

Nameless 2251

Chapter 2251 Fall

They had thought that after so many years of dormancy, they had finally rid themselves of this worry, but who was the bastard who pissed this man off again? If they could find them, they would most definitely wring their necks until there was no blood left in their bodies.

However, though these old men had these thoughts, since they had managed to survive so long, their hegemon obviously couldn't compare to the ones of the past. And, since that man had been gone for so long, they had had time to consolidate the resources of the plane around themselves.

In the Elven Hegemon.

"Clarisse is dead."

The place was exactly how you might imagine an Elven Haven. Even the meeting room was filled with signs of nature. Thrones created from the weaving bark of precious heavenly trees, flowers budding in the wake of their every step, and a gentle sunlight glow from the open ceiling above.

However, the solemn expressions of the Elven Immortal Gods paints a gloomier tale.

As a Hegemon, the Elves had several thousand Immortal Gods. However, compared to the trillions upon trillions of people under their control, this number was really too miniscule. It was simply too difficult to raise Immortal Gods, and even harder to raise them above the Lower Immortal God realms.

"How is that possible? She died without even being able to send back a signal for help? We don't know a damn thing about her death in this way..."

Just when the Elves were about to say more, a sudden violent pressure emitted from deep within their holy lands. Their complexions changed as they all looked toward the same place.

"Ancestor!" They all cried out at once.

Many of them here hadn't even been born when their Ancestor last made his presence known. That was right, they had been born and even cultivated all the way up to the Immortal God realm without ever seeing this person. Yet, this Ancestor had suddenly let off a wave of energy?

On the meeting grounds, a man suddenly narrowed his eyes. If the World Tree were here, he would definitely recognize him as the very same man he reprimanded on the day Dyon purged the elven bloodline from Ri.

"He's back..."

A hoarse voice that was barely discernible as a woman came from the holy grounds. The words were vague, but it still sent a shiver down the spines of the elves.

The man's face changed expressions several times.

They had sent Clarisse out on a mission to apprehend a man who was suspected of using the Primordial Yin of an elf to impersonate them. It was a bit of an overkill, but they were simply following the Clan's laws. The matters of Primordial Yins were exceptionally serious.

They could have never imagined that she would die just like this.

But, even further, was it a coincidence? That man also had a wife from the Eostre Clan, did he not? He must have had her primordial yin. Did he have a method of preserving it during his reincarnation?

Could there really be such a coincidence in this world? That man came back at the exact same time Clarisse's soul tablet shattered? There was definitely not such a 'good' thing in the world.

Suddenly, that man began to laugh uproariously. He laughed so hard that those around him began to look at him with weird gazes. Even the aura of their Ancestor, which had been constantly increasing, receded a bit.

The seniority of this man was not low. After all, he was alive when the Reaper of the Martial World still reigned supreme. Though he wasn't their Ancestor, his standing was not low in the least.

It was several minutes before he finally reined himself in, a wild grin matting his handsome features.

"It's about time we seek revenge on that man. Even if he has wings, the Nameless Immortal God will cease to be."

The man's handsome face twisted. Even so many years later, he would never forget how that man humiliated him. If it wasn't for a promise to Jade, he would have died a hundred times over. In fact, the Elven Hegemon would likely follow in his footsteps.

He was Gilpin, a man most likely to reach the pinnacle of the Immortal God Realm and stand side by side with their Ancestor. Yet, he had just one blight on his life. Now, he had the chance to remedy it.

With a sinister visage, the man began to describe what happened with the World Tree. The more he spoke, the brighter the gazes of the elves became.

"...Inform the other Hegemons. The Immortal Plane will not suffer his rage again. This time, he must be killed."

The Elven Ancestor spoke once more before falling into silence. However, the excitement in her voice couldn't be concealed. She too wanted to see Dyon fall.

'If you were going to fall for an elf, it should have been me. Since you dared to choose my rival, you can go ahead and die along with her...'

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Dyon awoke.

Interestingly enough, his soul finally gave off the fluctuations of the immortal realm. It was unbelievably stifling. It was obvious that even an Immortal God would have trouble stopping the trembling of their knees before him.

Of course, after burning away his soul's strength to truly break free of Heaven's shackles, he wasn't a match for an Immortal God in an upfront battle. However, there was an aura to him that seemed to surpass Presence, an aura that would make it hard even for someone objectively more powerful than him to lift a single finger.

Not only had Dyon's soul broken into the immortal realm, it had directly entered the peak venerable realm. Not only that, but mental energy was no longer a bottleneck to him. As a result, he could use his current abilities as a Spiritual Sage with impunity.

Dyon could have spent more time checking out the changes to his strength, but he stood instead, the two flames that had been coursing around him slowly receding.

Chapter 2252 Delicate

This wasn't because he felt he was working on borrowed time, but rather because there was something even more important to him.

He walked toward Saru and Lilith who were still in a daze. Their expressions kept flickering between familiarity and confusion, as though they were looking at a stranger. They had hardly reacted before Dyon suddenly embraced the two of them, wrapping his arms around their slender waists.

He was so large in comparison that he completely enveloped them both, a soft sigh leaving his lips as he breathed in their familiar delicate fragrances.

