"

"Well, if I knew the answer, maybe I'd already rule over everything." Dyon smiled somewhat cheekily. "But, there's a start here. This is why I brought you, if possible, I'd like you to follow my footsteps.

"It's rare to be able to travel to another world... This is a rare opportunity. We can grasp something here that we can't grasp anywhere else."

Alauna looked around the rune etched room. Would never know that her father had battled here endlessly for an entire year. There wasn't the faintest drop of blood, nor were there residual marks.

Dyon walked to its center. Calming his breath, he sat at the very center. In a moment, it felt as though he had completely disappeared, his breath completely in tune with the ways of this world.

Dyon stayed in this state for hours. Alauna silently watched.

Though she wanted to meet her father's expectations and follow in his footsteps, she truly had no idea where to start. Her cultivation was above her father's, yet her mind didn't seem to be as flexible as his. The concepts and theories he managed to connect were often beyond reason. She couldn't fathom his conclusions sometimes.

This sort of inferiority was something she had been forced to live with for a long time. She knew well that her father purposely didn't hide this from her specifically to toughen her resolve. Alauna's life had been very easy, so Dyon had to provide her another sort of battlefield to sharpen herself upon.

On the third day, the winds of the battle room began to shift.

The atmosphere began to change rapidly.

Sometimes the pressure would drop. At other times, it would be so high that it felt that the sky was falling down upon them.

A streak of blood leaked from Dyon's corner lip, but his face remained expressionless, it was as though he couldn't tell what was happening.

In that moment, a familiar illusory white flame burned around his body. Numerous golden runes whipped around him ridiculous speeds.

Alauna could tell what they were immediately. These were the fundamental runes that created the foundation of arrays. Each was capable of tapping into a fundamental law of the world. Grasping these fundamental laws would theoretically allow one to create an array capable of performing any task.

One could liken them to the base ten number 0 to 9. With those ten variables alone, one could build any number in existence. By manipulating these numbers into variables and formulas, one could extrapolate toward the forces that controlled everything... gravity... electromagnetism... strong force... weak force... the unknown, undefined forces that have yet to be labeled...

However, despite knowing this, Alauna's heart trembled fiercely because these fundamental runes... She had never seen them before!

There was only one possible explanation for this. These runes weren't from her and her father's realm... The truth was that Dyon had used three days to rip these fundamental constants from the jaws of this world's laws!

'... Do you really have no limits?' Alauna thought bitterly.

To understand how shocking this was, one only need to look back toward the analogy drawn to the number 0 to 9. Only one thing needed to be said: these numbers had to be invented.

It's hard to wrap one's head around, but the number '0' didn't always exist. Its concept itself had to be created by the minds of the past. In fact, its creation could be noted as maybe one of the greatest discoveries in all of human history.

This was something too difficult to understand. What was life like without a concept of 0?

As difficult as it was to grasp the answer to something like this, imagine how much more difficult it would be to create a concept of 0 without ever having had one before.

This was exactly what Dyon had just done. Even more shocking, he hadn't just grasped this world's '0', he grasped its 1 to 9 as well!

Alauna thought back to the words her father had said just 3 days ago.

"I want you to see what it means to disdain everything." ...

The fundamental runes Dyon wrested away from this world continuously tried to break free, crumbling under his control only to be forcefully solidified once more. Again and again, the process repeated in a violent exchange, riddling Dyon's body with injuries. Yet, he remained completely expressionless.

In their world, there were thousands of fundamental runes. Unfortunately, no one could claim to know the exact number, nor could one claim to have a perfect understanding of each of them.

This was exactly what Dyon realized, a reality that made him look down on the [Dao of Array Alchemy] all the more.

He was tired of relying on the Heavens to sustain his comprehension. He had no doubt that there were some fundamental runes the Heavens purposely hid or made near impossible to sense and comprehend. If one truly grasped them all... Not only grasped, but comprehended to the core... Only then would only truly be above the control of the Heavens.

#### Chapter 2093: Yield

However, Dyon knew his limits. For a world on the level of his own, something that forcefully snatching its fundamental runes was beyond his ability. Even attempting it would be asking for death.

But this world... This world that actually dared to place a jumping clown like Death before him... He would do as he pleased here.

If he couldn't subdue this small, weak world, he didn't deserve to take even the first step on this long journey.

"YIELD!"

Dyon's sudden roar blasted the unblemished eight beast pillar apart, caving in the four golden double doors and sending them flying down their black corridors.

His Vajra Body appeared above him, shattering the ceiling above their heads and revealing a blue sun hanging in the skies.

The entire world shivered and trembling, the low whine of what sounded almost like a failing engine filling the ears of its population.

In that moment, every citizen of this odd world suddenly felt an emptiness in their hearts, as though something had suddenly been forcefully snatched.

Dyon's seated body began to fly into the air, runes of gold, silver and bronze whipping around his body as though still struggling to break free.

There was something Dyon had come to understand during his meditation. Why was it that his alchemy didn't work, but his [Judgement] weapon's arrays had?

At first, he dismissed it, thinking it was because [Judgement] only had similar enough laws to work. After all, [Judgement] held a lot of the same pain and suffering War, Famine, Death and Conquest wills had.

It was later he realized that he was right, but more importantly that this conclusion was even more important than even he thought. It was exactly this realization that allowed him to grasp the first of the fundamental runes of this world, allowing him to open the path toward comprehending the others.

"Come..."

