

The Nameless 1611

Chapter 1611: Timeline

In addition to this, the Devil Quadrants were allied with the Infernal Beasts... The mortal enemies of the celestial beasts. No matter how you looked at it, it was an alliance that could never work.

The true reason why they were a worthy ally was because of one Clan: The Mathilde Clan.

When Dyon saw this, he was shocked. Why would Jade tell him to trust a traitorous Clan? Wouldn't that be asking to get backstabbed again?

But, that was when he learned just how absolute the power of the Elvin Queen was. The only reason the Elves fell apart was because they didn't have this true center of power anymore, so they tried to fill her role with the True Empaths. But, Ri was here now!

Dyon was guaranteed one backer among the devil path cultivators, but that wasn't all. He knew their weakness.

Their souls were inhibited by their devil qi. This was why they risked sending such an absolute genius here. They couldn't foster any array alchemy experts and had thus fallen behind the other outer quadrants by far. They weren't in a position where they could look down on Dyon's extended hand.

The Sprites.

According to Jade, Dyon needed to pay more attention to them. It wasn't a simple 'oopsie' case that the Star Clan "accidentally" attacked a quadrant of their tower quadrants. They did so purposely.

[Author's Note: Was explained previously that the Star Clan came from the outer quadrants and believed themselves to have discovered a "new" quadrant, thus they attacked and conquered the quadrant that is now currently their second quadrant. This was how the tower quadrants came to learn of the existence of the outer quadrants... Jade is saying that this wasn't coincidental at all.]

Then Jade dropped a bomb... The Star Clan Dyon knew, the number one Clan of their tower quadrants, was just a branch Clan of the Sprite Alliance, a mighty Empire that spanned almost 100 quadrants alone.

Dyon would be lying if he said his breath didn't quicken at this reality... almost 100 quadrants? That was the threshold to become a Planet Grade Empire.

According to Jade, something major would happen within the Sprite Alliance in just a few years. She didn't know the details of the events because Dyon's alternate timeline self didn't, but what she did say dropped a boulder on Dyon's chest...

Dyon's alternate timeline self never found Eli...

And... he always speculated that the reason why was related to this quickly approaching event...

...

Lilith's sword tore through the air, slashing through a sea of black flames with battle intent flickering in her red eyes.

The Nephilim.

This outer quadrant alliance was one that struck fear in the hearts of all, even the Sprites.

Endless Clans of war crazed Giants, all of whom had stronger bloodlines than the last and each of whom sought blood and carnage.

According to everyone, the Sprites should be the dominant race of this Modern Era. Well, more accurately, the dominant race of humanoid. However, while their talent exceeded that of Giants, it wasn't by much. In addition to the fact their birth rates were incredibly low, they were far less ancient than the Giants who had bloodlines stretching back to even the angels.

Much like the others, Jade described a list of strengths and weaknesses, as well as matters to look out for.

Dyon felt that his war with the Nephilim could only be won by expert sabotage. They were too fiery of a race and far too war loving. Turning them against themselves was by far the easiest route and also the route his future self took.

However, this alone wouldn't be enough... He needed strength... The Nephilim Alliance was already a 5th Planet Grade Empire! This meant that they controlled at least 500 quadrants!

The Transcendent Beast Alliance.

Jade's explanation of this outer quadrant alliance was yet another bomb shell for Dyon. The Beast Protection Alliance was a seed sowed by them! Of the four outer quadrant centers of power he had thought of until now, three of them were actually already dipping their hands into the tower quadrants!

According to Jade, the Transcendent Beast Alliance looked down upon Heaven Grade beasts as much as anyone else did, but they felt that they needed to bolster up their forces if they wanted to compete with the other power centers and wanted to use Heaven and Earth grade beasts to do so. The reality was that they were even weaker than the Devil Quadrants, ranking dead last, so they wanted to change this.

In the previous timeline, Dyon never subjugated Nine or Thirteen, and his contact with BPA was scarce to the level of being nonexistent...

When Dyon wondered why that was when their plans were so large scale, Jade answered for him...

In 112 years, the Ancient Battlefield would descend. This would take a much longer time than anyone could have predicted, but no one knew that there was a reason this time was so very different. Finally... Dyon learned of exactly what the Ancient Battlefield was. And the answer... It was something that both made him shiver with fear and excitement.

He remembered his exact thoughts when he learned the truth: 'The Heavens like to play games...'

The descent of the Ancient Battlefield made it impossible for BPA to continue with their original plan. By the time those events came to an end, let alone bolster their forces and grow stronger, they were on the brink of collapse. The Transcendent Beast Alliance suffered the most during those times, almost entirely losing their right to be known as an outer quadrant power center.

Dyon knew what he needed to do. Within these 112 years, while everyone felt that the Ancient Battlefield was just around the corner and was entirely focused on it, he needed to conquer not just the 99 universes, but also his home quadrant. He had to.

If others could read Dyon's thoughts, they'd lock him up and put him in a mental asylum.

Chapter 1612: Different.

A Peak Dao Expert of the 12th stage could live 1.2 million years. It was entirely possible for a Higher Existence to live several million years. And yet, no one, no one, had ever formed an Emperor God Clan in a single lifetime. Yet, Dyon was speaking of uniting two entire quadrants in just a hundred or so years?!

Asinine. Ridiculous. Foolish. There weren't enough foul words to describe it.

But, Dyon knew he had to do it.

When the Ancient Battlefield descended, those without Faith would be tossed to the wayside, expunged from the annals of history and wiped clean.

How had Dyon survived in his previous timeline? Bitterly.

He ran like a cornered mouse and hid with his friends and family until his pride was beaten down to near nonexistence.

Jade said it took him more than 500 years for his cultivation to unseal, but what she didn't mention was how much more time after that he wasted hiding and biding his time.

Because he was forced to hide during those years, his growth slowed to a snail's pace...

There was only one saving grace he had: and that was his Titan Constitution's World, but this saving grace turned into a bitter regret and grievance. The reason was because the truth of his Constitution's World wasn't opened to him until it was too late to make use of it.

In the previous timeline, Dyon never lost his mind to his Chaos Flames. As a result, he never went to speak to the Entity, nor did he ever play the piano for his fellow mortals and thus, never formed a Sovereign Dao Heart from their will. This meant that one of the Divine Chains on his Nascent Soul never shattered.

