

## **Nameless 2221**

### Chapter 2221 Abandon

That said... Dyon had a feeling that this Immortal God had done this on purpose... It was very likely that this was the method he wanted them to take, or else there wouldn't be such a massive design flaw in a world created by a man who was clearly so detail oriented and diligent.

'This world might be more intriguing than I initially gave it credit for.' Dyon thought to himself, handing the jade that carried the information he had just scanned through back to the Earl.

"I assume there's a particular storyline you want to explore?"

The Earl's gaze glowed with a powerful glint, his expression clear as day for anyone to read.

"Of course, there are two. We'll split into two groups. You, Cassius, I and a few others will explore a previously abandoned storyline. These others will tackle a potential storyline that should have good potential..."

When Dyon heard that the Earl wanted to tackle an abandoned storyline, a wisp of a smile flashed within his eyes.

The reason for this was obvious. The Earl must have really taken him for a fool.

From what Dyon had observed in just a few moments, everything in this place perfectly followed the laws of cause and effect. If this was really like any normal video game from his mortal world, as an example, not to mention that failing wouldn't matter, even if multiple people succeeded it wouldn't be much of a problem either. Those kinds of games were created with the suspension of belief in mind and attempted to dampen realism in exchange for a more fun experience.

However, this place was completely different. Even though it was designed not much unlike a game, fun was most definitely not the objective of this place. Instead, they all represented countless tests set by Yin Soldier Immortal God.

If a storyline was abandoned, getting it back on track was nearly impossible. In fact, it might have veered so far off course by now that completing it was nothing but a dream. And, this was already the case if this was an abandoned storyline of the last entry into this immortal legacy world.

If the entry was several times back, meaning that there had been several openings since this storyline was abandoned, that it would most definitely be all the more impossible to succeed. Every time this legacy world opened, the timeline of this city would move forward, incrementally increasing the already impossible to clear difficulty.

"This is probably a pipe dream of mine." The Earl said somewhat somberly. "This storyline was abandoned during the 2nd entry and has passed through many hands, it's only for this reason that a small character like me could finally get a chance at it."

Hearing these words, Dyon's internal sneer deepened. But at the same time, he was intrigued.

Even though he was on guard against this Earl, it was easy to see that if he dared to act against him, it would mean that he had made a great number of preparations. Simply put, it was impossible that this storyline the Earl spoke of was fake. In fact, Dyon believed every word that came out of the Earl's mouth.

As ironic as it might sound, the best way to lie was to tell the truth! Even with the protection against his Eostre bloodline, the Earl didn't dare to act recklessly just yet.

Dyon nodded faintly. "What is it that you need me to do, get to the point."

"The first task in trying to complete an abandoned storyline is to find where the uncompleted thread is currently. For that, we need your calculative abilities. The jade holds all of the information we could gather on this storyline, we hope that you can find the optimal place for us to remove this grace and start off on the right foot."

Dyon took the jade from the Earl's hand. In a moment, he was completely immersed into the story.

According to this jade, this storyline was related to a love triangle between a certain General Rollant, a Monk Rab, and a woman by the name of Johna.

This was already ridiculous enough of a start. It would be fine if Johna was charming enough to attract a general, but a monk? What kind of monk were you really if you were pulled into a love triangle like this one?

But, the reality was even weirder than this. Because the love triangle wasn't what Dyon expected at all. He had allowed his own initial biases to cloud his judgment. It wasn't the monk and the general who were both pursuing Johna, but rather Johna and the general who were both pursuing the monk.

Getting to this point, Dyon already didn't know whether to laugh or cry. It seemed he had falsely accused this monk. It wasn't his fault that his charm was great enough to attract both genders. Maybe he was just trying to live his life of abstinence and meditation in peace while these two refused to stop bothering him.

However, could that really be the case? For there to still be suspense in this love triangle, there had to be some reciprocation, even if it was a small bit. In the end, Dyon couldn't help but believe that this monk wasn't so innocent in all of this. And, when he learned of their identities, not only did Dyon's expression grow more serious, but he became even more certain of those thoughts.

In this Yin City, there were four centers of power and each was formidable to the extreme.

First there was the military. They were the forces who repelled the demon armies and kept Yin City safe from the outside world. They held extraordinary power, and they were led by... Commander General Rollant.

The second was the underground world. They controlled everything from the prostitutes that called the corners of their home at night to the crime rings that moved all sorts of illegal contraband. And they were led by... Lady Johna.

Chapter 2222 Love Triangle

The third was the city government. They were controlled by the Nobles and the City Lord. They managed the laws of the city's surface world.

And lastly... There were the Temples. They were the religious force of this world and worshipped the mighty Yin God. And they were led by... Archmonk Rab...

What a love triangle indeed... It read more like a ticking atomic bomb to Dyon.

Archmonk was likely a title created by this Yin Soldier Immortal God as Dyon had never heard of it before. But, this didn't matter. What did matter was that these three were absolute tycoons and could be considered to be three of the four most powerful existences in this legacy world.

No, maybe that wasn't true. It was more accurate to say that they were three of the four most powerful in this city as it was necessary to take account of the demon forces as well.

Regardless, this love triangle was most definitely not a high school drama.

After understanding the foundation of this story, Dyon continued to quickly scan through the details.

The most obvious fact was that both Rollant and Johna were in love with Rab. Whether Rab had feelings for either of them was completely unknown. This might sound useless, but it was actually quite important to how one should approach this storyline.

When one began a storyline, it wasn't as though there'd be a quest menu that popped up to measure your progress and give you checkpoints to complete. They were completely blind. The only method of knowing a storyline was complete by receiving the reward in the end, and even that wasn't entirely reliable.

The reason this wasn't reliable was because there were a few storylines that provided rewards along the way, and though these were in the minority, they weren't exactly rare either.

What did this all mean? It meant that the motivations of the characters involved in the storyline were important to deciding what the end goal of the storyline was.