The dozens of runes stopped spinning in place. In the end, they zipped toward Dyon and entered his forehead.

Blue rays of sun descended upon Dyon's body, a light smile coating his blood dripping lips.

He took a deep breath as the skies opened up, pouring down rays of gold that healed his body near instantaneously. In those moments, he felt no different from a God. Not one of those fake gods like Zeus or Odin who built their reputations among mortals, but a true God that reigned above all. One that created with a breath and destroyed with a thought.

Of course, it wasn't exactly like this. Dyon had forced this world's Heavens to give him its fundamental runes, but he had yet to truly master them. Much like the previous analogy, he could now count from 0 to 9, but he still had a ways to go before he could reach 10 and 11, let alone reconstructing the fundamental laws of this universe from its fundamental runes.

However, Dyon hadn't done this for the sake of merely grasping the laws of this world. His goal was much grander than that.

Luckily, Dyon didn't have to worry about the shocked gazes of everyone around him. This trial ground was most definitely secluded and extremely well hidden. War, Conquest, Death and Famine would most definitely not want normal day to day people knowing that their world was just a battle ground for a much stronger world. They likely had no idea that the four most powerful experts of their world had been killed at Dyon's hands.

He simply descended from the skies, landing by his daughter's side.

"You can fly now." Alauna said.

"Of course." Dyon smiled. "If taken to the absolute extreme, I can likely diligently study to the point that I can live for as long as this world exists..."

Dyon said these words softly, but he didn't care much for this realization. This would be no different from tying himself to this weak world. After all, this weak world had no influence on stronger worlds. Which meant that if he wanted to take advantage of this, he would not only need to waste what might be millions of years perfectly comprehending its fundamental runes, but in order to enjoy the fruits of his labor, he wouldn't be able to leave this world either.

Plus, this wasn't the sort of conclusion he wanted. After all, even a world's lifespan was limited. It was just longer than a person's... And it might not necessarily even be longer than Immortals of the Immortal Plane either.

Dyon remembered something incredibly important the four horsemen had said when he first entered...

The last trial taker only appeared thousands of years ago. But this didn't make any sense considering the last trial taker should have appeared trillions of years ago.

This meant that time and lifespans worked differently in this world. Living here until this world collapsed may not even be worth much when compared to other worlds.

Maybe the reason the time had been exactly one to one within the trial grounds was because of the special building surroundings. In the end, Dyon had gotten what he needed from this world, there was no need to stay here for long, or who knew how long passed in his world?

Since he had destroyed a good portion of the trial grounds, the effects likely wouldn't last much longer.

"Let's go."

Dyon touched his daughter's shoulder and disappeared. Maybe in the future, someone would eventually stumble upon this ruin. But, it had nothing to do with Dyon anymore.

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"Where've you been? You disappeared for months!" Ri all but bit his ears off, her adorable canines shining as she ranted.

Dyon scratched the back of his head, accepting his scolding obediently.

Technically, he came out quite lucky. If thousands of years to that world was trillions to them, that meant a single second was worth at least a billion. A billion seconds in exchange for one... 30 years in the blink of an eye... Such a thought made Dyon shudder. It seemed he had been a bit too reckless this time around.

Chapter 2094: Turns

Luckily, the trial grounds held one just enough for those seconds to only transfer over as a few months, or else who knew what could have happened in such a time span.

"I didn't expect the time dilation to be so severe." Dyon said apologetically. "Did I miss anything important?"

Ri huffed. Then, her expression took a complete 180 as she smiled sweetly toward Alauna, intertwining their arms as she all but ignored Dyon.

"There's been a battle going on for two months already. We've been taking turns waiting for you to come back so you'd understand the situation as quickly as possible."

Dyon's brows raised in curiosity. He knew the kind of talents he had under him. A battle raging for two months meant the enemy couldn't be taken lightly.

"What's going on?"

"Another attack was launched against the dwarves in the east. But when we split our armies to help them since you hadn't been back yet, there was a sudden attack to the south as well."

"Oh?" Dyon's gaze turned a bit dull. It wasn't that he was uninterested, but rather that his thoughts were churning. "Did someone expose a connection between us as my elvin persona?"

Dyon hadn't appeared before the dwarves in a while, mostly because he no longer had access to his elvin form after rebuilding Ri's body.

"We thought so as well. It's too much of a coincidence. But who would possibly know?"

"It's not that mysterious." Dyon said calmly. "There's only one. Kaori."

"It wouldn't be impossible for him to find out that I have the ability to change my race. After all, that's what I relied on to defeat Oshire. We broadcasted that battle for the Mortal Empire to see. Finding someone who would divulge this information is easy. With his intelligence, he could easily deduce that it was me. Maybe they even know the truth behind all of my identities by now."

"Is that a bad thing?"

"Not necessarily. I didn't expect to keep it hidden forever. I only used those identities to feed the insecurities of the Failed Clans. Whether or not this is exposed doesn't matter. It's already bought us enough time. On top of this, simply saying that one man was responsible wouldn't calm them either. In fact, the idea that I did all of this alone might strike even more fear in them."

"Kaori knows this. But what he likely didn't expect was that I'd take so long to appear even with this much pressure.

"This is definitely only the surface of his plans... The real show starts now."

Dyon grinned, the skies trembling with every slight change in his emotions.

"I happen to have a few things to test that require some lab rats. I don't mind crushing another genius in the process."

