

Nameless 2231

Chapter 2231 Bright

Dyon snapped the fingers on his left hand, stopping the three beast heads from continuing their rampage. However, even then, the once high class building seemed that it really might collapse any time now.

At that moment, Dyon froze. It wasn't because some formidable enemy was coming, but rather because he felt that he was wrong before. It wasn't just that Little Rain was too powerful... But he was certain that this had something to do with the Soul Tome as well!

"You... You can increase the strengths of techniques directly using my soul? Why the hell didn't you tell me this earlier? I would have squashed Emytheus like a bug."

The Soul Tome trembled as though to say 'didn't you think I was useless'?

Dyon stepped forward as though he really was about to rip out its pages, causing the Soul Tome to have no choice but to hurriedly explain itself to avoid being humiliated. Having its pages ripped out was no different to a woman being stripped bare.

'So that's how it is...'

Dyon finally understood. He had known that the treasures of the 33 heavens would become stronger and display their abilities after coming back to their home plane, but he didn't know it would be this heaven defying.

Just then, he executed a dao grade technique... but it was no weaker than a mystic grade technique! The technique he had used was of the peak dao grade, yet when executed, it was almost at the middle mystic grade. That meant that when the Soul Tome was present when using a technique, it could raise the technique's strength by a step and a part half!

Maybe the best part was that Dyon could use the Soul Tome wantonly in this place. Though these puppets seemed incredibly real, they were still puppets in the end. Even if by some miracle someone was really able to see through the shroud of his immortal sense and realize what kind of treasure the Soul Tome was, it didn't matter.

But, was such a thing even possible? After his soul strengthened, Dyon could display the strength of a 6th stage Spiritual Sage. The number of individuals who could see through his immortal sense were so few that they could be counted in the tens of thousands. Compared to the population of the immortal plane, the likelihood of meeting such a person really was too low.

At that moment, Dyon's eyes narrowed. This time, it really was because someone powerful had come.

An old man dressed exactly as one would expect a butler to dress slowly walked through the front entrance of the brothel. His expression was calm as he swept his gaze through the carnage, almost disregarding Dyon entirely before his gaze settled on the latter as though trying to see through him.

Though he could be considered an old man, he still managed to carry a handsome air with him. His greying hair was slicked back with gel, his jaw was sharp and clean shaven, and his hands were clasped behind his back, allowing a broad, powerful chest to lead his steps.

The flaps of his suit gently hovered in the air before resting and shooting back up again. Dyon was sure that if his hands weren't clasped behind his back, it would definitely be possible to see the white gloves on his hands. He was the perfect stereotype from head to toe.

"You came to provoke my underground world?" The butler said indifferently.

"I guess you could look at it like that. But since I respect my elders, I think it's better if senior looks at this like a child crying out for attention. I only want to join your organization, but I'm too prideful to start from the bottom, so I had to prove myself a bit first."

If those who knew Dyon heard his words, their lips would definitely twitch incessantly. Respect his elders? Dyon? It could be said that he was the least likely to do such a thing in all of existence. It was already good if he didn't unzip his pants to piss on their graves.

However, this butler didn't know this. So, though his expression still seemed indifferent, those with sharp gazes could see that he had eased up a bit. At the very least, the killing intent he hid like a sword in its sheath had waned the smallest bit.

This was simply the way of the martial world, and it was all the more exaggerated in an underground crime world like this one. The strong were respected and the weak were abandoned. Dyon was young, ambitious, and most importantly: Strong! Such a thing was an asset no matter where he went.

Though he was a bit overbearing, which talented youth didn't have a bit of arrogance?

Still, if the old man let things slide so easily, it would be difficult to rein in the disappointment of the others. Though he disdained to do such things, he was helpless. After all, not everyone was as talented as Dyon. The foundation of any organization would be made up of these lesser people, so it was important to appease them.

"While I appreciate your talent, young man. You should exercise forbearance in your every action. Had you not killed them, we would have still had room for discussion. But, since you have, there are consequences."

Dyon was a bit helpless in this regard as well. He hadn't planned on killing them, it was just that the Soul Tome had hidden its true abilities so he overcompensated.

At that moment, the Soul Tome vibrated again as though pleading its case. Dyon had suddenly pulled it out after ignoring it for several decades, when would it have had the time to explain anything?

The old butler lightly tapped his foot and appeared before Dyon.

Dyon sighed. "[World. Cage.]

Little Rain's body shot from Dyon's arm, shooting toward the ground then suddenly rapidly wrapping around Dyon's body. However, it couldn't be considered a cocoon. Dyon's form could still very clearly be seen through several gaps.

Chapter 2232 Butler

However, just like that, the old man's attacks were repulsed. The blinding speeds Little Rain spun around Dyon put hurricane force winds to shame.

Despite the result, the old butler's expression instead grew brighter.

"Good! Again!" Eagerness roared through Dyon's veins.

Dyon smirked. This old man was one of the demoness' 108 butlers. He was known as Butler 97.

He was a battle fanatic who was incredibly fond of young talents. Why else would Dyon come here?

Dyon and the old butler shot toward each other as the former smiled. Step one was complete. He had all but earned himself a place in this underground organization.

Many hours later, Butler 97 led Dyon to a hidden underground space.

Though Dyon wished to meet the demoness as quickly as possible, he also knew that such a thing was completely impossible. The fact that a butler had acted against him at all was already a shocking event for Yin City. After all, the 108 Butlers were respected existences no weaker than the monsters of the other three factions.

Since a butler had been forced to act against Dyon, it was already sufficient to prove that he was indeed someone of outstanding potential and power.

"Though I'm glad that you wanted to join our faction, you were still a bit too rash. No matter how great your entrance was, it's impossible to expect to rise up immediately."

