

The Nameless 1621

Chapter 1621: Babies

Junior began to cough, the air that was stuck in his chest finally finding a path out. He really felt as though he would suffocate to death in those moments. No, he might have been directly crushed.

Dyon gripped his fists, but allowed Delia to pull him back in the end. He thought he was learning to control his emotions better in recent years, but there were some things that simply went too far. Defaming the graves of two girls he held a heavy guilt in his heart over was most definitely one of those things.

"What are you doing." Dyon squeezed out these words once more. If things continued like this, his jaw would shatter even with how sturdy his body was.

Junior continued to cough, attempting to clear his throat. "So hot tempered... I'm definitely more cool-headed than you."

Junior might not have been wrong, but him saying so definitely wasn't helping the situation. That was the ironic part. It seemed he still had the same way of pissing everyone off with his words that Dyon did.

When Dyon started his martial world journey, it was the Demon Sage's blood that made him run hot. But, his original bloodline, his Titan Emperor bloodline, is even a level above demon blood. He's an innately hot headed and antagonistic person.

Junior escaped that fate by having a different constitution entirely, but he was still as grating on the nerves as Dyon was.

"Obviously I wouldn't be digging up a grave for no reason, can you not see the death qi?"

"If that's your reasoning, I swear I'll dangle you from the skies by your feet and beat you with everyone on Soul Planet as an audience." Dyon's bulging vein only grew fiercer.

Over the past few days, every time the ground of soul planet was broken, a benign death qi would waft upward. It didn't matter where the ground was broken. Junior using the death qi as an excuse was like a person taking credit for curing an already healthy individual. You didn't discover anything, no matter where you broke the ground, death qi would have come up. So why did you do it above their graves?

Junior seemed to shiver at the thought of being spanked so publicly. He might have looked only 3 years old, but he had Dyon's pride and arrogance. He couldn't tolerate such a thing.

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Try me you arrogant piece of shit!"

Delia felt her lip twitching watching these two argue with one another. Luckily, she had already covered Little Aiden's ears, so he didn't have to listen to such a vulgar shouting match.

Also, the irony wasn't lost on her. Dyon calling his clone an arrogant piece of shit was definitely a highlight.

"Listen! I wouldn't be doing something like this without a reason! The Life Stone didn't choose me as its owner, it chose them!"

Dyon wanted to shout back but he bit his tongue instead.

"What are you talking about...?"

"Don't you remember when Mia and Bella said they recognized you even with your mask on because you smelled familiar to them? Smelled inviting and nice, even?"

Seeing Dyon's confused face, Junior waved his hand as though he couldn't be bothered to explain any further.

"My clone?" Junior snorted. "This guy is an idiot, as if he could ever be my clone."

Junior went back to digging as though Dyon wasn't there, his little pale hands working away as fast as he could.

"Hey!"

Dyon yanked Junior back by the back of his collar, dangling him in the air.

"Just shut up and let me do it."

Dyon grit his teeth and decided to trust Junior. He fixed the grave to make it seem as though nothing had happened before sending his sword qi outward and perfectly cutting out and lifting up their coffins from the ground.

Dyon never sent his divine sense into the graves of the twins. It was a matter of simple respect. But, when he saw the scene of their open coffins before him, he suddenly felt that he had made a massive mistake.

The Mia and Bella he had once known were no longer there. In their place there were two slumbering babies.

No, 'babies' wasn't the appropriate way to describe them, or maybe it was. Dyon wasn't entirely certain of the technical term, but they were both at least several months old, they looked to be approaching 1 years old. Too big to be babies, but too small to be toddlers...

Their appearances had changed as well. Of course, they looked identical, as they always had, but they had deep indigo colored hair that almost looked black unless the sun reflected upon them the right way. In addition, their hair was much longer than what one would expect for a child. Their coffins were lined with comfortable velvet cushions, but their hair was actually long enough to act as their blankets.

Their hair suddenly flickered, shifting from the deep indigo Dyon thought he saw before to a deep maroon. Moments later, it became a deep magenta. If Dyon had to describe it, it was as though Damaris' and Giralda's crystalline-like hair shimmering in pinks, light violets and blues had suddenly gone to the dark side.

Dyon couldn't see their eye color since they were in a deep sleep, but he had a feeling that their irises were similar.

This wasn't all that changed about the two of them. Their skin had a delicate grey glow to it. Despite the odd, clearly inhuman, tint, it didn't seem unnatural. In fact, it seemed perfect for them.

Their small bodies were covered in the very same ceremonial garments Mia and Bella had been buried in, making Dyon realize that this definitely wasn't a trick... This really was happening before his eyes.

'Did I really leave two babies here for almost a year?...'

This was the only explanation Dyon could come up with. Something happened after Mia and Bella died, causing them to revert to these youthful forms, and then they had slowly begun to grow once more to this point here.

