

## The Nameless 1581

### Chapter 1581: Familiar Arrogance

Junior grinned. "See? It's good talking to smart people. At least you're that much, fake dad."

"What a snotty nosed brat." Dyon laughed.

"I had to get it from someone." Junior nodded as though it was only natural, his long white hair fluttering slightly in the wind. Though he barely came up midway through Dyon's thigh, Dyon almost felt like this 'son' of his was eye level with him. "Don't you think you should make it up to me?"

"And how do you want me to do that?"

"Easy. I'm bored here. There's only so much to see. I want to go other places. I also want to start cultivating already, but every time I ask everyone always says it's too early.

"But Aiden can already beat me up, I don't like it." Junior frowned and crossed his small arms, a very serious expression taking over his adorable face.

"Aiden can do that?"

"Of course. His father is a heaven's child. He has innate abilities I don't even without cultivating. Namely, he's too fast. I can't catch him."

"If you want to cultivate, I'll help you cultivate then. I owe you at least that much. But, before you do, I have something important to talk to you about. You're too smart. You should know what I mean, right?"

Junior remained silent for a moment.

"... We're too similar, even for a 'father' and 'son'." Junior finally said. There was a clear discomfort in his large silver eyes. It was obvious that this wasn't a topic he wanted to speak about.

There was a limit to the similarities a father and son should have. They could look similar, but why did Junior look exactly like Dyon? Sure, his skin was paler and his hair and eye color were different, but that wasn't enough to explain it.

Of course, most children would ignore this. But, one had to remember that Dyon, even as a child of less than ten years old, had already caused waves in the mortal world. This three-year-old version of him already had intelligence far beyond his years.

Still, this wasn't enough either. What really put off Junior were the feelings in his heart. He didn't see Madeleine as his mother. He loved her, but it wasn't the normal love a man should feel toward his mother, it was more like child's first crush. It was an uncomfortable love he had to ignore much of the time.

This feeling wasn't limited toward Madeleine either. It was the same when he saw Amphorae, Ri or Clara. To make matters worse, he didn't see Dyon as a father either. He saw a reflection of himself. He didn't want to be like Dyon like a child would want to be like his father, he felt he was already his father.

He had thoughts and feelings he was keenly aware he hadn't been fostered by himself... There was only one conclusion: they weren't his feelings, they were the feelings of someone else.

Hearing this, Dyon realized that he made the right decision in speaking to Junior so soon. The sooner this was explained, the better it would be for Junior's mental health. However, just when he felt he should explain, something entirely different came out of his mouth.

"Do you want to be your own person?"

Junior looked up at Dyon, a clear expression of wanting on his small face. Still, it seemed among all the other things he received from Dyon, his overblown pride was very much a factor.

"I already am my own person."

Dyon stayed silent for a moment before nodding.

"Good." Dyon said. "But, even if you are your own person, you are still a Sacharro."

"Of course. That's the name father and mother gave me."

Dyon knew that the father and mother he was referring to wasn't him and Madeleine... But rather General and Saintess Sacharro.

"If that's the route you'd like to take," Dyon said with a smile, "Us Sacharro men have a lot on our shoulders."

"Let me cultivate." Junior said firmly.

Dyon rubbed Junior's head. "Alright little brother. I'll help you cultivate. We can uphold mom and dad's legacy together."

Junior grinned. Dyon wasn't the type of person to dwell on useless emotions and Junior was the same. Since he had decided he was his own person, it didn't matter what the reality was. That was Junior's own arrogance.

"This is a martial saint pill. Be sure to take it before you begin to cultivate, and also hide it from your mothers. They'll kill me if they find out I allowed you to start cultivating." Dyon wiped a cold sweat from his forehead.

He and Junior had reached an agreement. When together, they were brothers. However, they'd still be father and son to the rest of the world.

It was best if no one knew that Dyon had a clone as it would cause more trouble than anything else. Luckily the Death God constitution changed Junior's appearance just enough for it to be viable.

Junior took the Martial Saint pill and grinned.

Taking the martial saint pill before or after one began cultivating had some large differences. If one took it before cultivating, you'd gain both the divine pulse and True Deity meridians. This meant that Junior could gain something Dyon took more than a hundred years to gain immediately.

"Do you want to cultivate my cultivation technique? Or do you want to follow Orcus' methods?"

"Why wouldn't I choose the best cultivation technique ever created? But I do want Orcus' other core teachings."

Dyon nodded. "I'll give them to you when your cultivation is high enough. They're mostly divine grade and higher techniques, so you can't use them until the dao realm."

"You can practice my Soul Rend soul cultivation technique, but you need a higher level of body refinement to use Orcus' body refinement technique, even I can't use it yet."

Junior nodded, clearly excited. He happily put everything into his little spatial ring. He usually carried it around for food, but he found a much better purpose for it now. It seemed he shared Dyon's appetite too.

"Now." Dyon said, standing to his full height and sighing a breath. "Do you know anything about the life stone?..."

## Chapter 1582: Choke

Dyon proceeded to explain everything to Junior. He already felt like he was talking more to a brother than a son, it made it feel much more comfortable this way. Now, he didn't feel the need to avoid Junior like he had been doing before.

"I've heard it calling out to me, but Granny Celest said I wasn't ready to see it yet." Junior said. "She also told me that it was the center of this world, so if I took it away, the world would collapse."

Dyon seemed to have confirmed his theory with these words. The Life Stone really did have something to do with death. But, there were a few other odd things.

Madeleine had Ice Phoenix blood running through her veins. By all rights, if the Life Stone was truly about life as well, then it should have called out to Madeleine too, no? A treasure of 33 heavens always sought out the best master. Who could be a better master to it than the embodiment of life on the mortal plane?

This made Dyon believe that maybe the abilities of the Life Stone weren't so balanced after all. Or maybe there was some other reason he was unaware of.

"But." Junior said after thinking some more. "If what you said about the passive and active abilities is true, then it can't be the life stone's fault that all of this is happening. There are two possibilities.

"Either you're right and the life stone is uninvolved. Or, you're only partly correct."

"Partly correct?"

"Yes. If you're right and the passive ability is known, then it can't be the life stone. That's because that would mean that the active ability was what was causing the problems. But, since I haven't even seen the life stone, let alone taken the control of it, how could I trigger its active ability? Let alone the fact I don't have any cultivation.

