

Nameless 2241

Chapter 2241 Law

Many of them really were the devils of this world. Vicious creatures with the horns of dragons and covered from head to toe in sturdy scales of various colors. Others among them were part humanoid and part beast, having the torsos of beautiful women with undulating breasts but the legs and heads of spiders, or the lower bodies of men but the heads of wolves or lions, some even forewent organic body parts entirely and replaced their limbs with blades and other weapons.

Rather than living beings, they looked more like science experiments gone wrong.

However, not all of them were devils. Some of them were normal humans with eyes bloodied with rage. If one looked closely, many of them were famous figures of the past who had fallen into obscurity and then were imprisoned for one reason or another. It wasn't until today that the common people came to understand that their city lord might have had some responsibility in what happened all those years ago.

Within the city lord's mansion, City Lord Woo's countenance was unsightly. Even if he had confidence in crushing this rebellion, quelling the masses would be a problem. There was a reason he was only a City Lord and not a King or Emperor like he wanted to be. Obviously, he had other worries that he had to deal with.

That said, not all of the escapees rushed toward the City Lord mansion, in fact, it could be said that the majority of them didn't. The others rushed into the city with ghastly killing intent. Whether their goal was to run away during all the commotion, or if it was to start a bloody slaughter amidst the citizens of Yin City, either one likely wouldn't be any good.

It was at that moment that the situation changed. It was simply impossible for the other factions to sit idly by while the government faction was leveled to the ground. The city had a delicate balance that needed to be maintained, or else everything would come crashing down.

Powerful auras surged out from the religious, underground, and military factions, causing Law's path toward the city lord mansion to be cut off.

Many of them looked toward Law with complicated gazes, especially seeing how dull his eyes were with the heads of his wife and father-in-law in his arms.

"Law, turn back now and maybe this can still be remedied." A general of the military faction took a step forward. While the underground faction had 108 butlers, the military faction had 108 generals. This general was ranked 3rd. It proved just how seriously the other factions were taking this.

At the same time, Butler 3 and Bishop 2 both took steps forward as well, clearly making their stances to protect the government faction obvious. At the same time, the other powerful figures who came with them surged downward to protect the city from the escapees.

"Will you move out of my way? Or will you die?" Law said plainly.

Law had no intention to talk with these people.

If they really cared about keeping the peace, why is it that they decided to look the other way so many times? Wasn't it because they believed the city lord's fist was too large? In that case, he would destroy the city lord's fist. What would they say then?

If they insisted on getting in the way, he didn't mind destroying their fist first.

"I know what that is! It's a vajra body!"

At that moment, a member of the Well Clan cried out and their eyes almost rolled back into their sockets. They slumped to the ground, losing their consciousness, and not long later, their life. They had found the answer they were looking for, but they foolishly observed something they shouldn't have for too long.

In the same instant of time, the three big shots of the military, religious and underground factions were feeling a pressure they hadn't felt before in their entire lives.

"Law..." General 3 frowned when he heard these words. "... No matter how enraged you are, you must look at the bigger picture."

Law nodded, causing the three to sigh a breath of relief. But the next words they heard put them right back to the edge of their seats.

"The bigger picture I see is a world without the city lord. So you either move aside, or you can join him."

The truth was that even if all of this was part of Dyon's plans, he was still pissed off. He had done his best to interact with Mimi and her father for as little time as possible, knowing that something like this might happen. Even if they were puppets, they were simply too realistic. He didn't want something like this affecting his heart and disrupting his martial path.

But, after seeing her head. He realized that he felt nothing in that moment. He really hadn't felt a thing seeing their bodiless corpses.

It was then that something suddenly clicked in his mind. He had felt himself growing more and more distant from the matters of the world in recent years. He felt as though he wouldn't blink an eye even if the entire world was massacred as long as his friends and family were alright.

It had been a vague emotion before, but after seeing Mimi's head and realizing how terrible her death had been, he realized just how far he'd fallen.

His first thought upon seeing her wasn't hurt, pain, or even the guilt he should have felt having known that things would end like this yet doing nothing to stop it. No... Instead, he had felt a bit content, as though it was good another ant had fallen for the sake of his benefit.

The moment those thoughts entered his mind, he froze.

Yes, she and her father had been nothing but puppets. Yes, it was true that their deaths made the next steps of his plan even easier. Yes, after clearing this legacy world, they would be gone anyway.

But... At the same time, he felt that he had lost a bit of his humanity. It was a reality that left him feeling a bit lost and this was ironically what led to his true bout of anger.

Chapter 2242 Colder

In recent years, Dyon had felt himself growing colder and colder. He was a far cry from that young, naïve boy who risked his life to save Eli despite having never seen him a day in his life.

In a lot of ways, he missed that childish naivete. He missed the version of himself who wanted to save the world for nothing other than the fact he felt he should.

Why was it that he wanted to defeat The Entity? It really had nothing to do with saving the mortal plane. All he wanted to do was repay his master. Since she asked him for help, he would do his best. His master was like a second mother to him, and he didn't want to let her down. It was as simple as that.

Dyon found nothing wrong with his previous line of thinking. But, this was the first time his lack of compassion left him feeling so... empty.

There was a strong cognitive dissonance in his mind. On the one hand, he felt that he shouldn't care about these two heads in his hand. They were just puppets. Even if they were real humans, should it matter so much? He didn't really love them or care for them, who was Mimi to his real wives? She couldn't hold a candle to them.

But, another side was disgusted with himself and with his thoughts. Who was he to decide whose lives mattered and whose didn't? And if he really was so powerful as to do such a thing, was it selfish not to help those he knew he could?