What did all of this mean? It meant that when Dyon finally took his Constitution Awakening Pill, he didn't shoot to the Bronze Silk Realm because his nascent soul couldn't force his constitution into obedience. As a result, the secret of his constitution's world was realized by him far too late and couldn't be used properly. The very secret that made old man Abraxus believe the immortal plane war to no longer be necessary...

The final power center Jade had information on was one that Dyon would never forget...

All this time he wanted to know exactly which Clan had been pulling the strings of the 99 Universes, but Jade simply directly told him who it was.

A mortal enemy with a knife held to Dyon's throat. Empire of over 300 quadrants. The only power center of the outer quadrants that was not an alliance, but a Clan unto itself....

The Sapientia.

Dyon gripped his fists. This time, it would be different. 112 years.

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"You were reckless." Dyon looked toward Lilith with a reproachful gaze. He didn't seem fazed by the leap forward her beauty had taken after entering the celestial realm. Aritzia was quite beautiful as well, but that didn't mean Dyon would hesitate to decapitate her if she appeared before him.

Lilith's first instinct was to make a biting remark back, but she held back. She realized that it was reckless of her to trigger her tribulation in such a densely populated area. She just kind of... Trusted Dyon to handle it.

"... I know. I got too excited."

Luckily, the damage wasn't too bad due to Dyon protection. But, if Lilith's recklessness had harmed Mia and Bella's graves located to the back of Soul Palace, he might have directly kicked her out.

"The Sect's administration will handle your registry and your allocated resources. They'll also prepare your disciple robes and take a request for a type of treasure you might want. And no, you can't have your Clan's dome treasure back."

Lilith's lip twitched. The way Dyon spoke about supreme grade treasures... it was like he didn't understand that Clans and Sects would war for countless years over one. Yet he casually said he refused to hand back a treasure he had taken from someone he supposedly wanted to ally with.

But, all of Lilith's dissatisfaction disappeared like the wind when she saw the resources she was being given. 100% Top Grade pills?! Even geniuses of the outer quadrants didn't receive such treatment, right?! With these pills, her conventional cultivation would skyrocket. If she had Dyon make her devil path pill... Wouldn't she become unstoppable?

She could request a Spiritual grade treasure too?! It was true that as of now, there were only two core disciples... Her and Damaris. But Dyon had said that Asyna, Sokzac, Baccar and RolRol would receive the same treatment. Did he really plan to hand out a Spiritual grade treasure out so easily?

Lilith's own katana was a Spiritual grade treasure and she treasured it more than her own life... In fact, she never used its full strength for fear experts of the Enigmatic Sect would try to take it from her. Yet Dyon was just casually handing out treasures of that caliber...

She couldn't understand... Was he being reckless with the wealth left behind by the Celestial Deer Sect? Or could he truly sustain such expenditure?

If Lilith knew it was more latter, she'd probably be even more shocked.

The resources in Dark Ocean were one factor, but the treasures left behind by the Elvin Kingdom were vast and far reaching as well...

While Clara was the Head of the Administration, the process had been streamlined by the Mortal Network, allowing its work to become easy to accomplish. Meaning, she spent most of her time doing what she did best: being a Comet Lord.

Clara's weapon's forging ability was far beyond Dyon's. Dyon didn't have the time to practice, so this could only be expected. But, that didn't mean that it was a win by default either. Clara was incredibly skilled at doing something Dyon was lacking in: combining mortal world technology with martial world concepts. After all, the Mortal Network was her idea and creation.

Unfortunately, Clara was still in a deep sleep now. But, when she awoke, there was no doubt of her impact.

Chapter 1613: Yet Another

Simply put, with all the resources she had at her fingertips, coupled with the small number of individuals she needed to forge for, she could afford to outfit core disciples with Spiritual grade treasures of their own.

Of course, as Soul Rending Peak expanded, the need for more Comet and Moon Lord talents would become more obvious. But, for now, Clara alone was enough.

'Wow...' Lilith didn't know what to think. '... If this can be expanded to a large stage, it really might be possible to sweep over the Mortal Plane... The question is... Do enough talents exist for such a thing?...'

As though to answer her question, Lilith accidentally wandered into the Array Alchemy Faction. What she saw shook her to her core.

After fusing the spark to her soul, her senses had grown to another level, making her incredibly sharp. This building... It was filled with soul talents.

'Thousands of third grade souls and countless millions of second grade soul talents. This...'

Having an innate soul wasn't as rare as having an innate aurora, but if one's innate soul was grand enough, having an innate aurora was guaranteed.

'How many innate auroras are there in the whole of the mortal plane? A few dozen? Maybe? So how are there thousands of them here?!'

If one was born with a 3rd stage innate soul, they were guaranteed to have an innate aurora... The martial world had been desensitized to the shock of Dyon's innate aurora already, but what would happen if they suddenly learned that he had thousand hidden here, all working on their own various projects.

'Even if one had so many talents, was it even possible to nurture them all? Could there possibly be enough teachers?...' Lilith's heart palpitated, watching as some older gentlemen walked around, mentoring and guiding the young talents.

That was when yet another bolt of lightning struck Lilith.

'Those eyes, that smirk, that air of confidence... That infused, perpetual Presence...'

It was then that Lilith realized the level of pressure Dyon was under constantly. These mentors... They all looked different, but they were all one person... Dyon was guiding them all alone...

Lilith sighed as she signed yet another soul contract. She felt an inexplicable annoyance whenever Dyon did something that made it clear he didn't trust her, but she had learned her lesson about vocalizing such feelings. Plus, she saw the hypocrisy in them even if she didn't want to admit it.

Once they had all signed it, Dyon silently looked at the devil cultivator geniuses.

There were fifteen of them, split among the five power that made up their alliance: Nightmare Palace, their leader, the Infernal Beasts, the Fulgur Clan, the Eclipse Sect and Asyna's Mathilde Clan.