Saru and Lilith felt frozen in the moment. In the last several decades, though they had teased Dyon many times, the amount of reciprocation they received was miniscule. This could almost be considered the first time he made any sort of romantic advances toward them.

"I'm sorry."

Dyon's voice entered their ears as his grip on them tightened.

After regaining his memories, how could he not feel guilt?

If he was being the most honest with himself, he didn't love all of his wives equally. This was just a fairy tale dishonest people told to make themselves feel better. The position Madeleine held in his heart, his first wife, the first woman he had ever loved, was simply a level beyond. Had she not erased most of his memories of her before he transcended, he likely would have never fallen for a second woman.

This was the brutal truth, this was the reality.

Dyon understood why Madeleine had needed to do that. If he remembered her too clearly, his descent into madness would have only been quickened. The fact he had lost his wife due to the machinations of the Heavens would have driven him insane.

There was a reason why Dyon, despite having met Clara first in his life, didn't open up his heart until he met Madeleine. She was the woman most suited to be his wife, the woman most suited to be his Empress, to sit atop the world with him.

However, even with this being the case, fate likes to play tricks on people. Due to Madeleine's actions, Dyon tried to fill his heart with others. And, though their place in his heart wasn't as grand, there was a place nonetheless.

Saru and Lilith were his wives. They were his wives, yet he always tried to keep a distance from them. It was already hard enough for them to make a decision to share him without him making things even more difficult than they needed to be.

The two women couldn't help but tremble beneath Dyon's touch.

After a while, Dyon pulled back, smiling gently as he tapped each of their foreheads once with a finger.

A blank look appeared on their faces for a moment before their gazes slowly cleared. At first, they looked around in confusion before their irises began to glow brightly.

"Husband!"

The two spoke in unison and leapt into Dyon's arms, a flood of repressed memories coming back to them. They sobbed like two pitiful children. Dyon couldn't help but smile.

Saru and Lilith had known more than the previous Dyon had about their situation, but 'more' was about all. Even they hadn't grasped the full scope of everything. Though they had known their husband was powerful, they hadn't known that he was this powerful. It was only now that they retrieved their memories thanks to Dyon's help that they realized just what all those vague hints really meant.

In reality, Dyon himself was the only one truly in the dark about everything. All of his wives had an inkling of something in one way or another. But, they also subconsciously felt that they shouldn't say anything. Even those moments when Madeleine tried, like in the Golden Flame Mystical World, it was Little Yin and Yang who stopped her.

"Look at you two. You're grand Immortal Gods with countless followers, sobbing like babies."

Saru and Lilith tried to rein in their tears after hearing these words. But, Dyon's next words made them set aside their rivalry and furiously pound on his chest as one.

"Plus, if you keep weeping like this, I'll feel like a bad guy taking you two to bed. It's been so long since I've tasted you, you want your husband to wait even longer? How could I bear that?"

Dyon laughed heartily as their small fists hit his chest, sweeping up each of their plump bottoms in a hand and carrying their blushing figures to their bed.

Dyon was completely unlike a man who was aware that the whole of the immortal plane was in a frenzy, doing everything they could to come after his head. Instead, he indulged in his women with a wide smile on his face, the pants and moans of Saru and Lilith sounding like music to his ears.

His palm was firmly pressed against the small of Lilith's back. Her ass curved upward, beads of sweat pouring down her delicate body and dripping down toward her head. Her lovely white hair was strewn about wildly as she buried her face into the pillows, her sonorous moans coming out like a muffled delicacy.

She felt as though her body was being pierced through, Dyon's rhythmic motions sending nose bleeding ripples across her plump bottom every time a light smacking sound resounded.

Every time Dyon moved his hips forward, he used his hand to press even more firmly into her back, pulling her body back into his own. Every movement made Lilith feel as though she was losing her mind and only made her more grateful that her face was hidden from the world right now.

In Dyon's other arm, he held Saru's soft body close to his side. Her mounds pressed into the side of chest, her hands wrapped around his neck with a clear unwillingness to let go. She had no need to breathe as an immortal, so why would she even bother coming back up from their deep kiss?

Lilith's legs suddenly swung back and up, her body violently trembling as she wrapped them around the back of Dyon's thighs before she fell limply to the bed.

Chapter 2253 Feeling Out

Dyon grinned, swinging Saru from his side. She hardly had time to be shocked before she could only wrap her legs and arms around him with all her might, her consciousness slipping under the tidal wave of emotions.

If the Immortals of the immortal plane were aware what Dyon was doing while they were diligently planning for his death, maybe they would pass out due to rage.

But this was simply Dyon's way of doing things. Dyon was still Dyon. His arrogance wasn't going anywhere.

The Elves? They could come. The dragons? They could come too. Pill Sword Mountain? They were more than welcome.

In the same way he beat them down in his first life to the point where they no longer dared to raise their heads before him, he would just do it again. And, this time might be their last.

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In a certain place, on a certain rocking chair, Abraxus was laughing uproariously like a jovial old man. His laughter was so grand that the entire star segment trembled. It wasn't a violent trembling, but rather almost like a light vibration, the kind one might get from a comfortable massage.

"He's back? He's back?"

First White Mother looked on with an excited look in her eye.

"He's been back for a long time." Abraxus said with a wide smile.

"You... Why didn't you tell me it was him?!"