Dyon nodded. This was already the best result he could hope for.

"That said, you also happen to have a good chance. The military faction will be leading an expedition against the devils soon and a few of their Dark Caves will be raided."

"Military faction? What does this have to do with us?"

"The youth are really too ignorant." Butler 97 sighed and shook his head, continuing to walk forward with his hands behind his back. "The underground faction can be considered an open secret, however

do you think that we can truly work out in the open? The government faction would never allow that to happen. The only reason we can continue and maintain the balance of the city is by participating in surface world matters in an upright and upfront manner.

"What do you think would happen if we ignored the matters of the surface world and simply continued to enrich ourselves through illegal means? How much dissatisfaction would that cause? In the end, our underground faction would have enemies on all sides."

Dyon nodded as though he hadn't come to an understanding about this long ago.

He truly wasn't one that liked to hide his capabilities. According to his usual character, he would have never pretended that he hadn't deduced this at an earlier time. However, even he couldn't continue to be inflexible in all things.

This was ultimately an Immortal God's legacy world. How could the dangers here be limited to his battle with Butler 97? There were definitely existences here that could kill this old man with a single glance. And in that case, what could they do to him?

Of course, this wasn't the only reason either. The truth of the matter was that the key to getting what he wanted out of this world were the storylines. So, he had to play the perfect role. Almost like this was a dating simulation game from his mortal world, a single inappropriate response could throw him off from his goal completely.

Butler 97 was a man who loved talents, but that was only under certain conditions. What he loved weren't the talents themselves, but the process of guiding them. He was an old man that found pleasure in teaching those younger than him.

But what would happen if Dyon was too great? In that case, even if the butler was still appreciative of his talent, it would be impossible for them to grow close. Dyon had to form a give and take relationship.

As expected, when Butler 97 saw how diligently Dyon was listening to him, almost like a bright eyed child seeing the world for the first time, he nodded with satisfaction and a pleasant feeling welled up in his heart.

Dyon smirked inwardly upon witnessing this. The only person he had failed to read perfectly in his life was Aritzia, and he paid a price for that. But he had grown and matured since then, and his ability to read people had of course increased along with it.

This wasn't the end of it. Dyon was incredibly sensitive to the emotions of others while in this form due to Jade's bloodline. And, there was also another important caveat: these weren't true people.

No matter how perfect this Immortal God's technique was, they were ultimately not real people. Real humans had complex characters, they had contradictory thoughts and hypocritical views. However, a created puppet like this was slotted into an archetype, and this archetype followed a perfectly linear path that was easy to see through.

Compared to reading the intentions and likes of a normal person, reading a puppet like this was several times easier.

If Dyon had to sum up the difference with just one sentence, it would be that real people sometimes held thoughts and beliefs they couldn't explain, while these created puppets had a logical construction to everything they saw, thought and felt.

'I understand.' Dyon thought to himself. 'This was the secret you were looking for right. You could make your puppets feel so real and tangible, yet they were still missing something, a critical factor. In the end, your world has too much structure and order to it... and not enough chaos.'

Dyon seemed to have been enlightened by something and his expression changed, hurriedly wrapping his immortal sense around him so that the old butler couldn't sense anything.

Back in the Sacharro Graveyard, the aura of Dyon's main body was growing wildly. If it wasn't for the stealth form of the graveyard, maybe the entire star segment would be alerted by what was going on.

Chapter 2233 Fourth

At that moment, Dyon's main body stopped his experiments and looked down at himself in bewilderment. He felt that he had broken into the Comprehension Facet right now. But... there shouldn't be such a large commotion... right?

Dyon's expression changed once more as he suddenly thought of something. What if the Heavens didn't believe he was breaking into his third facet... but was rather breaking into his fourth? How was that possible?

Saru and Lilith immediately noticed these changes in Dyon, but they could only look toward each other with bewildered gazes.

The truth was that by now, they had both broken into the third facet.

Saru had already had a powerful body and was quickly able to grasp immortal qi. In addition to this, she had grasped the laws of the fist and palm. These laws were incredibly rare as many preferred to use weapons, however Saru had actually comprehended two of them.

As for Lilith, comprehending sword law was as easy as breathing. In fact, for her, she could probably comprehend any sword path she wanted. Her talent in the sword was absolutely obscene to the point of making all those who dared to use the weapon blush with shame.

In comparison, it was harder for her to reach the qi and body facets. However, how many treasures had she snatched from Dyon in the last few decades? And they were even immortal grade treasures at that. If she still couldn't succeed, then no one could.

This was all to say that Saru and Lilith might have never acted since being by Dyon's side, but their strength already put many Immortal Essence experts to shame. In addition, maybe if Dyon finally dual cultivated with them, their souls would breakthrough and help them reach the fourth facet.

Yet, despite all of this being true, and on top of that knowing that Dyon should only be breaking into the third facet right now, their momentums had been nothing compared to this. Just what was going on exactly?

"Is he... breaking into the fourth facet?" Saru asked softly.

"How could that be possible? He said himself that his soul was still in the mortal realms."

"But is it really? How is it possible for a mortal soul to produce immortal sense? Even beyond that, how is it possible for a mortal soul to sustain the concoction of empyrean grade pills? Plus, didn't you notice that his soul has been getting incessantly stronger recently, yet there's been no sign of it breaking through? It almost feel as though it won't ever breakthrough and the only thing holding it back is the strength of his body."

Lilith's expression changed slightly. She remembered that Dyon's soul had suddenly undergone massive growth after he absorbed yin fire and yang ice energy. Originally, they thought it was because the suppression of Dyon's soul, once released, caused it to burst forth with greater potential. But... Wasn't there another explanation for this?

On those occasions, Dyon's body had grown stronger. Maybe the reason he didn't notice that his soul had grown stronger as well until he regained balance was precisely because it had deviated that strength toward suppressing it from flaring up.