Morality was ultimately decided by the strong, history was written by the victor, the world was nothing but a land of trials for the weak...

The world ultimately wasn't one of black and white. The Heavens allowed evil cultivators like Jasmine to be born into the world just the same as righteous cultivators of holy laws, yet one was excoriated and shunned while the other was celebrated and worshipped.

The questions the Water Mist Sect's Palace Master asked him that day... He still didn't have an answer. Did she deserve death for being born that way?

What was right, what was wrong... He still didn't have an answer.

However, what he did know was that he felt extremely uncomfortable right now.

Dyon was brazen and arrogant in the eyes of others, but that was because in his core, he never doubted the steps he took. His heart was always steadfast in his beliefs, it had never wavered, so there was never a need to feel this sort of feeling.

But today, he had. He had doubted himself. And he hated it.

So... These people would have to feel his wrath.

After hearing Law's blatant disregard, General 3 felt so angry that he couldn't help but burst out into a fit of enraged laughter.

Even if this Law was one of the four most talented youths of this generation alongside Benevolence, Spear and Death, he was still just a youth at the end of the day. Where did he get the gall to speak to him this way?

However, just as he was thinking this, Law had closed the distance between them. It felt that a mountain had descended and landed upon his chest, like he was an ant that could be snuffed out of existence at any time. He found that beneath this pressure, he lost the right even to fight back.

This was the true power of the vajra body. Those below the Immortal God realm were nothing but rotting weeds before it, none of them had the right even to fight back.

If a vajra body appeared in the outside world, even if the influence might not be as great as Dyon's breakthrough into the fourth facet, every Immortal God who still held their own consciousness would feel its appearance.

Why? Well, aside from Dyon, there were only a handful of others in the history of the Immortal Plane that had awakened their dao heart to this level, it might not even exceed three who were still living to this current day. How could the appearance of such a thing not cause unending chaos? How many trillions of cultivators were there on the Immortal plane? How many countless times larger was it than the mortal plane? Yet there were only three? Four if Dyon was included? How could such a rare thing not cause the heavens and the earth to flip.

To understand the rarity, one only needs to look toward how long it took the surrounding cultivators to even understand what was happening. It was so rare that the Yin Soldier Immortal God hadn't even programmed these puppets to know what it was. If it wasn't for this, how could it be that the first to understand that it was a vajra body before them was a pitiful cultivator from the Well Clan and not the Immortal Law experts before Dyon now?

"Law! Wait!"

"I... already gave you a chance. Die."

Another bloody spear appeared in the skies, causing General 3 to explode into a rain of blood. Just like that, another head was added to the chain dangling from Law's ankle.

Bishop 2 and Butler 3 looked on in horror. An Immortal Law expert... dead?... Just like that...?

They couldn't help but look up toward Law's vajra body with fear in their eyes. Though they had felt the pressure it emitted previously, they hadn't taken it seriously. Since they didn't know what it was, they had thought that maybe it was a paper tiger, or maybe it was a double edged sword and wouldn't last for very long regardless. After all, how else could someone so young wield so much power?

But now they realized exactly how foolish they were.

The reason they had lived for this long and even managed to exchange so many words with Law wasn't because the latter couldn't kill them, but rather because there was still a war going on in his mind. With his mind shaken, how could his dao heart not be shaken? And if his dao heart was shaken, how could his vajra body not be greatly crippled as well?

Chapter 2243 Law.

That was right, despite being severely weakened, and even being used by a mere clone... Dyon's vajra body could still slaughter Lower Immortal Law experts like them as though they were sheep.

Without hesitation, both Bishop 2 and Butler 3 pulled out talismans from their spatial rings and burned them with their qi, calling for help without regard for their loss of face.

"Even if you can defeat the few of us, more will be here to replace us. Even if you defeat all of us, do you think you can face the city lord, Monk Rab, Demoness Johna and General Rollant all on your own? You have no idea how powerful the four of them are. We Butlers and Bishops are only the surface strength of these powers!"

Law stood silently in the sky. The two believed that he was finally hesitating, but after a long while, they finally realized that something was wrong.

Where was their help? Shouldn't they be here by now? What was going on?

Suddenly, the sound of marching troops resounded from the entrance to the city. Swaths of cackling demons followed a growing black fog. Without a choice, the forces of the government, underground, and military factions charged out to meet them, leaving the two who remained standing in the air stunned.

Did Law plan this? Did he collude with the devils? Was that even possible?

They knew that they had no reason to think this, and even less evidence, but the lingering fear in their hearts was steadily growing without end.

They had heard about Law's schemes in the past. They simply didn't take it seriously because they felt that schemes were useless in the midst of true power. But... What if someone was powerful and had the ability to scheme?

A cold sweat matted their backs. They suddenly remembered that the reason the Jones dukedom fell was because they were exposed by a devil general with a big mouth. If not for this, the truth would have never been unearthed. Due to the fact this came from the words of a devil, anyone who had suspicions toward Law forgot about them.

But now...

These were their last thoughts. Law's [Judgement] descended once more and two more heads were added to the chain dangling from his ankle.

Yin City fell into complete chaos. There was a war outside the gates. There were deadly prisoners trapped for countless millennia running free on the streets. And there was no internal strife between one of the young prodigies of this generation and the city lord.

Yet, Law's steps were slow and deliberate as he crossed the skies toward the City Lord Mansion.

Yin City fell into complete chaos. The devil bore down on them from the outside, the internal strife that had been bumbling for millennia had finally erupted, and a man with limits they couldn't see walked across their skies, his goal the very city lord mansion which housed their leader.