The First White Mother was obviously enraged. In the past, she had been pessimistic toward Dyon's chances at defeating her second senior brother precisely because she wasn't her first senior brother. How could she not be embarrassed after finding out it had been him the entire time? This old geezer actually kept something like this from him, it was simply unforgivable.

"I have to go!" She suddenly said.

"Don't be ridiculous, you'll only be sending yourself to die. Just stay here obediently."

The First White Mother was the last disciple the old man had taken in and the weakest simply due to the fact she was the youngest.

The truth was that the celestial beasts were the most ancient species of beast. So, their race was even older than Abraxus. If she really was the First White Mother, it would make more sense for her to be Abraxus' master rather than the other way around.

But this was one of the abilities of the Celestial Beasts who were favored by the Heavens. Unlike others, they had the ability to resurrect after being born onto the immortal plane. The First White Mother was exactly a reincarnation of her former self who had yet to reclaim her original strength.

So, Abraxus wasn't wrong, she really would only be going to get herself killed if she went now. Though she was powerful, she was still vulnerable in a battle of immortal gods.

"Are we really not going to do anything?" She asked with a frown.

"There is nothing we can do. If we interfere, we'll only be going off to our deaths. Things aren't so simple as a group of hegemony wanting to take him out. If it was only this, you could only say that those old fools had lost one too many brain cells.

"It isn't these hegemony that want this, but the Heavens themselves, do you understand? This is the grandest tribulation to ever be sent down. If we interfere, we'll not only not make it easier, but we'll make it countless times harder as well. The most we can do is stay out of it, this is the best help we can provide."

The First White Mother seemed to feel bitter after hearing these words, but she really couldn't find a way to refute them. They were correct.

It was the Heavens themselves that wanted Dyon gone. It had already picked a successor to the task he failed to complete.

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While Dyon was unfeeling toward the immortal gods who were coming for him, he had also seemingly forgotten to care about the Yin Soldier Immortal God's Legacy World. But, the truth of the matter was that to the current Dyon, such a legacy world was nothing more than a joke.

What Dyon had always lacked in his life to this point was experience. He had all the intelligence he could ever need, but he lacked enough information and wisdom to make proper use of it. Most of the time, he could only make conjectures and educated guesses, which even sometimes ended with silly mistakes that could have been avoided.

However, the current Dyon didn't have such a problem. Simply put, Dyon might have not had the individual battle strength of an Immortal God currently. But... A Lower Immortal God like the Yin Soldier Immortal God was still nothing but an ant before him.

When Dyon reawakened his memories, his paused footsteps toward the city lord's mansion continued. Of course by that point City Lord Woo had stepped out with his entourage of guards. However, Dyon had already regained his calm.

The blood red pillar in the skies no longer fluctuated, the tears of blood on his face no longer fell, and he looked down toward the two heads in his head with a calm expression. His heart was no longer in disorder, he would give these two a proper burial after this was all over and never make such a mistake again.

The Heavens wanted him to be an unfeeling villain, but he had no interest in such a path. Madeleine deserved better. She wanted a hero for a husband so he would be a hero. It was as simple as that.

Of course, since the Heavens wanted him to be a villain so badly, he didn't mind indulging it for a bit. It's just that I wouldn't like the result very much at all.

What preceded was completely under Dyon's control to an almost scary degree.

According to Dyon's original plan, he would use the death of his 'wife' as a justifiable cause to rise up against the city lord. With his actions as Law, he had already garnered the respect of the people of Yin City. In this way, they would most likely have his back as well.

Chapter 2254 Habit

Playing the role of the pitiful figure, he would attack the city lord mansion, something that would likely end in failure. Even with his vajra body, though he could severely suppress even Immortal Gods and those below that rank were nothing but ants as long as it was active, it still wasn't quite enough for him to face up against such an existence.

After he was on the verge of losing his life, the rest of his plan would kick into motion. His clones within the other three factions would make their move. Using their friendship as the four geniuses of this generation, they would use the support they gained to launch an assault on the mansion as well.

With the devils attacking the city, the various factions were uniquely vulnerable to internal strife at the moment, so the plan would have likely reached this step without a hitch.

Of course, the genius of the devils, the very one who exposed the Jones Dukedom, was also one of Dyon's clones. So, this could be a coordinated plan from both the inside and outside of the city.

At this point, the city lord would be assaulted from all sides all while under the suppression of Law's vajra body and would eventually die under Dyon's various schemes. Dyon predicted that this would complete the true main storyline.

The key was to not only kill the city lord, but to also do it with the support of the people. If it was just as easy as killing a single person then this legacy world would have never even had a second opening.

However... The current Dyon didn't need to go through so much trouble. Before him, the schemes and tricks of an Immortal God were nothing more than parlor tricks.

The truth was that immortal legacy worlds were different from mortal ones. Whereas mortal ones relied on the Heavens' help, immortal legacy worlds, though the Heavens were somewhat involved, relied almost entirely on one's Origin Source. As a result, no one below the Immortal God Realm could leave a legacy world behind.

One's Origin Source acted as a foundation and the Heavens filled in the gaps. This is why this world seemed so real. However, it was exactly these parts that made such a world vulnerable.

Dyon's vajra body moved, its six black-goal halos rotating until a singular eye stopped at the top. Its eyelid slowly opened, causing the world to tremble.