An almost irrational fear overtook Dyon. What if it hadn't been for Junior? Just how long would they have stayed here? How much longer could they have survived? No, how did they even survive for this long?

Chapter 1622: Imbalance

Dyon gently set their coffins down, taking care not to wake them up as he wrapped the two in their ceremonial robes and took them into his arms. His heart trembled as he tried to control his emotions, but his mind was a mess. He was caught in between being ecstatic and being filled with worry.

"What is going on?" Dyon turned toward Junior, asking this question for the third time. But, this time around, his gaze and tone were decidedly softer.

"I was thinking for a long time after you came to speak to me about the Life Stone, but I couldn't figure it out. So, instead, I began to cultivate, thinking that things would sort themselves out eventually.

"But, when I did start to cultivate, something unexpected happened. I started to feel a deep sense of familiarity with the death qi that kept popping up. I didn't understand why though ... It wasn't something as simple as my affinity for death will, it was something deeper than that."

Normal youths wouldn't be able to begin cultivating until their meridians matured. But, youths with more talent matured quicker than others. And, for Junior, who took the Martial Saint pill that elevated his meridians to the True Deity grade, he was even quicker. So, there was no issue with him beginning to cultivate so early on.

"It was then I realized that the sense of familiarity wasn't coming from me, but the remnant's of Orcus and his constitution. So, I focused in on that feeling, trying to tap into my constitution more. I thought that maybe if I did, I could find some of Orcus' lingering memories then maybe grasp something.

"I ended up making great progression in just a few hours, likely because my body was created with a much higher level of Death God Body than I currently have, so my progress is smoother than it would be for others.

"It was then I realized that the sense of familiarity wasn't exactly about Orcus either. Well, it was related to him, but not his body directly. It was as though it was some sort of outside influence I was instinctually feeling close to. But, this only confused me more...

"What could be related to Orcus and death qi, but somehow be unrelated to Orcus himself – or rather not directly related. I racked my brain, but I couldn't understand it. That was when I remembered that among the core teachings of Orcus you showed me, there was a dual cultivation technique!"

Dyon's eyes widened. That was right... He had completely ignored that technique because not only did he have a far better dual cultivation technique, one that would be coveted even on the Immortal Plane, none of his wives comprehended death will. So, it was next to useless to him.

"That was when I realized, the qi was familiar to me not because it was from Orcus, but because it was from one or many of his wives. I remembered then that you used the hearts of Orcus' wives to catalyze the creation of my body. That was why it felt so familiar."

"Still, none of this is enough for you to connect this to Mia and Bella." Dyon said.

"You still don't get it? They said that your smell was familiar and comfortable to them. But, they obviously hadn't felt that way toward anyone else. Haven't you understood why that is yet?"

As though on cue, Mia and Bella trembled slightly in Dyon's arm, their beautiful, large dark opal eyes opening.

In that moment, the cry of two phoenixes shook Planet Soul.

Dyon understood then... Mia and Bella didn't recognize his smell, per se... they recognized the scent of his death will.

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Dyon didn't know where the time went for the rest of the day, but he had suddenly gone from reeling in researchers and believing Mia and Bella were dead, to those very same supposedly "dead" little girls running around in adorable black dresses with Little Aiden and Junior.

How Dyon had not had a single child, yet suddenly become the father of so many?... He had no idea. Life worked like that sometimes.

After this event, Dyon immediately went to speak with his grand teacher. Of course, Dyon had tried to ask the old man about Mia and Bella before, but he had no answer. This was one of the main things that made Dyon lose hope. But, he thought that maybe he would know something now.

~Hours ago

"I see..." Abraxus.

"What is it?"

"Well, I should have probably guessed that this would happen eventually, especially with the Ancient Battlefield about to descend on your Plane."

"When you say it like that... Does the Immortal Plane have an Ancient Battlefield too?"

"Of course it does. But, our Ancient Battlefield is... Let's say less important than yours is. In reality, the stakes are the same, but it's rarer for the true purpose of the battlefield to come to the forefront on the Immortal Plane."

"But how are the two related?" Dyon asked.

"There are certain things that the universe cannot do without, it's obvious that the representation of Death is one of those things. The Heavens have been thrown too far out of balance, so right now, it's trying to overcompensate."

"But... The Mortal Plane is about to collapse. Why would the Heavens create two new Dark Phoenixes instead of Ice Phoenixes? Wouldn't creating life be more appropriate now than creating death?"

"Like I said, there is a heavy imbalance. The Heavens are confused about what it should create as well. Or, maybe more accurately, the life it is trying to create is being interfered with."

"Still, the birth of Dark Phoenixes is incredibly important as well, a Mortal Plane without a concept of death doesn't mean everyone gets to live. More accurately, it means that death is without a wielder, without control, and thus far worse that it should be."

"You mean your second disciple is interfering with the birth of life?"