In that case, didn't it mean that Dyon's soul would ceaselessly grow more powerful without breaking into the immortal realm? And if that was the case... What if it could already be considered to have entered or even transcended the soul facet?

"... What if he already perfected his soul..." Lilith suddenly muttered.

Her words caused a tremble to surge through both of their delicate figures.

All this time, Dyon was searching for a way to break his strength away from the Heavens. However, he had been completely helpless when it came to his soul. He simply didn't have any methods of slowly building it up like he did his body or qi...

Those secrets he told Lilith that day left him especially helpless. It was clear from that that while constructing a body or comprehending qis and laws might be relatively simple, the reconstruction of even the simplest soul was so far beyond him that he didn't even know how to take a first step, let alone follow a path to the end.

But, there was one thing that Dyon hadn't considered but Saru and Lilith had enough information to...

Was this current Dyon inferior to his past self? Of course not. It could even be said that the Dyon of now still wasn't worthy of even touching the cloth his past self used to wipe his shoes.

If this was the case... Then how could the current Dyon set off on a path his past self hadn't completed? And even be on his path toward succeeding at that?

The simple answer was that he couldn't. Or, more accurately, since Dyon's current self could do it, then his past self could do so a thousandfold better.

"... I think I understand now..." Saru said softly. "... It's likely that his soul has already perfectly broken from the shackles of the Heavens... In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if he succeeded in bringing his body, qi and comprehension out of its grasp in the past as well... However, what he couldn't do was surmount life and death... Or, more accurately, he could do so for himself, but he was unable to bring us along with him or else we would have never died...

"Because of that, he needed to rely on the Heavens to give us a chance to reincarnate, but he needed to make sure that no one, and especially the Heavens, couldn't recognize him... So he chained his soul and sealed himself completely..."

What did all of this mean? It meant that Dyon's soul was the only part of him left of his former self. And if that was true... let alone the soul facet... there wasn't a single soul in all of existence that could match.

This meant only one thing... Dyon was breaking into the fourth facet.

Chapter 2234 Never Mind

The momentum of Dyon's breakthrough was so great that the entire star segment was alerted. Wild surges of violent energy took hold, causing various natural phenomena to ravage the countless bubble worlds.

However, oddly, the space around Dyon was tranquil without compare.

Dyon stood by a silver table with numerous void beasts parts neatly organized around him. Miniature arrays were ceaselessly decomposing and restructuring their various parts. Any expert would be able to tell immediately that Dyon was actually executing what amounts to hundreds of different experiments at once.

However, the man himself was completely dazed. He was so focused on his own body that he believed that this was maybe the most anti-climactic breakthrough he had ever experienced. He clearly had no idea that rolling waves were surging over this Well Clan's star segment. In fact, there were even signs of it crossing over and entering adjacent star segments.

'It was my eternity's balance constitution that had a breakthrough, but why was it that it caused me to enter the comprehension facet? Even further than that, what the hell is going on with –'

Dyon's expression changed violently as a crack resounded through his mind. It was so loud that his ear drums burst and blood fell from his ears like a torrential tide.

However, the sound didn't come from the surroundings. Oddly enough, the graveyard was completely untouched as though nothing was happening, it was just as uneventful as Dyon's immediate surroundings.

That was when Dyon realized that the crack had actually resounded from within himself. His eyes couldn't help but widen when he realized that that crack was actually coming from the final chain wrapped around his soul.

Dyon's visage was solemn at this moment. Just a crack had made it feel as though his head was about to collapse.

In truth, the shattering of the chains had never harmed Dyon before, and only ever harmed the world around him. Or else, even if he had ten lives, he would have been dead by now. The might of these chains weren't normal by any stretch of the imagination.

But this time, it had actually harmed him.

Though this was the case, it wasn't because this final shattering would do so. It really was just that sound of the crack that nearly turned his brain to mush.

It was only after all of this that Dyon registered Saru and Lilith's conversation. Though the shattering of his ear drums had caused him to lose the ability to hear the second half, the first half was sufficient enough to send him into a tailspin.

Was he really breaking into the fourth facet now?

At that moment, a strong wind swept out from Dyon. It couldn't be considered dangerous and even mortals would be able to stay on their feet beneath its presence. But, after it settled down, everything around Dyon felt different. It seemed the same... but impossibly dissimilar at the same time.

The surging torrents through the star segment finally crawled to a stop as well. Fortunately, in this small place, who was qualified to understand what had just happened? Maybe if there was some peerless old monster that had happened to pass by, or maybe if said expert took this small place as a location for secluded cultivation...

But, what were the odds of that?

Of course, things would be different if there just so happened to be a young man who didn't fear death. And, if that young man also just so happened to have killed a low elf of a powerful hegemon. And, if that low elf really didn't take that young man's threat seriously or perhaps wanted to drag down his race with him in revenge for a past slight that landed him in this small place to begin with...

If all of these happy coincidences just so happen to take form. Then, maybe... Just maybe someone powerful would be standing in the depths of space at this very moment, looking toward the direction of Dyon's graveyard.

Of course... This was all hypothetical. How could one have such bad luck?

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At that moment, Dyon's clone was still walking in the underground space along with Butler 97. Though he could feel that qualitative change in his main body, it was unfortunate that this clone was created before said breakthrough, so it couldn't benefit much from it. Of course, it could still use Dyon's new comprehension.

If it was up to Dyon, he'd swap it with a new, stronger clone. But, due to the grace period, that was impossible. This current clone was locked into its role as a result.

That said, this wasn't all bad. After all, no matter how much more powerful his main body had just become, it couldn't possibly deal with the measures of an Immortal God's legacy world, right? So he would have to use his mind first and foremost regardless.