In those moments, it felt like existence itself might collapse. The skies rumbled and tore apart, leaving streaking of thunderous lightning and torn bits of space hovering in the air.

"Too many flaws, too easy... Oh, this clone is about to explode... There should be enough time... There."

Law seemed to speak to himself as though he could feel an Immortal God boring down on him.

He pointed a finger, completely ignoring City Lord Woo who had a livid expression on his face.

For a moment, it seemed like nothing would happen. But in the next instant, the legacy world collapsed. The city, the artificial trees and plants, the devils, the puppets, it all collapsed leaving a sea of blackness.

In the end, all that was left was a single core... a world core. However, compared to the ones that Dyon had seen, it was far too small, not even half the size of a fingernail.

"You guys handle the rest." These were Law's last words before he combusted and withered into the roots of a large flower. Clearly, using that manifestation had taken too much out of him, so he left it to his remaining clones.

None of them even spared a glance toward the Well and Vio Clan family members who hovered in the empty space with shocked expressions on their faces.

Those poor souls couldn't even react by the time they were ejected from the black space and reappeared in Yin City. But this time, the puppets stood blankly as if having lost their sentience...

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A light smacking sound resounded throughout the luxurious bedroom of the graveyard, causing Lilith to moan out in protest.

With her face still buried into a pillow, she reached back with a hand and smacked Dyon's hand away from her plump bottom, clearly telling him that she wanted to sleep for longer. After all, despite the fact she had awakened her memories and knew she had quite a bit of experience in these matters, this body was still the body of a virgin. Though she wasn't hurting, she was a bit sore. On top of this, having not been used to such activity, she was tired.

Unfortunately for her, Dyon ignored her pleas and happily sat cross legged on their bed, kneading her cheeks as though they were the greatest toy ever created. As for Saru, she was using Dyon's thigh as a pillow, a content smile on her face.

"Come on, you can't continue sleeping like this. You've just broken into the fourth facet so I need to see if your sword nascent soul has formed properly."

Dyon's evil fingers slipped into a dark place, causing Lilith to shudder once more. Despite the soreness, the mixture of a dull pain and pleasure brought a pleasant, feeling she couldn't get enough of.

"... Mm, why did you stop?" Lilith sounded displeased.

Lilith squirmed back as though trying to find Dyon's fingers again.

"Come, be more obedient." Dyon lightly tapped her ass again, enjoying the elasticity.

Lilith unwillingly slithered to his side, laying her head on Dyon's other thigh.

"I prefer the old you better, he was nicer. You get your memories back and suddenly you're so chauvinistic again." Lilith muttered.

"Has nothing to do with chauvinism." Dyon said righteously. "I am just much more experienced than you. I'm just an elder guiding his junior."

"Your tone sounds very convincing." Lilith said. "But why are you kneading my breasts if I'm just a junior?"

Dyon coughed. "Just a force of habit, just a habit."

Saru giggled lightly, her eyes still closed. It seemed she was just content to listen. As for Lilith, she rolled her eyes, smacking his hand away and pretending not to notice when it magically appeared on her chest once more.

"Let me see it." Dyon suddenly said.

Chapter 2255 Heart

Lilith smiled and flipped a palm, a golden sword that looked more like a knife appearing in her hand.

This sword had a handle that was even longer than its blade. While its grip was over a foot long, the blade itself was barely half that length. In addition, while there was a handle wrapped in golden cloth, it had no guard, making the transition from handle to blade very abrupt and almost jarring.

For lack of a better descriptor, though, this blade looked like an ornament or a family heirloom. Its appearance was almost cut and nothing like what one would expect from a sword.

However, Dyon was very much aware of just how dangerous this sword was.

Among Dyon's wives, there wasn't a single one who wasn't talented to an extreme. It could be said that the true reason none of them reached their true potential was his fault. Even though he had broken free from the Heavens and shattered its hold on him, his wives had not. He was born to be the incarnate of evil, the Reaper of the Martial World, so terrible karma swirled around him at all times.

As a result, his wives had suffered. But now, everything would be different.

He had already broken free of the Heavens completely after burning his soul. As a result, its karma no longer had a hold on him so his wives were now equally free. Thanks to this, Lilith finally accomplished her life long dream and forged her nascent soul into that of a sword.

Along with this, she formed her vajra body at the same time, fusing it into this sword as well. Her current power was something that could threaten even him in his current state.

However, what was truly jaw dropping were the abilities of this sword.

Though Lilith had failed to fully form it in her first life, she had succeeded in part. She had managed to form her vajra body, but hadn't managed to change the form of her nascent soul. But the abilities were still the same.

This sword was named by her. It was called the Immortal Sword. It had just one ability, but it was devastating without comparison.

This sword could increase its length to near infinity in a fraction of a single breath. It looked to be like a small knife now, but only they were aware that this sword would pierce from one end of a bubble world to another in the blink of an eye, severing it in half.

Such an ability had reached the extremities of simplicity. When such a state was reached, even peak Immortal Gods would have to fear it. Even if Lilith wasn't as powerful as such entities now, if she was given time to grow, she wouldn't be any weaker than those Ancestor level characters of the various hegemony.

Dyon nodded in satisfaction. Since he was about to wreak some havoc, it was definitely for the best that his wife had the ability to protect herself. With her vajra body sword, he didn't believe that anyone beneath the Immortal God Realm could pose a threat to her.