The oldest among them all took their roles as leaders. Lilith and her two brothers represented Nightmare Palace. Baccar and two teenage girls represented the Infernal Beasts. Sokzac and two younger males represented the Fulgur Clan – Dyon believed they were cousins and sons of the Clan Head and Grand Elders. Rolrol lead two older girls, she was the only one who was the youngest of her faction who was still seen as a leader. Finally, Asyna led to Mathilde Clan dark elves, one male and one female.

The Mathilde Clan trio seemed the most docile, they showed no dissatisfaction at signing the contract, likely because Ri was by Dyon's side.

Dyon would be lying if he said Ri's power over the elves didn't make him feel uncomfortable. If he, himself was an elf, would he lower his head like this to an Elvin Queen too? Did he feel anything like that when he tapped into Ri's Primordial Yin?

There were so many things in this martial world that tested his moral code. He had felt absolute confidence in his own compass before, but more and more things were happening recently that caused a storm within him.

It was odd. Just when he felt he had reached an equilibrium of calm with himself after the immense pressure Aritzia's actions put on him, he suddenly found outside forces trying to tear that calm apart.

Dyon took a deep breath, shaking his head to regain his focus.

"I know you might feel dissatisfied now, but in about ten or seconds, I feel that your minds will most definitely change." Dyon said confidently.

The fifteen geniuses looked toward Dyon as though he had said something completely ridiculous. What nonsense was he spouting? Did he think that their feelings were so cheap –.

"Now that you've signed this contract, I can tell you a top grade secret of our Mortal Alliance, one that will make you all very happy..." Dyon paused with a light smile. "... We are in possession of likely the last remaining Devil Vein in existence."

BOOM!

The explosions that went off in the mind of the devil path geniuses were so violent that many of their eyes nearly rolled back to the point on losing consciousness.

"For the duration of time you spend under my mortal alliance, you can use the Devil Vein as you please. I'm sure that with your talents, you'll make great use of it."

"Do... Do you understand what you just said?" Asyna, who was just as scantily clad as usual, could no longer avoid Dyon as she had been before. "Do you know what this means? Even if I decided to believe that you weren't lying to us... This is worse than giving wings to a tiger."

Dyon suddenly started laughing.

At first, thinking that he was just playing a joke on them, they frowned. Why did he get their hopes up this way? But, when Dyon spoke again, they suddenly understood that Dyon would never do anything like that...

"You believe that I should be afraid of you fifteen becoming too powerful, right? After all, my Mortal Alliance does have a rule that anyone within 50 years of my age can challenge me for my position..."

Dyon's laughter disappeared, a light so sharp taking over his gaze that the air itself seemed to split.

"... You can have all the help you want in the world. I can prop you up with the whole of my ability. I can provide you with pills, resources, techniques, and even treasures. But defeating me isn't something any of you can succeed in."

Arrogance.

Chapter 1614: Cages

They had forgotten... They had forgotten that this was a man who faced an army of celestials as an essence gatherer... They forgot that they watched it all unfold before them...

Asyna could remember it. The day she fought Dyon in the Soul Rending Peak's disciple tournament. That was the first time she had ever lost to someone in her generation... Someone who was sealed and unable to use their soul and qi, no less...

He was the very same man from back then.

It was then that battle intent blazed within the eyes of the devil path geniuses. They felt Dyon's disdain and it fueled a fire deep within their souls. But, no fire was greater than that of Lilith, Sokzac, and Asyna's.

"With a devil vein, I'll break into the dao realm in less than 20 years. If you concoct us devil path pills, maybe even just ten years is all it would take." An amused light shone within Lilith's eyes. "I hope you won't regret your decision then."

Dyon smiled. "I look forward to it."

With the help of the Devil Vein, Dyon really was giving these geniuses the wings they needed to soar past the Heavens themselves. The strength they would gain in just a short time was nothing just anyone could fathom. However, Dyon had no plans to sit idly by.

First, though, he had to head back to Soul Palace. It was time to wrap up the matters of the middle tier.

"These are the cages..."

Dyon silently gazed upon the dungeons that once took up a large majority of Middle Sapientia City's underground. Now that he was back, it was obvious that he could give anyone he pleased permission to enter Soul Universe. So, the cages were displaced here as a whole.

Currently, they were being held in a large underground space below Soul Palace. Dyon had actually asked for Meiying to design this place so that he could train himself and his Demon Generals here. It was known as Utopia.

Due to the fact it was deep within Soul Planet, similar to the Belmont Catacombs of Earth, Meiying had a lot of freedom. Because of its location, many Feng Shui points were in close proximity, so with proper handling, it could easily turn into a cultivation haven, especially since Soul Universe was such an energy dense universe to begin with.

For now, the space was quite bland. It was large and mostly gray, stretching for several dozen kilometers in every direction. The only markers were the pillars that upheld its construction. Mortal world technology would never be able to construct such a place, but cultivators made it possible.

"Right." Zaire nodded as he was the one who hauled them all here. Considering how tired he appeared, it definitely wasn't an easy task. "Be careful, brother. If we make a mistake, those inside could die."

Dyon nodded seriously. "Little Yin, can you make it inside these cages."

'Mhm. It's very easy for us.'

As Dyon expected, there likely wasn't a place in existence the celestial hamsters couldn't infiltrate, as long as they didn't have someone to bring along with them, that is.

"Alright, do so. We'll see if [Shares Senses] works or if it's blocked."

Faster than he expected, Little Yin came back.

'Did you feel that?...'

Dyon nodded seriously. "The connection I had with you was so faint that I almost thought it cut us off completely. [Share Senses] won't work in this situation... But to think something like this was possible..."

'They hid a separate realm within the cages. If they're forcibly opened, the stabilization of the world collapses, resulting in the death of everything inside.'

Dyon thought seriously for a moment...

When he sent Little Yin several universes away from himself to accompany Clara, their connection had grown faint as well. But, it was even more exaggerated now.

This also confirmed one another thing... Dyon could take Amphorae to the celestial floors and even the saint floors as long as she was within his Inner World despite the fact that she had already formally entered the dao floors. This meant that separate realms could circumvent the rules of the Epistemic Tower. Simply put... The individuals trapped in this cage were not necessarily less than 5000 years old...

They could very well be extremely dangerous.

Dyon turned to Zaire. "Bring Amphorae and Granny Celest here. We can't do this without them. Bring Little Lyla as well... Her abilities will be especially important right now."