"We're here." Butler 97's face grew solemn for the first time. "Remember to rein in a bit of that arrogance of yours. I'm only ranked 97th, so I can't protect you from everything. In addition, my peers have been rearing their choices for years. I hadn't planned on participating at all because..."

A cold light flashed in the butler's gaze, something Dyon immediately took note of, before disappearing.

"... Never mind. It can be considered good luck that I've found you."

With that, the butler opened a door that led to a vast, practically vacant room. The only things present were a collection of youths, each of whom had another butler by their side.

Over 70 gazes converged onto Dyon. All of the youths seemed to want to see just who exactly it was that was being added so late. At the same time, another 70 gazes converged onto Butler 97. And, unlike the gazes of the youth that carried curiosity, there's carried undisguised contempt.

Dyon was quite surprised by this turnout.

In truth, considering he was the most powerful man on the mortal plane, it had been very long since anyone looked at him with contempt. However, after coming to the immortal plane, it seemed to happen every time he took a step outside.

Chapter 2235 73

This time, however, the gazes weren't for him, but were rather for the butler by his side. It was only after noticing how their mentors treated Dyon's butler that the youths began to look at him with sneers. It seemed they had realized that the status of Dyon's butler was quite low.

"If you want." Dyon suddenly said. "I can wipe those smiles off their faces, I'm not a very patient person, as you can probably tell."

The expressions of many froze upon hearing Dyon's words.

"97!" After laughing uproariously, a butler with a round belly stepped forward. However, despite the shape of his gut, the rest of his body was brimming with so much power that the air trembled in his presence. "To think that you'd bring another with you. Though these sorts of events are open to all, can't you tell that you're unwelcome? You can't even control the mouth of this boy you've chosen?"

Dyon seemed to understand something after taking another look around.

There were 108 butlers, but there were barely over 70 here. This meant that not all butlers were meant to participate. And, judging by the aura of the weakest butler here – setting 97 aside – even he was several times more powerful than the old man by Dyon's side.

It was clear and obvious, then, that though this place was open to all butlers, there was a tacit understanding that butlers below a certain level of strength wouldn't appear. Clearly, Butler 97 didn't care about these rules at all and appeared here with Dyon regardless.

'Interesting... This might be a better opportunity than I thought. This'll speed things up.'

"I'm not interested in having a spat with you, 71." Butler 97 replied calmly. "I'll be adding this little one to the fold."

"So he can die like the last one?"

Hearing these words, even the usually exceptionally calm 97 had a gaze that spit fire. He was about to respond, but Dyon smiled and patted his shoulder.

His grin was so confident that 97 couldn't help but pause, looking toward Dyon with a stunned expression.

Butler 97 regained his calm quickly and completely ignored 71's words, something that was completely out of the latter's expectations. Though 97 was always calm, it was ironically quite easy to get him to lose his cool as long as you prodded at his reverse scale.

71's expression was a bit unsightly due to being ignored, however when he turned to pressure Dyon with his gaze, he found the latter looking toward him with an expressionless visage. It was a look without fanfare, and it wasn't accompanied by a flurry of venomous words, but it still made a cold shiver creep up his spine.

Fortunately for him, no one seemed to notice that he had been pressured by the gaze of a young pup.

In the end, 71 frowned and snorted, not paying attention to them anymore. However, he still looked toward his mentee, a young man with a gut just as large as his and a body only a few steps weaker in imposing aura.

'Kill him.' 71 said via voice transmission.

The young man grinned, revealing a set of ghastly yellow teeth filled with bits of food from his past meals. Clearly, this wasn't something his mentor had to tell him twice.

At that moment, a dull light swept through the room and a new figure appeared at the head, looking toward the group with an indifferent gaze.

Without hesitation, those in the undecorated underground room bowed in unison toward the man, expressing their respect.

The man was dressed much like the other butlers, except there were two small differences. The gloves of his hands, instead of being white, were blood red. In addition, there was a rose on his lapel that wafted a fragrance far stronger than it should have. Despite being tens of meters away from the man, Dyon could still smell it clearly.

'I don't recognize this heavenly herb...' Dyon thought to himself.

As he was in his thoughts, he almost didn't notice that the man's gaze had landed onto him. It wasn't because he was interested in Dyon, but because the only man standing tall in a room filled with bowing figures was too conspicuous.

However, even if Dyon bent his principles a little for the sake of his storyline, bowing to another man or woman was something he would never do. If this man insisted on pursuing this, Dyon wouldn't mind just forgetting the whole thing and snatching the rewards of this place by force.

Whether or not he could actually do that was unknown to him. After all, at the end of the day, this was still the inheritance of an Immortal God. However, he didn't care.

Luckily, the man only stared at him with an indifferent gaze and looked away. In addition, since the rest had their heads lowered, no one even noticed Dyon's lack of action.

"73 participants. Come with me."

With a wave of his hand, Dyon and 72 others vanished, leaving only their mentors behind.

When Dyon's vision cleared, he found himself outside of the city walls, just on the inside of the start of an expanse of forest. The situation made it so that the youth were dispersed through the trees and not standing together as one. But, it didn't matter much as no one had the mind to think of such a thing when the red gloved man began to speak.

"To enter our organization as butler mentees, a test is needed. It just so happens that the military faction is about set out on an expedition. You all will join. In order to pass, you must take the heads of 5 baron grade devils. Good luck."

With that, the man vanished. He hardly explained anything and it seemed like even the words he had already spoken were considered to be a lot to him. From start to finish, he hadn't even spared Dyon another glance and simply disappeared.

Chapter 2236 Skills

At that moment, 71's mentee appeared before Dyon, the very same ghastly grin hanging from his mouth. A foul stench emitted with his every breath, making Dyon frown and take a step back.