"Now, how about you?" Dyon asked, pinching Saru's little nose.

"What? You want me to open up my heart for you to see?"

Though Saru had said these words with a teasing tone, there was something incredibly serene about her voice, as though nothing could enrage her any longer.

That said, this is really what she would have to do for Dyon to see her improvements. Saru had a rare variant of vajra body that fused into her true body. It was the incarnation of her Heart Sutra.

This vajra body made her heart, an organ that was usually the weakest part of the body, the absolute strongest. In fact, despite being a body cultivator, it was likely harder to pierce Saru's heart now than it was to break all of the bones in her body. Considering how tough the bodies of body cultivators were, this was an obscene realization.

With the help of her vajra body heart, her bodily strength would reach an inconceivable level. Even now, if she activated it, with nothing more than her body, she could defeat Immortal Law experts with a punch from her fists. If it wasn't for the limitations of the rest of her body, the result would be even more exaggerated.

On top of this, these were only the outward and most obvious effects of her heart vajra body. In addition to this, there were many other benefits.

For one, her blood essence would continually be purified. Secondly, this purification would accelerate her body cultivation. Thirdly, even without actively refining her body, she would continuously grow in strength. And, maybe most importantly, this was just the first stage of her vajra body. There was an evolutionary path that would one day allow all of her viscera to enter this state. When this day came, she'd be likely one of the very few who could battle Lilith in a head on fight.

Aside from this, the vajra body had a soothing effect on her spirit, allowing her to remain in a peak sense of calm no matter the situation. This would not only allow her mental energy to surpass others, but she would be capable of maintaining her peak battle prowess no matter what the situation she faced was.

These results alone were enough to prove just how talented Dyon's wives were. There were not even a handful of individuals now who had vajra bodies, yet another two had suddenly appeared the moment they regained their memories and dual cultivated with Dyon.

Dyon smiled hearing Saru's teasing words but didn't press her about it. It was true, he could just take a peek at it with his immortal sense if he really wanted to.

"What do you want to do now?" Lilith asked, playing with a sword that could destroy worlds with her slender fingers.

"Well..."

Dyon waves a hand and a corpse appears in the air. It had only a single bloody hole that went through its forehead, yet it somehow couldn't hide its beauty at all.

Chapter 2256 Opened

The gorgeous presence of a female Elf who had advanced into the Immortal God Realm was too difficult to hide. This was none other than Clarisse, the elf that was sent to investigate the matter surrounding Jade's Primordial Yin.

Dyon hadn't been able to control the explosion of the energy hidden within the chains that held his soul in the past. But, this time, with it being the last chain, he had regained his memories quickly enough to make use of it.

Using his experience, he controlled the surge of energy and used it to kill this Immortal God.

"Since that idiot really dared to inform the Elves, he can only blame himself for their destruction. I didn't touch the elves in the past for Little Jade's sake, but since her Eostre Clan has forgotten the kindness of their Ancestor and even dared to return to that hypocritical bunch, I don't mind eradicating them."

"You can indeed do a lot with the corpse of a Lower Immortal God as a foundation." Lilith nodded.

"Mm... I was a bit naïve when my memories were sealed, so my approaches weren't perfect. But, it wasn't completely without merit, it allowed me to approach some things in a way I never have before. With this corpse, a few void beasts and the blood sprite, I should be able to give them a good surprise. Of course, that little Immortal God's legacy world could be useful too..."

The Yin Soldier Immortal God's Legacy World had one thing useful to the current Dyon: a Yin Earth world core. What he had taken before was the former's Origin Source, but after supplementation with the help of the Heavens, the world had formed a true world core as well.

In fact, that's exactly what Dyon's clones were doing currently. They were currently siphoning energy away and sending it to him. If others knew he was cultivating now while leisurely catching up with his wives, who knew how they would react.

But to the current Dyon, such things were just a joke. Before awakening his memories, it would take years to balance a world core and absorb the energies he needed. Now however, a few days were what he needed at most.

And, unfortunately for his enemies, getting here would take time even for them. Not to mention the fact they had no idea that he would brazenly not even try to escape, so they were likely planning out a way to corner him and hadn't even set off yet.

By the time they'd be ready, Dyon would be ready too.

"... Oh? Kukan entered the legacy world too huh? I wouldn't mind teasing her a bit." Dyon thought with an amused smile before pouncing onto Saru and Lilith again.

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A few days later, hundreds of Dyon's clones opened their eyes at once, finding themselves in a calm world with two hovering stars. One of the stars had a dark gold hue that bordered on a dark mustard color. The other was an emerald green that was almost too bright to look at directly.

Of course, the former was a yin earth attribute world core and the latter was a yang wind attribute world core.

The Yin Soldier Immortal God of course had no ability to form these on his own. It was due to the Heavens filling in the gaps of his Origin Source that the Yin Earth world core was able to be formed.

The Yin Soldier Immortal God was an expert in puppets and was especially into researching the truth of the soul. His path eventually led him to trying to fuse the essence of the soul into the body.

His thoughts were quite similar to mortals. The mortal world had never found evidence of the soul, so it was assumed that all consciousness was organic in some form. The Yin Soldier Immortal God wanted to first create a puppet with these characteristics before slowly finding the path of evolution toward forming a true soul.