However, the atmosphere was still odd. Despite knowing the situation on the outside, despite knowing that Law's actions would only put them in more danger, and despite knowing that this may very well be the day Yin City ceased to exist, the commoners of Yin City simply looked up and into the sky with fires lit in their eyes as though supporting Law from afar.

Law himself saw these scenes well, causing an even more complex feeling to bloom in his heart.

If this city was made of real people instead of puppets, would this be the scene he saw? The answer was of course not.

Real humans were selfish, hypocritical, self-interested, and completely unable to see the bigger picture. Most of all, they were cowards. Even when they had strongly held beliefs of their own, very few dared to speak them aloud and even fewer dared to fight for them.

Compared to 'real' humans, these puppets were much more to Law's liking. They were like him. They didn't bend to their principles, they didn't hold hypocritical thoughts, and even in the face of death, they remained steadfast in their beliefs.

Yet, these were the same people he had treated like trash and sacrificed at the altar of his goals.

If this was a city of real humans, how many of them would be cursing at him from the ground below? How many of them would downplay the deaths of his wife and father-in-law? How many of them would tell him that he had no right to fight against the oppression of the city lord and should just obediently hand his head over?

Law was still young, and so was Dyon, especially in comparison to what the immortal plane might consider experienced. However, what was undeniably true was that he had still experienced much more than a mortal would have. He had seen hypocritical people like this. He had fought against and hated them his whole life.

Was it because of this that he subconsciously began to treat the lives of these people as meaningless?

It seemed like a nice and tidy answer to wrap everything up, but Law didn't believe it. Such an answer would let himself off too easily. He wasn't a child, he knew that the world wasn't painted in broad strokes of black and white. Even if many humans were hypocrites, that didn't mean they all were.

The truth was that he didn't care about their lives because he was the same as those he hated. He claimed that he liked these puppets because they were just like him, not carrying hypocritical thoughts and moving forward with a clear mind, but was he?

He was the exact same as them. He selfishly acted to preserve what he loved and what he cared about and disregarded everything else. If it wasn't for the existence of Saru and Lilith, he might have really sacrificed the billions who lived on the Dark Flame bubble world just for the sake of destroying the Nightwell Clan to their roots and save himself future troubles.

Chapter 2244 Legends

He cared about no one but himself and his own family. And the sad part was that even to this point, he still couldn't find anything wrong with this. It made him feel extremely uncomfortable, he even felt that he shouldn't have these thoughts, but for the life of him, he still couldn't find a reason why.

He wanted to grasp onto it. He wanted to find the logical reason why he should care about the lives of those not related to him? What did their lives have to do with him? Why wasn't he allowed to completely disregard them? He was an Emperor that stood above ...

When Law's thoughts reached this point, his steps froze in the skies. He was only a few more away from the city lord mansion, but he felt a tearing pain coming from his chest as though something was trying to claw its way out.

That uncomfortable feeling was clawing its way out again.

Why was it that he always had such thoughts? This wasn't the first time. What was he? A corny anime villain? The original him would never say something like he was an emperor that stood above all. But not only had he thought this, he had said far worse in the recent past. Ever since his vajra body awakened, he had been constantly saying things that someone who grew up in a mortal world like him would never say... He even remembered telling the sprites that the air he breathed was owned by him. What the hell was wrong with him?

Another resounding crack caused Law's ears to bleed. It was so severe this time that it resonated from his main body, almost causing this clone to collapse entirely.

In that moment, Dyon's main body was in chaos. The breakthrough into the fourth facet just a few years ago had calm like a gentle tide, but this one was so violent that he felt his body might split apart entirely.

One side of his body had erupted into a blazing black flame and the other was a gentle white. The two battled it out.

In the past, they had coexisted peacefully. But it seemed that today, they refused to allow the other to share its place.

On the immortal plane, there were countless legends, each of which was grander and more imposing than the last. However, even among these legends, some of which still managed to live on to this day, there was only one who managed to hold not just one, but two titles.

The name of this man had long since faded from memory. It wasn't that no one cared enough to remember, but rather that his titles had long since superseded his name in ways one couldn't imagine.

In modern times, the greatest fear of the immortal plane were the void beasts. They were creatures of unknown origins, wielding untold power, and causing undeniable destruction, the likes of which could ravage tens of star segments at once before coming to a close.

However, if one were to ask those old monsters what the truly fearsome existence of the immortal plane was, the void beasts would never be mentioned.

There was a man who rose up to the immortal plane trillions of years ago. He caused countless legends to be etched in his honor, creating countless miracles on his rise up.

When he was just in the Immortal Essence Realm, he wooed the wife of an Immortal Celestial. When their affair was found out, he was chased to the ends of the plane despite having never laid a hand on the woman.

Just a hundred years later, he returned to that clan and slaughtered them all. It was said that when he faced the rage of the Immortal Celestial that day, he sneered and said that there was just a single woman in his heart. The only reason he hadn't explained that the latter's wife was just a cheating whore in the past was due to the fact he disdained to explain himself.

That day, an Immortal Celestial fell at the hands of an Immortal Saint.

When he was an Immortal Saint, it was said that he was bored of using his fists all of the time, so he challenged the leading hegemon disciples to a single bout every hundred years. Every hundred years, he would learn to wield a different one of the nine core weapons and challenge all of the disciples below the Immortal Law realm with it.

It was said that in those 900 years, the disciples of the leading weapon wielding hegemons lost all face. There were countless assassination attempts in that millennia, many of which were the result of Immortal Law experts setting aside their face and attacking personally, but it all ended in failure.