There was only one clue to all of this, and that was that none of the storylines had ever been to the detriment of Yin City. Without fail, every completed quest bettered the city in some way. That was all they had to go on.

Therefore, the ultimate goal before them all was to find a way to resolve this love triangle without the city falling into a state of civil war. To make matters worse, they also had to deal with the consequences of failure the others who attempted this storyline had incurred.

The more Dyon read, the deeper interest he began to gain.

'This Yin Soldier Immortal God is a genius. No, genius doesn't even do him justice.'

Dyon suddenly yawned. "I've changed my mind. I originally wanted to play along with this farce because I haven't had some fun in a long time, but it seems that this world will provide me with more than enough entertainment. It's best if you just die."

With a flick of his fingers, the Earl's fat head twirled into the skies. The look of astonishment on his face was practically frozen in time, as though he had become a statue.

It wasn't just the dead Earl who was shocked, but the entire team he had brought along and even in the teams who were discussing their own strategies beneath silencing barriers of their own couldn't help but look over with twitching expressions.

They couldn't hear any of the words that had been spoken between them before. However, none of that mattered. How had Dyon gone from accepting his role as a helper to killing the Earl in the blink of an eye?

At that moment, with bitter expressions, the Earl's team crumpled to the ground, their lips dripping with blood as their lives wisped away.

It was obvious that the Earl's life had been tied to their own. His death meant theirs. How else would they have chosen to follow someone so weak and even fear him?

Dyon, though, didn't have much of a reaction toward this. The immortal plane was cruel. They weren't the first to have in such a way, and they most definitely wouldn't be the last either.

"You..." Cassius stood frozen.

"You? Shouldn't you be addressing me more respectfully than this? What do you mean, you?" Dyon replied with a lazy expression.

"How could you go back on your word so easily? I thought High Elves were noble existences..." Cassius wore an expression crossed with disappointment and sadness.

"There's no such thing as a noble race." Dyon said emotionlessly.

He was sure that high elves would likely piss him off in the future regardless. Noble? Such a thing didn't exist. All that existed was strength, and variation and tiers of it, nothing more, nothing less.

"Plus." Dyon grinned. "Are you telling me that you weren't very interested in an opportunity to take my 'noble' blood for yourself and evolve into a high elf?"

Cassius' expression changed as he suddenly came to an understanding. Dyon was aware of their goals all along.

That said, he wasn't shocked to the point of losing himself. The Earl had said that a person with as much talent as Dyon wouldn't be a fool. He would most likely notice that something was wrong with their actions. But, the original plan was to slowly make Dyon follow a trail of breadcrumbs, not hiding their fangs while taking advantage of his arrogance in believing he could deal with them whenever they pleased.

In reality, their plan was going perfectly. Dyon really had planned to be led by the nose for a bit out of his own amusement. But... he had found a better toy to play with.

However, what was somewhat out of Dyon's expectations was that Cassius' expression had suddenly become as calm as a lake.

"Since you know this, it's fine. I'm quite aware that you aren't a real high elf and are merely using a primordial yin from a high born of the Eostre Clan. Now, I can give you two choices. Sever the primordial yin and give it to me, or hand your wife over to me for her blood.

"The choice is yours, human."

## Chapter 2223 Choice

Outside of Cassius' expectation, Dyon's lip curled.

On the mortal plane, it was probably impossible for someone to tell that Dyon was using a primordial yin to maintain his form. However, this wasn't due to a lack of ability, but rather due to a lack of knowledge.

The mortal plane had fallen into such a sorry state and many of their legacies had been cut off. Though the culture of protecting pure blood daughters still persisted, many had already forgotten why this tradition existed and even those who knew why lost the means of utilizing this method, let alone detecting its use.

However, the immortal plane was different. Normal people couldn't tell, especially with Dyon's immortal sense factored in, but, those who shared the bloodline Dyon was using would be able to sense subtle differences they could deduce to the root cause.

Dyon hadn't thought of this possibility before, but he didn't show a shocked expression regardless. For one, he was a petty man who didn't like his enemies having a step up on him. But, the more important reason was that his thinking speed was so quick that Cassius hadn't even finished his words before he deduced what had happened.

Had Dyon been more cautious and constantly enveloped himself in his immortal sense to stop others from probing him, it would have been impossible for Cassius to see through him like this. But, Dyon's soul stamina was already being diverted toward keeping the balance of his body and he decided it was unnecessary to spare energy to do such a thing.

Another reason Dyon was unmoved by Cassius' words, though, was due to the fact he was certain that Cassius hadn't told a soul about this. If the Earl had known the truth, he would have contacted the elven clan to come and punish Dyon instead. That way, he would obtain benefits by doing nothing at all.

No, this Cassius wanted to monopolize Dyon for himself.

"I'm sure that you're a great genius." Cassius said blandly. "But, no matter what your story is, your life is all but finished unless you listen to me.

"There's a possibility that you earn an elven princess's favor through normal means. Or, it's also possible that you bought a high elf virgin for an outrageous price. But, whatever your story is, none of it matters.

"You wouldn't be hiding your identity in such a small place like this unless you were in some sort of trouble. Which means you don't have the luxury to be found out by others.

11:19

"I'm sure that you want to kill me now, but I should tell you you don't have the luxury to be found out by others.

"I'm sure that you want to kill me now, but I should tell you that not only do I have countless methods of stopping you from doing so, it wouldn't matter even if you succeeded. I've already paid a price to split my nascent soul before coming here, whether you kill me or not, should you refuse my offer, the Elven Hegemon will want your head."

Dyon nodded as though he had great interest in what Cassius was saying.

"Do tell me, how many trump cards do you think this fat man had?" Dyon asked Cassius as though he was truly curious about the answer.

Cassius frowned at Dyon's words because this was truly the last thing he had expected to hear. Between Dyon flying into a rage or calmly accepting his requirements, it fell into none of these camps.