Of course, he died long before he succeeded. In Dyon's opinion, he hadn't even succeeded in finding the path toward just the first step. However, his research still benefitted Dyon.

Due to his attempts to create bodies imbued with the essence of the soul and spirit, he diverged toward the path of yin. Manipulations of the soul, necromancy, and the like were all related to the path of yin.

By coincidence, this resulted in the Yin Soldier Immortal God creating a special type of puppet forging material that just so happened to have high yin earth attributes. Because this was his specialization, he ended up molding his Origin Source out of this material.

After reaching this step, the rest was obvious. Since the Heavens used his Origin Source as the foundation for this legacy world, it ended up having a yin earth world core. This, of course, benefitted Dyon greatly because now the foundation of his body could be considered complete.

By now, it was also clear that the emerald star had been the result of Dyon balancing out this yin earth world core. Of course, having multiple clones working on it at once made this process incredibly fast. In the end, Dyon only needed what amounted to barely two days.

With a thought, Dyon's clones withered into dying flower petals. The last clone waved a hand to allow a newly minted clone to be formed in the calm space before withering as well.

Dyon cracked his neck and took a step in a seemingly aimless direction before vanishing to reappear above Yin City. Of course, since he didn't bother to hide his appearance this time, his appearance caused no small amount of shock. How could they not know the face of the young man with such a high bounty on his head?

"You..." Berolt's eyes almost bulged out from their sockets. "... Return my Amethyst to me!"

His roar should have been enough to shake the city. But for some reason, the way it echoed made it feel like a small stone thrown into the ocean.

Chapter 2257 Scene

It felt that the Dyon before him now was exactly this vast ocean he had tried to disturb. He somehow felt that his voice didn't even reach this lofty being standing in the skies above him.

Berolt wasn't the only one shaken right now. Kukan, who was in disguise amidst the crowd, was trembling as well.

Earlier, she had sensed her Primordial Yin within one of Dyon's clones. No, she had sensed it years ago. The trouble was that the clone using it was exactly that genius devil youth who exposed the Jones Dukedom. As a result, she was left in utter confusion.

It was only now that she had a faint understanding of what had happened.... They had been clones, all of them had been clones. And, the very man she had been hunting previously was the one who owned them.

Obviously, Kukan hadn't come here knowing that Dyon was here as well. She had just been passing by. After failing to find Dyon, her target, after so long, she heard about the opening of the immortal legacy world. With her strength as a Peak Immortal Celestial expert, gaining a spot was as easy as breathing in this weak star segment. In fact, after completing a few storylines, she had succeeded in finally breaking through and entering the Immortal Law Realm.

"There you are." Dyon's gaze suddenly locked onto her, causing her to tremble.

It felt that just by meeting his gaze, she was falling into a deep abyss. It was only for a moment, but her eyes rolled back into her head and she directly fainted, completely unable to lift even a single finger.

Dyon shook his head at this scene.

"Such weak will. How could you be worthy of being the master of my wife?" Dyon's sigh held a bit of apathy. "Whatever, your bloodline along with the bloodline of that little phoenix girl are both very useful to me. Either way, the kitsune hegemon is no more, so think of this as an opportunity."

Kukan's body flew into the skies and into Dyon's hands. He held her under his arm like a sack of potatoes, not having even a bit of gentleness toward the beauty in his arms. As far as he was concerned, she was lucky he wasn't dragging her along by her tail.

Just when Dyon was about to turn to leave, he suddenly remembered something and smirked.

"The things that I, Dyon Sacharro give out, aren't so easy to take advantage of."

Dyon suddenly snapped his fingers and Berolt felt that his dantian had suddenly become bloated. To enter the Immortal Law Realm, one had to condense the Laws of their comprehension into their dantians. Overlords bypassed this by condensing their Dao arrays into the Mind's Eye.

However, at that moment, Laws Berolt thought were his own suddenly spun out of his control.

His last expression was one of grief and hatred before his body exploded into a rain of flesh and blood.

...

Like this, Berolt's life, the life of a newly advanced Immortal Law expert, was snuffed out just like this. There was no grand fanfare, nor was it dragged out for some long, conceited revenge. With the simple snap of two fingers, it was over.

In truth, Dyon had barely finished his first step toward his path to leave when this retired patriarch was already forgotten by him. Such an ant wasn't worthy of taking up space in his memories.

As he walked toward his destination, Dyon took out a familiar mask. It was his Lightning Willow Mask, the very one that he had gained as a reward for his second trial. But, the look he had while looking at it now was completely unlike it had been in the past, and completely unlike a look he should have had for a treasure he had ignored for so long.

"Don't worry, old friend. I'll let you spread your wings soon."

Dyon smiled lightly. If it wasn't for the fact Kukan was hooked under one of his arms, he might have been stroking the mask lovingly.

"It would be easier to bring you back if I just sacrificed that little girl Amethyst, but my Madeleine would probably be upset if I did that, so just be a little more patient."

At that moment, the sonorous call of a bird rang through the skies of Yin City, the mask in Dyon's hands vibrating. Just this simple call caused the Immortals who had been standing in shock to faint, blood leaking from their seven orifices.