Chapter 1623: Hand Up

"Yes." Abraxus said with a sigh. "Your universe was supposed to be the center for the Mortal Plane's recovery, but that unfilial brat ruined the balance the Heavens were trying to return to."

"Is that maybe related to Jasmine and her evil path...?"

"This Palace Master you're wondering about may be related in this way, yes. Nothing in existence exists without a reason. If Jasmine was born, it's because the Heavens felt a need to fill in the 'other side', the same way with Mia and Bella's births. You need to embrace them both – you need balance.

"I can tell you that being naturally born on the evil path and carving your way in by blood and death is very different, one is clearly worse than the other. However, this doesn't mean that Jasmine is pure. She is by definition "evil".

"She will kill and rampage, and even innocent people might feel her wrath. But, she is still a necessary part of existence."

Dyon found it hard to accept. Whether it was Abraxus affectionately calling his second disciple an 'unfilial brat' or that evil was 'necessary', neither sat right with him. Abraxus was too lax with human lives, but if you had lived for trillions of years, wouldn't you be too?...

For the first time, he felt that he didn't really understand this grand teacher of his as much as he thought he had, and maybe it was simply impossible to fully comprehend an existence that had experienced so much life.

Maybe some things simply weren't meant to be perfect...

Still, he had to think. Even if he used Jasmine's evil and turned her against his enemies and made use of her as he pleased now, what would happen once he unified the mortal plane? Would he be forced to allow Jasmine to rampage among the people he now called his subjects?... It was something he had to think about.

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"Oh? You came to see me?" Dyon, who was within Clara's office thinking about whether he should deal with the remainder of the mortal world population first, or the Flaming Lily Disciples, suddenly gained an unexpected visitor: Researcher Lind.

He had allowed the researchers to walk around freely, but they were bound from leaving Soul Planet. With his divine sense, it was a simple task for him to find them no matter where they tried to hide on a

single planet anyway. So, he decided to let them take in his Mortal Alliance with their own two eyes. It seemed that this had had a good effect on Lind.

"I'll accept the position as Academy Chancellor, but I have several conditions." The arrogance within Lind's brown eyes had seemingly come back. It was quite curious that a person who valued the untalented would have eyes like this. It seemed she had her own story, or maybe Dyon was too biased in his thoughts.

"The number of schools is pitifully small. A mere three a planet isn't enough. Secondly, the age range is too large and too small at the same time. It's too large in the sense that a 7-year-old shouldn't attend the same school as an 18-year-old. They need different environments and different teaching styles.

"However, it's too small in the sense that 7 years old is too late to begin an education and 18 years old isn't when individuals stop learning. We need several academies, each with small age ranges. We need to start teaching formally at the age of 2 and only stop teaching when they've absorbed all that they need.

"I want free reign to hire and fire teachers as I see fit, I want to rearrange the reward and punishment systems as I see fit, and I obviously want a much larger budget than you've allocated until now –"

Dyon put his hand up.

"You should have started with that. I'll give you as much of a budget as you want and you can do as you please, you are the Chancellor. Speak with Meiying about the kinds of academies and campuses you want as she'll be the one to handle their construction and the city planning that comes along with it. I can give you my instinct of trust for now, but... You have 10 years to show me some results."

"That's great news!" Clara showed a rare look of excitement when she heard of Mia and Bella's matters. She had only awoken from her coma just a few minutes ago, so her body was still incredibly weak, but it seemed Dyon didn't need to worry too much about her. Unfortunately, Madeleine didn't seem like she would awaken for a while longer.

"Ah..." Clara grabbed her forehead, laying back down slowly as though to apologize to her splitting headache for moving so abruptly.

"Are you okay?" Dyon shifted forward, placing his hand on her forehead, pouring his soul qi into her and soothing the pain.

"It's not too bad, I just overexerted myself during the last steps... Phase 3 was supposed to be implemented slowly over a few weeks to months, but I did it all in a few days."

Dyon smiled lightly, a bit of guilt hidden deep within his eyes.

"Don't be like that, pervert." Clara said with a teasing voice. "Because of this, I feel like I might sense moon qi very soon. The barrier is incredibly thin for me right now."

Dyon's eyebrows raised. That was great news. The only individuals capable of manipulating moon qi in their Mortal Alliance right now were himself, Granny Celest, and the former weapon's guild head that was still currently recovering from his injuries.

However, Granny Celest was too focused on quickly increasing her cultivation for Dyon to ask her to take part in mundane things, while he himself was incredibly busy all of the time. The addition of Clara would greatly reduce that stress.

In addition, for a talent like Granny Celest to still have only comprehended moon qi, it was obvious her passion didn't lie in array alchemy like Dyon's master's did. Maybe this was why the White Mother title skipped over her.

Of course, there were the rest of the celestial deer clan, many of whom had comprehended comet and moon qi. But, Dyon was still trying to find the appropriate way to integrate the celestial beasts into their Mortal Alliance. As of now... There was still a bit too much strain between the two sides.