"I can tell you since you don't know." Dyon smiled like an amiable big brother. "He had no less than 37 defensive barriers, 12 instant teleportation fail safes, and at least 3 unique protections for his nascent soul, each of which could probably buy up an entire bubble world with their worth."

Dyon continued to explain as though he was diligently guiding a child.



"He was quite a smart man." Dyon nodded, affirming his own words. "He would never appear before me like this without countless trump cards. He looked like a fool, but he was definitely far smarter than you gave him credit for. Your only advantage over him was your bloodline. As a result, you had access to information that he didn't have."

Cassius' frown deepened even further.

"I know, I know. You must be really shocked. So many high-

grade barriers to protect his life, such expensive capital invested into preserving his worthless existence."

Dyon's amiable voice slowly grew colder, his smile flattening into a biting expressionless visage that sent shivers of terror down Cassius' spine.

"Do you know why he died anyway? It's because he was nothing before me. Those barriers? I can strike through them. His automatic teleportation talismans? I can stifle them. His soul protections? They might as well have been sheets of paper.

"So let me tell you what's going to happen. I'm going to kill you now. And pay very close attention to this next part right here. When that other half of your nascent soul notices this, it will realize it's made a mistake because now it only has a few seconds to live.

"By then, you'll have two choices. This will be a very important choice." Dyon's palm lightly tapped Cassius' cheek a few times. The latter had started trembling so uncontrollably that his leaked qi caused cracks to appear along the ground. "You can choose to die peacefully and take your punishment for daring to offend me in stride. Or, you can use those last precious seconds to contact and inform your Elven Hegemon and be the reason elves cease to exist on this plane."

Dyon's smile had come back, but it was so bitingly cold that Cassius' eyes rolled back into his head.

"The choice is yours."

These were the last words he heard before he died.

Dyon watched indifferently as Cassius fell to the ground.

"How pathetic. I didn't even attack yet he actually died of fear."

Dyon had accomplished many things in his life to this point, but this could be considered the very first time he had ever killed someone without raising a hand. Even more shockingly, this was arguably the strongest enemy he had ever faced. Well, if he disregarded the void beasts. After all, Cassius was a half step into the Immortal Celestial Realm.

Chapter 2224 Natural Elixirs

Of course, Dyon knew why Cassius had died just like that.

In the moments this ant had actually been threatening him, Dyon had lost his temper. He had already been patient enough with these people, even letting them slowly lay out their plans. Yet, this fool had actually wanted to talk to him as though he was pressed up against a corner.

The thing Dyon hated the most was being tested by those who believed themselves to be above him. The root of that hate was an ingrained hatred for those who felt themselves to be above him at all.

With such a disposition, gazing upon Cassius talking down to him had already ticked Dyon off. Yet, this idiot actually kept going and asked him to either hand over Jade's Primordial Yin or hand Jade over herself.

The moment the low elf dared to speak such words, Dyon's heart had already fallen into a hellish abyss.

Dyon's wives could all be considered his reverse scales, but he was especially sensitive when it came to Jade. He still had an endless pile of complex feelings for her and this low elf actually wanted him to hand her over to him?

In his fury, Dyon's aura had erupted. With the evolution of his sovereign flame, Cassius was suppressed to the point where his body ceased to function at all.

It could only be said that Dyon's strength was maybe more tremendous than even he realized.

He coldly swept a glance over the corpses before him and back toward the Vio and Well Clan representatives. It was clear that the latter two groups didn't want anything to do with him as they hurriedly shifted their gazes away, shuffling into the sea of bustling people who didn't react to their presence at all.

Dyon swept a hand forward and snatched a pouch from the Earl's hip.

Spatial treasures were incredibly rare on the immortal plane. However, those that did exist were separated into pouches like this one and rings.

By comparison, spatial rings were far rarer. Due to the sturdy materials they were made of, the spaces within them were comparatively larger and far stronger. A spatial ring could last forever, but the space within a pouch could last a few decades at most. Some with better quality could last up to a century, but they would eventually need to be replaced.

Despite how wealthy he was, the Earl could only afford to have a space pouch, so the value of spatial rings could be guessed.

Dyon swept a glance at the inside of the pouch and sneered.

A wisp of sword qi shredded the pouch apart.

If others saw Dyon's actions they would be completely astonished. Since the inner spaces of space pouches were inferior, if they were destroyed like this, all of the valuables within them would be destroyed as well, compared to spatial rings which would safely deposit everything outside first before its space was destroyed.

So, Dyon's actions were akin to destroying everything inside the space pouch!

However, what actually happened would be completely outside their expectations. Just when the inner space was about to collapse, Dyon's aura surged, resulting in the collapsing space to freeze in time as though it was too scared of Dyon to continue.

Under Dyon's control, the floating fluctuations of space opened like an envelope to reveal several hidden layers within.

'This space pouch should have been more expensive to construct than even some lower level spatial rings, yet he would rather make one of these than buying just a single spatial ring despite knowing he would have to make another in a hundred years. Truly cautious to the extreme...'

It could only be called a pity that the Earl met Dyon as an opponent, someone without scruples and with not a single care to explain himself. Others might be fearful of the bad impression they would leave on others by going back on their word like this, and might even rush to explain that the Earl was plotting against them. But, Dyon hadn't said a word as those other immortals rushed away.

'So this is what you were hiding, huh...' Dyon's gaze narrowed into slits.

There were numerous treasures in the Earl's possession that Dyon glossed over as though they were nothing more than trash. What Dyon was staring at now were three small and transparent bottles, not even a palm width in height. Each held a sparkling blue liquid that shimmered as though holding countless stars.

Even if Dyon had an eternity to guess, he would never for a moment think that the Earl would have something like this in his possession.

'Soul nurturing elixir.'