It seemed to others that he was afraid, but the reality was that he really couldn't stand the smell. Just because he had spent the last several years experimenting on void beasts, didn't mean that he enjoyed the foul stench they emitted. Plus, he had several means of warding off the smell if he really wanted to. The reason he hadn't was related to the very cause of the smell in the first place. If danger was really related to how foul the smell was, then wouldn't he be cutting off a warning signal for himself by being too prudish?

"Since you decided to piss off my mentor, you can just—"

"Oh, you came here to kill me? Piss off then."

None of the youths could react before the young man with the fat gut's head was spinning in the air, completely separated from his body.

With a bored expression on his face, Dyon shot into the distance, ignoring the looks he was receiving.

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"Attention!"

At another entrance to Yin City, a small troop of about a hundred men and women had gathered. Each of them held spears and wore leather armor. Their backs were as straight as javelins and their jaws practically trembled as they did everything in their power to keep their necks straight.

The punishment for having faulty posture was 3 lashes. These youths didn't want to take even one, let alone three. They didn't dare be careless in their military salutes. Compared to the unorganized and wild nature of the underground world's mentee's, they were on another level.

And, it just so happened that Dyon was in this group as well.

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In yet another entrance, a group of dark gold robed youths stood. All of them, whether man or woman, had their heads shaved clean and they all wielded a scepter that seemed carved of ancient wood.

Though they didn't seem as disciplined as the military troop, there was something special about them nonetheless.

The air in the surroundings carried a calming feeling, the qi in the skies seemed to be their beloved and converged toward them without reserve, and compared to the almost horrified appearances of the troops or the uncaring appearances of the mentees, they all held smiles on their faces as though nothing could enrage them.

Dyon was within this number as well.

While the Well Clans and the Vio Clan seemed to think that they could bide their time and strike like a hidden venomous snake, they had no idea that Dyon's clones had infiltrated this society to a deeper level in just a few weeks than they could ever have imagined.

When Dyon said that step one was now complete, he didn't mean that step one was simply gaining a place in the underground world. He meant that he now had a place in all four...

The military, underground and religious factions were all setting out toward the devil caves. As for the government faction...

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"Kid, it's not that I want to crush your dreams. But, without appropriate backing or bloodlines, joining the government faction is just asking to get eaten by a gang of sharks. You may spend an entire lifetime here and never take a step forward.

"If this is really your dream, I suggest you join the military faction first. Even if you don't have combat prowess, join as a strategist. I'm sure that since you're confident enough in your intelligence to come here, that you have a mind for such stuff anyway.

"Build up your profile there first, gain some allies, make some friends. Only then can you retire and come here. In return, the City Lord will give you a position based on your merit and your future will be far easier. There's no need to be so stubborn."

Dyon smiled as he listened to the old man with a white beard that almost passed his waist nagged him to the point of exhaustion.

If others saw this old man wasting so many words on any person, let alone a youth, they'd be shocked without compare. Because, this old man was known as the Scrooge of the Lower courts. However...

"Father-in-law, there's no need to say anymore. I promise to rise to the top no matter how much pain I suffer. If I can't do this, then how will I support Little Mimi and give you a proper retirement?"

Dyon apologized in his heart to his wives. 'It's okay, it's okay. She's only a puppet.'

He pleaded to no one as though he could already see Clara's glare.

Dyon had left his playboy ways behind after he met Madeleine. Well, for the most part. However, that didn't mean that he couldn't pull those 'skills' back up when he needed them.

For him, it only took a bit of effort to capture the heart of a woman. And, since he was scheming against Mimi and got to use the grace period to choose the perfect situation to meet her, it only took him a few weeks to gain her favor and a half a year to become her fiancé.

"I have no idea how you captured that daughter of mine, but it's going to bring you more trouble than anything else. There were at least three dukedom level families that wanted her hand in marriage, but my standing is very low, so obviously this has nothing to do with me and everything to do with her."

This was part of the reason that the old scrooge didn't believe that Dyon was simply using his daughter to elevate his status.

For one, his daughter wasn't a fool. Anyone who could gain her fancy was most definitely intelligent without compare.

Secondly, anyone so intelligent would be able to tell that jumping into this quagmire was simply seeking death. So, he was certain that Dyon's feelings for his daughter were tried and true.

Of course, he had no idea that there was another possibility, and that was that Dyon didn't fear death at the hands of these so-called dukedoms.

"You don't have to worry about that. I will handle it." Dyon said with a smile.

Chapter 2237 Unseen

Of course, his normal personality would have him radiating out killing intent by now. Even if Mimi was just a puppet, she was his to-be wife in this fictitious world. Those who dared to have designs on his women could forget about continuing to live in this world.

Unfortunately, Dyon had no choice but to temper down his true feelings at this point. Though he could have made Mimi fall for him with his usual personality, his calculations made him certain that it would take about double the time. Mimi was partial to scholarly and calm men, and Dyon wasn't either of these things. So, for the sake of his plans, he had to change himself a bit.

Of course, if those Clans still came to find trouble for him, he wouldn't mind putting on a show of strength. When a person fell in love, it was very easy for them to overlook what they would have seen as a flaw in the past, all people were like this. So, even if he showed his more murderous side now, Mimi would be more accepting of it.

That said, Dyon also had to consider that Mimi was a puppet and not a true human. Humans might have contradictory feelings like this, but puppets didn't have this layer of complexity. So, if he was reckless, she really might fall out of love with him.

The old scrooge sighed. "Fine, fine. You and my daughter are two stubborn peas in a pod. I can't change the minds of either one of you."

Dyon's lip twitched. 'We're not the ones with a nickname like old scrooge.' He thought to himself.

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Just like this, Dyon found a place for himself in all four factions and the legend of four youths began to spread throughout Yin City.