"But, there's also the possibility that you're only partially correct. Maybe in addition to the fact we don't know the active ability, we only partially understand the passive ability. If that's the case, maybe this phenomenon is also part of the passive ability and we just have no way of knowing.

"Of course, there's the third possibility that none of this has to do with the life stone at all."

In the end, Dyon could only ignore it for now.

After he left Junior with Delia once more, he went to view the phenomenon himself, but he didn't get very far.

He punched the ground and watched as the wisps of death came up. In fact, he even absorbed a few and felt his death will creep forward in comprehension, something that was incredibly rare considering Dyon had already formed a half-step dao.

'This death qi is incredibly pure. Purer than anything I've ever come across. But, it's also incredibly weak. The best way to describe it is as an incredibly refined path of death will, one that stands among the best paths to take, but of a low level... Not higher than a third level will...'

Dyon was slightly embarrassed. He had a 9th level intent, but a mere 3rd level will actually improved his comprehension.

But, there was something even more pressing about this. Dyon had gained his will comprehension by sacrificing his lifespan. Back then, Dyon had sacrificed thousands of years for the perfect comprehension. Technically, it should be impossible for any comprehension to be better than his assuming it was at or below his comprehension level. Meaning, no will below the 1st dao level should be able to help him improve his comprehension.

However, something that refuted that truth was right before him. This death will was an even higher order than the death qi he gained sacrificing his life force...

'How depressing... Just what is this thing?...'

"Little Yin, thank you." Dyon held the palm sized celestial hamster in his hand, gently scratching her small head.

Little Yin giggled, accepting the high-class treatment as she stuck her tongue outward to tease her brother.

'I can't believe she awakened her bloodline before me, there's no justice in the world.' Little Yang pretended like he didn't care on the surface, but it was really getting to him that his little sister beat him to the punch.

It likely wouldn't be more than a few years until he awakened his own. Since they were twins, Little Yang could benefit from his little sister's experience. But he would never live this one down.

Dyon smiled. He probably looked weird to others, patting what seemed like air. But he didn't care at this moment as he walked through the skies of Planet Soul. He couldn't thank Little Yin enough. He had originally only sent her so that he'd have a way to communicate with Clara and also so that she wouldn't feel lonely and helpless, but who knew it would have such great benefits?

'Hm?...' Dyon's head turned in a particular direction.

The clashing strikes of an intense battle caught his attention, but it wasn't Aoife and Stella. In fact, it was occurring outside the bounds of Planet Soul itself, several ten thousand miles out of the Planet's atmosphere.

'Interesting.' Dyon smiled, disappearing to appear with the darkness of space only to find a red haired beauty beating back a violet haired one.

Glorianice wiped blood from the corner of her lip as she was sent flying, while Amphorae, other than a slightly laborious breathing pattern, seemed perfectly fine.

Suddenly, the sound of clapping caught the attention of both women. But while Amphorae's eyes sparkled with a hidden smile, Glorianice blushed with shame.

It didn't take a genius to figure out what happened. Amphorae might be battle crazed, but she wasn't the type of individual to pick a fight with anyone she saw. It was definitely Glorianice that called for this battle which only made her loss more embarrassing.

"Lord Husband."

Glorianice choked on her own spit. "What did you just say?"

Chapter 1583: I Need to Know

"I was looking for you." Dyon said with a light smile. "I thought you might have headed back to the Drago-Qilin lands, but it turned out you were here."

Dyon ignored Glorianice's shock and lightly grasped Amphorae's shoulders. "Thank you."

Amphorae's eyes flashed. "You don't need to thank me..."

"No. I do. I can't imagine how much pain you went through to accelerate the creation of your meridians. I wouldn't be a very good husband if I ignored that."

How could Dyon forget Amphorae? First, she went off on a trip for half a decade, all for his sake. Then when she got back, instead of being rewarded by her husband, she was thrust into an impossible situation.

"Because of you, Clara is safe. That's not something I'd ever take for granted."

Amphorae's emerald eyes sparkled.

"Husband and wife..." Glorianice felt like passing out. "... The world doesn't make sense anymore."

Though it was true she didn't use her most powerful humanoid beast form against Amphorae, she was certain that Amphorae didn't go all out either. If she knew Amphorae was an angel, maybe she'd really pass out.

That said, the difference between Glorianice and Amphorae wasn't so exaggerated. After all, this wasn't Glorianice's home universe, so she was suppressed here. This was why she didn't feel bad challenging Amphorae who faced less suppression due to her soul connection with Dyon. Since the Mortal Alliance wasn't an official empire yet, it couldn't lessen the suppression those who joined it faced.

The only reason Dyon no longer faced suppression here was because he became the true Sect Master of Soul Rending peak.

Still, even Glorianice's loss didn't jar her as badly as learning that Amphorae was actually Dyon's wife. A woman like this sharing a husband? Up might as well be down now.



However, when Amphorae fell into Dyon's embrace, Glorianice realized that she just had to accept it.

After Dyon saw through her plot, she still had some faint hope. Before, she had been planning on sacrificing one of her clansmen in marriage to Dyon. It wouldn't even be truly sacrificing, after all, Dyon seemed like a good, well-off man. But, she was forced to change her plan after Dyon saw through her. In fact, she planned on putting up herself in exchange for her Clan's protection.

But now that she saw that Amphorae was his wife, the confidence she had had before was coming to a screeching halt. She had to find another way to secure the future of the Dream Panthers...

'What an embarrassing day.' Glorianice sighed.

Glorianice made herself scarce, slinking away and allowing Dyon to spend some time with his wife.

After a few hours, Amphorae went off to train and Dyon headed back to Soul Palace.

'I should head to Calming Lake soon. But I need to deal with the Demon Generals and a few other things first. They should be preparing to enter the middle tier very soon...' Dyon's footsteps suddenly paused. '... I should go check on her...'

Dyon left to a secluded area of Soul Palace. But, who would have known that when he entered the space Jade should have been sleeping in, he would find nothing but a delicate fragrance and an empty room.

Suddenly, at that moment, Dyon understood something and it hit him like a ton of bricks. Jade... She was Evangeline.