When he was an Immortal Celestial, it was said that he was caught watching the queen of the Blossom Hegemon bathing. Not to mention the disciples of the hegemon, the countless suitors the beauties of the hegemon garnered led a relentless chase.

It was said that in one of the many times the man was cornered under the pursuit, he laughed to the high heavens, covered in blood, saying that even if all the disciples of the blossom hegemon lay naked before him, he wouldn't even waste his piss on them.

When he entered the Immortal Law Realm, he met a woman who could finally enter his heart for the second time. Unfortunately, he was just a transcendent of the mortal plane and she was a genius of the Kitsune Hegemon.

It was said that when he decided that she would be his woman, he boldly accepted the trial of the Kitsune Hegemon, trials so difficult they couldn't even be compared to those of the mortal plane.

However, despite clearing them, the Kitsune Hegemon set him up. They fed an aphrodisiac to the women he loved while he was still heavily injured from the trial, using the opportunity to try to force her into the bed of the man they wanted her to be with from the very beginning.

Chapter 2245 Rage

In a fit of rage, while still heavily injured, the man castrated his woman's former fiancé, and pinned him to the walls of the kitsune hegemon.

He escaped in the night with his woman, resulting in them both becoming fugitives.

It was said that that day he swore he would become an alchemist so powerful that no one would dare sell such a pill to the Kitsune Hegemon again.

The legend of the man continued to grow. Not just his but that of his wife as well who always stood by his side with a gentle smile.

It was said that he became the disciple of the Time and Space Immortal God, Abraxus after reaching the Peak Immortal Law Realm. By then, even Immortal Gods didn't dare to rashly offend him due to his personal power, and now with such backing, it was doubly so.

On the day the man was prepared to enter the Immortal God Realm, he did as all did. He entered the most sacred lands of the Immortal Plane and stood before the Divine Tablet, a treasure of the 33 heavens that had existed since the dawn of creation.

It was this very tablet that was as deep as the earth and as tall as the skies that was responsible for the title Immortal Gods were given. And, it was upon this tablet where this man's legend truly began. Because on that day... Even the Divine Tablet didn't dare to name him.

This was how the man gained his very first title. He became the Nameless Immortal God. However, no one knew that this would only be the beginning.

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The reality of things after this matter was quite anti-climactic. The Nameless Immortal God all but disappeared from the minds of many. He was too powerful for his old enemies to thoughtlessly provoke him without good reason, and he stayed out of the public eye.

A lot of people thought that this was because he had lost his edge, but the truth of the matter was that he had been spending the last moments of his wife's life by her side.

While he had become a great Immortal God, however she had failed to take the last step. Due to the aphrodisiac she had been poisoned with in her youth, her foundation had been harmed. The man had been too late to react to the situation, causing his wife to have to run away on her own in the beginning. As a result, she didn't receive the yang of a man in a timely fashion causing her primordial yin and the core of her talent to be harmed.

In the end, she grew old and eventually passed away. On the day she breathed her last breath, a mournful cry that shattered a star segment resounded through the skies.

Blade in hand, the Nameless Immortal God stepped through the skies, slowly walking toward the Kitsune Hegemon. The blade in his hand was his wife's first sword. In truth, it had been many years since he last used a sword, not to mention a lowly venerable grade weapon at that. Yet, with nothing but this sword in hand, he started a bloody slaughter.

There were 8 catastrophes that surpassed the tier 9 void surges on the immortal plane. These 8 catastrophes each followed the deaths of 8 women. Every time it occurred, a Hegemon would fall.

The third woman he fell for was a delicate beauty of the Fire Spirit Hegemon. She had a fiery personality and it was said that her first interaction with the Nameless Immortal God was scolding him for being heartless and killing so many innocents all for one woman.

She attempted to fight him to the death but lost. When she should have been breathing her last breaths, she admitted that she had simply been jealous. It turned out that she had once been a disciple of the blossom hegemon he happened to spare. But due to the fact he swore never to even piss on one of their disciples, she left the hegemon and suffered the pursuit of a traitor.

It was said that the Nameless Immortal God did all he could to save her from the damage he himself inflicted, but she only managed to live a few more centuries. It was during that time that he learned that the flame spirit hegemon learned of her past with the blossom hegemon and forced her to attack him. They had believed that she could take advantage of his vulnerable heart and assassinate him, but they had no idea how deep the imprint he had on her was...

Upon her death, another mournful howl sounded... And soon after, it was the blossom hegemon and the flame spirit hegemon that fell beneath his rage...

It was said that after this, the Nameless Immortal God became a normal man. He wanted to heed the words of his third wife and not kill so wantonly anymore. It was during this time that he met his fourth wife.

Maybe it was due to fate, but this was a woman who loved slaughter. She was a member of the angel hegemon and lived for blood and war. It should have been impossible for the two of them to come together. At this point in their lives, they were simply too different.

However, it was exactly this that brought them together. The man realized just how naïve he was. He simply had too much hatred in his heart.

He tried to live vicariously through her and eventually grew attached. This time, there was no subterfuge, no hidden schemes, no enemy of the past... She simply died of old age... He could only watch as she withered away, fading away with time.

That was when it hit him. He thought that now, since he was so powerful, he would never have to suffer through that pain again. He could destroy hegemons with a thought. He walked through the plane unmatched. So why was it that his wife still died?

He lost his mind to rage.