Chapter 1624: Survive?

That said, the population of celestial beasts wasn't exactly large. They were only about a few dozen in size, so the number of that caliber were even less.

Of course, Clara was only able to cultivate so quickly thanks to her dual cultivating with Dyon for so long. His soul talent had a great affect on his wives.

"Forget about me." Clara said softly. "How did they survive for so long?"

"Mia and Bella? I think it has something to do with the death qi. The Life Stone likely responded to their presence and sustained their lives with that qi. If it wasn't for that... I think I would have made yet another big mistake."

Clara sighed. "It wouldn't have been your fault if a tragedy like that did happen. Who could have guessed that this would play out like this? Have you figured out why they reacted like that?"

"They weren't naturally born Dark Phoenixes, they are a necessity that Heavens mandated for its balance, so it was likely that their normal human bodies were clashing with the Dark Phoenixes slumbering deep within them.

"They had to be reborn, but the excess life energy of Soul Planet thanks to the Life Stone was slowing that process down and clashing with the work their souls had to accomplish... This ended up rotting them from the inside out as life clashed with death.

"Eventually, life lost and they died, allowing their true Dark Phoenix selves to accomplish their task and help them be reborn. At least that's the old man's theory... He's probably right considering his breadth of knowledge."

"So their parents weren't phoenixes?"

"Probably not. There's no information about Dark Phoenixes having to go through such a baptism. If their parents were phoenixes, they likely would have been phoenixes from the very start without having to suffer through such pain..."

"Do they have their memories?" Clara asked nervously. It was no wonder she would. If they didn't, were these two little girls really Mia and Bella? It might be a different kind of death, but it was still a death nonetheless if what made them, them was lost...

Dyon sighed. "Unfortunately, it doesn't seem that way."

Clara frowned, leading the couple into a moment of silence. It was no wonder they felt this way, it seemed the Mia and Bella they once knew were gone.

Dyon closed his eyes.

"I decided almost three years ago to never put anything above family any longer. Everything we do, we do together. I don't think I can stand to leave them there anymore."

Clara didn't need to ask to know what Dyon was talking about. He was definitely referring to the remnants of the mortal world.

After expanding the habitable planets from 6 to 10, there was still 1 that hadn't been colonized yet. It was one Dyon reserved for the people of his mortal world. But, if he had to be honest, he saw them as cowards, people who would rather stay in a cage than forge a path toward strength for themselves.

That said, Dyon also realized that the stagnated growth of the mortal realm geniuses might be connected to their lack of belonging. As a leader, it was his duty to fix this, he had to fix this.

Dyon probably shouldn't see them as family, after all, he had no true connection with any of them. But, the small bit of kinship he still had hadn't been snuffed out just yet...

"I'll come with you." Clara said without room for discussion.

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Dyon looked on to a large crowd of individuals. He realized now how much his perspective had changed in the past few decades... In the past, such a gathering would seem obscenely large to him, a collection of several million people ought to be. But right now... he only felt that they were small and insignificant. If he wanted to kill them all, would it even take more than a thought? Would he even have to lift a finger?

They didn't pick some grand location. In fact, it was simply an endless plain of grass.

Dyon sat on a small elevated hill, wearing his same sweat pants and white t. It had been so long since some of the older individuals here saw sweat pants that they inadvertently felt a sense of comfort.

Clara, who sat by Dyon's side, smiled slightly. 'He hasn't even tried to speak yet, but he's already done far better than I did.'

When Clara descended upon this world, she was almost like a goddess amongst mortals. Not only had she become far more beautiful than any woman they had ever seen due to her cultivation, she was forcibly reforming their lands with her absolute strength. Making people feel relaxed in such a situation was difficult.

Yet, even though Dyon had reached a realm of looks even beyond that, he somehow made them feel comfortable, as though he was their close friend. It also helped that Dyon's face was incredibly well known.

When individuals who survived Matriarch Niveus' strike saw Dyon, they were stunned. After all, they had already become old men and women, but Dyon looked like he had just celebrated his 21st birthday despite them knowing that he should be over 60 years old by now. The silent impact this had was strong. Who didn't want to live longer?

"I'm sure you all have mixed feelings about my appearance. It's been about 8 to 9 years now since the last time we appeared before you all. Those of you who acted as the parents, friends, mentors and family of those 36 young ones we took away... you must have a lot of built up worry."

The crowd grew slightly tense at these words.

"The truth of the matter is that I didn't want to face you all because I was disappointed, disappointed in the choice you made."

A sunken feeling overtook what should have been a plane filled with bright sunlight.

"I know what many of you are thinking. Who am I to look down on you for your choices?"

Chapter 1625: Older

"The truth is I'm nobody. In the martial world, I am nobody. There are countless millions of individuals who could take my life at a moment's whim. I didn't come here to oppress you with a power that doesn't really mean much in the grand scheme of things. I only want you all to think about whether that's the kind of life you want to live."