Elixir making was an extinct profession not unlike Saru's spiritual cook profession. However, unlike Saru's profession, its disappearance was due to the fact it had been made obsolete by alchemy.

However, there were still a few natural elixirs birthed by the Heavens that put even god grade pills to shame...

Natural elixirs were the existences that originally inspired the birth of the elixir making profession. In fact, those of this elixir making profession called themselves alchemists as well.

However, humans and beasts alike realized many years later that it was impossible to match the heavens in the art of elixir making and their paths began to evolve. This was how alchemy transformed into traditional alchemy before ultimately evolving once more into array alchemy.

This said, though some pills could match natural elixirs in potency now, all of those pills were without exception at the very pinnacle of the god grade.

What did this mean? It meant that this Earl actually had the equivalent of several pinnacle god grade pills in his grasp right now!

To put this matter into perspective, a single half-immortal pill could already grant tens of millions of years of life to mortals. Just what then could a pinnacle god grade pill do, then?

With his breadth of knowledge, Dyon recognized this natural elixir with a single glance and his expression turned solemn.

The soul nurturing natural elixir was an amazing treasure. It had several heaven defying abilities.

#### Chapter 2225 Most Powerful

First, it was able to raise the innate grade of a soul. The innate grade of a soul was the starting level a newly birthed child would have. On the mortal plane, this was practically disregarded entirely.

Dyon's innate soul grade was at the 4th level because he didn't need to actively cultivate his soul to already be at the peak meridian formation level. The only reason his soul hadn't been at that level when he initially entered the martial world was because his body was too weak. But, after his body strengthened, his soul easily reached that rank.

This was already absolutely shocking as it was thought that the absolute peak possible for an innate soul grade was the 3rd, but Dyon was an entirely level above this.

This said, innate soul grades were even more important on the immortal plane and were not disregarded. If a mother drank this elixir while her child was in her womb, then the child's nascent soul was raised by an entire grade.

Once this soul was raised by a grade, as long as the mother delayed giving birth, the immortal body of the baby would increase along with the soul, eventually reaching its level.

What did this mean in simple terms? It means that a baby meant to be born as a middle immortal saint would be born as a middle immortal celestial instead! A baby meant to be born as a peak immortal celestial would be born as a peak immortal law expert instead!

This ability alone could cause countless experts to battle to the point of annihilating entire clans. This was because even a person who wasn't in their mother's womb could still consume this, allowing the bottlenecks they faced vanish until the next realm.

There was a reason the soul wasn't ignored on the immortal plane like it was on the mortal plane... It was too important!

Even aside from this main ability, these elixirs had many other abilities as well.

When coupled with an elemental natural treasure, it could assist in forming the highest-grade Soul Nature. It could heal any soul injury to perfection. It could take a soul wisp and nurture it into a full soul once more to create a perfect clone...

Its benefits to the soul were almost endless.

Still Dyon chuckled when he saw these three vials. After his solemn expression faded, he didn't have the normal excitement others would have when in the face of this treasure.

Why?... Because he could tell that even if he swallowed all three of these vials here and now they would have no affect on his soul whatsoever!

Such a shocking reality made Dyon's lip twitch. His previous anger pretty much faded after Cassius' death and he didn't even spare a hint of worry toward the consequences of his actions. At this point, he was nothing but amused.

He hadn't worried about the lack of progress his soul was experiencing because he always assumed that he would eventually find treasures able to move it... But this was arguably the best soul treasure in all of existence, yet he could already tell that it was utterly useless.

When others were even in the vicinity of this treasure, their souls would already show signs of breaking through. But to Dyon, it felt like a small pebble had been thrown into an ocean.

Luckily, Dyon didn't need to despair. After all, his soul had recently had a massive breakthrough after suppressing the energies in his body for many years. So, it obviously wasn't impossible for him to improve, he would just have to take a harder path than others.

This elixir also made him realize just how bad the Earl's talent really was. He had been in the Immortal Essence realm, yet he had this treasure on him. This meant that he had likely been born a mortal and been one of the lucky few to break free and become an immortal.

Unfortunately for the Earl, all natural elixirs had one weakness: they couldn't be used more than once by the same person. So, after entering the immortal realms, the Earl had already hit his ceiling.

'Though it's useless if I use it personally, this amount won't go to waste. A single person only needs one drop, yet there are about 30 drops here. And...'

Dyon grinned. Then, he took out Reaper and Little Chibi. Who said natural elixirs could work on human souls?

The most powerful treasures in all of existence had souls of their own. However, just like how human souls had divisions among them, treasure spirits had divisions among them as well.

At this moment, Dyon was quite happy that the other groups had been too scared to stay in his vicinity and had directly left. If not, he would have likely had to put his life on the line in order to kill them all. It

was simply not in his best interest for others to know that he carried such a treasure, and so much of it at that.

How the Earl had gotten his hands on such a treasure? Dyon wasn't sure. However, everyone had their own luck and it seemed that the Earl's hadn't been bad until he decided to act against him. And now, Dyon had the perfect treasure he needed to awaken Reaper and bring Little Chibi to the top of the world with him.

Both of them had been in a deep slumber ever since they absorbed those high grade ores. Though the potential of a treasure spirit could be slowly raised over time by taking in ores that were compatible with them, the process took an extraordinarily long time.

However, the greater the potential of a treasure spirit, the faster this evolution would go. Which meant... Dyon had the confidence to awaken them both right now!

In fact, this wasn't all. Treasure spirits could be considered beloved children of the heavens as well. As they were born naturally, just like sprites, they could break rules that normal individuals could not.

#### Chapter 2226 Deep Slumber

The best part was that even though Reaper and Little Chibi had broken free from the Heavens, they could still break these rules!

Without hesitation, Dyon gave Reaper two drops and Little Chibi three. That was right. While humans and beasts and various other races could only consume a single drop, spirits and sprites like Reaper and Little Chibi weren't restricted by this at all.