Chapter 2246 Second

It was unknown how many died in this fourth tragedy. He simply became a machine of slaughter. But, it was under these circumstances that he met the fifth woman who stirred his heart. She was a part of the Mind's Eye Hegemon. It was only her, who could control all the energies of the world, who was able to seal the baleful energies that had intoxicated his mind.

However, she too died.

It was then he met his sixth. It was only her who could see through his pain and sorrow, it was only her who could read his emotions and feel his pain. She didn't fear him like the rest of the immortal plane did.

But she died as well.

When matters reached this point, the immortal plane was at a loss for what to do. It seemed that only a woman he truly loved could calm his rage. But when she inevitably died due to the course of nature, there would be a price to pay regardless.

It was impossible to allow things to continue like this. The Nameless Immortal God had to be killed. It didn't matter how many Immortal Gods it took... He had to fall...

It wouldn't be long before he earned his second name.

When the man met his fifth wife, she was personally sent to his territory under the escort of the several Immortal Gods. Only her abilities, a unique constitution birthed via unknown means.

Maybe somewhat ironically, she too had come to kill him. But, unlike his third wife, it was her true intention to do so.

Their love story was somewhat incredulous. Those who understood the personality of the Nameless Immortal God knew that forgiveness wasn't something he gave out. Whether it was a child or the most beautiful woman in existence, he would kill them just the same. He was a cruel man without thoughts of morality and justice. The idea that one who came to be his enemy could come out as his wife was something that didn't compute with the information known about him.

However, this woman was very clever. Her control of energy was unlike anything that had ever appeared in the immortal world. While she could control baleful energy, there were countless other types of emotion that were subject to her whims. Even the Nameless Immortal God fell under her spell.

It couldn't be said that he was too weak. Rather, it was because his heart was in too much turmoil. If his wife was still alive, it could be said that it would be impossible for this fifth wife to affect. But, the reality was that he was distraught and lost, finally facing his own weakness for the first time in his life. There was something that he, who stood at the top of the world, had no ability to do.

This fifth woman took advantage of this moment to enter his heart, staying by his side for years looking for an opportunity to kill him.

But, what she realized after countless epochs was that he had long since broken out from beneath her spell. As for the reason he didn't kill her...? It was because he could sense his seed within her. The Nameless Immortal God's first child had been conceived.

Regardless of his true emotions, he felt happiness for the first time in a long time. It could even be said that what he fell in love with wasn't the woman, but the child in her belly. But regardless of what led to this, he would of course protect her.

It was just unfortunate what happened next. Knowing the kind of mission she had been sent on, the hegemon of this woman took precautions. Unfortunately, one of these so-called precautions was a protection that tanked her fertility. It could already be said that her womb was barren. It was a miracle among miracles that a child had been conceived in the first place.

But... that child's only destiny was death. Never to see the light of day.

Enraged and crying tears of blood, the Mind's Eye Hegemon suffered his wrath. They were destroyed so thoroughly that they were the only ones among those who suffered his revenge that didn't have an opportunity to enter the ancient battlefield. Their countless bubble worlds were shattered to dust, their every man, woman and child were eradicated, and their legacy ceased to be, as though erased from history.

The Nameless Immortal God's fifth wife watched all of this without raising a finger. It was said that she simply silently followed his steps, grief in her eyes as she carried the doll she planned to be her daughter's first gift. It seemed she was unaware that such restrictions had been placed on her. If only she knew... If only she could have told him... if only their child wasn't dead...

The Nameless Immortal God's fifth wife followed him to the day of her death. They silently accompanied each other, not speaking a word. It was said that she died without a sound, the doll she planned to give her daughter being buried along with her.

After her death, the Nameless Immortal God disappeared from the public eye once more. Maybe it was due to his daughter's death, but he delved into the world of alchemy even more fiercely. After swearing to become the greatest alchemist, he had long since succeeded. But, he realized that even though he had become untouchable in this regard, it wasn't enough.

It was said that it was during these years that he created array alchemy. However, in order to do so, he needed a comprehension that even he hadn't grasped just yet. He needed to understand the core truths of the world, not by brute force and logic, but by instinct.

After years of vanishing from the world, and at a point many thought he had already died, he silently entered the Eostre Clan as a nameless youth. It was during that time the Eostre Clan, under the lead of their valiant Matriarch, broke free of the Elven Clan and became independent.

Chapter 2247 Second (2)

They suffered many attacks during those years, but under the shocked eyes of the immortal plane, they managed to survive every looming tragedy, something that caused their talented Matriarch's status to untold heights.

However, it was only she herself who realized that something must have been wrong. Though she was confident in her own abilities, and even known for her own fair share of arrogance, she wasn't a fool. Unfortunately, try as she might, she was unable to find out what the truth was.

It was said that it was during those years she fell in love with a nameless young man of her Clan...

The Matriarch of the Eostre Clan would be shocked in the coming year. During much of their time together, the seemingly ordinary young man didn't display any great talents, and, due to her status, she could only keep the veneer of a single woman as her main identity while keeping their relationship a secret.

It wasn't that she was ashamed of her love, but rather that she was doing her best to protect her love. It might have been nothing for a weak woman to love a strong man in the martial world. But, the vice

versa was often a death sentence. With how many marriage proposals she had rejected, if there ever came a time where they learned of the truth, the weak young man she had fallen for would suffer.

However, who could have known that the supposedly weak young man wasn't weak at all?

It was inevitable that their relationship would be found out. But, the day it had been, the young man showed his true colors, revealing his identity as the Nameless Immortal God.

It was said that he was fearful of her rejecting him after knowing this truth. However, the reality was much different from what he had imagined.