Dyon looked around him. "In this place, can you even live as the people of Earth once did?"

"We were a people that were weak as individuals, but our minds and ingenuity brought us to the stars and beyond. We worked together to accomplish things those very individuals who could kill me with a finger could never fathom.

"We did this by exploring, by innovating, by pioneering new paths. We didn't do it by holing ourselves up in the safest place we could imagine and relying on others."

Those listening felt a burning in their hearts they could describe. Even those who wouldn't describe themselves as passionate felt their hearts being stirred.

The reality was that, though it was a majority that wanted to stay, there was a good segment of the population who wanted more for themselves and their children. Unfortunately, the actions of the many snuffed out the passion of the few, resulting in Clara only taking 36 young geniuses with her.

"Do you know how this all came to be?" Dyon spoke softly, but his voice easily carried over the plain.

"Many years ago, a group of powerful individuals decided to use our home as their battle ground. Their purpose? To take what was rightfully ours."

Dyon understood his people well. Or maybe, it was just people in general he understood. There was nothing that enraged individuals more than being slighted.

"Our universe was meant to be a flourishing paradise for the powerful, but our potential was snatched away in our infancy. Before we could even fight back, our power and strength was taken away, leaving us with nothing.

"Then, just 40 years ago, these individuals chose our lands as their battleground once more. Except this time, they did something far worse.

"They killed the ones you held dear. Your brothers and sisters, your mothers and fathers, your lovers and your friends. They snuffed out billions of people simply because they could."

The sounds of clenching fists resounded. The crackling of bones and tearing of flesh entered Dyon's ears like the herald of hope, hope that his people hadn't lost their backbone just yet... It seemed they really only needed one final push.

"To them, we aren't a people to respect because we are weak. Even our home itself is no longer that... Below our feet, as we speak, an enemy we can't fathom is slumbering, absorbing what is obviously rightfully ours..."

Dyon projected an image. It was from his very own memories, the very same sight he had seen when he first realized that the place he had called his home for so long was the home of another... It was the unimaginably large hand of The Entity... The hand that made him feel true fear for the first time.

A palpable silence overwhelmed the grass plain. It was then Dyon knew he had succeeded.

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The next few weeks sped by like a blur. Dyon split himself into clones so quickly and so continuously that even his overwhelming soul prowess was starting to take a hit, but he held on anyway.

By now, Dyon almost felt like he didn't need to set aside time to soul cultivate. If it wasn't for the limitations of his body, he really could make it to the peak of a mortal plane soul in just two or three more decades. But, unfortunately, his body couldn't withstand that. He would have to reach the Gold Silk Realm of his Titan Diamond Body for that.

But, even still, his soul grew stronger day by day. It was almost as though he could do nothing but sleep and eat, yet he would still comprehend star qi, it was only a matter of time.

Still, this was more serious than Dyon let on. It meant his body was practically on a timer. If he couldn't strengthen his body quickly enough, his overwhelming soul talent was tear him apart.

Unfortunately, Dyon didn't have the luxury of worrying about that right now. He was too busy trying to prime everything to move smoothly for the next two years as he entered Calming Lake.

The first thing he did was setting up a workable society for the millions of mortals he brought over. He made sure Academy Chancellor Lind was aware that she might need to be flexible when working on a curriculum for his mortal world children. Much like the celestial beasts, integrating the mortals into this sort of society would take some work.

In truth, much of the mortal population would never be able to cultivate in their lives. Since they were born before the seal was broken, it was to be expected. But, the population of mortal cultivators was steadily growing with most of those born before being in their older years already.

Due to the fact they originated from a universe with untold potential, they would also have great potential themselves. In addition, since they were young, it would be easier for them to adjust to their new surroundings as well.

For now, Dyon wanted Lind to create a fusion of mortal and martial world knowledge. He was happily surprised to find that the new Chancellor was entirely on board with this idea. She felt that her methods were still missing something to perfect them and hoped to find the missing piece within Dyon's mortal world.

As Chancellor Lind was spending her time pouring through thousands of years of mortal realm knowledge, Dyon built cities for his people. He didn't want to rely on Meiying for this because he wanted to create something that they were familiar with.

Chapter 1626: Calming

At the same time, Dyon didn't want his people to close themselves off from the martial world entirely, so he slowly implemented certain things. For example, instead of rebuilding them 'the internet', he had them slowly begin to use the Mortal Network instead, allowing them to become familiar with arrays and their functions.

In addition to this, Dyon also added many other miscellaneous things. He replaced much of the travel with teleportation arrays, he filled libraries with both mortal world knowledge and rudimentary martial world knowledge, and he made certain to show them some of the fanciful life cultivators could enjoy.

To accomplish the latter, he relied on the 36 geniuses. At the same time that he used them to ease the mortals into the martial world, it was also a method of easing their minds as well.