In that moment, a violent surge erupted within Dyon's inner world.

After reforming his inner world, Dyon had gained a great ability. Though on the surface it didn't seem like a big deal, it was showing its might right now: the inner worlds of himself and his clones were all connected as one!

As a result, there was no need for Dyon's clones to leave this world and send these treasures back to his main body because they were effectively in Dyon's hands already.



Little Chibi surged into the skies. Her treasure gained a gorgeous luster, shimmering in deep reds and endless blacks as it pulsed with a golden light.

Her uproarious yet adorable laughter surged as he felt her potential skyrocket. In the blink of an eye, her treasure spirit went from the venerable grade, crossed into the empyrean grade, broke through the god grade, and slammed against the pinnacle of that level.

Right beside her, Reaper didn't lose out.

Its body was somewhat different from the past as well. Before, its body was perfectly smooth and without the slightest bump or scratch. It could blend into the darkness seamlessly and without equal.

But now, though it could still sink into the darkness, its body had gained character it hadn't had before.

Its long pole had lengthened, reaching almost 4 meters in height. It was still just as slender and sleek as it had been in the past, but now, it radiated a faint black light that made the space around it tremble. If others saw this, they would be shocked without end. Just how sturdy was the space of the immortal plane? And what kind of weapon could affect it?

However, it was Reaper's blade that underwent the most drastic change.

It was no longer sleek. It looked like an irregularly cut gem, curved menacing at almost 5 meters from end to end. The irregular shimmering shapes on its surface flickered even more savagely than its polearm. Within each one of these shapes, if one focused with all of their might, it was possible to see a singular closed eye.

However, as though its surface was a house of mirrors, it was difficult to tell whether there really were hundreds of these eyes, or... if there really was just one...

Much like Little Chibi, its treasure spirit skyrocketed to the pinnacle of the God grade, radiating outward with an imposing aura.

With both of his most valuable possessions increasing their potential to such a level, Dyon was immensely satisfied. Now, the two of them would be able to absorb the precious ores he fed them instantaneously. In addition, any bottlenecks they faced were completely erased up to the pinnacle God grade.

In addition, now that they were God grade treasure spirits, they could completely suppress any weapons they came across with the exception of the treasures of the 33 heavens. The only thing stopping them from entering the god grade now was the fact their bodies were made of inferior materials.

But... Dyon wouldn't let this last for long.

Just as Dyon was about to turn his attention back to this immortal legacy that had grasped his interest, his footsteps suddenly paused.

After a moment, his smile widened.

'Hey little guy, I think it's about time you wake up. You've made me wait long enough, don't you think?'

Without a drop of hesitation, Dyon took an untouched bottle soul nurturing elixir, sent it into his inner world, and shattered it above where Little Rain was in his deep slumber...

Dyon watched on with keen anticipation.

If Little Rain could really wake up, it was hard to describe in a few words just how useful the little guy would be. To say that he'd be a great help was a vast understatement.

One shouldn't look toward the sprite race of the mortal plane as a way to gauge. This was because these weren't considered true sprites. In fact, calling them half-sprites was also inappropriate.

They were men and women descended through the union of sprites and humans, but they were countless generations down from those ancestors of theirs, so in reality, their sprite qualities had decreased with each successive generation.

True sprites weren't existences that were limited by their own personal strength. Rather, they were only limited by the amount of their element in the surroundings.

When Dyon first met Little Rain, what he feared wasn't Little Rain, but rather the mountain of precious ores that surrounded the little guy. The more precious the ores around Little Rain, the more powerful he would be. It was as simple as this. If he was bestowed with pinnacle god grade ores, then even Immortal Gods would have to fear him!

Simply put, there was a reason the sprite hegemony was among the most powerful on the immortal plane.

That said, maybe even this description wouldn't do Little Rain justice because this was already how formidable a normal sprite was. But... What about Little Rain who had absorbed a fire sprite to become a duo elemental sprite?

Fire sprites and lightning sprites were the two most feared races of sprites in all of existence. Their offense power was unmatched in their race and they suffered the least restrictions when in places lacking in their element.

In addition to this, mineral sprites weren't lowly existences amongst sprites either. Though fire and lightning sprites were the most formidable offensive powers, mineral sprites were the most fears when in their home territory.

Who would dare provoke a mineral sprite in their home? Wouldn't you be asking to be buried beneath an avalanche of precious ores? Who wouldn't die with an aggrieved expression if they truly dared to be so foolish?

#### Chapter 2227 Little Rain

Even having spoken so far, this was just the surface of what Little Rain could do to help Dyon. If Dyon had Little Rain on one hand, and that mysterious blood sprite on the other, his future path would be wide and clear.

Having thought to this point, a wisp of a resolute expression flashed within Dyon's gaze. It was impossible to reach his goals without making a few sacrifices. So...

With a thought, he grabbed the second vial and shattered it over the Dragon King, allowing the blood sprite to swallow it all.

The blood sprite was ultimately an artificial lifeform created by completely unknown means. Unlike real sprites that had no limitations, after a few years of observation, Dyon realized that this blood sprite was an imperfect product.

If Dyon used it freely, there would most definitely come a day where it reached its limits and was unable to help him any longer. However... If he invested into it now and allowed it to possess a potential no less than that of a true sprite...

BANG

A howl sounded through Dyon's inner world. For a moment, he lost control and the barren land of his inner world actually rippled and shot into the skies.

Dyon's expression changed. He was no different from a god in his inner world, yet something was actually occurring within it that was completely out of his control.

In the end, he could only bitterly smile. Sprites... what frightening existences they were.

At that moment, a familiar broadsword shot into the skies of Dyon's inner world. Diamond-like chains whipped about from its long hilt and various colored flames shimmered along its body.

It whipped around like a child that had been locked up for far too long, excitedly speeding up and looping in circles.