Dyon didn't even feel embarrassed asking for such a thing. Wouldn't it be foolish for him to lose his life because of something as stupid as empty pride? Zaire didn't hesitate to go.

"What was the situation in there, Little Yin?"

'Though it's a separate world, it's incredibly small, only about double the size of what we can see from the outside. Stabilizing the spatial qi long enough for them to walk out will be easy.'

Dyon nodded. "How many of them are there? And what are their cultivations?"

'There at least five or six in each of the 12 cages, and they're all dao experts as big brother speculated, but...'

"But?"

'It feels like their cultivation was artificially inflated to that point. They definitely have no chance of progressing further in the realm. They're more feeble than even most pseudo dao experts. If I had to speculate, I'd say that they used a method to break into the dao realm only so that they could gain 100 000 years of life.

'Only four or five of them could be considered "true" dao experts, but even they'd be weaker than the typical 3rd Grade Lower Dao Expert.'

"An artificial increase? Weaker than even pseudo dao experts, huh..."

Dyon nodded. It didn't matter to him. He didn't want these people for their battle prowess. He was certain that the Sapiaentia wouldn't lock them away because they were powerful. If the Sapiaentia deemed to lock these people away... It was definitely because they wanted their knowledge.

'Look at them.' Little Yang was practically in tears. 'Already pretending like I don't exist. Just wait until I awaken my bloodline you ungrateful wretches.'

Little Yin giggled at her brother's antics.

As Dyon and the hamster twins were talking, four figures entered Utopia and made their way to his side. Zaire, Lyla, Amphorae, and the always smiling Granny Celest. Considering Little Yin's words, it wasn't absolutely necessary that they be here, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

"Alright, let's do it, Little Yin."

'Un!'

The final sound before they began was Little Yang's groan.

Chapter 1615: Bitter

Utopia suddenly became cluttered. Well, cluttered was an inappropriate term considering its obnoxious size. Rather, it greeted a larger number of individuals than it should have so soon. At the moment, almost 70 new faces looked around their surroundings in complete confusion.

'Is this a new torture chamber?'

It was something almost all of them thought, but their surroundings were too different. They were already losing their minds staring at the blank walls of their cages for so long, what was the point in moving them to another blank space?

Of course, they had no way of telling Dyon, Zaire, Lyla, Amphorae and Granny Celeste apart from themselves. After all, they had never seen the people in the cages beside them. They didn't even know if there were cages beside them until now.

Contrary to what one might expect, they weren't all old. In fact, they were mostly young. Or, they looked young. After all, even if their dao formation cultivation was just for show, it was still their cultivation at the end of the day.

There were a few pushing their middle ages, but for the most part, they looked to be in their mid twenties.

They were shabbily dressed, both men and women alike. Their bodies were coated in what looked like gray prison attire crossed with hospital gowns. That said, they at least didn't emanate any odd or putrid smells. At the end of the day, they were dao experts and had long since jumped the hurdle of human filth.

'They were definitely far better treated than Virvor...' Dyon thought to the young man who was still recovering from his wounds, even to now. '... I half expected them all to be in a half dead state.'

'I wonder. Could the Sapientia really not have a technique similar to [Devour]? Or is it that they didn't dare to use it?'

[Devour] was one of the very first martial techniques Dyon had ever learned. It was a divine grade soul path technique that had two main functions. The first was to absorb the soul strength of an opponent, either for the sake of stamina or to increase your cultivation. The second was a proxy ability as a result of the first. It allowed the absorption of a target's memories.

Little Yang snorted, still disgruntled. 'Do you think divine grade techniques, especially divine grade soul techniques, just float around ripe for plucking?'

Dyon smiled bitterly. Maybe his perspective of the world really was too skewed.

"Hello everyone." Dyon's voice cut through the murmurs. In truth, Dyon wasn't anymore properly dressed than him. He only wore a crisp white shirt and black sweatpants rolled to his calves. They practically assumed he was a prisoner along with them. But, it seemed they were wrong. "I should probably tell you all this first: this place is not affiliated with the Sapientia Clan."

The eyes of the 70 or so researchers widened. It wasn't their fault. Dyon's words were too shocking.

"It might be hard to accept, but this isn't some sort of trick. This is the territory of the Sacharro Clan."

There was only more confusion at these words. Sacharro Clan? They had never heard of it... They once more couldn't be blamed. They were in captivity long before Dyon made his debut.

"Ah, you probably don't recognize my name. But..." Dyon mused for a moment. "... You will recognize me by this title... I am the Successor of the Celestial Deer Sect."

Absolute shock.

No matter how long they had been locked up, they would recognize this Sect... The former number one Sect of the tower quadrants and the only power within their quadrants capable of standing up to the outer quadrants...

More importantly... The Celestial Deer Sect stood in opposition to the Sapientia!

Though it wasn't open warfare, as far as they knew, anyway, the teachings of the Sect had always clashed with the Sapientia. While the former taught Array Alchemy as a holistic practice, the latter tried to suppress this, insisting that formation theory and alchemy should be kept separate.

The breathing of the group of men and women quickened. Their circumstances it had changed too abruptly...

No... Maybe not. This person obviously didn't bring them here to release them. This is an open space, but they couldn't see any obvious exits anywhere. It was obvious he didn't plan to just let them go. They might as well have been just transferred from one owner to another.

In that moment, the light in their eyes dimmed. Whatever hope they had was snuffed out.

"Whatever reason I can give you for not allowing you to move freely likely won't be enough." Dyon said straightforwardly. "However, you all should know the circumstances of my Celestial Deer Sect as well as I do. We're a Sect only in name, we were destroyed long ago. Knowing this, it should be obvious to you that if I've revealed this truth, it won't end as simply as me allowing you all to leave."

The researchers bitterly laughed. How shameless. None of us asked who you were, you just started to speak because you felt like it. Now, you're telling us that the reason we can't leave is because of something you chose to tell us yourself.

They really couldn't decide whether this person was better or worse than the Sapientia Clan.

Dyon only smiled in response.

"I'll introduce myself again. My name is Dyon Sacharro, successor to the Celestial Deer Sect. This is my lovely wife, my little sister and not so little brother. And here is my grandmother."