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The southern region battlefield was chaotic. Seemingly to avoid revealing all of their cards, Dyon's wives had decided against using the World Serpents. Back when they were used to eradicate the Deity Clan, their use obviously wasn't divulged since anyone who could have this information was either killed, or shipped off to the mortal plane by Dyon.

Instead, this battle was much less systematic. This wasn't due to Dyon's people being unorganized without him, but rather because the tactics of the enemy simply wasn't conducive to such a result.

The warriors of the Failed Clans were wild and unhinged. They charged into organized formations as though to take a page from suicide bombers. With neglect for even their own lives, their first and foremost goal seemed to disrupt and stoke chaos.

Dyon stood above the battlefield with a cold expression. With his Immortal Sense no longer suppressed, he grasped all of the important aspects of the battlefield in a near instant. It was just that he now had a choice to make. Should he stay here? Or should he head to help the Dwarves?

He wasn't entirely certain how the Dwarves would react to his true identity. In addition, he wasn't sure how he felt maintaining an alliance with them now that he knew the reality behind the World Tree and its existence.

For now, the Dwarves were disconnected from the World Tree. But, once they re-entered the mortal plane, would the reality continue to be like this? Even if no one in this generation dared to re-establish this connection, who was to say that they wouldn't do so after Dyon transcended? It would be impossible for Dyon to monitor their actions from an entirely new plane.

Of course, Dyon had no idea that the World Tree no longer dared to be involved in these matters. How could he know something so ridiculous?

Throwing these things to the back of his mind, Dyon focused on exactly who the enemies he was facing was. Who could force his people into a battle for over two months? He didn't believe a normal force was capable of such a thing.

'Griffon Clan, Phoenix Clan, Orc Clan...'

Dyon had expected this. These three Clans were none other than the true Overlord Clans of the southern region. Still, he couldn't help but be silently impressed. Even though these Clans were obviously not attacking in full force, he was still curious about how a mere Kaori goaded them into attacking.

Between these three Clans, Dyon knew that there were six three facet Overlords. If they had been attacking in full force, this situation wouldn't be as 'good' as it was currently. His Mortal Empire currently only had four experts capable of holding their own. Himself, his daughter, Madeleine and Ri. However, both he and Alauna had been gone, so one could imagine the potential devastation that could have occurred here.

Of course, Dyon could have added his father-in-law, Sargeris, to this count. But he was currently holding down the fort on the mortal plane. And, Dyon didn't include the recently acquired underwater city Overlords to this count either. Obviously, they were the true reason he wasn't worried about his absence.

Chapter 2095: Reaper

'The strongest person here is a two facet Overlord... Madeleine is handling that Phoenix easily. But she doesn't seem to be in a hurry to defeat him.'

Dyon rode upon the back of a gorgeous Ice Phoenix. It was none other than the Overlord beast Dyon had caught for her a few years prior. By now, the poor man was completely docile, syncing with Madeleine's commands.

At the very least, this ending was better than having its chest cavity perpetually open for the sake of being a blood farm.

Madeleine's opponent was a proud griffon with glistening bronze fur and sharp, protruding front claws.

Amphorae was currently fighting an Overlord as well. However, unlike Madeleine, she had to rely on her Treasure of the 33 Heavens – the Golden Dragon Lyre – in order to reach such battle prowess. Still, with it by her side, she was a force to be reckoned with.

Of course, the Failed Clans went mad when they realized their opponent had such a treasure on her. They fiendishly attacked in hopes of snatching it for themselves. Or rather... That was what it seemed like.

'They know Amphorae has such a weapon, yet a three facet Overlord still hasn't appeared. It seems they're very much worried about me, huh...'

Dyon sneered, a mighty scythe appearing in his hand. Its body was almost completely obscured by the fog it, itself emitted. Its sinister, curving blade curled menacing for almost two meters while its long, slender polearm was over three meters long.

Dyon's body began to flicker with a transparent white, his soul burning.

"Ri, you go to the dwarf battlefield. I'll be there in a bit..."

Ri's delicate brows arched. She could feel Dyon's soul resonating with something. No, was it resonating? It was as though it was reverberating with a commanding tone, barking out orders that were only to be followed and not questioned.

The skies trembled. It felt for a moment that the Ancient Battlefield really might collapse.

It was only now that the warriors below suddenly realized that someone had quietly appeared above their heads without them even knowing. Just how could something like this happen?

"EMPEROR!"

The roar of the Mortal Empire warriors shook the battlefield. Their morale skyrocketed, an unknown strength filling their limbs.

Dyon grinned. For a moment, he looked no different from an awakened Demon.

"Obey."

Under Dyon's words, the skies stilled. The winds ceased to move, the leaves ceased to rustle, even the armies below seemed to stop completely.

Dyon slowly brandished his scythe, its black fog billowing from its body. Every so often, its blade edge would peek out under Dyon's movement, catching a glint of the red sun and shimmering with a light that could blind one's gaze.

"Die."

Dyon's movement finished. His arm arched in an elegant half moon, a bridge of black following his actions to perfection.

For a moment, nothing seemed to happen. The weighted rock on the chests of the opposing armies were almost lowered completely. But that was when the devastation began.

A scream that chilled the bones and curdled the blood sounded. A frontline soldier looked down at his body in horror.

He was a member of the Orc Clan. His skin was as black as the night and his body was riddled by scars, even his teeth dripped with the blood of his enemies. He was the kind of creature that wouldn't blink even if his own bones poked through his skin, yet he was screaming and shedding tears like a newborn. The sight was completely ghastly.