Dyon hoped that this would help them climb over their final mental barriers and become the talents they were meant to be.

By the time the Ancient Battlefield descended, the population of mortals unable to cultivate would be long gone. However, Dyon didn't see this as a bad thing. Though it was foul that their chance to cultivate was taken from them, it was better for them to not see what was to come...

Dyon believe 5 to 10 years would be all it would take for the mortals to begin showing their true potential, the potential The Entity tried to snatch from them.

After accomplishing these tasks, Dyon wanted to head to the celestial floors, but then he remembered it would be inconvenient for him to lose control over Low Gold City. Instead, he sent Zaire and the new functions of the Mortal Network to directly speak to the Flaming Lily Sect disciples still holed up in Middle Lily City.

By now, those who had been in the city were in lockdown, while those who were foolish enough to have left had likely been slaughtered by the Sapientia already. For now, they were safe. But, it would only be a little more than a year before the protection Madeleine left was gone. The Zaire could implement his won rewards on top of that as well. But even still, time was limited.

Dyon was also certain that the Sapientia wouldn't be likely to allow him to implement his own rewards on this city so easily. They were likely waiting by the celestial doors to the middle tier to intercept him. The next time Dyon stepped onto the celestial floors, he had to be powerful enough to take whatever they threw at him.

However, that didn't mean Dyon wouldn't do anything in the interim. He realized that he had been falling too far into the martial world's school of thought and trying to use his fists to solve everything. It was time he kept a calm and rational mind and used his head.

Even if he couldn't take full control of the Flaming Lily Sect now, he could definitely lay down the building blocks to do so. After all, didn't he have the perfect mole right beside him?

The Sapientia closing off information acted as a double-edged sword. While it was true that not many outside knew what happened that day, it also meant that the Flaming Lily Sect wasn't aware of Yandevere's true affiliations either.

Dyon quietly organized the disciples and fed his plans for Yandevere to execute.

Finally, he was prepared to enter Calming Lake.

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"Beyond this space is Calming Lake, Sect Master." Damaris took on an incredibly respectful attitude that stunned the elders of her Clan that remained. They had assumed she would hate Dyon's guts just like all the other True Gods did, but she had actually brought him here... To grow stronger?... And why was she calling him Sect Master?

However, the elders had something else on their minds entirely. Just a few years ago, they had suffered untold humiliation at the hands of a single red-haired little girl, and yet she had just casually reappeared here as though she hadn't almost killed them all.

"There are a few things you should know about our Calming Lake first, though." Damaris explained slowly. "It is rare for us to allow those not of our kin to enter. Calming Lake is the culmination of several conscious streams from the very dawn of our Agios Clan, until now.

"I'm sure you already know, but we allowed Little Sister Lyla to enter so easily precisely because of this reason. Her stream of consciousness is levels above others because she is a True Empath, the depth of her mental state is unlike anything we've ever seen before. In reality, her entering our Calming Lake was less of a help for her, and more of a help for us. Our Calming Lake has never been more effective than the day Little Sister Lyla chose to enter."

This was right. There was no such thing as a free lunch in the martial world. Even as a Dragon Clan that would never harm children below their station due to their ingrained arrogance, the Agios Clan would never allow just anyone to enter their Clan's treasured place as they pleased.

However, Little Lyla was an exception because of this Stream of Consciousness concept Damaris was speaking about. Lyla's views were far broader than anyone could imagine, even at such a young age, because of her existence as a True Empath. Though the Calming Lake helped her, it was probably more accurate to say that she helped the Calming Lake.

"This Stream of Consciousness is a concept of our Agios Clan and it's tied to our comprehensions of mental state.

"Mental State is a difficult to comprehend notion and I'm not fit to explain it to you, but what I can say is that it's tied to one's Dao Heart and mental stability.

"One's Stream of Consciousness is the culmination of your thoughts, experiences, and mental acuity. How intelligent you are, how deep your thoughts are, how sure you are in those thoughts ... The ideas it encompasses are endless. So, as you might have guessed by now, entering the Calming Lake is also extremely dangerous..."

Chapter 1627: Partner

Dyon didn't need Damaris to explain why this was. If every Crystal Dragon in their history had entered this lake, the Stream of Consciousnesses accumulated in this lake were practically endless. If one who entered wasn't careful, you could have your mind crushed by the weight of their experiences.

"At the same time, there is really no limit to how often or frequently individuals can enter. Our Calming Lake is powered and strengthened by our territory's natural energy. As long as our universes live, the Calming Lake will live.

"As the Heir to Agios Clan, I take responsibility for forming an alliance with your Mortal Alliance. I am not in position to provide you support in battle, but an exchange of resources is well within my power."

The elders were shocked once more. Even if this wasn't an alliance in all things, it was incredibly rare for Dragons to enter alliances of any sort.