Dyon smiled. With a thought, the familiar broadsword appeared before him. This sword was none other than one of the rewards he had gotten from the Epistemic Tower trials. It was made of a precious ore with almost endless evolutionary potential. If it wasn't at least this formidable, how could it be worthy of being a reward from that place?

At that moment, as though sensing a familiar presence, a blob of rainbow light shot out from the sword, excitedly whipping around Dyon at blinding speeds.

Though this was the case, Dyon actually sighed a breath of relief. He was really too exasperated with this little guy deciding to look exactly like him. Luckily, the little one had been asleep for so long that he had forgotten that he had taken Dyon's form before.

True sprites were genderless and didn't even make love with humans in the normal ways. So, knowing that Little Rain had had countless forms to choose from, yet decided on him had left Dyon a bit aggrieved.

"You've come at the perfect time little guy."

Little Rain bobbed up and down happily.

At that moment, Little Chibi came out, seemingly having found a new toy. Dyon smiled, at least like this, they wouldn't be too bored.

"Little Rain." Suddenly thinking of something, Dyon called out. "Turn your ore body into a chain, leave the sword form behind."

Little Rain, who was currently a blob of rainbow light being bundled in the adorable Little Chibi's arms did something Dyon interpreted as blinking before following through on the latter's request.

Dyon grinned as he watched the sword become a length of crystalline chain links that seemed to extend into infinity. After allowing Little Rain's main body to shrink and wrap around his left arm, he felt content.

Since Death had used a scythe in one hand and a chain in another, Dyon suddenly felt that it might be pleasing if he did the same. He felt that the combination might actually be quite good.

Dyon's expression flickered when the rainbow flames of Little Rain licked across his skin. He could feel that these flames were extraordinarily dangerous, but the little guy was actually controlling them so that they didn't cause any harm to him.

A faint excitement suffused Dyon's heart. He suddenly couldn't wait for the next person who chose to offend him...

'I have 5 drops of the initial 30 left. I'll leave 2 for Saru and Lilith, and since they're useless to me, I could potentially try to sell what remains... It might be difficult to do so under normal circumstances, but if I used the identity that golden cauldron gives me, it wouldn't be impossible...'

There was a problem with this though. Dyon was in great need of funds and a single drop of a pinnacle god grade treasure would definitely tide him over for a very long time. The issue was that the 3rd ranked golden cauldron was tied to Dyon.

Even if he took control of an alchemy guild using it, such a method was simply too unreliable. All these old fogies were shameless to the extreme.

'That reminds me, I should tell that Pill Sword Mountain about that Baron bastard... You know what, never mind, since Little Rain has awakened and they dared to come to this immortal legacy world with me, I'll play with them to their deaths.'

The Well Clan experts weren't the only familiar faces Dyon had seen, there were many more that deserved his wrath as well. He'd pay them back slowly.

However, there was one saving grace. According to the Dragon King's memories, Dyon's 3rd rank golden cauldron wasn't the only one. In fact, there were 4. One for the certification rankings, and one for each of the three alchemy grades.

So, if Dyon was quick and secretive, and he left before they could use the process of elimination to find out that it was him, it might very well be possible for him to execute a scheme if he quickly got in and out.

Taking a deep breath, Dyon swept a glance at the blood sprite which was glowing a far fiercer red and shot forward.

He had wasted enough time. If he wanted to refine this world into his base, it was best if he cracked this mystery the Yin Soldier Immortal God left behind and subdue everything that was left behind.

Chapter 2228 State Your--

Long after Dyon had left, a group returned to where he had gone from and gazed at the numerous corpses on the ground, solemn expressions coating their faces.

"The world is truly cruel." A cultivator said with a wisp of ridicule hanging from his lips. "He was stronger, so he even dared to go against his deal with the Earl and directly kill him. Furthermore, he didn't even care that we had witnessed his act and even directly left their corpses here to be eaten by the birds. The high elves are noble, indeed."

"Are you under the impression that this Earl was a good person?"

If Dyon were here, he would immediately recognize this individual as the retired patriarch, a man who Dyon called old pervert... Berolt.

"Is that important, Patriarch?"

In the last few years, Berolt had regained some of his calm and had once more become the respected retired patriarch they had all come to know. This made the Nightwell Clan breathe a collective sigh of relief, because those years Dyon had disappeared for had truly been too oppressive.

If it wasn't for this, how could a mere subordinate dare ask this question in this fashion?

"In this case, no.. But what is important is that face is extremely important to characters that possess this level of arrogance. Unless there was an exceptionally good reason, it would be impossible for a high elf to risk losing face and going back on his word for this mere Lower Immortal God legacy world. This place is very valuable to us even if this is the 16th entry, but to him, it shouldn't be like this.

"That means... The Earl gave him something that was worth losing face for."

Though Berolt's analysis was far from the reality of things, he had still managed to chance upon the correct solution.

"Moreover, whatever this thing is, it was likely hidden in plain sight or else the Earl, with his intelligence, would never risk taking someone he couldn't perfectly control with him. So, if I had to guess, this is a storyline that's not hidden, and likely well known. In addition, it's one that has been abandoned, but everyone believes has great potential for a good payout.

"What likely happened is that the Earl wanted to use the high elf's help in completing this storyline, but the high elf likely found something extraordinarily compelling within the information... compelling enough to tempt a high elf..."

Greed flashed in Berolt's gaze. "There are only a few storylines that meet this criteria. Forget the original plan, change your appearances and infiltrate these three storylines. With how realistic these puppets are, it's impossible to differentiate between them and real humans..."

"Don't be stupid and act against a high elf and get yourselves exposed. We'll only be looking to obtain some benefits from the sidelines. Of course... If there's a chance..."

A crimson red light flashed in his eyes as the blood of his subordinates boiled. The ambition of their General Berolt had finally been lit once more.

"Who are you! State your --!"