Jade was in no condition to move herself. By Dyon's estimation, it would have taken her several years, even under the healing abilities of the life stone, in order to wake up.

The punishment Jade went through wasn't small. She had experienced countless millennia of time within that ice. Due to the slowing effect, even Dyon didn't know how much time she truly experienced. Her mind needed to rest and heal.

Therefore, Dyon was certain that she didn't get up and leave herself.

Did someone kidnap her? Even more impossible. No one could simply enter and leave Soul Quadrant without Dyon's permission. The only individuals who could be here were individuals that were here from the very beginning... Individuals like Evangeline who Dyon hadn't seen ever since those matters surrounding the Nine Cloud Yang aphrodisiac ended.

Dyon suddenly remembered Rose, the little maid Evangeline had. Now that he thought about, she had disappeared too.

Why was Dyon so certain of this seemingly baseless conclusion? It was because he felt the precise moment Evangeline's lifeforce disappeared. Whether he recognized her as his wife or not, her Primordial Yin was chained right beside Luna's within his inner world. He knew the moment her life ended.

When he came here and saw Jade was gone, he understood it then... He understood why Evangeline said not to blame himself.

'I need to know what happened... I need to know now.'

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"No."

Dyon's veins threatened to burst. "I swear to god you old bastard sage, if you don't remove that bullshit trial you set up I'll make sure my and Amphorae's children believe their grandfather is a lunatic for the rest of their lives!"

"You wouldn't dare!" The Demon Sage's eyes opened wildly, his spirit shaking with so much rage that it almost blinked out of existence.

"Try me!" Dyon roared toward his father-in-law. "You added those trials for next to no reason. You think I believe that you managed to pass the tests of a treasure from the immortal plane? What a joke. You couldn't even save your own empire, now you want me to believe such nonsense?"

Dyon's words were harsh, but he was peeved.

He came here and lowered his head, asking the Demon Sage nicely. He explained the situation and what was troubling him, yet this old man dared to say no to him?

After Dyon learned that the Demon Sage Tower was a war machine from the Immortal Plane, he knew immediately that the trials for each of the floors were bullshit. The Demon Sage only implemented them as one final 'fuck you' to Dyon because he hated his successor with every fiber of his being.

#### Chapter 1584: Play It

The only reason Dyon didn't come to force the Demon Sage to lift the rules earlier was because he knew it wasn't the right time for him to know the truth about Evangeline. But, the moment he finally pieced together that Evangeline was actually from an alternate timeline, he understood that he could now withstand the truth. In addition, Little Yin's battle bloodline awakening gave him even more assurance, his mastery over space and time had reached a profound level.

Now, Dyon didn't need to personally comprehend space and time, he could directly ignore them and rely on Little Yin whenever he wanted to use them.

But this bastard of an old man actually said no.

"You little shit." The Demon Sage wanted to strangle Dyon but he still a spirit, and his soul was weaker than Dyon's even in his prime. "You want your father-in-law to help you learn about a woman that isn't his daughter?! Have you lost your mind?! Over my dead body!"

The Demon Sage started regretting not getting started on restructuring his body. He changed his mind completely now. He didn't care if he had to rely on Dyon. He'd use this little bastard's resources and reconstruct his body and dream of the day he could pummel him into the ground.

"You already are dead!" Dyon growled. "This woman is dead already too, yet you're actually being this petty! It's no wonder your wives hated you!"

"Y-y-you." The Demon Sage trembled. "You've really pissed me off!"

"Pissed you off?! Maybe you should have treated your women better! Now you want to project your bullshit onto me!" Dyon's eyes practically glowed red. "Unlike you, I can keep what's in my pants under control, you "Demon Sage". How about you focus more on the Sage part of your title and less on the Demon?!"

The Demon Sage had so much built up anger but nowhere to aim it. He could only roar into the skies with all his might.

In the end, it took Amphorae strong arming her father before he finally undid the trials, giving Dyon access to all 9 floors of the Demon Sage Tower. Then, Dyon renamed it the Sage Tower, taking out the Demon just to piss Sargerass off more.

Dyon hardly cared about the abilities of the 7 floors he had yet to touch. He didn't hesitate to ignore them all and call out the tower spirit.

"Please show me what happened that night. I need to know."

The tower spirit didn't seem to have its usual bland, snarky response and simply went forward with Dyon's request silently. Like this, flickering images began to form before Dyon's eyes.

Finally, Dyon could see the events that happened that night as they occurred.

Dyon stood in a plain hall on the 9th floor of the Sage Tower similar to the rooms he raised the rodents in. He almost didn't notice when two hands grasped either one of his own. Their owners were none other than Ri and Amphorae.

"Play it." Dyon gripped their small hands, staring toward the tower spirit resolutely.

The blank walls before Dyon shifted. For the first time, he saw Evangeline's, no Jade's, beauty in full force.

Dyon rewatched his fight against the effects of the Nine Cloud Yang aphrodisiac. Seeing Dyon struggle to the point of passing out instead of jumping on a beauty right before him made it easier for Ri and Amphorae to accept what happened next.

"... I'm proud to be your wife..." Jade's words hung under the night sky as her appearance morphed one final time into her true self.

She could only be described as a goddess descended. Her golden hair shimmered more like lights filled with purity instead of individual strands. Her eyes sparkled, swirling with fog-like colors of violet, blue and green. Her every feature was the pinnacle of perfection, from her small button nose, to her full pink lips, even down to the slender fingers that caressed Dyon's cheeks.

"... I'm shameless, aren't I?" Jade smiled, cradling Dyon. "You've no choice but to accept me now."

Jade giggled to herself. The happiness in her eyes was evident for all to see, it was a kind of love that had grown to the point of being unconditional. It was impossible to tell if there was anything Dyon could ever do to garner Jade's hatred, but what made the possibility even more impossible was the fact Dyon almost always seem to make the perfect choice.

"You probably don't recognize me, but I think it's better this way, Little Husband. You know a version of myself that I loathe to this day, a version I hope to wipe away with my sacrifice..."

Jade kissed Dyon every so often between her words. It wasn't to take advantage of him, but rather to curb the aphrodisiac for a little longer so that she could continue to speak. She knew well that the Sage Tower was capable of recording everything. After all, she knew all of Dyon's most intimate secrets although she was never officially given the title of wife.