There was Law, the intellectual junior prime minister who took the government faction by storm. It was said that under the joint pressure of three dukedoms, he used nothing but his schemes to cripple them and raise two marquises to their level.

He exposed the Arte Dukedom's connections with the underground world, using the laws of Yin City to bury them beneath sanctions and imprison some of their most senior members.

Taking advantage of their fall and through the use of accumulated merits, he ascended from the lower courts to the higher courts. However, the pressure he received there was many times greater, but his schemes somehow also became a level greater as well.

Grasping onto the weakness of the Jones Dukedom Patriarch's bastard child, he forced them to stab the Fera Dukedom in the back. On that day, the Jones Dukedom executed a timely retreat, causing the Fera Dukedom's flank to be vulnerable. That battle led to the Fera Dukedom's three core talents, crippling their current generation.

The actions of the Jones Dukedom were exposed by the harsh words of a Devil Clan youth by the name of Surfer. His cackling laughter rained down like claps of thunder as he humiliated Yin City for actually backstabbing each other in the midst of a war.

Just like this, the Jones' Dukedom fell under the combined assault of numerous noble clans who found their actions intolerable. If it wasn't for the actions of the young junior prime minister, their Clan would have ceased to be entirely.

As a result, Dyon became known for his benevolence and the talks of how he might have colluded with the devils slowly faded...

However, this was just the story of Law the junior prime minister – a rank only inferior to the City Lord and the Prime Minister. There was still the story of Death, the underground world's Reaper. Spear, the military faction's youngest General. And Benevolence, the religious faction's youngest Bishop.

The names of these four youths clapped like thunder, and it took just 5 years before they were practically unmatched in their respective factions.

But who knew that Law would so suddenly be thrown into jail when he was just about to ascend to heights yet unseen...

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"Haven't you been very bold over the last few years, why is it that you're not saying anything now?"

A middle aged man stood in a dark dungeon with a savage expression on his face. He grabbed the bars like a madman, spittle flying from his lips as though he really had lost his mind. But, the most shocking part was that he wasn't behind the bars, but rather before them. He was acting like this but he wasn't even the one being imprisoned.

Behind the bars, a young man sat on the dirty, sewage filled floors with an expressionless visage. His white robes were dirtied, his long black hair was filled with dust, and his handsome face was partially obscured beneath grime. However, his back was just as straight as it had been the first day he was thrown in here.

He gazed without a single emotional fluctuation as he stared at the man who had clearly lost his mind.

This middle aged man was the patriarch of the Jones clan and the young man was, of course, Law.

It could be said that the Jones dukedom had suffered the most at the hands of Law. Others didn't know, but this man definitely knew what kind of venomous, scheming character this usually amiable young man had. With just a few moves, he had completely crippled the Jones Clan which had stood for thousands of years.

Of course, though this man was gloating now, he knew that the Jones clan was forever finished. Even if the truth about what happened that day came out, it simply wouldn't matter. This was the cruelty of the world of nobles.

After the Jones dukedom had been crippled to such an extent, it allowed many other families to swarm upward and occupy strengths they once possessed. Would those families give back the things that they had already swallowed? Of course not.

This meant that no matter what happened to Law, the Jones Clan was finished. Not just them, but the Arte and Fera Clans were finished as well. To say that they had a bone deep hatred toward Law was the understatement of ages.

Chapter 2238 HAHA!

Yet, while this once lofty dukedom patriarch had seemingly lost his mind, the culprit behind all his pain in the last few years sat before him and looked onward as though he was nothing but air.

Seeing this, Patriarch Jones began to laugh uproariously. There was endless pain and sadness in his tone. The way that his hair flew about completely unkempt, the look of his unevenly shaved beard, and the red tint of his eyes... He was clearly a man who had been pushed to the absolute edge.

"I knew that your reaction would be so lukewarm. This is exactly the same expression you had as you watched my Clan collapse. You didn't spare even the women and children. It's a good thing I was mentally prepared, or else I really would have lost my mind completely."

The Jones Clan Patriarch's visage somehow became even more savage in that moment. Under the dim candle lights, he really looked like a demon. Several cuts along his lips, likely caused by his very own teeth, began to drip with blood that flowed to his chin and then to the ground.

"I've sent assassins after Lady Mimi."

Law's gaze narrowed.

"Haha! Finally a reaction out of the ice demon! HAHA!"

The middle-aged man was practically hysterical. Just a minor eye movement caused him to lose his mind in happiness. It was as though the small movement was enough to fulfill his life's greatest wish.

His palms flipped and two brown bags dripped with a liquid that was hard to discern the nature of under the dim lights. However, when he flipped the bags over and two dull thuds fell to the ground, Law closed his eyes as though he didn't want to see anymore.

The man's laughter grew wilder and wilder at this scene.

He kicked the two objects as though they were soccer balls. By chance, one of them got caught between the bars of the jail while the other rebounded away to the other side of the jungle.

Law opened his eyes once more to see a scene he wished he never had. The object caught between the bars of his cell was a head.

The head wasn't caught upright. Instead, it was upside down. The ghastly cut from its neck dripped downward with thick blood as though trying to cover the face it was attached to in a crimson curtain.

However, even if the face was in a situation a hundredfold worse, Law would still recognize it.

It was his wife. Mimi.

He didn't know exactly what she suffered before she died, however whatever expression was once there was completely ruined by the Jones' Clan Patriarch's kick. Her tongue hung limply toward her nose, her eyes were rolled back, and her once delicate skin had become a ghastly blue color.

The cut at her neck was irregular. It looked as though it had been slowly sawed off. No, it might have been even more accurate to say that it was slowly chewed off.

Law closed his eyes once more. All of his senses seem to have been cut off. The only thing that hadn't stopped working were his ears. They were being repeatedly hammered by Patriarch Jones' hoarse laughter.