A moment later, everyone understood why.

His skin began to rot and deconstruct. Boils erupted and popped all over, ejecting vomit-inducing greenish-yellow liquids with a smell that was even a level worse than its appearance.

Then, he turned completely to ash.

The battlefield was frozen. Unfortunately for the enemy, this frozen state didn't last long.

A second, then a third, then tenth and hundredth warrior erupted into a fit of screams.

A death fueled wave radiated outward. At first, it seemed that only one or two would be affected at once, but it very quickly came in swaths of hundreds then even thousands.

Countless warriors fell one after another as Dyon looked on coldly from the skies.

A single strike had wiped out over half the opposing army.

No one knew who started it, but a wild cheer erupted on the Mortal Empire side. A fanatic air the likes of which the Failed Clans had never seen overwhelmed the oppressive atmosphere of the battlefield and even drowned out the countless screams.

Chants of 'Long Live' and 'Emperor' rang the truest. In an almost trance-like state, Dyon's people all but dropped to their knees to worship him.

It was only now Dyon realized just what kind of level he had reached. This fanaticism was bred from nothing. It was an innate reverence felt toward those who touched upon a truth few could.

After Dyon snatched the fundamental runes from that blue sun world, he could now use Death's Scythe as he pleased. This rose his battle prowess to a level beyond reason. At the same time, since he was relying on another world's fundamental runes to produce such a result, the Heavens of his world couldn't properly calculate his strength and as such didn't register that he had gone beyond the limit of the mortal plane.

Of course, such strength could only be used in a limited range. The reason only a few were affected at once in the beginning was because Dyon had to manually control the range of influence of the blue sun world's fundamental runes.

The further from himself they were, the weaker they became and the more difficult they were to sustain. At the same time, if he met an opponent who could mobilize the laws of this world to an adequate enough level, maybe a level even beyond his own, they would be able to suppress the far weaker fundamental runes of the blue sun world.

Dyon didn't believe that even three facet Overlords could suppress his runes.

'This is the path.' Dyon's gaze blazed. 'I'll name you... Reaper!'

Chapter 2096: Emphyrean

Death's Scythe vibrated violently. Eventually, it broke free of Dyon's hands, raising up into the skies and shaking with all its might.

Suddenly, its black fog began to form a vague image. It wasn't a person or a beast. Rather, it was simply a single pupil with irises as red as blood and whites as black as night.

A ghastly scream reverberated across the battlefield.

Swaths of enemies who met this gaze fell one after another, their souls ripped from their bodies and sacrificed to Reaper.

'Those fundamental runes are too weak for you.' Dyon thought fiercely. 'I'll snatch stronger ones for you. When those aren't strong enough, I'll snatch even more. If even those aren't enough, I'll create ones that surpass everything, that sit atop of everything!'

Reaper shook, its outer layer shedding to reveal a coating that was somehow even darker. It was a black that absorbed every bit of light that touched its surface, the kind that was indistinguishable from the dark depths of space.

The vicious red iris melded into its black fog, sinking into its body as a barrier was shattered.

Dyon didn't need to guess to know what happened. His Death Scythe, his Reaper, had broken through the Venerable Grade and firmly entered the Emphyrean Grade.

It slowly fell from the skies, landing in Dyon's hands with a dignified air. In that moment, Dyon felt that Reaper no longer hinged its existence on just one world.

Dyon looked toward Reaper. "... It seems we can end all of this soon."

A weapon with this level of power had no business appearing on the mortal plane. With such a master behind its back, the result was even more obscene.

By Dyon's estimations, Reaper had likely been very close to entering the Emphyrean Realm for a very long time already. However, it had been too limited by the laws of its weak world. In addition, its previous master was a mindless madman and had no ability to give it such a resonating name.

The moment it entered a world with looser restrictions and was given its true name, it erupted with a strength of an entirely new level. It soared beyond its previous limits, entering a realm few weapons had ever touched before.

Of course, the Immortal Plane had its fair share of Emphyrean weapons. What truly made Reaper special was the fact it had actually been able to evolve to this state. Such weapons were extraordinary as they had their own sentience.

Madeleine, who had been fighting on the back of her ice phoenix, smiled and shook her head.

'He's only been gone for three months yet he came back so much more powerful.'

Madeleine knew well enough to understand that this definitely wasn't due to the Death Scythe alone. She could sense that the Death Scythe would be nothing more than a sharp stick without Dyon.

"Since my husband is here, there's no need to continue this." Madeleine said lightly.

A crystalline fan appeared in her hand as her imposing aura climbed several levels higher.

The ice phoenix's sonorous call screeched over the battlefield, its long neck standing proudly as it shot out a beam of concentrated ice will.

"What are you proud for?! You're nothing more than a mutt now!"

The Griffon cried out in rage, its beak sharply snapping in the air.

"Die!"

Madeleine's beautiful violet pupils contained not a single ripple. She looked on expressionlessly, her momentum climbing.

The griffon's proud wings spread, a strong burst of rolling earth qi accumulating from its mouth.

The beam of earth qi jetted outward, tearing through the ice beam of Madeleine's ice phoenix and toward its arrogant neck.

However, before it could pierce, Madeleine had already taken action.

"... [A Goddess' Melody... Love's First Sight]..."

Madeleine's adoring gaze landed on a man standing arrogantly in the skies. His clothing was borderline barbaric, maybe in the past, a man with an Emperor's stature would never dare appear in public with his torso bare and his pants rolled up.