Granny Celest's lips almost couldn't contain her smile at Dyon's words.

"Though it is against your will, I hope that you too will become part of our Mortal Alliance family."

The researchers bitterly smiled at Dyon's words. At least he admitted that it was against their will, but did that really make things much better?

"You'll probably be disappointed." A young-looking man spoke. His hair was a deep shade of brown and terribly kept.

"Is that so?"

Chapter 1616: Hiccups

"You must know the reason we were locked away. We're all stubborn individuals. All we had to do was take the Sapientia name and we would have likely lived grand lives."

"I'm aware." Dyon nodded.

The man's eyes sharpened. "Our work is our own. We don't want to work for the sake of others."

"And what do you want to work for then?"

"Obviously for ourselves."

"Is that so? Then why didn't you accept the Sapientia name?"

The man looked at Dyon with an odd expression.

"What?" Dyon smiled. "You don't find your words contradictory? If you really only cared for yourself, what does it matter what your last name is?"

"What is the point of a last name? Isn't it to carry on the legacy of your ancestors? Only your first name truly represents yourself and your selfishness. So, the reality is different from what you're saying. You wanted to keep your last names because it meant something to you."

"Plus, if you truly wanted to work for yourselves as you say, then you're selfish, self-centered individuals, no? Then why is it that you didn't jump at a chance to spread your inventions across the martial world? Sure, Sapientia name would be attached to your inventions, but wouldn't your first names also be there?"

"You don't understand the pride of a researcher." The man shook his head. "Not only do we want our inventions to be recognized, we want them used the way we intended. All anyone ever seems to want to do is use us for war."

Dyon nodded. "I want to use you for war too. That much is true."

The man's face twisted in disgust, but his expression contorted even more violently at Dyon's next words.

"Are you aware of what happened to the individuals you likely called friend and family after you were all locked in those cages?"

The researchers froze.

"The Sapientia killed them all."

Groans of pain escaped their lips.

"Do you know what reason they had for killing them all?" Dyon shrugged. "They simply felt that keeping their dirty dealings secret was worth more than the lives of your Clans."

The man bitterly laughed. He already had a faint idea that this was what would happen. The only way to stop a wave of individuals from suddenly asking about abrupt disappearances was by rooting out those who had close connections with them.

With the help of the Sapiencia's information network, not to mention the fact they had centers of power in practically every quadrant, it was a simple task for them to know the most risky targets and thus eliminate them to avoid future problems.

"And now what? You want to use our anger toward the Sapiencia to say that we should fight for you? That we should unite and fight against a common enemy? That you'll be different?"

"Isn't that much obvious? What would you like to do? Spend the rest of your lives in a cage? Letting the lives sacrificed for the sake of your pride and stubbornness go to waste?"

"YOU!" The man roared. "What do you know?! Do you think it's an easy decision to say no?! That it's easy to turn down more money than you couldn't spend in countless lifetimes when all you've known is a backwater Clan?! This is what having principles means!"

"Principles?" Dyon shook his head. "Sorry, I don't bother with that word when it comes to lives of those I care about. Whatever is necessary, I'll do."

"You've heard tales of happened to my Celestial Deer Sect, but you have no real idea. Let alone your livelihoods, the lives of everyone on this mortal plane are in danger. Soon, there might not even be a place for us mere mortals in all of existence anymore."

"You don't want your inventions used in war? But somehow you're alright with your Clansmen, your wife, your parents, your children, dying due to your inaction? That isn't being principled, it's the height of naivete."

The man clenched his fists and stared daggers at Dyon, but he didn't respond. Sometimes when two individuals stood on opposite sides of an aisle, so-called recourse was impossible.

"I can only say that if your research is useful to me, I'll use it."

The man snorted, turning his head away. How could he know about their research if he didn't tell him? He wouldn't even bother speaking anymore. His whole demeanor said, 'just go ahead and kill me.'

Who would have known that Dyon would directly ignore him and say something he could have never expected in his wild dreams... Something that filled him with shock.

"Alright, Little Lyla." Dyon rubbed his little sister's head. "It's your turn to shine. You don't need to dig too deep, I just need a general summary of their fields. Will it be a problem?"

"No problem." Little Lyla shook her head. "Though it's a bit difficult to read dao experts sometimes, that only applies to those with powerful souls and true domains... They shouldn't be too difficult. If big brother uses his Presence, considering their weak bodies, there won't be any hiccups."

"I can't understand much of it, big brother, but if it's you, I'm sure you can. I'll just try to reiterate it in their words." Lyla said softly.

The researchers snorted. This war crazed maniac, comprehending their research without it being dumbed down? Ridiculous.

It was then that something the researchers could only sigh in awe at occurred. It wasn't just Lyla's abilities, it was Dyon's commentary that almost shocked them even more... This cultivator, the very man they had classified as a war crazed meat head just moments ago, actually understood their research perfectly.

Little Lyla pointed toward the one and only person who had spoken directly to Dyon.

"This is Researcher Ton. His research is focused on the life cycle of universes. He believes that every universe has an initial action that births it. He theorizes that it's possible to predict everything that can and will occur in a universe, excluding godlike external factors, from this initial event. Those there, here and there are part of his research team."

Dyon nodded. At first, Ton snorted again, thinking Dyon was just pretending to understand, but he nearly bit his tongue in the next moment.

"I see. You'll be very useful to me. I can't believe I didn't think of such an approach." Dyon smiled. "Little Lyla, in my home world they call what Researcher Ton is researching the 'Big Bang'. It theorizes that every universe, including the one we're standing in now, started from an infinitesimally small point that then began gushing matter outward. Even right now, this universe and all others are continuously expanding and accelerating without limit.

"Researcher Ton's goal is to map this expansion and use the trajectories of that matter to chart the progression of a universe over time. Theoretically, if he succeeds, with just the age of a universe, you'd be able to predict everything about it. You could predict where abyssal cores and resources would appear, and you'd also immediately know where all of the habitable planets are as well.

"Of course, this is assuming no external factors disrupted said universe's flow. This model would never work for my home universe due to the entity's interference. It also wouldn't work in Chaos Universe because of the changes the Mathilde Clan caused to it. But, for most others, it should!"