Before the man could finish words, a shimmering chain pierced through the air like a whip. Its tip barely touched his forehead when he blasted apart in a rain of blood and organs.

In that moment, the underground world entered a state of alarm. As a colossus of Yin City, they held unimaginable power. But, it was exactly this power that caused them to suffer so disastrously from the attack of just one man.



No one had ever dared to offend them. Even the other three powers wouldn't dare act so arrogantly in this place. Yet this one man entered their home grounds and started to kill wantonly just because he got a little impatient. How could they swallow such humiliation?

However, this man was truly too strong. He seemed to take a life with every step. No, it was inappropriate to say this because he actually reaped more than ten every time he strode forward.

The underground world wasn't truly underground. Or rather, it wasn't entirely underground because there were most definitely an intricate and complex network of underground tunnels, secret meeting rooms, and treasure stores.

This place, however, was simply one of the properties that the demonic empress Johna possessed in the redlight district.

At this moment, the customers of this brothel scurried out from their rooms in an embarrassed fashion. However, despite most of them being half dressed, they still carried rage on their faces.

Compared to the other brothels in this redlight district, this one could be considered quite high end. The cost of even one of the women here was extremely steep. As a result, only those with exceptionally high statuses.

When it came to individuals of such high standing, which of them weren't haughty and arrogant? Having their fun ruined by this one man obviously caused their temperamental personalities to flair up.

Unfortunately, those who dared to charge forward were directly blasted into blood mist. The chain was really too monstrous, snaking through the brothel like a venomous viper. Maybe the most shocking part was that the young man seemed to be completely unfamiliar with this style of combat.

They couldn't help but turn their gazes toward the massive scythe in his right hand. From the beginning to now, he hadn't swung it even a single time.

Just looking at it made them feel like they would be damned eternally to an infernal hell. Their souls quaked and legs trembled in its presence, even those who tried to take out weapons of their own felt the partners that had followed them for maybe their whole lives were cowering.

At that moment, just as the man was wantonly killing, numerous shadows suddenly flashed, snaking along the ground as though they really might blend into the floors before converging before the young man with the chain. They instantly formed 3 black cloaked figures, the genders of which were impossible to tell.

"You're here to provoke our underground world? Who sent you?"

Chapter 2229 Attack!

A voice came from the center shadow. The sound was little different from nails scraping along rusted metal. Even then, it was still difficult to tell whether it was a man or woman. It had a shrilly character to it that might very well have belonged to a female. But, at the same time, it carried the raspiness of a man.

"Bring me to someone with some actual authority. Otherwise, I don't mind killing you three as well."

The young man was obviously Dyon.

By now, he had realized that Little Rain's chain was far more formidable than he had believed. In fact, if it wasn't for the fact Dyon had restrained much of its strength by not allowing its fire to whip around without restraint, then this place would have been burnt to the ground a long time ago.

It seemed that the reason Little Rain had been asleep for so long was because upon becoming a fire sprite, he had to form his own unique flame. This was a process that took an exceptionally long time, and even more time considering he wasn't originally a fire sprite.

When Dyon touched the surface of Little Rain's unique flame, his excitement had grown to a new level.

Every unique flame had its own unique Characteristics. The Characteristics of Dyon's own unique flames were Creation. And Little Rain's was... Refinement!

Little Rain's unique flame was likely the greatest unique flame for the refinement of treasures in all of existence. This only made sense as it was the unique flame formed of the union of a mineral sprite and a fire sprite.

However, this flame had a devastating ability. What was the reason it was so good at refinement? The answer was that Little Rain's flames had the ability to break down all materials into their most elemental forms and allow them to come back together under its nourishment.

What was the result of this? Even without Dyon releasing the flame consciously, just the act of the flames touching those enemies he just faced caused them to burst apart. How terrifying was that?

'I should learn some whip techniques.' Dyon thought with a smile. 'I had decided to use a chain as a weapon on a whim, but who knew it would be so powerful?'

Hearing Dyon's words, the auras of the three robed figures turned savage.

"Attack!" The middle figure roared.

The three shadows around Dyon surged forward.

Without exchanging even a single word, they split, cutting the air apart as they once more converged toward Dyon from three separate directions.

Dyon sighed and flipped open his palm and a book appeared. This book was none other than the Soul Tome. It could be considered to be the only treasure of the 33 heavens that Dyon still had on him and the only one he hadn't thrown from his body. Honestly, he hadn't thrown it away not because he hadn't wanted to, but he had completely forgotten about it.

Back then, there was a veil pulled over his mind as though some mysterious force hadn't wanted him to throw it away. Those forces seemed to know that they couldn't make him do this if he was aware he was being coerced, so they decided to wipe it from his mind. And, considering Dyon had thrown The Seal away, he didn't have even a slight chance at stopping such a thing from occurring.

Now that Dyon had calmed from the rage he felt on that day, he no longer rashly threw it away. Of course, he hadn't realized that his memories had been tampered with either.

"If you don't want to be thrown away like the others, be obedient and be useful. I don't have the patience for the tantrums you've thrown in the past."

Dyon nonchalantly swung his left arm, his chain whipping forward like a tempestuous storm that sent the three shadows flying.

The Soul Tome vibrated as though refuting Dyon's words.

"Don't talk back to me, I still remember the first day we met. You didn't even give him [Inner World: Sanctuary] until I called you useless. And, after that, as though you were paying me back, you didn't give me a single other technique for hundreds of years. You knew I needed the rest of [Soul Aid], yet you had it the whole time but refused to give it to me. You think I don't dare to rip all your pages out?!"

The Soul Tome's vibrating grew fiercer. Clearly it was raining down curses upon Dyon, but only Dyon seemed to understand what it was saying, but his expression remained indifferent.

"So what if I threw away all your brothers and sisters? They were annoying me and they were nothing different from shackles on my future path."

Dyon's diamond-like chain whipped forward once more. This time, a ghastly scream escaped the lips of one of the shadows as they lost their arm in a blood fog.