Yet, she was completely intoxicated by this very uncultured man. With him, her attack held an unfathomable strength.

The winds seemed to sing, a lovely song playing in the skies.

The dichotomy was striking. On one side, there was a man who wielded pain, disgust and death. And on the other... There was a woman who moved love, beauty and life.

The world followed Madeleine's rhythm.

At first, she felt a hard to resist pressure bearing down on her. But at that moment, the man in the skies sent a light smile toward her.

The difficulty plummeted. The world opened up to her whims, bowing down as it should have from the very beginning.

Madeleine's wrist flicked forward, cutting a wave of silvery gold qi across the skies that split the beam of earth qi directly in half.

Even as Madeleine's attack was being launched, Amphorae promptly reacted. Though she had suddenly fallen from the most powerful of Dyon's wives, this was only because Madeleine and Ri gained what could be considered unfair advantages. Strictly speaking... The potential of a 12-winged Angel was beyond imagining.

A bloody aura shot from her body as her crimson wings reflected under the red sun.

The melody of her golden flute became more savage and oppressive, underlying Madeleine's lovely tune with a sharp edge that wasn't possible before.

The two resonated with one another, multiplying and layering exponentially.

Ripples spread through the air, bombarding the Orc Overlord the red-haired beauty was facing.

Simultaneously, two Overlords fell.

To one side, a mighty griffon of several kilometers long was split in half, its organs and blood raining down from the skies upon the screaming warriors below.

To another, a silver-skinned orc imploded from the inside out, its enraged roar echoing through the skies in indignation as it understood its coming fate.

Just like this, the battle seemed to be over. Less than 40% of the troops remained while their most powerful expert was felled by Madeleine. It had only been a few minutes, yet a war that had been raging for two months ended in a flash with the appearance of just one man.

Chapter 2097: Too?

Dyon descended from the skies, his scythe leaning over his shoulder as he hovered between Amphorae and Madeleine.

"You realized it too?" Dyon said lightly to the both of them.

"Yes." Madeleine nodded. "There's something wrong here, so we purposely held back and struggled. They're most definitely waiting for something, and that something is likely you. I was a bit worried... But it doesn't seem like I have a reason to be anymore."

Madeleine and Amphorae's smiles bloomed, quieting the thundering cheers. They were simply too beautiful.

Dyon smiled himself, but didn't answer directly. He was really curious what Kaori was planning. The fact he hadn't taken action yet spoke volumes. Why hadn't he taken advantage of the time Dyon was gone? Of course, he could have believed that Dyon was simply hiding and waiting for a moment to strike, so he purposely held back for this purpose.

The next few moments would explain a lot.

However, who knew that an hour would tick by without a single movement? Even after Dyon decimated the army attacking the dwarves as well... There was still nothing.

Dyon had a few guesses as to why Kaori hadn't appeared. The most likely of which was that this was just a test.

The scariest reality to a man like Kaori was not having enough information. As of now, the only truth Kaori had about Dyon, the only one that was factually indisputable, was Dyon's obscene speed of improvement.

Yet, despite this being the only truth Kaori was aware of, the striking horror of it all was that this very man he set as his goal, his enemy of a lifetime, had actually spent the last 80 years out of the public eye for the most part. This was the most devastating reality that Kaori could imagine.

Without a choice, he needed to find a way to understand the level of power Dyon held now.

Well, this was the most likely reason, anyway. It was the reasoning that anyone with a bit of cognitive aptitude would be drawn to. However, Dyon believed that this conclusion was nonsense. If Kaori believed he could find his bottom line so easily, he would be nothing more than a fool. Even Dyon himself wasn't certain where his limits lied.

If Kaori wanted to have a chance, he only had one option, and that was to treat Dyon like an undefeatable entity, like a God that reigned the masses and could impose his will on a whim.

Now the real question was... After framing Dyon in this way, what path was left for Kaori to take? How does one defeat a God as a mortal?

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"... You... You're not an elf?"

The green-haired elder Dyon had become familiar with was completely baffled. His gaze gave away hints of betrayal and confusion.

"Yes, I'm human." Dyon responded. "I relied on my wife's primordial yin to appear before you as an elf."

The dwarves were astounded by this reality. Primordial Yins could be used in such a way?

Some elders held thoughtful expressions behind their overt hostility toward Dyon's 'betrayal'.

The dwarves originated from the Golden Era, but had existed during the Warring Era as well. They had faint legends that told of the importance of Primordial Yin and Yangs. This was a topic explored very thoroughly during the Primordial Era but had seemingly been forgotten over the years.

Every sort of culture originated from somewhere. It seemed that the root cause behind the sexism of the martial world was tied to the secrets of the Primordial Yin...

"But..." The green-haired elder couldn't help but look toward Ri. Confused, he also shifted his gaze toward Alauna. Both women had come to help the dwarves while Dyon handled the southern battlefield along with Clara and Luna. But looking through all of them, the green-haired elder couldn't find a single elf.

Dyon's expression darkened.

"This is my daughter."

"Oh, I see. But..."

"Your World Tree dared to have designs on my wife, so I stripped it of its connection to this plane."

"What?!"

The elders were astounded once more. First, this single line made it obvious that Ri had been the Elvin Queen. But, even more shockingly... 'stripped it of its connection'?! Why was such a thing said so casually?!

"There'll be a day when the World Tree no longer exists, so I hope you're prepared for that."