The more Dyon spoke, the more excited he became. Even if all of the other researchers were useless to him, Researcher Ton was a gold mine as long as he could succeed.

"Wait! What did you say?! Say it again!" Researcher Ton's eyes lit up so fiercely he almost looked like a mad man. "That's it! It's constantly accelerating, it's constantly accelerating, that's what I was missing all this time!"

Watching a grown man practically break down in tears Dyon came to understand something. His mortal world knowledge... It was more valuable than he thought... Even more valuable than Jade let on... Likely because Dyon never found these researchers in the previous timeline.

"You can continue." Dyon said with a sigh. He didn't have time to care for Researcher Ton's emotions.

"This is Researcher Aimoi." Little Lyla's pink eyes glistened as she pointed toward a woman whose hair was a den of split ends.

"She is researching aging. She wants to comprehend why people die of old age. More importantly, she's curious about how cultivation works to stop that aging process. Why is it that she, as a practically artificial dao expert, has the same lifespan as a Ninth Order dao expert genius? If it was really about just the energy alone, there should be disparity between quality of expert and thus a disparity in lifespan.

"She hypothesizes that increased lifespan due to cultivation isn't actually due to the qi at all, but rather an arbitrary increase the Heavens can set as they deem fit. She believes that the reason for this arbitrary cap is linked to the natural death of universes... Her goal is to find a method to increase that limit or understand it."

Dyon's eyes narrowed. Aimoi's words intrigued him, but he had no interest in this research for anything other than learning a secret of the universe.

If it was about increasing the limit, Dyon already knew of someone who could do so freely... Luna. But, from what he understood, Luna gave him 40 000 extra years of life, much of which he had already squandered, by taking it from others. She couldn't naturally increase it as she pleased. Not that she was here anyway... So this didn't make much of a difference.

But there was something else that was curious. If the Heavens set this artificial cap, why allow reincarnation then? What was the point?

"This is Researcher Kline. He is researching the ability beasts have to pass on their legacies to their children. He believes he's found the root of how this information is passed. And, this is Researcher Curie. Her research is tied with Kline's. They both work on this root information transfer system, but their goals are different.

"Kline wishes give humans the ability of beasts. However, instead of passing down powerful techniques and abilities, he wants to pass down knowledge. He imagines a world where children can be born already knowledgeable about humanity's greatest discoveries. In this way, they don't need to waste time relearning things others have already researched and vetted and can instead focus on pushing us forward.

"Curie, however, has a different approach. She wants to use what she calls the 'Basic Unit of the Human Body' to engineer better humans. She theorizes that it would be possible to engineer the perfect race of beast or man as long as these basic units can be perfectly manipulated."

Dyon's smile only seemed to get wider. "Little Lyla, in my mortal world, they call these 'basic units' are called DNA. It stands for a long name given to the chemical makeup of the basic unit.

"Essentially, when a baby is conceived, they receive half of their mother's basic unit and half of their father's. The reason beasts decline over time is because this continuous halving often disallows perfect copies of legacies to be passed down. Unfortunately, simply mating within the strongest circles isn't the solution either because then that guarantees that original flaws within the basic unit will manifest more and more, this is why incest is so taboo."

Dyon didn't seem to realize that the more he spoke, the more Curie and Kline's eyes became just like Ton's who had seemingly lost his mind.

"I can't believe I didn't think of this..." Dyon mumbled. "I've been trying to make normal beasts with DNA stronger even though they don't have the potential to sustain it. But, if I made their 'basic units' stronger instead, I would have long since had the breakthrough I'm looking for!"

In that moment, as Dyon was finding a new path to success, the remaining groups of researchers who had yet to have their minds read by Little Lyla were suddenly looking toward the pink haired beauty with feverish gazes.

It was almost like they were pleading... Pleading Lyla to hurry up and say their research out loud so they could experience the same breakthrough the others were due to Dyon's words. Please... Hurry!

They were almost starving for it, starving for Dyon's world. This world of his... They wanted to go to it.

Chapter 1618: Sarcastic

"This is Researcher Obrien. He's researching what he calls the 'building blocks of life', he describes them as the 'fundamental units of all that exists'. He theorizes that by taking control of these elements, with enough energy, it's possible to recreate any ore in existence, even long since extinct ones."

Dyon almost chuckled at the sight of Obrien turning his eyes toward him. It was almost like a child asking for a toy. In the end, he decided to stop addressing Lyla, it seemed his little scheme had worked.

"In my world these building blocks were once known as atoms. It was later that we decided that even atoms had their own individual parts and that, even further than that, the protons, neutrons and electrons that made up atoms had an even more basic building block as well... called quarks.

"The issue is that their strengths are incredibly difficult to grasp. My world was only just beginning to grasp this ability before it was destroyed. In fact, I have access to miniaturization technology that was able to construct and deconstruct based on these blocks. Why don't you just ask me what you want to know."

Obrien blushed, but in the end, the love for his research was too strong.

"I've been working all of my life to try and isolate these building blocks, but they never seem to act in the way I want. No... It seems as though the function completely differently depending on whether I'm observing them or not."

Dyon smiled. "Your answer can be summed up in a single word..."

Obrien's fists clenched tightly as he stared at Dyon more fervently than a man seeing a beautiful woman for the first time in centuries. Can all of his troubles really be solved with one word? It seemed hard to believe.

"Probability."

Obrien nearly collapsed where he stood. The single word was so fierce that he began to weep just like Ton, Curie and Kline before him. By now, even Lyla, Zaire, Amphorae and Granny Celest were stunned. Was this really the same group of people? What was happening?

However, Obrien was lost in his own world. That was it, what he was looking for this whole time. The building blocks had a definite location when he wasn't observing them, but when he was, their location was dependent on a certain probability correlated with the larger atom they were a part of and their energy signature. So many years of toil, boiled down to a single word.

[Author's Note: Not really necessary to understand this, but atoms can act as particles and waves. When it acts as a wave, its location is dependent on a formula which coincides with a probability of it being in any given space. Obrien had trouble isolating them because he didn't understand this principle. Don't grapple with the idea too hard, I'm taking a bit of creative freedom here, lmao.]