The last sounds they heard before their deaths was Dyon's laughter. It didn't sound sinister as one might have expected. Rather, it was filled with joy as though he was greeting an old friend he hadn't seen for a long time.

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With all of the matters of the immortal legacy world properly handled, Dyon felt he could finally get down to business. What he wanted to do was to turn this legacy world into his base of operations.

If it was up to him, he wouldn't touch such a weak legacy world with a ten foot pole. But he had to work with what he had now. He might have regained his memories, but he still had to limit himself in some respects.

That said, no matter how weak he was now in comparison with his former self, if given enough time to prepare, there was no one on this plane who could stay alive after failing to take him seriously. It was obvious that those Immortal Gods knew this, or else they wouldn't be so carefully planning their next steps.

But ultimately, Dyon was still the arrogant, infuriating existence that was so good as pissing others off no matter what life time was being spoken of.

If he had really wanted to, considering how much of his 109th life he had already planned out, couldn't he have left enough contingency plans? If he was able to plan even which bubble world Emytheus' actions would send him to, how could he not have a plan to deal with the Immortal Gods who were now coming after him?

However, there were two reasons he hadn't.

Chapter 2258 Dead

Firstly, this matter was more complicated than it seemed on the surface. Dyon's real opponents weren't these Immortal Gods. Even if they were Immortal Gods, he still saw them as ants, albeit ants that were a bit larger.

His true opponents were the Heavens. He might have broken free from it by sacrificing his soul, but things wouldn't end so easily.

It was fine if he laid out diligent plans for up until he regained his memories, but once he did, the Heavens would have its sights completely focused on him. What would happen in such a case if he had pre planned routes to take? Wouldn't it be too easy for the Heavens to cause everything to go awry?

Comparatively, if even Dyon himself didn't know what all of his next steps were, it would be harder for the Heavens to intervene. After all, it wasn't as though the Heavens were a tangible being, the methods by which it could interfere for enigmatic and difficult to comprehend even for Immortal Gods.

Dyon had to be quick, clever, and flexible. He could constrain himself to a single plan because those ants that were dreaming of taking down his legend were receiving help from a beast even he didn't dare to underestimate.

As for what the second reason was...? It was a reason that should those ants be aware of it, they just might spew blood in the midst of overflowing emotions of rage and anger.

His thoughts were simple... Where would the fun in that be?

He had spent too long unmatched, unrivaled. There was nothing he loved more than to conquer a new challenge, to subdue a new mountain, to grasp a new height. It made his heart beat wildly with excitement and made his blood rush like the crashing rides of a tsunami.

It was the reason he mastered so many disciplines in his youth. He didn't care about the weapon, the method, the profession... As long as he could crush others, that was his greatest happiness.

In the end, the Heavens were his only remaining opponent, and this was why alchemy became his only remaining love. Only through alchemy could he directly challenge the Heavens again and again and again.

And in this lifetime... He would crush the Heavens as well to the point even it didn't dare to raise its head!

In a remote bubble world of the immortal plane, a delicate beauty with flowing violet hair could be found playing the zither. Her slender fingers plucked at the strings with an elegant grace, producing a mesmerizing tale of grand adventures and tall aspirations.

At that moment, the Sparkling Zither Pavilion was filled with a crowd of people, but there wasn't a drop of sound outside the plucking of these strings. They all seemed to have completely lost their minds in the story she was weaving, unable to extricate themselves.

The truth was that there were many other beauties in this place, some of them could even be found on the laps of these patrons. But, the most attention they received was an absentminded hand pinching at their plump butts or slipping into the deep ravines of their cleavage. And, even then, these experienced women could easily tell that the men who took such bold, perverted actions were secretly pretending that the sensitive body parts they touched were actually those of another woman entirely.

It was at that moment that another man suddenly appeared. The entry of another so late into the game, despite the fact he didn't truly make any noise, filled them all with displeasure. Even though all he had done was walk through a door, they still felt that he had already ruined the atmosphere. Let alone walk, most of them didn't even dare to breathe too hard for fear that her magical fingers would stop.

However, if this made them angry, then what happened next was several levels more infuriating.

"What the hell are you doing here?" The man said without reserve, drowning out the music. "I set you free, yet you end up in a brothel? I hope you have a good explanation, or else I'll kill you now."

The words of the young man were emotionless, but there was a cold edge to them that felt like an ice blade piercing into their hearts.

The music stopped abruptly and one of the strings of the beauty's zither broke, filling the air with a TWANG sound that travelled through their bones.

Amethyst felt as though she had been frozen in time. The weight on her chest right now made her feel as though an elephant was stomping down on her. There was no emotion in the voice she had just heard, she could even feel the killing intent, but it was exactly this that made shivers run down her spine.

Murdering on a whim... controlling life without a thought.... killing to the point of apathy...

Her fingers uncontrollably trembled and a cold sweat fell down her delicate back. Even if she wanted to speak now, she had no ability to do so.

Of course, she recognized the young man. Who else could it be if not Dyon?

She had believed that this young man was running and would never dare show his face out in the open like this, but never could she have imagined that he would come here and so casually at that. He didn't seem to care that the void coalition had set a bounty on his head.

As for Dyon himself, his words really weren't a bluff. If Amethyst didn't have a good explanation for her actions, he really would kill her without a thought.