It was only now that the elders realized that Dyon's expression hadn't become so fierce because they mistook his daughter for one of his wives. In the martial world, considering the youth they could maintain with their cultivation, such things occurred quite often. It was more than irrational to become enraged about such a thing.

Instead, what Dyon was truly angry about astonished them even more than their former thoughts.

It had been many generations since the dwarves last came into contact with the World Tree. Even beyond the fact they were in this prison, even the elves on the mortal plane hadn't been in contact with it. In fact, they hadn't been able to contact their Ancestors on the Immortal Plane in millennia as well.

However, regardless of how much time passed, the World Tree was still considered to be a Deity level existence to them. Not a fake Deity like the so-called Deity Clan, but rather a tried and true God that lorded above worlds.

Yet, this young man spoke about slaughtering it so casually.

"There's no need to waste anymore time on a dead thing." Dyon moved on as though it truly wasn't worth his time to continue on the subject any longer. "Rather, we need to handle this current situation."

"I won't beat around the bush. I am not a member of the younger generation sent by my Clan. I am the Emperor of an Empire who just happens to be younger than a thousand years old. Of the mortal plane's just over a thousand quadrants, I effectively control almost 200 of them.

"There's no need to play anymore games. My initial goals for the first phase have already been met, I'm prepared to push forward and wipe my enemies away so that there's not even a need to consider the second phase at all.

"The question remaining for you all is whether you want to be my enemy or my subordinate. Which will it be?"

Chapter 2098: Don't

At this point, even the second Overlords of the dwarven Clan couldn't help but sit up in their seats, unable to react for a long time.

Did they hear correctly?

"You honestly don't have much time to decide." Dyon said lightly.

The dwarves couldn't wrap their heads around the brazenness of this young man. He stood alone amidst their strongest elders, only three of his wives and his daughter by his side, yet he was essentially threatening them as though they really weren't worthy very much.

However, they knew that they had the right to act this way. Just the act of wiping out the centaurs alone was enough to shake them to their core. Of course, the dwarves could have done this as well, but there was definitely no single one of them who could have accomplished the feat.

But this was only the first. After seeing Dyon fight side by side with a black dragon and essentially wipe out a coalition army by himself, they realized that this young man was already levels beyond them.

Subconsciously, they had already accepted Dyon's story. In addition, technically, Dyon's wife was their leader, though she had lost what made her the Elvin Queen.

"We don't have much time? What do you mean by that?"

One of the three Overlords of the dwarf clan probed. It sounded like Dyon was threatening them to hurry up so that he didn't get angry, but it somehow felt more important than that.

"Whoever orchestrated the attack in both the southern and eastern regions definitely won't wait much longer before continuing to their second step."

"Really? Even after losing so resoundingly?"

"Your thoughts might be valid if the initial attacks were truly their best effort. But, you were attacked by two of the Overlord Clans while we were attacked by three of them. Yet, between five Overlord Clans and ten three facet Overlords, plus what should have been dozens of two facet Overlords, not only did only two two-facet Overlords appear, but not a single three facet Overlord showed their face.

"You tell me, what does this mean?"

"They're probing us? But what could we possibly have to probe..."

Before he could finish the rest of his thoughts, the dwarven Overlord broke out into a cold sweat. Not just his own gaze, but dozens of dwarven gazes slowly looked to meet Dyon's own.

Obviously they had no ability to cause Overlord Clans to treat them so seriously.

The truth was that as a Clan that was once a Pinnacle Race, they should have ruled over this prison as well alongside the other Overlord Clans. However, they couldn't for one main reason: They hadn't been here long enough!

Overlords were extraordinarily rare on the mortal plane. In fact, if one became an Overlord in comprehension or qi on the mortal plane, they would immediately be forcefully sent to the Immortal Plane. At the same time, becoming one in body or soul was incredibly rare.

Simply put, the legacy of Overlords on the mortal plane was incredibly sparse. And, when one enters this dog eat dog prison, there obviously wouldn't be any Clans kind hearted enough to open up their findings to the masses.

This was all to say that the dwarves had to slowly build up their own legacies, which left them lagging behind the Overlord Clans.

What did all of this mean? It meant that there was no way these Clans were probing them... They were not worthy!

That only left one explanation! Five Overlord Clans were moving with the sole purpose of handling this singular young man of not even 1000 years old!

"If I'm correct, the only Clan within your eastern region that didn't move is an unnamed human Overlord Clan. They're the only ones who wouldn't feel so threatened to the point of needing to react like this. It likely won't be long before the two Clans that did attack come in full force.

"You may be unhappy about me threatening you, but the reality is that I wouldn't have to act to destroy you all at all. I would just fold my arms behind my back and watch."

If Dyon was a different person, he'd likely abandon the dwarves all together. Their usefulness in gathering up Faith for him had already been fulfilled. Over the last few years, his actions had completely shaken the Ancient Battlefield. His Mortal Empire's Faith was easily threefold stronger now. It wouldn't be a problem to match up against the Sapiientia any longer.

Though it would be helpful to gain more – after all, there was obviously a massive battle looming in the horizon – whether it was worth splitting his forces to take care of them or not was up in the air.

So, Dyon decided against doing so. If they wanted his protection, they would have to join him in the south. Otherwise, their partnership would end here.

"We agree, but..."

Just as the Overlord was about to speak, Dyon turned his head toward a certain direction.