"Just look at this, he actually managed to dodge a strike of mine. Too embarrassing. You want me to keep swinging this chain around randomly like this?"

The Soul Tome continued to vibrate.

"Regardless of your feelings, I don't care. In the past, I couldn't do much to you because I was too weak. But it's not like that anymore. If you continue to piss me off, the first treasure I knock out of the 33 heavenly treasures will be you! Try me."

Clearly, the Soul Tome was exasperated. Why had it chosen a master like this? Clearly it was trying to help him.

It hadn't given him those techniques earlier because dao grade techniques really were the weakest within its pages. Even those heaven grade techniques Dyon had forced it to swallow in the Valley of Geniuses were completely detested by it and had long since been purged while Dyon wasn't looking.

Plus, Dyon's actions in throwing away the other treasures really pissed it off. How could someone be so arrogant?! If the experts on the immortal plane knew that Dyon had thrown away such treasures, they'd probably eat him alive even if it wasn't in his possessions. Such actions could really infuriate people.

Chapter 2230 Torrents

"Alright, alright, alright. I got it. It isn't like I threw those treasures into the void of space, they're all by my daughter's side. Unless you're trying to say that my daughter isn't worthy? Because then I really will tear all your pages out."

Dyon's expression turned cold, causing the Soul Tome to shiver. This man really was too protective of his daughter. What would he do when she found a boy she liked? The Soul Tome prayed for the soul of that boy.

This aside, this was a shocking revelation to the Soul Tome. It hadn't thought that Dyon would really have thought that far ahead.

"What, you thought that I would throw it to some random place and let someone else benefit from them? Even if those things really pissed me off, I wouldn't do that. After all, if they fall into the hands of my enemies, then they'd only piss me off more. There'll come a day when my daughter has no need of them and she'll toss them aside just like I did."

The Soul Tome twitched. Were they really trash that could be tossed aside at will? Plus, it knew well that Dyon was just getting payback for that day he tried to give them to his daughter before, but they rejected.

In the end, the Soul Tome sighed. At least they weren't thrown into the trash. As far as master's went, Alauna really was the second best behind Dyon.

After a moment, its pages began to incessantly flip. One after another, profound whip techniques lost throughout the ages flickered to life, floating forward as complex intermeshed arrays.

In that moment, torrents of information surged into Dyon's mind. A normal person would have been completely devastated, but to Dyon, it was like a pebble had been thrown into a vast ocean. He ceaselessly accepted this information without so much as frowning.

With Dyon's current soul stage, he was able to instantly comprehend the dao grade techniques in the Soul Tome to perfection. And, if he chose to diligently cultivate, having them reach the One with Self realm wasn't impossible. But, Dyon simply felt no need to do so.

He didn't have time to practice his techniques as he usually did. What was most important was his research. And, with the soul tome by his side, he could master countless techniques to perfection in the blink of an eye.

To put this matter into perspective, over 95% of cultivators didn't touch perfection in the techniques they practiced, let alone the One with Self Realm.

In addition to this, dao grade techniques were the foundation of the immortal plane. Techniques above this in grade were simply too rare and even more difficult to practice. As a result, most cultivators on the immortal plane used dao grade techniques. Only those in the Immortal God realm would have a good chance at having a higher-grade technique. If it wasn't for this, why would the Dragon King be chased down so incessantly?

However, this was exactly why the Soul Tome was so heaven defying. Not to mention the fact that it had countless dao grade techniques, it even had numerous Mystic and Ancestral Grade techniques as well.

All of the treasures of the 33 heavens would cause a bloody battle if they were to appear. However, only the Soul Tome was capable of making Immortal Gods go mad in their pursuit of it, because such a treasure simply had too high of a value.

"Not bad." Dyon smiled, causing the Soul Tome to almost cry out in exasperation. What did he mean 'not bad'? Even those sects that specialized in the whip wouldn't have as many techniques as it did.

"[Nine Howling Beasts]."

Dyon ignored the Soul Tome, a mad grin on his face.

He looked no different from an elemental death mage. His left arm had rainbow chains strapped around it. His right arm held a ghastly scythe with numerous eyes hidden within its blade. And the Soul Tome hung in the air, flipping before him as though it was his grimoire.

To his back, his golden hair madly whipped about under the torrent of his surging qi, supplying his technique with an unyielding amount of strength.

At first, Dyon was still a bit apprehensive. After all, it instinctively felt appropriate to use whip techniques with a chain, but he wasn't sure. It was far too unconventional of a weapon. Not to mention a chain, even whip techniques and these so-called whip Sects the Soul Tome spoke of were incredibly rare.

However, the result didn't disappoint him.

His chain shot out nine times, causing the wind to howl like wolves beneath a full moon.

His qi became material, forming the head of roaring beasts as it cracks space apart.

Dyon knew immediately that he had used too much strength because he knew that his strength alone wasn't sufficient to crack space on the immortal plane just yet. Despite how contradictory this statement might sound, the real problem wasn't Dyon but was rather that Little Rain was too powerful.

To now, it wasn't that Dyon believed Reaper was more powerful than Little Rain and therefore decided to use Little Rain solely so as to catch his enemies off guard. Dyon wasn't the type who liked to lie low and hide his power.

The reason he had been using Little Rain was because he wanted to test to see where the little guy's limits were. But the reality was a bit too shocking.

Dyon had only completed the first three strikes of his technique when everything ceased to be before him.

It truly could only be described in this way. Everything in the path of the beast heads was blasted to pieces so small that they couldn't be seen even with the eyes of those with high cultivations here.

"I think I overdid a bit." Dyon muttered.

The three shadows didn't even have a chance to scream before they met their ends. The last trace of emotions in their eyes wasn't hatred or fear, but rather, regret. They really should have listened to Dyon's words earlier and brought someone stronger with them.