"... I'll start by telling you what happened to me, though if you're watching this, you've most likely figured it out by now. My Little Husband was always so smart."

For some reason, watching Jade's eyes light up with happiness every time she said the word husband tore Dyon's very soul apart. That innocent, pure joy... He wanted to avert his eyes, he wanted to pretend it didn't exist.

"After Meiying escaped from the Daiyu Clan, she had no idea that my pseudo True Empath abilities had seen through her long ago... Though it was actually a selfish motivation that caused me to let her go despite being aware of her plans, I have to say that it's one of the few of my actions that I don't resent from those times...

"I switched out the ice and fire phoenix feathers she thought she had taken and used my Eostre Clan's manifestation to conjure a fake image she believed was real. After this, I hid the real feathers and used them as leverage to break my engagement with Chenglei. However, I asked for many other things as well.

#### Chapter 1585: Old Age

"The most important reward I asked for was the yin soul kernel. Originally, I had planned to use this new found power to seek out revenge on you, Little Husband. But, after I absorbed it, something surprising happened.

"The injuries to my soul that my clan's manifestation caused me were healed. It wasn't as instantaneous as it sounds... At first it was a small feeling. My thoughts grew less dark and I began to feel emotions like remorse and regret once more.

"Weeks later, it finally clicked what I had done... It was then that I entered the Elvin Kingdom once more and had Primrose help me seal myself.

"I don't want Little Husband to blame her. In fact, if I could make a small request, please do help her. She's carried this burden all alone for so long..."

'Primrose...' Ri trembled. This girl was once her best friend. In fact, it was Primrose who pretended to be the Elvin Princess in Ri's stead for so many years.

"... This is likely where our timelines begin to deviate. In my timeline, 30 or 40 years after I made this choice, Head Void ravaged our home Planet. He killed so many, Sister Alexandria lost her parents, and hardly anyone remained.

"The only Earthen Elf remaining was Ri... As a result, she took pity on my Eostre Clan and released us. We became among the only elves remaining.

"Back then, I had no idea what happened. After I was awoken, my memories were sealed and I lived life without being aware of the horrible deeds I committed.

"I watched as little husband tore a path toward revenge and smiled joyfully when you finally took Head Void's life with your own hands.

"You continued until you stood atop of the world, curbing the rebellion of every clan across the Mortal Plane. Unfortunately, it wasn't enough and Little Husband died during your final battle...

"The moment your life ended, the seals on my memories shattered and I was faced with the reality of my actions. But, the heavens had given me a chance, a chance to do for Little Husband what you had done for me. I entered the Timeless Library.

"Little Husband knows well of the Timeless Library. It was the structure that caused the Demon Sage's empire to fall, not to mention countless heroes before him.

"As such, you also know the problem with the Timeless Library. It teleports its users to a random point in time, either forwards or backwards. The issue is that logically speaking, time forward is infinite and time backward is finite – at least by the shallow comprehension of us humans. As a result, you are guaranteed to be teleported into the future. This is what probability dictates.

"The only way to curb this possibility is by pouring endless resources into the Timeless Library, only then can you confine the timeline to a stricter range. However, this was where the Timeless Library was exposed for the fraud that it was.

"The Timeless Library took advantage of individuals, accumulating an unholy amount of resources as it forced experts to try and constrain its so-called 'randomness'. But the reality of the matter was that

these resources were stored and used against those who sought to save the mortal plane and in the end, those individuals were taken to the exact points in time they least wanted to appear in.

"Little Husband exposed this truth. The Timeless Library was never a holy grail. It was more apropos to say that it was a philosopher's stone. An item that promised riches, but only did so in exchange for countless reaped lives.

"The truth is that the Timeless Library isn't a treasure at all, instead, it's a Heaven's Child capable of bending time to their will."

Jade casually mentioned a matter that shook Dyon to his core. A Heaven's Child? In league with the entity? This...

"I tell Little Husband this so that you know to be careful. Even The Entity isn't fully capable of controlling a Heaven's Child. All it can do is lock them away in this so-called Timeless Library and use a carrot and a stick approach to push this Heaven's Child toward doing its bidding.

"I know what Little Husband must be thinking. If this Heaven's Child was a subordinate of the entity, how did I end up here by using the Timeless Library?

"Do you remember what the goal of The Entity was from the beginning and even to now? The Entity's Senior Brother sacrificed his life for the sake of the Mortal Plane, yet failed, leaving the entity bitter and enraged.

"Some might tell you that this Senior Brother and First Disciple of Abraxus' was just a good person, but this isn't entirely the truth. There is no such thing as absolute good in this world... Abraxus' First Disciple transcended, but he couldn't let go of his Mortal Plane attachments.

"From the words The Entity spoke in rage as it battled you, the First Disciple was born to a relatively normal family. In the end, while he was able to break this mold and become a mighty cultivator, he was never able to bring his parents to the same height. He lost his mother and father not to some terrible enemy, but rather old age...



"Then, the First Disciple faced tragedy once more. He who could hold the skies up with a single hand and destroy universes with a single thought lost the love of his life... Once more, not to a terrible enemy – as he had the ability to crush them all – but rather... Old age.

"The First Disciple transcended, hoping to leave behind these mortal affairs. He even became Abraxus' first ever disciple and became a force that was unmatched even on the Immortal Plane. Like this, he fell in love once more, to another women.

"He thought that everything was perfect. He would never face the same pain again. After all, this was the Immortal Plane, they were all Immortal. However, Fate is a cruel mistress. They lived together happily for billions of years, but then it happened again. No human or beast could take the lives of his loved ones, he was too powerful, but the Heavens were undefeated... Once again, he lost his love to old age...

"This vicious cycle repeated itself, again and again. Every time he believed he had closed off his emotions for good, he would be swayed once more. Each time, he'd spend billions of years with his new, cherished love, only to lose them again to the ravages of time.

"Nine times this happened. One time on the Mortal Plane and eight times on the Immortal Plane. Each time was just as devastating as the last, no less painful, no less horrible...

"Finally, this undefeatable man fell into a pit of despair. A man so powerful that even the Heavens couldn't take his life was completely unable to protect those around him from those very Heavens. It was even to the point where he was forced to watch as the only man he could have ever considered his equal, his Master, Abraxus, crumble due to old age as well while he remained perfectly fine...."