Maybe if he was actively protecting himself, it would be impossible to see through his thoughts. However, who in the world could he trust more than his own wife? After melding their souls into one, what secrets could he possibly hide from her?

Unfortunately, this ended in tragedy as well. His sixth wife silently died of old age...

In fact, it could be said that the only reason that the elven hegemon didn't dare to attack the Eostre Clan any longer, and even lowered their face to allow them to return, was precisely because they were scared of the revenge of the Nameless Immortal God.

This time the death of his wife didn't lead to a boundless slaughter. It could be said that the ones who suffered the most were the countless suitors who dared to take a liking to his wife.

Instead, these years became the flourishing time due to the introduction of the discipline that changed the immortal plane: array alchemy.

It was impossible to think that this murderer would actually become a man who gave back in such a way, but this was what happened.

During this time, the Time and Space Immortal God accepted a second disciple and the murderous Nameless Immortal God became a doting senior brother.

It was said that his next two wives came in a pair. They had always been great rivals, one believing in the fist above all else and the other believing in the sword.

Unlike his previous wives, both of them were transcendents. They took a path similar to his own, rising up under their own power and earning positions among their hegemony with their own two hands. He cared for them both deeply, and truthfully, it was said that he originally had no intention of taking them as wives but rather as two little sisters.

It was only due to their pursuit of him and their strong resolve and persistence that they eventually became his seventh and eighth wife.

Unfortunately, they too died of old age. Their paths of cultivation were too unconventional and both of them tried to reach a goal none had ever before.

The Nameless Immortal God had no intention to rampage after their deaths. His heart was filled with sadness beyond compare, but for whatever reason, he managed to maintain his tranquility, as though he had made an important decision.

However, those of the immortal plane, too blinded by their own fear, decided to pre-emptively attack, not wanting another massacre to begin. In doing so, they brought down their own suffering. It was said that due to their actions, the Nameless Immortal God wasn't able to be by their sides during their final breaths, causing him to lose himself in rage once more.

This time, he completely lost his mind. He wanted to be peaceful, he wanted to live up to their expectations of him, yet there were those who still stood out to ruin it all.

In the past, hadn't he only attacked the clans that slighted him? When had he ever touched a clan without reason? How dare they?

It was said that on that day, his dao heart deviated. He had been on the precipice of true tranquility, but his mind split into two paths. One birthed the Purity Flame and the other... the Chaos Flame.

In those years, it seemed like the Chaos Flame might truly take over. It was too powerful.

It was during that time that the Divine Tablet erased all the names that had once been on it, replacing it with just a single title, the first title it had ever given without the moniker of Immortal God attached to it...

The Reaper of the Martial World.

The Nameless Immortal God was an existence that surpassed all reason and logic, a man who managed to transcend the limitations of the Heavens and grow powerful enough that even that boundless entity itself could no longer control him.

The Divine Tablet was the only treasure of those lofty rankings that was birthed by the Heavens itself, yet even it didn't dare to so casually name this name...

In those times, it really seemed that the Immortal Plane was finished. Countless Hegemons with trillions of years of history fell under the rage of this one man.

However, it was this man's ninth wife that saved them all from such a fate... His ninth wife wasn't an unknown woman at all... In fact, his ninth wife was actually the very same woman as his first wife...

Her memories were awakened by the presence of the Purity Flames, because from the very beginning, those flames were hers, gifted to him by her knowing that such a day would come.

Chapter 2248 No Longer

Dyon opened his eyes slowly.

Saru and Lilith who had been watching on with worried expressions felt their souls tremble. There was an aged look in the current Dyon's eyes that felt incredibly familiar, yet so distant at the same time.

If one looked toward Dyon's Mind's Eye, one could see that the last of the chain had been shattered into pieces. And, though the graveyard around them now was seemingly fine, the destruction around them was devastating.

"I remember..." He said softly. "... Madeleine..."

His voice was a bit hoarse as the white and black flames continued to rage around him, each taking up one half to themselves.

Abraxus' first disciple, that was him. His first wife... She was the Holy Goddess, the only one born with Talent equal to his own. Not only were they born in the same year, they were born in the same month, on the same day, and at the very same hour.

They were two sides of the same coin. One of them was a holy maiden and the other was a harbinger of destruction, prepared to destroy everything in his path.

They were supposed to clash throughout eternity and become enemies for a lifetime. In this story, Dyon was the villain and Madeleine was the hero.

The Heavens had a perfect plan, but it could have never imagined that the lives it believed it could play with the strings of a puppet would spin so far out of its control.

Dyon didn't become the harbinger of death and destruction it expected. He grew up with loving parents who taught him well. For the sake of not disappointing his parents, he suppressed his true nature, bringing them great pride before they too died of old age.

His character was one that Madeleine fell in love with. She felt a part of her rejecting him, but she too went against her true nature and fought to be with him.

In the end, she sacrificed herself in her first life and gave her Purity Flame to Dyon, hoping that he would rise to the top of the world. She knew that he had many enemies and he didn't have the strength to fight them on his own, so she gave him all that she could.

It was that day the Holy Goddess so suddenly disappeared from the world, no one being aware of her whereabouts.

After transcending, Dyon lost his memory about these matters. He remembered that he had a wife whom he loved with all his being, but he couldn't remember her face, nor the fact he was the reason for her death.

If it wasn't for this, with Dyon's personality, he would have never fallen for a second woman. But it was ironically these twists of fate that lead to this situation.

In the end, when he earned the title of Reaper of the Martial World and was a step away from becoming the monster the Heavens wanted him to be, it was his wife that appeared once more and saved him.