As usual, the dwarven meeting place was in the crude lands bordering the oil-like raging rivers. Dyon's gaze narrowed as he looked over the reddish horizon.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The faint sounds grew louder and louder. It was obscenely loud to the point that deciphering what it was, was nearly impossible. That was... Until the first heads as tall as mountains came into sight.

"But what?" Dyon looked over curiously, shifting back from the horizon.

The dwarven Overlords swallowed hard, not daring to finish their words. Dyon wasn't exaggerating at all when he said they didn't have much time to think.

...

"Can we really leave like this?"

The dwarves were inwardly fighting with themselves. Though the dwarfism of the dwarven race was nothing but a myth, their pride was very much real. Even if they knew they wouldn't be able to do much in such a battle, they still felt that they could do something.

"Don't worry." Dyon said with a smile. "Though I'm not a bad person, I wouldn't particularly consider myself benevolent. Since I'm taking you in, it means that I have a use for you... What do you think of this?"

Dyon suddenly took out a massive golden door. Even though it didn't make a single sound coming out of Dyon's inner world, just silently standing in the ground caused cracks to spread out violently.

The splinters in the hard soil raced across the brown lands, crashing into the shore and causing miniature rivers of water to rush out.

"... Heavy!"

Chapter 2099: Penultimate

The three Overlord dwarves watched on with wide eyes. The first thing they noticed was the weight of this door, but the next thing they noticed were its intricate patterns. They completely forgot about the looming booms hanging over them in the horizon.

"This... Our Clan hasn't produced a work this marvelous in countless generations."

Dyon blinked with curiosity at these words.

"So that means that your Ancestors have reached this level before?"

"Not in the same way, but functionally speaking, yes. I can't confirm for certain, but judging by the descriptive texts, it should be so. Our Ancestors would never exaggerate... Even I was a bit doubtful craftsmanship could reach this level until now..."

"This is your task." Dyon said.

With a wave of his hand, a large blooming flower the size of a human appeared to his side. Soon, a clone of himself was formed and the massive golden door disappeared.

"My clone will follow you all out. I've set up a network chain of teleportation arrays leading from here to the eastern region. However, they're not perfectly linked so that in the case one is compromised, they won't all be. My clone will lead you."

"You want us to..."

"Yes. Recreate treasures of this level. There's really no deadline. I'll end this war before you get a chance to."

Dyon's unbridled confidence shocked the dwarves to the point where they could only look at one another.

"Well? Hurry up now unless you want to get caught up in all of this."

"We... Thank you."

In the end, the dwarven elders could only bow in thanks before rushing away. It wasn't long before Dyon, Clara, Luna, Ri and Alauna were the only ones remaining.

"You four should go too. If you stay here, how am I supposed to have any fun?"

Clara pinched Dyon's hip hard.

"What are you saying? Trying to find another wife among the cyclops? Your tastes are pretty fierce."

Dyon grinned. "If they weren't fierce, how could I have married you?"

"Ohoho, so it's like that? I seem to remember someone making a bet with me that if I could draw a Grandmaster Array in 20 years, he would become my slave for 5 years. My debt is long overdue."

"I wasn't in the right state of mind." Dyon said shamelessly. "I even fell into a coma right afterward. I plead insanity."

Alauna giggled toward her father's antics. If the dwarves saw him now, they'd probably be even more speechless than they were before. What kind of man with so much power would be on the losing end of a conversation with his wife in the martial world?

"You should plead shamelessness." Clara said with disdain.

Dyon sighed deeply. "She's a lost soul, lead her away well Luna. She's easily confused."

"Are you sure you want to stay here alone?" Luna asked. "Kaori should be the most aware that he is no match for you. But, I have a hard time believing that he's attacking you out of principle for killing his father and enslaving his son rather than for a true purpose."

Dyon looked off toward the cyclops army that was coming ever closer.

"That's exactly why I have to send you away." Dyon smiled playfully, as though showing that he truly wasn't taking this seriously. "As the heir of a Clan only able to share the 30th rank in the tower quadrants, Kaori somehow got the support of the Numbered Warriors. After that, he managed to call the Transcendent Beast Alliance to his aid. Following that, he got his hands of a Half Immortal Grade spatial treasure that would be rare even in the Sapientia Clan. Now, I'm 95% certain that he's behind these movements.

"I find it pretty interesting. He somehow managed to hide from me for 80 years as well... I'm curious about what his secrets are... Since he wants to constantly provoke me, I don't mind taking his things as my own."

Dyon launched himself into the air, flashing forward over a kilometer in an instant.

"I'm going cyclops hunting, wait for the good news."

The four women stood in silence for a long time as the sounds of battle erupted in the distance.

Maybe it was the intuition of a woman, but something felt off. The weird part was that they somehow felt that it wasn't Kaori either. Or maybe it was related to him, but not him exactly.

On Dyon's shoulders, Little Yin and Yang frowned.

'Little Yin, this timeline's penultimate event is coming soon.'

'...'

...

Dyon flew through the skies with a smile on his face. If it wasn't for the fact every swing of his scythe unleashed bloody murder, one would think that he was taking a leisurely stroll in the park.

The size and weight of his scythe changed freely. Sometimes it was its original three-meter length, other times it expanded outward hundreds of meters at once, slicing apart massive cyclopes one after another. Limbs, heads and bodies dozens of meters inside were strewn about in the forest, saturating the infertile soil in a bloody mess.

"Is this the mighty cyclops clan? Ancestor of the Giants? Why are you all falling so easily?"

Dyon released the beast babies and Chenglei.