He wasn't some mad man. It wasn't as though he went around to brothels in his free time, slaughtering women who made their own choices simply because he didn't like it. Quite frankly, he simply didn't care what these women did. It had nothing to do with him.

But, Amethyst was different. As far as he was concerned, she was no longer representing herself alone, she was representing his wife. By laws of seniority, she was half a master to his wife.

His wife's master? Working in a brothel?

She was better off dead.

Chapter 2259 Deserves

Dyon didn't care if she was a 'high class' prostitute that only sold her talents. When had his, Dyon Sacharro's wife, have to sell herself, in any way, to anyone? If the master had to do so, wouldn't that imply that the disciple had to do so as well?

Anyone who even completed such thoughts only deserved a death sentence in Dyon's opinion. And, the person who caused such thoughts to brew was even more responsible.

It could only be said that after awakening his memories, Dyon had become several times more conservative. In the past, though Madeleine hadn't sold herself, she had still been the boss of a similar establishment due to her connection with the Flaming Lily Sect.

Back then, Dyon hadn't had any weird feelings about it. He hadn't even spared it a second thought.

This was only natural. The version of himself with slumbering memories was raised in the mortal world. In such a place, even a wife having a few partners before settling down with the man she loved the most wasn't a weird occurrence. In fact, it was encouraged in many parts of the world. As a result, Dyon was more free thinking and open minded.

However, it was almost impossible for a few hundred years' worth of memories to override trillions.

As far as Dyon was concerned, he had already given those memories enough face. Had he not had those memories of the mortal world, he would have destroyed this Sparkling Zither Pavilion and massacred everyone in it first before he even began to question Amethyst to decide whether or not she should follow them to their deaths..

In his mind, they should be grateful for his magnanimity.

"I... I... I..."

Amethyst felt so stifled that she began to cry like a toddler, unable to finish her words.

At that moment, a taller beauty with an aura so sharp it made her impossible to glance directly at, and a shorter beauty with delicate brown skin and a presence as heavy as a mountain suddenly appeared before Dyon.

"You two are planning on stopping me?" Dyon asked expressionlessly.

"And so what if we are?" Lilith put her hands on her hips. "If we didn't appear, you really would kill her."

"She deserves death." Dyon replied in a monotone manner.

Saru ignored Dyon and had already gone to console the crying Amethyst. She truly looked too pitiful. The moment she got the slightest hint of support, she practically leapt into Saru's arms.

"Be more lenient or else you'll have no choice but to come to a brothel too." Lilith said in a stern manner.

At this point, Dyon was speechless. After she said such a thing, how would he maintain his imposing demeanor? Was this even fair? It seemed these two were very much aware that they had special privileges others didn't as his wives, and they clearly took full advantage of it.

Seeing Dyon not knowing how to respond and the fact his expressionless visage had cracked thanks to his now twitching lip, Lilith grinned, revelling in her victory.

The two of them had spent many decades with Amethyst. Even if she came here of her own free will, they wouldn't sit idly by while she was killed like this.

One might think that their old memories might override the new ones much like Dyon's had in large part, however there were two important matters to consider. Firstly, they hadn't lived for trillions of years like Dyon had. But, that truth could be set aside because even if it wasn't that long, it was still billions at the very least.

The second and most important point was that they had a good impression of Amethyst while Dyon had never had one.

No matter how Dyon's old memories had overrides his new ones, it wasn't like he could say such a thing to his own master if she was sitting here.

If it really was Esmeralda who was in Amethyst's place, wouldn't the connotation be similar? However, there was no way that Dyon would threaten to kill the master that helped raise him up in this life.

Ultimately, it was simply a matter of him not liking Amethyst very much. Who asked her to try to kill him the moment she first laid eyes on him? She could only blame herself.

Many hours later, long after Dyon had left the destroyed front gate of Sparkling Zither Pavilion, Amethyst had finally calmed down enough to explain what happened.

She had indeed joined of her own free will.

After leaving the Well Clans, it was a bit difficult for her to make it out on her own. Even if she wanted to make it back to the Phoenix Hegemon, it would take thousands of years of travel at the very least. She didn't have any resources and her knowledge of the outside world was too lacking. So, since Dyon so unceremoniously kicked her away without leaving her any help, she could only try to make her own way.

Travel across the immortal plane simply took too long. Even the Immortal God they sent after Dyon took the several years Dyon spent within the Yin Soldier immortal legacy world to finally make it within striking distance of him. It was just a pity for her that the moment she got close, he pierced through the final bits of his restriction and used it to kill her.

The most pitiful part, actually, was that that Immortal God hadn't even been aware that Dyon was her target. She was simply caught a whiff of his breakthrough into the fourth facet and began making her way in his direction to investigate. Then, years later, his final chain broke just when she was about to find him. It could only be said that her luck was terrible.

Eventually, maybe by coincidence, Amethyst ended up taking up the same profession Kukan and became an immortal hunter. She had joined the Sparkling Zither Pavilion for many years because she had reason to believe that one of her targets liked to frequent it.

However, 'frequent', in the mind of immortals, could be anything from once a day to once a decade. So Amethyst was settling into her role so that her target wouldn't find her sudden appearance to be suspicious to her target.

Ultimately, Dyon had wronged her a bit. But, he had no intention to apologize.