## Chapter 1586: Boiling

"The Second Disciple watched as all of occurred. The entity wasn't there from the very beginning, but it was there for long enough to watch as the First Disciple Brother it once used to know went from a cheery, loveable man, to an emotionless wall.

"It was then that the matters of the mortal plane began to boil over. The First Disciple realized that the mortal plane would soon collapse. However, he didn't want this to happen.

"He remembered his first wife and his parents. They were still within the cycle of reincarnation. The only thing that kept him going was watching their lives. If the mortal plane collapsed, wouldn't he collapse as well?

"This was how the First Disciple's plan to save the mortal plane began... But unfortunately, for maybe the first time, the First Disciple failed. Or maybe... He failed on purpose so that he could break himself from the endless cycle of pain.

"This was the motivation for the Second Disciple's rage. It was even more angered by the Heavens than its Senior Brother. It wanted everything to crash and burn. Working within the confines of the Heavens wouldn't work, so it would break them and crush everything.

"The Second Disciple knew how its Senior Brother felt all this time. Those waves of pain, that endless cycle of depression, it felt them all. This was the ability of the True Empath.

"However, unlike its Senior Brother, The Entity succeeded. Maybe not in building a new Heavens, but it most definitely succeeded in crushing all that was.

"So, if you want an answer for how I made it here despite the Timeless Library being a person and not a treasure with its own rules, we have none other than The Entity to thank.

"The structure of the Heavens was completely shattered under its fists. As a result, the Heaven's Child lost most if not all of their strength. In the end, the true function of the Timeless Library shone through.

"The Timeless Library is simply a vessel that can withstand the ravages of time. After countless travels, its accumulated timeless and spaceless qi was at a ridiculous level. In those moments, the so-called random time teleportation became a reality. Except this time, it was far different.

"In the past, the future was infinite, but the past was finite. However, because the structure of the Heavens was shattered, there was only a finite past, there was no longer a future. As a result, it became impossible to teleport forward along the timeline, which meant that only going backward was possible...

"I took advantage of this.

"At first, I went too far back. It was random, after all. However, I had been prepared for this possibility. Much like Sister Amphorae, I sealed myself away to appear at the appropriate time. But, this was only after I cultivated to the realm of Higher Existences. If I didn't reach this level, my mind wouldn't be able to withstand such a long sleep.

"I weathered many dangers and thankfully finally succeeded... I then put myself to sleep and awoke no more than 50 years ago.

"When I awoke, it took everything I had to not seek out Little Husband. Instead, I searched long and hard for a suitable disciple. In the end, I settled on a little girl named Rose. You should know her a small bit, Little Husband. She was the one who prepared your disciple robes for you." Jade lightly smiled.

"However, this was only a small bit of my task here. Taking on Little Rose is only meant to help my current timeline self grow into an expert who can help Little Husband. But, my true purpose is to accelerate Little Husband's growth.

"In my timeline, you stood above the whole of the world, and I have no doubt that you can do it again. The only reason you lost is because you gave The Entity too much time... Because your cultivation was sealed for far longer than you expected, many matters were delayed.

"Little Husband, you must grow strong enough to battle The Entity before it completes its absorption of your Universe. Us... No, everyone, underestimated just how important our home universe was.

"It was meant to be a center for the rebirth of the Mortal Plane. But, due to The Entity's interference, it never fulfilled the purpose it was originally intended to have.

"The Entity completing its absorption is why it was able to ignore the suppression of the already weakened Heavens and erupt with strength that shouldn't have appeared on this Mortal Plane.

"Though I am quite shameless, the purpose of this Nine Cloud Yang aphrodisiac is to accelerate the breaking of Little Husband's seal.

"If this seal is broken, you'll be able to do many things. You can control that snake Elder Nova instead of allowing that rat to fester. You'll be able to rebuff Head Void and save what will become the base of

your foundation. You'll be able to enter the Golden Flame Mystical Realm and take the Sovereign Flame for yourself instead of being forced to hand it to God Goldeen...

"With these advantages and Little Husband's unmatched wit and talent, I do not believe you will lose again.

"This is all I have to say, Little Husband. Be wary of Aritzia Sapientia. Take advantage of the Sapientia captives, but also don't forget about your mortal realm roots. The key to your victory will be fusing the martial and mortal realm, but you've neglected the mortal realm too much.

"I also suggest that you establish a working relationship with Lilith Ravana and Saru Shruti. Do not shy away from the devil cultivators, they will be your strength. Though... quelling Higher Existence Ravana will be difficult.

"Do not neglect Damaris Agios either. The Crystal Dragon Clan will be your epicenter for conquering the Drago-Qilin lands... As will Calming Lake.

"Finally, trust Little Rose. Though she is likely very angry with you right now, I know she will be there for you when the time comes...

"...Forgive me, Little Husband... I want to make one final memory with you before I leave this world..."

"Cut it off." Dyon said, turning his gaze away. He didn't need to see what happened next, he knew well what scene he would see.

Even if Jade didn't look disappointed, and even looked eager to allow Dyon to take her virginity for the sake of his better future, how could any woman feel comfortable in such a situation? She wanted so badly to be seen as Dyon's wife, but his last words to her were about how he didn't have any feelings for her at all.

A woman who sacrificed so much for him... Yet those were the words he said to her. It felt far too late to regret, and yet that was the only feeling that he could experience right this moment. His chest felt like it was on fire, his throat carrying a hurting pang.

The tower spirit did as it was told, the images flickering and vanishing.

Ri's eyes glistened with tears while even Amphorae's expression was stiffer than usual.

Dyon closed his eyes, a deep rage boiling within him.

Chapter 1587: More So

The first and second floors of the Sage Tower were heaven defying. Though Dyon hadn't truly put the first floor to work just yet, the second floor was one he frequented.

The first floor was reserved for weapon's forgery. However, its main attraction was its weapon's evolution room. By allowing weapons to 'devour' each other, you can create stronger treasures. Its also possible to combine the abilities of two weapons into one with the help of this floor.

Aside from this, there are many other features related to blacksmithing like forgery rooms, furnaces, sharpening stations and the like. It also had many ore storage areas. Though, these rooms are empty, a pattern Dyon would start to see repeat itself very obviously.