"Your research will be very useful to me as well, Researcher Obrien. My world was limited in the chemicals we could create, but... You can break that limit."

Dyon was right. His mortal world's periodic table was incredibly limited. In addition, many of the later created or observed chemicals were unstable. Originally, they concluded that this was their limit, but Dyon suddenly understood different. The reason the martial world had so many ores and novel chemicals his mortal world didn't was because it had additional stabilizers his world didn't: qi.

If Obrien pushed his research forward, he really might reach a point where he could recreate any ore in existence. All that was limiting him was the key Dyon just gave him.

"This is Researcher Lei. She believes that the human mind and body, and even that of beast's, have limits that can never be broken. Her research is tailored toward creating a hive mind capable of competing and replacing humans in various ways."

"Artificial intelligence?" Dyon raised an eyebrow. There was quite a large school of thought in Dyon's home world that warned of the dangers of AI. In the martial world, this potential danger was likely even more possible.

In truth, some forms of this pseudo intelligence were already seen. For example, Dyon had puppets that could fight without his input. But, their function was held to reading and reacting within battle, it was a much smaller scope than what Lei was proposing.

As for the "hive mind" portion of the dream, Dyon would likely have to disappoint Lei... The Mortal Network was one step ahead of her. However, Dyon decided to give her a chance.

"Researcher Lei, how would you feel if, in your absence, a hive mind was already created."

Researcher Lei trembled, biting her lip.

"One of my wives has created a Network that has currently taken root throughout the whole of the tower quadrants. We call it the Mortal Network..." Dyon slowly explained the abilities of Clara's invention. However, instead of becoming disappointed, Researcher Lei and her team grew more and more anxious and fervent.

"W-we... We can make it better!" She finally squeezed out.

Dyon smiled. He refrained from saying something sarcastic about how he thought they didn't want to participate in his wars. He wasn't the type of individual to stomp on the ideals of others, especially when those ideals were so noble and pure.

He had to admit, he was taking advantage of them. Their one weakness was their love for their research. Him giving them successive breakthroughs and helping them shatter walls that had stalled them for so long was akin to him luring children with candy.

But, Dyon knew that as a leader with the hopes and dreams of so many on his shoulders, he didn't have the luxury of not being shameless.

"How will you make it better?"

"If what you've explained is accurate, the energy expenditure of the Mortal Network is excessive. What your world calls... 'coding language', I believe is what you said it was named, isn't as efficient as an array-based approach. If you used formation theory as your 'software', the cost of upkeep would plummet to less than 10% of what it currently is, we can also make it faster as well."

Dyon listened silently, nodding his head.

Chapter 1619: Research

What Lei wanted to do was the approach Dyon and Clara wanted to take initially. The problem was that the husband-wife couple didn't have the time to research the completely new field of formation theory it would take to construct such a Network. So, they relied on their mortal world knowledge, making use of Dyon's former title as a coding genius of his mortal world instead.

The issue with that approach was that it was inefficient. As a result, Clara was at a disadvantage in her negotiations with the Sapientia. Since they had to spend so much capital to start and maintain the Network, Clara was only able to corner off 30% of the shares despite being its sole inventor.

However, Lei and her team of researchers had already spent countless millennia developing this branch of formation theory for the sake of their hive mind. If they implemented their findings, the Mortal Alliance would be able to sustain the maintenance and growth of the Mortal Network alone.

"I'm not sure how I feel about your goal of creating an artificial intelligence... If I'm being honest, I'd prefer you to focus on battle puppets. I believe your research would be excellent in this field."

Lei's eyes dim as a bitter smile spread across her lips. "That's what the Sapientia said too... Though they didn't say anything about this 'artificial intelligence' you speak of."

"I don't want to spread baseless fears to you. But, in the case that you do create something surpassing us living creatures, what reason would it have for us? Something that can learn, think and adapt on a plane higher than we do... is too dangerous."

Dyon scoffed at fears some had toward AI on his home world, but in the martial world, the stakes and scale were much different. It was an especially scary thought when one realized that the formation theory Lei spent her whole life studying were the very same formations hidden within the body humans. This was no longer 'coding'... It was reconstructing a living being.

Dyon knew better than anyone else. Formation theory, magic, and runic vein theory were all created by studying the body of living beings. Using it as a base to create a higher life form... Was dangerous.

Lei's eyes widened. This thought... It had never crossed her mind. Humans, especially cultivators, were too full of themselves to ever think about this reality. They'd never believe that a mere researcher who artificially boosted her cultivation could ever create something that would threaten them... But could it be that she was creating something far worse than the wars she hated so much?

"This is Researcher Fara. He specializes in what he calls the study of living beings, specifically what he calls 'life units', what he believes is the smallest relevant aspect of a living being. He believes that this life unit contains all of the information one would need to completely reconstruct a person or beast.

"He theorizes that one can escape their lifespan by continuously reconstructing their body again and again from these 'life units' because the soul doesn't seem to face the same limits as the body does. Theoretically, you could also take the life unit of another and enter a far better body than your own."

Dyon looked toward Fara, a slight wrinkle in his brow.

Dyon could tell the problem Fara faced. He could reconstruct a body, but the only thing capable of breathing life into this body was a soul. But, this definitely wasn't all...

"What is limiting your research?" Dyon's gaze seemed to pierce through Fara, causing him to tremble.

"T-this... Me and my team see a disparity between the way life units react during a living being's embryonic stages of life and afterward. We believe that the key to reconstructing bodies is by forcing mature life units to act like they once did at the very beginning of their lives."

"Stem cells..." Dyon muttered.

In his world, stem cell research was one of the most promising fields in medicine. Though, there were many ethical debates surrounding the topic, but, still, this first truth was undoubtedly the reality.

But what made Dyon's heart palpitate was that the very thing Fara was struggling with now... His mortal world had already accomplished. Changing a mature 'life unit', or what Dyon's people called a cell, into an immature 'life unit', or stem or pluripotent cell, was something Dyon's mortal world had accomplished hundreds of years ago.

[Author's Note: I've alluded to it a lot before, but I think this is the most obvious example of it: Dyon's world is far more advanced than our own (ie the storage wrist bands he entered Focus Academy with, his hover board, or Sarid's hover board now I guess, etc etc). For those curious, we succeeded in turning adult cells into stem cells back in 2012].

