

Nameless 2219

Chapter 2219 Simple Question

This was incredulous already, but after using his immortal sense, Dyon realized that things were even a step more complicated than this.

Not only were the outsides completely unique, but so were their innards as well. The capillary pathways of the metallic heavenly herbs, the age rings of the tall stone trees, the veins of precious flower petals... There was not a single repetition among them all!

Dyon stood absolutely stunned. This world wasn't large by usual standards, only being at about ten thousand miles across. In addition, due to the special restrictions set by its creator, it was impossible for Dyon to cover it all simultaneously with his immortal sense without completely draining his mental energy. However, Dyon didn't need to see much more to be certain that every other place was exactly like this.

This Yin Soldier Immortal God was most definitely not a simple character. His strength was irrelevant to Dyon at this point. This was all Dyon needed to see to know just how diligent this man was in his craft and what level of fondness he had toward it.

The surroundings might have been bleak and dreary – how could it not be when greenery was replaced by stoic and dark inanimate objects – however, Dyon felt that this place was particularly beautiful. He felt that this man loved his craft no less than he himself loved array alchemy.

When Dyon looked up though, he couldn't help but be disappointed. He seemed to be the only one who spared this forest a second a glance. He couldn't help but feel uncomfortable in his heart.

"Earl, who is this?"

It was a simple question, but Dyon's gaze flickered slightly.

At that moment, an elder of the Vio question had aimed this question toward the Earl who had Dyon in his Eostre Clan form and the low elf by his side. He recognized the low elf as Cassius. And, though they were aware that he was just a low elf, they still respected him greatly. After all, even if he had low standing in the elven hegemon, he was still part of the hegemon nonetheless.

However, Dyon was a person they had never personally seen. Though, considering how famous Dyon had become and how striking his appearance was... it didn't take much out of them to guess that this was the empyrean high elf who had been making waves recently.

The group had just alighted their graveyards and entered the square of an empty city surrounded by tall stone pillars when everyone turned their eyes toward Dyon's group.

By now, the problem Dyon had latched onto was obvious. The Earl had invited Dyon in public, he hadn't tried to hide anything. How could it be possible for these clans to have no news of it? The only possible explanation was that the Earl, by some unknown means, had been able to find a way to suppress this information even after letting it spread so wantonly initially.

Dyon felt a slightly chilly breeze caress his heart. The control this Earl had over Segment 232 was greater than he had thought.

"This is my helper." The Earl said casually, seemingly having no intention of explaining.

The Vio Clan members had wisps of cold expressions, but how could they continue to ask more questions? They were afraid that if they did, they might enrage Dyon by making it seem as though he wasn't welcome, when the reality was that they were only pissed that the Earl had suddenly thrown such a trump card in their face without letting any of them catch the wisp of his conspiracy.

The Earl smiled complacently at their reactions, but he was even more complacent in the fact this high elf didn't refute the fact he was a helper.

'Who cares if you're a high elf, weren't you subdued by my money just the same?'

The Earl didn't care if Dyon was only suppressing himself for the sake of wringing more money out of him because this was ultimately the kind of complacent attitude he hoped Dyon would continue to have. In this way, there would be no way for him to be prepared for when he was stabbed in the back.

This was why he had gone out of his way to bring such a skin dip excuse of a graveyard. He wanted Dyon to believe that he still had countless reserves left so that Dyon would continue following his orders like an obedient marching dog. If things were like this, his chances at success were practically 100%.

'This is my time. I'll rise to the top without cultivation talent and even squash a high elf beneath the sole of my feet.'

"Since you don't want to introduce me to Sir, I will introduce myself." The elder of the Vio Clan cleverly recovered and smiled toward Dyon. "I am Xisua, the Grand Elder of the Vio Clan, I'm pleased to meet you."

Dyon nodded faintly, but this was about the response they had all expected, so none of them seemed offended by the result. Though, the more arrogant Dyon was to others, the more complacent the Earl became.

"We don't need to spend much time talking about the obvious." The Earl interrupted before Xisua could go further. "Everything obtained on the inside will be by strength. This is the 16th opening of this world, so there's already not likely much left, but this is still no reason for there to be a falling out amongst each other. After all, we must all live amiably as one after all of this is over."

Despite not liking the Earl's earlier actions, they still agreed with his words.

Following this, with a practiced ease thanks to the information they had bought on previous openings of this legacy world, they poured their qi into the runes of the empty square.

After the qi reached saturation, everything went dark for a moment before light returned. It was as though the lights had flickered for a moment despite the fact that they weren't indoors.