The second floor was a beast taming ground. Its main attraction was its beast evolution room. Normally a beast needs to absorb blood essence in order to evolve their realm. However, this second floor was on a complete other level. It could use the regular blood of beasts to gradually evolve the grade of lower level beasts.

Though, the room was far more efficient if blood essence was used. In addition, much like the first floor, its other rooms were very good for beast taming and the like. It contained many cages that could suppress and force rowdy beasts into a deep sleep, not to mention soothing areas that calmed beasts and made it easier to tame them.

The third floor, the first new floor Dyon gained access to, was related to herbs. It had many fields capable of growing spiritual herbs. Eli would have liked this space very much.

The main attraction of this floor was its ability to evolve herbs. It was also possible to create new herbs by splicing together ones that seemed compatible. For example, one could fuse several common grade herbs to form a practitioner grade one, or a new common grade one with more versatility. Essentially, this floor could supplement an herbs lack of age with quantity.

The fourth floor was similar but rooted in alchemy. It could fuse pills together to form higher grade and higher purity level pills. It also had the ability to duplicate pills with the help of the highest-level creation array Dyon had ever seen in his life.

In exchange for energy stones, one could endlessly duplicate pills, even ones of incredibly high grades, as long as you had the appropriate funds. Dyon began to lament the planet grade pill he used to revive Lina. Had he unlocked this floor before, he would have definitely used it back then...

The fifth floor was related to formations. Its use almost made Dyon forget his rage entirely, this was how useful it was...

Using the fifth floor, one could pre-draw formations, then deploy them in a near instant. The best part was that one only needed to pre-draw this formation a single time, then it could be re-used continuously as long as one had the appropriate amount of energy stones.

When Dyon saw the formations the Demon Sage had chosen to pre-draw, he almost erupted into laughter. The formations were so pathetic Dyon wanted to laugh at their absurdity. They were flawed beyond belief, just a single poke from Dyon's soul qi would be enough to shatter them. Dyon directly made the tower spirit erase them all.

Of course, if the Demon Sage's pre-drawn formations were here, so were the formations that once graced the Immortal Plane. Unfortunately, Dyon would never be able to use them. Even with all his new wealth, he definitely didn't have the funds necessary to replicate even 1% of these formations. And, even if he did, he had no idea what any of them did. It hurt his mind just to briefly glance at them... In fact, the first time Dyon stepped onto the 5th floor, he directly lost consciousness for several hours before learning his lesson.

The sixth floor was where the Sage Tower's abilities as a war machine truly began to shine. This floor was centered around recovery and healing. Simply standing within its main room made Dyon feel that his innate healing factor was ten times as fast, and he hadn't even fed it any energy stones yet. Dyon even vaguely felt his right elbow tingle as his arm began to reconstruct itself.

'If I can bring back Holy Type stones from my constitution's world... This room would make my armies undefeatable!'

The seventh floor was an energy plant. When the tower spirit explained its function to him, Dyon began to understand why this war machine could have only possibly come from the Immortal Plane.

The seventh floor's function was to gather up energy, working similarly to the Energy Core. However, it was very different in a few ways. The Energy Core's ability to suck up energy was an active ability that relied on its user's prowess. Due to this, Dyon was confused as to how it took in the Primordial Energy of an entire universe in an instant when he obviously didn't have the power to do such a thing. It was a mystery Dyon still hadn't solved to this day.

However, this seventh floor wasn't like that at all. It was more accurate to say that its ability to suck up energy was passive and near unlimited. As long as Dyon provided it a target and gave it some time, it would be able to suck up the energy needed to complete its tasks. In fact, it was possible to power the Sage Tower entirely with the help of the seventh floor and never invest a single stone into it.

What was the seventh floor's most beloved food?... Stars! The Demon General had renamed the seventh floor Star Destroyer for this exact reason...

Still, as heaven defying as the seventh floor was, the eighth and ninth were even more so.

The eighth floor of the Sage Tower is where it truly earned its title of War Machine. In fact, this title was exactly what the Demon Sage chose to name this eighth floor. It could be said that the bottom six floors were for support and upkeep while the top three floors, including the seventh, were the most important and shocking treasures were hidden.

## Chapter 1588: Thank You

Martial World battlefields were ruled by top tier experts, a single outstanding warrior could flip the landscape of a battlefield on its head. This wasn't like the mortal realm where tactics, teamwork and sacrifice ruled, which was likely why the martial world usually ignored so-called tactics all together.

Though it was true that a single dao expert could never defeat millions of celestials alone, what if a group of ten million celestials had to fight a group of five million backed by a single dao expert? Believe it or not, that singular individual would be enough to tilt the results of the battle toward the latter group.

Dao experts had too many advantages. Their domains, their near endless stamina, their superior mental fortitude and focus, the list went on and on. They were on a completely different level. A singular Madeleine tapping into just part of the powers a dao expert possessed was able to eradicate an army of disciples in just a few minutes.

What was the key deciding factor here? It was simple. A celestial didn't have the means to injure or threaten a dao expert. Even if a dao expert couldn't defeat millions of celestials alone, it was impossible for that group of celestials to stop said dao expert from running precisely because of this reason!

However, this eighth floor changed all of this. Its purpose was to fight quality with quantity.

There were two main facets of this floor. The first was known as War Canon.

Objectively speaking, the energy output of millions of celestials would always trump that of a single dao expert no matter how much higher the quality of enigmatic qi was. The issue was that these millions of celestials didn't have the ability to focus this energy into a cohesive attack.

War Canon was able to accept the energy of thousands of low-level cultivators at once to form them into a singular high-quality attack of devastating proportions. This was fighting quality with quantity!

In addition, this War Canon wasn't just good for fighting singular experts, it was even better for siege warfare as it could send out attacks on an incredibly large scale as well.

The second facet of the eighth floor was its Deconstruction Canon. This facet had far more finesse than the first as it relied on the comprehension and knowledge of its wielder.

What warring clans dreaded the most were large scale formations. They'd often take months if not years to slowly destroy by force and had a way of allowing their enemies to regroup and strengthen themselves, not to mention allow them to call for reinforcements.