"Alright, I'm tired of this game. Yin City can be buried with her."

A violent surge erupted from Law's body, causing the bars of his cell to crumble to dust.

".... HAHA! You want to know how she died?! I brought a group of infant devil ants and allowed them to slowly eat through her neck! HAHA!"

The Patriarch was so lost in his own madness that he hadn't even noticed the change in the situation. Before he could react, the Law everyone thought had no combat process at all had appeared before him.

With a swing of his arms, the expressionless Law severed the limbs of the Patriarch. In an instant, the latter had fallen to the ground, shock clear in his eyes.

Law looked toward the ground and slowly picked up the two heads. One was his wife's and the other was his father-in-law's, it was clear that the both of them had tied terrible deaths.

He held them as though he was handling a newborn. But he knew they were gone. They would never see the light of day again.

At this moment, Law felt a rage building up within him. It swept forward and receded like the tides of an ocean, slowly building up momentum as though it might become a tsunami at any time.

"You... you..."

The Patriarch was completely stunned. Why would Law be held in a prison that was so easy to get out of? Wasn't it precisely because he had no combat prowess to speak of? In the last more than 5 years, aside from using his mind to crack and form schemes, he had done nothing else. Everyone looked at him like a lowly Immortal Essence Realm expert who could be killed with a snap of a finger. It was for this reason that many couldn't stand the sight of him.

In the martial world, strength reigned supreme. Many felt that if Law didn't have the backing of the government faction, or if Yin City fell under martial law due to extenuating circumstances, he would be pretty much finished.

If they knew he had this much battle prowess, they would have locked him up on the 9th level of the dungeon. Even if their guts were ten times larger, they wouldn't dare leave him here in the 1st level. But who knew that Law had hidden himself to this extent?

Law's rage bubbled over.

Under the Patriarch's astonished gaze, his hair and eyes became a blood red.

A pillar of crimson shot from his body as he roared into the skies. That singular roar was enough for the top of the dungeon to be blown off, causing the pillar to break through the clouds.

In that moment, everyone in Yin City looked toward that directly, their eyes filled with shock. Had one of the top three devil clans – the blood devils – broken into their city? How had they done it? And they had even managed to reach the core of the city at that? Just what was going on?

Chapter 2239 Limb From Limb

"CITY LORD WOO, I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!"

12 blood red wings appeared to Law's back. The sound of heartbreak radiated over the city and everyone saw a sight they would never forget.

Law, a young man they had all come to know in the last half decade stood in the skies amidst the blood red pillar of light. Hovering a small distance from his back, 12 red wings with feathers as sharp and reflective as blades flapped. In his left arm, he clung tightly to two severed heads and streams of bloody tears fell from his eyes and along his cheeks.

Dragging along on a chain attached to his ankle, the mangled half-dead body of Patriarch Jones dangled in the air. His mournful cries were completely muffled behind Law's ghastly killing intent.

Everything about him screamed bloody murder. The resentment in his tone and expression made those watching on shiver from a breath of cold.

Law wasn't a fool. He knew that Jones had no ability to do this on his own. Even if the City Lord didn't act personally, it had most definitely occurred with his tacit agreement. In fact, it was impossible for Law to be jailed without the City Lord's tacit agreement as well.

Since that was the case, he could just die.

Basically everyone in this city was a cultivator. After all, the need for combat prowess was heavy with the looming threat of the devils. But, even if they weren't, almost all of them were born with Immortal Essence cultivations at worst. So, no matter their vantage point from within the city, their eyes were more than sharp enough to see the heads in Law's hands.

When they realized it was his wife and father-in-law, and even recognized the form of the former Duke dangling from his ankle, many of them came to an understanding. Though they were mostly commoners, they weren't fools. The minds of immortals would make them all exceptional Einstein level geniuses on the mortal plane, so they instantly understood things after being led a bit.

After reaching this point, no small number of them turned hostile gazes toward the City Lord's Mansion.

When Law gained some power, he had done too many things for the common folk. The laws he fought to help pass made their lives that were once filled with constant fear toward what might be outside the city walls to settle once more. Yet, their savior had paid the price of his wife and father-in-law.

Back when Law had been imprisoned, many had felt grief and unwillingness, but what could they do? But seeing Law in such a state and even charging toward the City Lord Mansion and likely toward his death without regard for anything... Left them all in a dazed state.

However, what happened next made them feel as though the world would collapse.

A vajra body that blotted out the skies appeared to Law's back.

The vajra body crushed the dungeon beneath its feet with nothing more than its aura. It hadn't even taken a single step, nor had it taken any action at all, but it truly felt that the world might collapse at any time.

All of these things were within Dyon's plans. But, what he hadn't expected was for him to be truly pissed off. When he saw Mimi's head, despite knowing that she was nothing more than a puppet, he truly did feel an undying rage bubbling up within his heart like a tide of lava.

~Moment Ago~

In the City Lord's mansion, a man with wide shoulders say complacently. His back and shoulders were so broad that his legs seemed far too small for his body. Yet, despite this, it gave him an imposing demeanor that not many could stand to.

This man was none other than City Lord Woo, the leader of the government faction and the most powerful man of Yin City.

"It's done?"

"Yes, City Lord. Winnow Jones has been allowed into the dungeons."

"Good, then. Since he got his last wish, I assume he won't mind never stepping foot out of that dungeon again."

"City..."

The man who stood across from City Lord Woo's desk paused. He didn't know if he should continue his words. He didn't want to end up like Winnow. That fool thought that the City Lord had kind intentions in mind, yet wasn't he about to die now? Well, maybe that man didn't care much. All he wanted was his revenge in the end, and he got it. He should be thankful.