However, they never attempted to reconstruct entire bodies due to the ethical blockades. But... It was a massive step forward in healing injuries.

"Tell me more about your research."

Dyon wanted Fara's research not just because of the cloning possibilities, but mostly for its medicinal capabilities. Theoretically, regrowing a limb, or surviving a fatal injury, would be possible if this research is pushed in the right direction. Dyon's mortal world had the final building block Fara needed.

If Dyon's Demon Generals went into battle with stores of their own stem cells, they'd practically be immortal on the battlefield as long as they weren't killed in a single strike. Using stem cells would make any healing even Holy type qi could accomplish far more efficient. It could make a single unit of energy go a much longer way.

"... We've succeeded in reconstructing bodies many times before, but it was only possible by harvesting life units directly after conception. Of course, we only moved when the life of the child wouldn't be in danger, but we felt that this restraint was too limiting.

"If we're forced to only being capable of harvesting immature life units in such a short time frame, it's impossible to reach the long-term goals we seek..."

Dyon nodded. "My world has a method of turning mature life units into immature life units. If you'd like to continue your research... I'm sure you know what my ask is."

Fara felt a suffocating weight drop from the sky, it was the very same weight many of the other researchers had felt when Dyon spoke of their findings.

Chapter 1620: Grave

"Though... I don't want you to reconstruct bodies, I only want to use your research in the field of healing. Though the idea of extending one's life indefinitely is appealing, there's a limit to what a soul can handle. There's a reason why even transcendents cannot live forever. If one's mind collapses, it doesn't matter how good the condition of your body is."

Fara lowered his head and nodded in understanding. At the end of the day, his research was only useful for those whose souls had broken into the celestial realm. If yours hadn't, you'd never be able to move from one body to the next. And, even if it had, if your mind was collapsing, it was useless.

In addition, another thing Fara hadn't mentioned that Lyla silently told Dyon was that this second body would have far less potential than the first. Namely, the lifespan would be incredibly shortened to a tenth of what it once was. And this shrinking would stack as well... Simply put, Fara's methods weren't as good as the cloning technique Dyon received from the valley of geniuses.

One relied on the power of the Heavens, while the other tried to circumvent and fool the Heavens. This was to be expected. The Heavens were quite petty in that way.

Still, Dyon wasn't disappointed. If Fara's research was combined with Kline and Curie's DNA research, his path to revitalizing the celestial hamster and dream panther races was right before him.

There might be a limit to building a new body for yourself to cheat death, but what if you instead used stem cells to reconstruct your original body itself? The possibilities were endless.

Dyon kept these thoughts to himself. For now, it was necessary to rein in the researchers properly.

"The last is Researcher Lind, her research is focused on the potential. She wants to understand what potential is, what it's decided by, and how to potentially increase it. Whether that's by nutrition, training, or anything of the like.

"She theorizes that environment is far more important than one's genes. Her dream is to create an easy, simple program, that can be implemented by anyone, anywhere, to bring out the full potential of individuals."

Dyon's brows raised. Lind's goal seemed similar to Kline's who wanted to pass down human knowledge through one's DNA. But, her approach was far different and quite commendable.

Still, Dyon couldn't understand why the Sapientia were interested in her. If he had to be honest with himself, he might have agreed with Lind when he was a mortal, but in the martial world, too many things were decided by birthed talent. As much as he wanted to say hard work trumped everything, that was a lie. Hard work was only part of a puzzle mostly made up of talent.

Though Dyon's energy and body talent were poor at the start of his life, it was because of his overwhelming soul talent that he was still able to stand here today. He then used his soul talent to bring his energy and body talent up to speed...

However, he couldn't coax Lind into telling him more about her research because even she seemed to be aware that it was impossible for him to help her. Not only did he not know much about her field, but he was exceptionally talented already, making her completely uninterested in him.

Though she looked silent and shy, Dyon could see a deep pride and arrogance hidden within her eye that made him smile.

"Interesting..." Dyon looked into Lind's eyes. "... How would you like to be the acting Chancellor of my Mortal Alliance's academies?"

Lind blinked in shock. But, she soon composed herself.

"I have no interest in feeding into a system that only rewards those with talent..." She said blandly.

"I think we have a bit of a misunderstanding here." Dyon said lightly.

Lind trembled slightly, but glared back toward Dyon. "You want to force me? You'll never be able to make me do my best."

Dyon chuckled. "Oh? Can't I? Even if I can't... Don't you believe my little sister can?"

Lind's shoulders shook as she bit her lip. Dyon was right... But that was when Dyon said something that made her eyes widen.

"But that's not the misunderstanding." Dyon retracted his aura, smiling a smile that could make any woman swoon. "My academies don't only admit the talented. They're free of charge and anyone at and above the age of 7 to the age of 18 can attend at their leisure."

These were words that made Lind feel as though she was in another world. Could it be possible? A Kingdom investing in the untalented? ...

As Dyon was about to wrap up their first meeting with a satisfied expression on his face, he suddenly froze. He turned his head toward the distance, a sudden tight grip taking over his heart.

His divine sense immediately focused in on it... The death qi emitting from Mia and Bella's grave.

**

"Dyon?"

Dyon couldn't even properly register who was speaking to him. He was seeing a scene right now that he couldn't comprehend.

"Watch them."

In the next instant, Dyon tapped in Little Yin's abilities freely and disappeared from where he was standing.

"What the hell are you doing?!"

Dyon felt as though the veins in his head could pop at any moment. His body trembled with rage. If it was practically anyone else, he would have killed them on the spot and asked questions later.

The scene Dyon had seen wasn't as simple as death qi rising up from Mia and Bella's graves, it was death qi rising up from the ground as a result of Junior digging up their grave site!

Junior shivered when Dyon's oppressive aura landed on him. He froze in place, unable to move or breathe. The sight of a little boy in such a condition would make anyone feel pity in their hearts, but Dyon knew that Junior was too intelligent to be treated like a normal child. What he was doing right now was unacceptable.

"Dyon!" Delia's voice snapped Dyon from his rage-like state. She grabbed his arm, pulling him back from doing something he would regret. Even Dyon had no idea when she appeared.