The Deconstruction Canon could be said to be the polar opposite of the Mending Core. While one fixed things to their original or even better than state, the other deconstructed things to their smallest individual parts.



The fifth floor allowed instant formation deployment. In a similar fashion, the Deconstruction Canon allowed the tower owner to etch the target formation into its system, it would then accept an adequate amount of energy to systematically dismantle the formation in question.

When Dyon listened to the tower spirit explain the Deconstruction Canon to him, he felt as though a flash went off in his mind.

'This... It's like a computer virus or a decryption code...' Dyon suddenly thought back to Jade's words. She said that he had neglected his mortal realm roots too much for the sake of seeking out the knowledge of the martial realm. Could that be true?

'Had I applied this concept on my own, could I have constructed a Deconstruction Canon of my own long ago by fusing my comprehension of the mortal and martial realm into one?...'

Dyon began to seriously ponder, remaining silent for a long time.

Because their cultivation was sealed away, Dyon's home universe evolved in a completely different lane than the rest of the martial world. They became men of science and technology instead of warriors of cultivation.

Just a single example was enough to make how much further ahead Dyon's home was in comparison to the rest of mortal plane clear:

Heat Death. It was something that the martial world only just became aware of. Suddenly, their own mortalities became very apparent to them. However, Dyon's home was able to grasp this concept even while their world was in its infancy. Technically speaking, it should have been the much older universes that comprehended this concept long ago, yet it was Dyon's home that did so...

Just how many more examples of this could there be?

'I always seek out the solutions of the martial world to fix all of my problems, but what if I didn't?'

The Mortal Network was something Dyon could have never come up with had he not been familiar with the 'internet' of his home realm. This very mortal concept was making the all powerful Sapientia run around like headless chicken. If just one concept pushed them so far, what could the others do?...

Dyon sighed, looking up at the blank ceiling of the eighth floor. "Thank you... Jade..."

The ninth floor simply blew the previous eight out of the water. To describe it in just one sentence, it was the perfect marriage partner for the Jafari Clan Treasure. The Demon Sage called it the Terraforming Floor. However, to limit it to such a name simply didn't do it justice...

The ninth floor was able to reconstruct any landscape. If provided with enough energy, it could turn a sea of fire into a land of snow, or a valley into the tallest mountain.

This floor was especially effective on the Immortal Plane where only one piece of land existed instead of numerous planets within nothing but black space between them. Simply put, considering most high-level battles couldn't even take place on a planet's surface on the mortal plane, this terraforming ability wasn't particularly effective, it would seem.

If Dyon was on the Immortal Plane, if he entered a battlefield he didn't like, he could simply change it. For example, the greatest weakness of the Blue Whale was that its cold qi was useless in the air. But, with the ninth floor, Dyon could turn any area into a boundless sea as long as he was provided with enough energy and time.

## Chapter 1589

Unfortunately, the uses on the mortal plane were limited. That said, there were two places where this ninth floor would be incredibly effective: within the Epistemic Tower and within the Gates. Whether it was the saint, celestial and dao floors, or the campaign battlefields, they were all incredibly large pieces of land that could withstand high level battles, and as such were prime locations for terraforming.

This was what Dyon concluded after a few moments. It was a great ability, it simply didn't have many places where it could show off its prowess on the mortal plane.

'Wait...' But then Dyon paused once more. '... What if?'

One of the most inconvenient parts about building an empire in an upstart universe were the obscene distances between everything.

Dyon's home planet only had 5 planets while Soul Rend Universe only had 6, but this wasn't the total number of habitable planets between both. Every universe, conservatively speaking, had hundreds to thousands, if not definitely more habitable planets. In fact, Clans and Sects that controlled quadrants for countless epochs took advantage of this well, spreading their population outward.

Dyon initially assumed that the ninth floor would only be effective on large pieces of land... Since the laws of physics on the mortal plane didn't allow such large lands to exist outside of artificial realms, it should have been impossible to make full use of the treasure. But then, he thought of something else. What if he used it to restructure and reorganize the layout of his universe as he deemed fit instead?

If a universe was invaded, planets furthest from its power center would be in danger. And, one would have to spread your forces over countless trillions of miles. However, what if Dyon had the ability to systematically organize all of the habitable planets into one cohesive region?

Normally, this would be impossible. Planets have their own gravitational pulls and magnetic fields. In addition, they rely on being very precise distances from their neighboring stars to survive as well. If any of these things are pushed off balance, it could very quickly make a habitable planet a land of death.

But the ninth floor completely flipped these ideas on its head. Even the very laws that governed the mortal plane could be shifted to the user's will.

Of course, one couldn't change these laws with impunity. Or, rather, you would require an obscene amount of energy, more than was available on the mortal planes, to do so. However, if it was just about stabilizing the gravitational and magnetic fields of a few hundred planets, while also keeping their ecosystems balanced, it was well within the capabilities of the ninth floor!

'This is good... No, this is more than good... I can construct universes to absolute perfection without having to fuse them and place them at risk like Dark Ocean... And, even if I do fuse them, I can construct them such that they're not as vulnerable as it might appear...'

What if Dyon layered the magnetic fields of multiple planets to construct an impenetrable defensive formation? What if he rearranged the blackholes that even dao experts feared around his center of power and made invading him nigh impossible? What if he gathered the stars of a universe in a single location, forcing his enemies to attempt to navigate the darkness of space without any visual references?

How difficult would it be to fly through a universe when all the stars were gone? You'd be greeted with a sea of darkness, making it impossible to tell which way was up, down, left or right... How would you even attack if you didn't know which direction to go in because you couldn't tell which direction you had come from?

The more Dyon thought, the cleverer and more devious his schemes became. If he was able to implement even a single percent of these ideas, attacking the Mortal Alliance would become a nightmare for his enemies.

Of course, the idea of moving every star in a universe for such a plan was asinine. Even if he used the seventh floor to accumulate the necessary power, even millions of years wouldn't be enough to complete the task for just one universe, let alone the fact Dyon planned on controlling many more than that.

However, Dyon only thought of this possibility in order to open a new realm of thought for himself... If he could control a universe like a God... Wouldn't he be untouchable?