That said, even if Winnow didn't have any more aspirations other than to get his revenge on Law, he still wanted to live more. So, he choked back his words, unwilling to say anything more.

However, in his heart, he felt that this City Lord had gone too far. Ruining a prodigy like Law for little else other than feeling a small bit of threat, not to mention going so far as to kill his wife and father-in-law at the same time... That was enough to make the hearts of the other nobles run cold.

In such a situation, how could they dare to display their true strengths before the City Lord? It would only encourage them to hide their abilities in the shadows and scheme under the cover of night. In such a situation, the Yin City's government faction might end up with numerous pointed blades coming in all directions.

Of course, the City Lord wasn't a fool. He knew this as well. But, didn't Law think that he was very clever? His cleverness caused three of the four most powerful clans of Yin City to be crippled in just half a decade. He essentially gave City Lord Woo exactly what he wanted.

With these Clans crippled, was there even a need to worry about hidden blades? By then, he could cease holding onto an empty title like City Lord and become a true King and even an Emperor. At that time, there would be no need for garbage like democracy and he could act as he pleased.

Chapter 2240 Uproarious

He really had to thank that Law.

Thinking to this point, he couldn't help but smile to himself. He didn't even react to his right hand man's words and directly forgave them. At the very least, he was sensible to not even try to form the thought into words.

Though, if he dared to say them, it didn't matter how much of a good mood he was in, this fellow would most definitely die.

City Lord Woo's smile became uproarious laughter. It was exactly at that moment that Law's voice rang like a clap of thunder that sent a shockwave through the City Lord Mansion.

"CITY LORD WOO, I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!"

When City Lord Woo heard this, he was stunned for a moment before a cold smile crept onto his face.

"So he was hiding more than I thought, huh? Do you still think I shouldn't have gotten rid of such a bastard?" The City Lord looked toward his secretary, his good mood gone.

The scholarly man trembled and lowered his gaze to the ground, not daring to look up.

"Acelin! Go kill this fool and show others that I'm not to be trifled with."

The City Lord's voice transmission descended toward a knight dressed in golden armor.

"Yes! Milord!"

Without hesitation, the man acting guard turned into a beam of golden light that shot from the palace. But, it was exactly at that time that Law's vajra body appeared. And, Acelin, who had just boldly charged out from the mansion, not even bothering to call forward the troops beneath his command, was frozen on the spot.

Let alone fight back, he felt that his blood and his qi had grinded to a complete halt.

Law walked through the air.

The entire city had fallen into an eerie silence. The only sound that could be heard for hundreds of kilometers was the rattling of the chain attached to his ankle. Aside from this, no one dared to even breathe too hard.

Seeing Acelin, Law hardly reacted. Acelin was an Immortal Law expert, but beneath the presence of a humanoid vajra body looking down at him with such arrogance and disregard, he couldn't move a single inch.

Law raised his hand and his vajra body followed suit. It seemed that all of the qi in the world surged toward them with just that one motion, forming a bloody red array almost a tenth the size of the entire city.

"Today, I'll seek justice for my Mimi... [Judgement: Carnage]."

Acelin watched as the massive spear tip formed itself from out of the slowly spinning array. He smelled the scent of death, yet he could do nothing as it crept through the skies, eventually landing on his chest.

His lips curled into a bitter smile as red cracks began to spread through his body.

In the end, the spear had hardly touched him before his figure burst apart into a rain of blood and gore, leaving nothing but his head which was quickly attached to the chain on Law's ankle.

"TODAY, I'LL RAZE THE CITY LORD'S MANSION'S TO THE GROUND."

One arm carried the corpses of his loved ones, another arm commanded the skies to pass judgement, and his back carried along his ragged and tattered robes, ghastly killing intent pervading his gaze.

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In a corner of Yin City, members of the Nightwell Clan looked up, horror painted on their faces.

That was an Immortal Law realm expert. That was a man they didn't dare to offend. That was a level of power they couldn't hope to fight against. Yet in a single strike, such an expert only had a head left.

What was going on?

They were paralyzed by fear. In the face of such power, there was little to nothing that they could do.

There had been instances of such things happening in the past, where a storyline went off the rails and caused trouble that was nearly impossible to deal with. Those were usually the entries that had the highest casualty numbers. But, they never thought that they would be so unlucky to experience something like this for themselves.

Berolt's expression changed several times. He himself had only just finally managed to enter the Immortal Law Realm, it was a secret he was incredibly proud of. Even his current old appearance was

one he created using various tricks because the truth was that he had already regained the visage of a young man in his prime.

He already had many plans, one of which included uniting this star segment under the rule of his Nightwell Clan. In fact, he had already subjugated the Darkwell and Dimwell Clans. He had planned to launch an assault on the Vio Clan, but news of this immortal legacy world caused him to stall his attempt.

But, what he had never expected was that when he was feeling satisfied in his own strength and power, in the eyes of others... he was still nothing more than an ant.

Law walked through the air slowly.

By now, his white robes were completely drenched in blood. Whether it was due to the rain of gore the death of Acelin caused, or if it was due to the severed heads of his wife and father-in-law coating him, it was impossible to tell.

BANG!

The ground beneath the descended spear shattered and sunk down. It hadn't even touched the earth, but the mere pressure of its attack left a gaping hole almost a kilometer across.

At that moment, the dungeons of Yin City collapsed followed by the eerie laughter of what could only be described as demons.

"FREEDOM! FREEDOM AT LAST! YOU BASTARD OF A CITY LORD, I'M COMING FOR YOUR HEAD!"

Shadows tore their way out from the collapsing tower. A large swath of them, seemingly maddened by their own countless years of solitude, blindly charged toward the City Lord mansion. Their fury rolled over in waves and their momentum seemed to underline years of hardship and pent up frustration.