Dyon smiled and nodded. "I'll provide your Agios Clan with the support of a Planet Lord. As long as you supply the spiritual ingredients, we'll concoct what you need. In exchange, my Sacharro Clan will impose on your Calming Lake a bit..."

Dyon had paid more than enough for a one-time entry by saving and curing Giralda, but he felt that laying a deeper connection was necessary. So, he spoke to Damaris about it, and she surprisingly agreed.

The elders nearly collapsed. Planet Lord? Suddenly, their dissatisfaction disappeared with the wind. The Drago-Qilin Lands weren't a place even the outer quadrants could stand to take lightly even though they spanned only five quadrants. However, even they didn't have planet lords to call their own.

Of course, this was because beasts, for the most part, didn't have good soul talent. Let alone Planet Lords, they didn't even have Comet Lords of their own. It wouldn't be a surprise if this was related to the reason why some of their Ancestors bowed their heads to the Elves.

A Moon Lord could already support the growth of a dao expert... But a Planet Lord? They could create pills even Higher Existences wouldn't turn their noses up at.

Was this exchange worth the free usage of Calming Lake? Of course it was!

In truth, the benefits one person could receive from Calming Lake was incredibly limited. Many could only enter for a few minutes at a time before being chased away. And, those individuals wouldn't be able to enter for a period of time afterward. Even Little Lyla only lasted a few weeks on her first entry.

Because of this reality, they almost felt like they were taking advantage of Dyon. But then they understood.

For geniuses, the one thing they usually lacked was the mental state of an expert. This was because they cultivated so quickly that they didn't have the time to naturally build up that acumen. For a genius on Dyon's level... Maybe this exchange was worth it. If he could bring his mind up to the level of his talent... A monster the likes of which was rarely seen would be born.

"... Um, Sect Master, before you enter. There's something I would like to ask you first." Damaris couldn't look Dyon in the eye as she gripped the fabric of her lilac gown.

Finally, she firmed her resolve, staring up and into Dyon's golden, emerald flecked eyes with all the momentum she could muster.

"I want to be your Partner."

The atmosphere froze, even Dyon himself froze. What the hell was this girl saying?

Partner? That was a term only used between Beast Master and Beast or husband and wife, there was no other context. Considering the circumstances, Damaris was definitely asking to become Dyon's beast companion.

"Why?" Dyon's brows furrowed slightly.

He wasn't opposed to the idea, but Damaris doing this would put unnecessary stress on his relationship with the Agios Clan. The matter of Giralda now being his subordinate was already on shaky ground, if Damaris too acted like this, they might believe there was some foul play involved even if Dyon did nothing. And, even if they learned that there was no such foul play, that wouldn't stop them from feeling uncomfortable at the end of the day.

"Because I want to." Damaris grinned like an innocent child. It wasn't the kind of smile one would expect to see on a beauty of her caliber, it felt like it deserved more of a place in a children's playground.

Dyon felt like facepalming. She was straining the relations between two Clans because she wanted to? That was all? No grand or philosophical reasonings, just a simple whim?

"We... Will talk about this another time. Now isn't appropriate. You have the future of your Agios Clan on your shoulders. Your sister's potential was already largely derailed, don't ruin your own."

"I have a feeling that becoming your Partner will have the direct opposite result." Damaris said defiantly. But, seeing Dyon's glare, she lowered her head like a child who knew she was wrong.

"The Agios Clan doesn't need me." Damaris said softly. "There's nothing stopping big sister from retaking her place as Heiress now. And, even if she doesn't, my little nephew is amazing."

Damaris smiled, tippy toeing to ruffle Ryu's hair.

The boy had grown tall in recent years. Not as tall as Zaire, but definitely tall enough to stand shoulder to shoulder with Dyon. Even to now, he remained a mute, though. No one seemed able to get him to talk. Though, from what Dyon could tell, he was an incredibly gentle person. He showed this with his actions rather than his words, it made his resonance with nature far higher than even his own mother and without question far better than his aunt's.

"Princess, can we..." An outer elder cleared his throat. "... Can we wait to talk about such important matters when your Royal Father and the Empress make their way back? The Conference should be starting in just a few months..."

Damaris pouted, wanting to argue some more, but Dyon's meaningful gaze stopped her.

Chapter 1628: Paradise

Seeing the odd atmosphere, Dyon immediately took action to sooth it.

"Don't worry about anything. All elders of your Agios Clan can place requests for themselves. Simply use our alliance's channel and someone will handle it for you."

Dyon's words snapped the elders out of their uncomfortable feeling. They had thought that the support of the Planet Lord would be limited, but who would have known that even they as low-level elders could make requests of their own so simply.

Who among dao experts didn't have countless resources they had accumulated over the years? The issue was using it efficiently. After all, the number of Moon Lords was pitifully small in their tower quadrants. But, Dyon gave them an outlet to use these resources. Many could see potential for breakthroughs where they had previously stagnated.