"... If we used the ninth floor to rearrange a group of stars into a flame-based attack array, we really would be untouchable. Even the War Canon wouldn't be able to match its might... Oh! If we incorporated concepts from the Golden Crow Clan's [Nine Suns of Armageddon] and their [Sun God Body] into this formation, it would be even better than that star grade formation within the [Dao of Array Alchemy]...

"... If we manipulate the strong gravitational pulls of several black holes, it should be possible to form an impenetrable barrier around our habitable planets after gathering them into one location. Still, I can't be too greedy, black holes are incredibly dangerous. Even a Higher Existence would lose their life if they travelled too close to one... I'll have to be careful if I use this method...

"... I wonder if the ninth floor can manipulate the void too?... What if I fused two universes together, but instead of doubling to their cumulative size, I instead layered them atop of each other. In fact, better

yet, what if I shrunk the size of a universe. If that was possible, couldn't I logically thicken the void layer around the universe? Then wouldn't it be even more difficult to penetrate into our Mortal Alliance?..."

Dyon kept mumbling these wild ideas to himself. Ri and Amphorae had been watching him mutter away like a madman for the better part of the past day, yet he kept going as though his stream of thoughts was endless. They began to worry that his mind might overheat.

More than 80% of Dyon's ideas were unviable simply due to the ridiculous energy requirements necessary, but there were some others, like the formation of stars, that were very much possible given enough time, patience and resources.

#### Chapter 1590: Rely

Ri giggled lightly at this slightly erratic version of Dyon. She had only stayed by his side for so long because she was worried about how he'd react to Jade's situation, but it seemed he had bounced back quicker than she expected. She could tell that he was still troubled by the situation, but she also knew that he had chosen to look forward instead of backward.

That was the kind of man Dyon was. Since his future self messed up, he wouldn't allow this current version of himself to do the same. If he wasn't certain before, he was certain now. He couldn't allow Jade's tragedy to repeat.

Ri smiled and left silently. She had taken up responsibility as the Elvin Queen. She had taken a more hands on approach to fostering the growth of the Elves during the past few years and it was a responsibility that she was intent on upholding.

Jade's words about the final remaining elves struck a nerve with Ri. She wouldn't allow her people to face the same fate in this life... Since Dyon was working hard, she would work hard too.

Finally, countless hours later, Dyon awoke from his trance, numerous plans floating around in his mind.

"Oh!" Dyon looked toward Amphorae with an apologetic expression.

However, Amphorae didn't seem perturbed.

"Lord Husband... Are you alright?"

Dyon smiled. Amphorae looked truly adorable right now. She was clearly out of her comfort zone, trying to help Dyon feel better while not being certain how to. Her slightly flustered appearance made Dyon's heartbeat quicken.

Dyon's arm reflexively wrapped around her small waist. Her aura was so powerful that he felt his newly reconstructed forearm crumbling under her presence, but he held her tightly anyway.

"One of these days, I'm going to conquer you."

The words almost came out in a low growl, a bestial rumbling hidden deep within Dyon's chest.

He would never say such a thing to any of his other wives. What 'conquering'? He saw his women as his own equals. Just like he was, they were pillars for the future success of the Mortal Alliance.

However, something felt different about his relationship with Amphorae. There was still a barrier between the two of them. Though, it was an incredibly thin one. It existed nonetheless.

There was a heavy power imbalance in their relationship. This wasn't something as simple as Amphorae being far stronger than Dyon, it was something deeper than that. She was more mature, her mind was steadier, and she spent more time uplifting Dyon than Dyon spent uplifting her.

Dyon understood this reality more than anyone. His words weren't something anchored in some toxic will to dominate his woman. It was about expressing his desire to stand shoulder to shoulder with his wife, to promise her that there'd be a day where he too could uplift her.

Amphorae smiled lightly, resting her head on Dyon's chest.

"I look forward to it, Lord Husband."

The faint whisper of her voice made Dyon's spine tingle. He wanted to whisk her away to the nearest bed, but remembering his pathetic display last time, he refrained. Instead, there was something more important he felt he had to do.

"For now, I'll have to rely on you." Dyon smiled. "I'd like to know more about your Clan. I don't mean the Pakals... Rather, I want to understand more about what it means to be an angel."

This was something Dyon felt he needed to understand. Now that Amphorae's memories from her first life had awoken after meeting Dyon, there was no better person to learn from than his own wife.

...

Dyon and Amphorae moved locations, settling within the hidden garden of the Soul Palace, just a few meters away from the fountain that protected the entrance of the celestial beast realm.

The small garden was just as beautiful as usual. After paying respects to Mia and Bella's grave, the couple sat before its small stream, Amphorae happily sitting on Dyon's lap. It seemed that even if she was aware that she wore the "pants" of their relationship, she still didn't mind pretending to be vulnerable for Dyon's sake. Who knows, maybe that was the real reason she insisted on calling him Lord Husband.

"You probably already know that angels are separated into two categories. Hell's Angels and Angels. One is known for their body prowess, while the other is known for their qi control, manipulation, and output.

"Still, there are some special categories as there always are. My father, from my first life, had black wings tinted in red. This sort of tinted color layered atop of your path choice is only possible for angels with high blood purity and comprehension.

"The red winged path is one of battle and blood. While I have white wings normally, just like my father, my wings are also tinted in red. Well... maybe tinted isn't a strong enough word..."

Amphorae's words trailed off. Since it didn't seem like she was intent on completing her thoughts, Dyon didn't press her. He wasn't yet stable enough to help her carry her burdens, so who was he to press her to reveal her secrets?

"Lord Husband is a bit, no, more than a bit special, though. You don't seem to have angel blood, but you very clearly have angel wings and share the abilities of angels as well. Also, you can bring out white, black and even golden wings. In addition to all of this, you can display the characteristics of the Virtuous, Archangels, Thrones, Cherubim and Seraphim..."

Amphorae took a deep breath.

"You might have guessed, but the Virtuous have two pairs of wings, Archangels have three pairs of wings, Thrones have four, Cherubs have five and Seraphs have six... Though Lord Husband has yet to form his sixth pair, you've already entered the realm of Cherubs."

Dyon stifled a laugh, causing Amphorae to look back and up at him in confusion. He was then forced to explain that in his mortal world, cherubs were cute babies with wings. It was hard for Dyon to connect with the five-winged demi-gods Amphorae described.