The five had grown much more familiar with each other over the years. However, having not had many opportunities to battle as one, Dyon thought they may need some experience in coordination. Although he could take control of their actions with his overwhelming soul might, his soul stamina wasn't as free as it used to be anymore.

Every time Dyon used Reaper, he had to evoke the fundamental runes of its origin world. Though he could get away with not doing so now that Reaper had broken into the Emyrean Grade, this inaction would still cause a drastic drop in Reaper's prowess.

Chapter 2100: Curious

In order to do this, then, Dyon actually couldn't sustain it with his base soul strength alone. He had no choice but to burn his soul, which was why he had done so at the very start of the southern region battle.

Knowing this, it was obvious why Dyon couldn't spare the soul strength to micromanage everything.

In truth, he didn't feel he needed his beast partners for this battle, but he summoned them nonetheless. If he continued to shelter them too much, they would eventually become of no help to him. He had given them the sturdiest foundations imaginable. It was now up to them to grasp their own path forward.

The mindless slaughter continued. The cyclopes were obviously enraged by Dyon's words, but they were simply too weak to do anything about it.

As an Overlord Clan, the cyclopes had many Overlords. However, it wasn't as exaggerated as them being able to form an army of this scale. No matter what, Overlords were still incredibly rare existences.

Dyon might have only been facing an army of a few dozen thousand, but they were entirely constructed of Fallen and Higher Existences. Any Overlords who appeared were only the first facet and they maintained their distance, only daring to look on from hundreds of miles away.

Of course, they had no idea that Dyon could very clearly see them with his Immortal Sense. Or, maybe they were aware and knew Dyon was smart enough to probe the situation before diving in too fiercely.

Dyon's main goal was obvious: slaughter.

There was nothing left to protect in this region. The dwarves were already gone. After all, as a pinnacle race, their birthrates were appropriately low. Their population didn't surpass a few million. With Dyon's scale of array knowledge now, shifting this many people was child's play.

If that was the case, then why had Dyon remained here if not to kill? The more he killed, the better. Not for his pleasure, but for the sake of whittling down his enemies. This war... This 'descent'... He wanted to end it!

'Finally couldn't wait anymore, huh?'

Approaching from a completely different direction, a horde of handsome men and gorgeous beauties swarmed, charging for the battlefield. However, amongst them, there were ghastly ghouls, screeching wraiths, and rotting zombies that dragged themselves forward by what was sometimes the most inexplicable means.

'The Undead Overlord Clan.'

Dyon was lost in thought as Reaper mindlessly swung in his hands. White illusory flames coated his body, dancing like the devilish calls of hell.

'What are they thinking? Tiring me out with fodder? It shouldn't be so stupid, right?...

'Hm... Why is it that all of the Overlords are standing near the planes? Both the Undead and Cyclops Clans come from the eastern region. They wouldn't need to enter from the planes, after all, they control much of this region between the two of them... three if that Clan is counted.'

The Undead's dreadful screams sounded. It seemed they hadn't accounted for Chenglei's suppression of them... Or had they?

Everything was confusing Dyon. If Kaori was really behind all of this, he should know that Chenglei had the Death God Body. Much like many constitutions, it originated from an Ancient Constitution of the past. The ancestor who was born with this constitution was the very Ancestor of the Undead Clan.

Wasn't it too much of a joke to have them come to fight when Kaori should know that Chenglei was by his side?

To make matters worse, it seemed that Reaper had an even more profound suppression of the Undead Clan. Its mere presence alone collapsed their frontline, making the farce of a pincer attack they attempted crumble to ashes before it could even get off the ground.

'What if I'm wrong?' Dyon thought with a furrowed brow. 'I keep looking through this situation with a lens that says Kaori is responsible, but what if he isn't?'

After a while, Dyon realized something curious, something he hadn't noticed due to the fact his strength had become far too overwhelming.

Though the Overlords were hiding toward the flat plains that surrounded the central region of the Ancient Battlefield, the cyclopes and undead had come from the opposing directions. Despite the slaughter, they were still going all out to charge toward Dyon, whose back happened to be facing the direction of the plains.

'Trying to push me toward the plains?...' Dyon suddenly smiled. 'All you had to do was ask.'

The center of the Ancient Battlefield had always been a point of curiosity for Dyon. However, he didn't have the luxury of exploring it as he pleased, at least not until this ended.

Originally, he was actually hoping that the center of this prison had the key he needed to defeat The Entity. Even if Dyon were to fight that monstrous being with his current strength, he actually wasn't confident in even leaving a mark.

Since he could kill two birds with one stone in this way, why not?

Suddenly, Dyon felt that these cyclopes and undead were quite pitiful. The reason they were fiercely charging toward Dyon was ironically because they weren't charging toward him at all. Instead, they believed their only hope of survival was making it to their Overlords who were hiding to Dyon's back. As such, they had no choice but to keep charging.

'Hm...' Dyon retracted Reaper, leaning it over his shoulder as he flashed toward the plains.

"I'll leave this place to you five."

Chenglei and Shere's roar was all the response he received.

The charging armies felt a sense of relief with Dyon's disappearance. Many felt emboldened. However, they soon learned that though weaker, these five beasts headed by a Dragon could be troublesome in their own right... Especially when their dead comrades began to rise one after another.

"Where did he go, why did he vanish?"

Confusion spread as they tried to figure out what was going on.

"That arrogant kitten claimed that that dangerous man wouldn't leave and would come right here."