Madeleine, having died a mortal, gained the chance to reincarnate. So, she did. In fact, she reincarnated many times and it wasn't until then that she reincarnated into a body talented enough to transcend.

However, she could have never imagined that when she finally managed to transcend that a wave of memories she had long forgotten would assault her once more.

In tears, she embraced Dyon who was just a step away from complete madness. He had lost so much and even in the end, he couldn't gain the peace he desired.

It was something Dyon himself had been unaware of, but Madeleine knew quite well that it was the Heavens that wouldn't allow Dyon to be a peace-loving man like his parents and she wanted him to be. It was doing all that it could turn him into a machine of slaughter and revenge. It was it that wanted him to be the Reaper...

How ironic. There was a part of Dyon that once looked down on Jasmine for her evil nature, not knowing that he himself was also born to be an even greater monster.

In a twist of fate, it was his wife that saved him again. Her appearance caused the weakened Purity Flames to regain its source, surging in power once more to balance out Chaos.

As for what happened after this? Dyon was able to act on the comprehension that had given him tranquility during the dying breaths of Saru and Lilith. He hadn't managed to grasp all the secrets of life and death, but he had grasped all the secrets of reincarnation after so many epochs of study.

However, this wasn't enough. Steeling his heart, Dyon watched his wife die before him for the ninth time. He stayed by her side with a smile on his face, enjoying the life together they never got to have on the mortal plane.

And like that, he witnessed the cycle of life and death intimately... nine total times...

From that day onward, the Nameless Immortal God wasn't seen on the immortal plane again.

Dyon looked down at the raging flames on his body.

"So that's where all this rage comes from."

Dyon closed his eyes and took a breath.

"You are you and I am me." He suddenly said, "We are no longer the same person."

Dyon felt his nascent soul. It had a bit of an evil character to it, almost like a handsome villain without qualms for right and wrong. And then, his body began to change once more.

Dyon glanced indifferently toward the smirking nascent soul. At this moment, a second corporeal body had appeared within his mind's eye, facing his nascent soul as though facing off against an enemy.

One would have never expected that the reason Dyon's soul was chained wasn't due to the fact his body wouldn't be able to handle its full strength, but rather due to the fact he didn't trust his own nature.

Chapter 2249 Never Waver

If his soul awakened so early on when he was still an impressionable little boy, he might not grow up to the point of reaching this point. It was very likely that he would already have become a murderer, hated by all, maybe even the reincarnation of his wives.

As a man who had transcended past the constraints of the heavens, something like his body lacking the strength to hold his soul had long since been solved by him. It was a simple matter even to hold an Immortal God soul within a mortal's body. Or, even a soul that surpassed the Immortal God realm within such a body. After all, wasn't that what he had already done?

The reason why this incarnation of Dyon suffered from such backlash from having too strong of a soul wasn't due to the power of the soul itself, but rather because of his lack of control over the power it leaked. As a result, it had to be restrained.

But now that his memories had awakened, such a thing was no longer an issue. His current soul was only marginally weaker than it had been in his last life, and that's only because it was still relying on a Dao Heart to maintain its existence. Dyon at his pinnacle had long since not needed such a thing. Or, more accurately, his Dao Heart had left the nine stages known by the Immortal Plane and had left the restraints of the Heavens.

"Do you know what you're saying? You don't want anything to do with me? You are you and I am me, is it?"

The nascent soul spoke with a sinister smile. Surprisingly, his tone didn't sound evil or raspy. It sounded no different from Dyon's real voice. It held the deep character of a man, but wasn't too low. It was commanding and even somewhat gentle, as though uncaring for the response of the person the words were directed at. He spoke more so for his own amusement rather than for communicating with the world, because the world itself was already beneath him.

"The matters of the past are unrelated to me any longer."

"Haha! I knew you would do this. Even to your own self, you're always so arrogant."

"You know, just now, you, or I guess we, directed the strength of this last chain shattering toward that nosey elf that was poking their nose around our business. By now, the Elven Hegemon will have gotten news that one of their Immortal Gods has died, and by the energy fluctuations, they'll definitely be able to tell it's you"

"Even further than that, due to their dealings with the World Tree, they already know you've reincarnated and don't have your previous strength. So, what? You want to banish me and cripple the strength you just gained? Even if our body doesn't have the power it once did, our soul is already strong enough to walk through this so-called immortal plane unimpeded, but you don't want that, huh?"

Dyon faced the nascent soul, feeling somewhat bored. He was already so arrogant in the past, but now, it felt that even a Peak Immortal God would be regarded as an ant to him. He found it hard to care enough to exchange anymore words even with his own nascent soul.

But at the same time, the laughter of his nascent soul was also a side of him. Despite knowing that he would die soon, he laughed heartily and even joked around, not feeling pressured in the slightest.

Nameless Immortal God or not, Dyon was still Dyon. His personality hadn't changed. It was just that the things that had been obscuring his vision in the past had cleared up and the confusion that had fogged his mind was now gone.

"Alright, alright. I've said enough. I've had my fun. Since you want to get rid of me, so be it. After all, we're one in the same regardless. Plus, I have a feeling that even if you get rid of me, there'll still be quite a bit of darkness left in you. At the very least, that Dragon Hegemon is definitely finished."

Dyon's laughter filled the mind's eye.

Once again, Dyon was still Dyon. Just like Junior was still Dyon.

The very same way Junior willingly sacrificed himself, this nascent soul didn't have a problem with doing it either. Admitting defeat to another person was impossible, but when it came to helping themselves, why not?

The truth was that if it was only a matter between themselves, no matter what version of Dyon it was, they would never admit defeat, even to themselves. However, the reason this nascent soul and the reason Junior accepted their losses was for the very same reason: love.

Of course, it wasn't love toward themselves, but rather, love toward their wives. They knew well which of them had the highest percentage chance of rising to the top. And, so, without hesitation, they bowed their heads.

Regardless of which of them it was, that love they felt never wavered.

Dyon watched silently as his nascent soul burned in a sea of white illusory flames.

He realized now that the reason burning his soul never really affected him wasn't because he was immune to it, but rather because the core of his soul was too powerful. He was burning to what was akin to not even a percent of a percent of a percent's percent of his soul. The real number was likely even more exaggerated than this. As a result, recovering was simply too easy.

Now, however, he was truly burning his soul.

He wasn't doing it for power. Rather, he was purifying the influence his last life had on him.

It could only be said that the heavens were truly damnable. It did everything it could in his first life to send him toward the path of death and destruction. The amount of pain and suffering he caused wasn't minuscule, however, at least in the beginning, it had always been aimed toward his enemies. It wasn't until the deaths of his seventh and eighth wives that he truly became a devil incarnate, only to be saved by Madeleine.

Chapter 2250 I Am Back.

However, what Dyon had learned through all this time was that innate disposition wasn't the most important part of a person...

To now, he had experienced 109 lifetimes, 108 since his first life. He perfected his master's Cycle of Reincarnation Origin Grade technique and experienced the vicissitudes of life. In those times, sometimes he would meet a reincarnation of his wife, fall in love and live a happy life. Sometimes he would meet two or even three of them. And, sometimes, he would die before even finding them.

It was only in this life that he finally found all eight. Not only that, but he had even found his daughter, something that filled him with endless joy.

The Heir of the Angel Clan and the character for the second trial of the Epistemic Tower was exactly one of these lives that he experienced, a life he just so happened to come across two of his wives in. Unfortunately, it ended in tragedy, but the ending made it all worth it.

The only question left was why Dyon was doing this. Why is it that he was burning away his soul and giving away the power he had just awakened?

The reason was twofold. In fact, both reasons were incredibly important.

The first was because his soul was the only remainder of his first body and the only thing left in existence that transcended the Heavens. If Dyon used it as a sacrifice, then he would be able to open up the path for his body, comprehension and qi to truly do so as well.

If he followed the same path as his last life, even if he had the knowledge he had already accumulated, it would take him several millions of years to succeed. Even if this was still better than the trillions it had already taken him, he didn't have the luxury to wait.

Now that Dyon had awakened his memories, he realized that the matter concerning his Junior Brother wasn't so simple any longer.

His naïve self would think that maybe The Entity managed to find a way to descend to the mortal plane through special means. But, his current self wasn't so lacking in information. Even with the strength he possessed in his first life, strength that surpassed even the Heavens themselves, he would still need to pay a heavy price to descend to the mortal plane. It wouldn't put him at death's door, but it would definitely be taxing even for him.

Dyon knew well that his Junior Brother didn't have the ability to pay such a price.

As for who helped him ... Dyon's gaze could only narrow, the laws of the plane around him shattering beneath his rage. Even after several moments, it seemed the incredibly sturdy space of the immortal plane refused to mend itself back together.

As for the second reason Dyon was doing this, though it was objectively just as important as the first reason, in Dyon's biased opinion... it was even more important.

Dyon wanted to be himself. He didn't want to rely on some past life like some sort of cheat code. He was aware that this person was himself, he was aware that this was hard work he himself had already bled for. But... It still didn't sit right with him.

He wasn't making an immature decision, nor was it rash. He had a reason even for these thoughts.

During his 109th life, the timeline of the mortal plane split into two. There was the version of him who met Jade's elder self and the version who failed to do so. In the latter version, he lost his edge, becoming a careful man. Though he still eventually subjugated the mortal plane and became its sole ruler... To a man like Dyon who could have subjugated even the Immortal Plane in his prime, did he care about such an accomplishment?

The memories of that timeline left him wanting to vomit with disgust. Was that person really him? The kind who bided his time and schemes in the darkness?

If that person was him... He completely rejected it! Even if it was in a limb of his, he would sever it completely and live without an arm.

What mattered most wasn't your predisposition... What mattered most was the decision you made along your path in life.

That version of himself chose to be a sniveling coward and eventually lost. The version of him encompassed by his nascent soul lost himself to despair and became a murderous scourge.

As for this version of him... He wouldn't become either of these things. He would become the true Dyon Sacharro. The one who could make his wives proud. The one who could arrogantly look down at the world without becoming the killing machine the Heavens wanted him to become.

As the last bits of his former soul were purified, Dyon roared into the skies. It was a roar heard all across the Immortal Plane.

"I, the Nameless Immortal God, Dyon Sacharro, am back."

"I, the Nameless Immortal God, Dyon Sacharro, am back."

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In that moment, several old men across the immortal plane were startled from their deep slumbers. Some of them had been in deep meditation, other of them had been in true deep sleep, while others had been silently spending the last of their days in a rocking chair not much unlike Abraxus.

Cold shivers pervaded their hearts and sweat began to pour down from their foreheads.

They all felt it. That demon, that murderous blight on their immortal plane... He was back.

The Immortal Plane was incredibly vast. As a result, in the past, they had no small number of hegemons. After all, with so many star segments to control, it was impossible for a handful to oversee them all, especially with the poor reproductive rates of immortals.

However, now, there were less than 10 of them.

Why was this? Why else if not for the fact the Nameless Immortal God wiped them from existence for offending him in one way or another?