The best part was that Dyon even provided a few formulas for pills they might be interested in. Of course, these were just the ingredients and a description of the pill, so the most important parts were missing, but even still, if the summaries were accurate... They couldn't slow the beating of their hearts.

Dyon let them know that comet and moon grade requests could be fulfilled within a few weeks while planet grade requests would take a few years, but even that didn't seem to dampen their enthusiasm. What was one or two years to the life of a dao expert?

Dyon signaled Damaris with his eyes. It was best if they went now, before she said something ridiculous again.

Damaris smiled bitterly before turning toward a massive vault.

Dyon couldn't have imagined something of this caliber in his mortal world. It was an over 50-meter-tall wall of silver and bronze metal, outfitted with countless turning dials. But, what was likely even more impressive was its thickness.

Damaris' small hand seemed to awaken the vault doors, causing the dials to turn amongst themselves. It was a complex system, but Dyon felt that he saw through it. Those dials, they were almost like star charts and they turned to represent positions over time... Basically... The Agios Clan's secret code was the day their Clan was founded... Or... Their birthday.

Dyon felt his lip twitch when he saw this, but he refrained from saying anything. Imagining a mighty Dragon Clan using their birthday as their password was forcing him to use every muscle in his body to not die of laughter.

Luckily, the next scene was enough to take his breath and that laughter away. It was a scene that could only be described as heavenly – a true Heaven, descended upon the mortal plane.

The water was a mix of light pink and lavender, cascading downward into a near endless number of lower tiers. These tiers, however, didn't rest upon land, but rather clouds of pink. In fact, even the thick vault doors gave way to allow a fog of pink to enter the deep underground structures of the Agios Clan.

And that smell... The kind that made your body shiver and your nose twitch for more... The smell of a woman you loved with all your heart.

Paradise. That was Calming Lake.

Badum Boom.

The vault doors sealed tightly behind them. But, when Dyon turned back, signs of the door were nowhere to be seen. It seemed that this was the entrance to a Mystical World. Dyon was surprised, but he probably should have expected this much.

"This is the highest and easiest tier Calming Lake. The Stream of Consciousnesses here are the easiest to protect against and temper your mind with. As you travel downward, the waters will become thicker and darker. Eventually, if you flow down enough tiers, you'll enter the True Calming Lake below which has a seemingly endless depth.

"Streams of Consciousnesses slowly fall from here, downward. However, if said stream of consciousness is weak, it is swallowed by the stronger ones below it, eradicating its existence.

"I recommend that you all start at this highest tier. Become accustomed to the environment and air first before you even think about stepping into the waters.

"Trust the flow of the water. The streams of consciousness flow naturally to areas of like-strength and concentration. If it decides you're in an area you can withstand, it will naturally push you downward. If you're in or approaching an area too much for you, the current will stop."

This Calming Lake... It reminded Dyon of something from long ago: the Focus Academy fountains. The Storm Clan broke off from the Ragnor Clan and proceeded to use the stolen technique of the Pakal Clan to sacrifice the lives of its students to form this pool. In fact, this was how Dyon met Ava. She saved him from touching the waters and accidentally killing himself.

The difference here was that this Calming Lake was built by willing participants. The difference was akin to Heaven and Earth.

Dyon didn't move for a long time. He was doing his best to not show it, but he was most definitely the weakest here, he didn't even have a dao heart, a fact that he had hidden from everyone.

He had brought Clara, Amphorae and Ri with him, along with Ryu and Violet, the estranged brother-sister pair. By now, they had all disappeared, leaving him standing on a cloud of pink, looking out toward the endless waterfalls and waters before him.

"Hm?" Dyon snapped awake from his thoughts, looking to his side. It seemed he wasn't alone after all, Violet had seemingly stayed back as well.

Violet shrunk back under Dyon's gaze, lowering her head. She didn't stay back because she wanted to. If it was up to her, she'd never be alone with Dyon again. Those memories from so long ago were grating on her conscious. Rather, she was hesitating too.

She had come here today because her mother and father insisted, but she didn't see the same potential within herself they did... There was a reason Damaris mentioned her little brother as a possible successor, but not her.

Dyon silently gazed at Violet. He found it hard to believe that this was the same girl who castrated him all because he rejected her.

If he was honest with himself, he was quite harsh with punishment. Well... Maybe not, actually. If it hadn't been for Jade and the Nine Cloud Yang, he would have been a eunuch for life.

"Do you believe people can change?" Dyon said suddenly.

Violet shivered. These were the first words Dyon had spoken to her since that day more than ten years ago.

Was he wondering if she could become a better person?

Violet bit her lip. She wanted to say yes... But the reality was that she didn't think she had changed at all.

She held a resentment deep within herself, even to now, against her mother. If Giralda had chosen a stronger father for her, would she have ever been humiliated like she had been? Would she need to fight against the weaker half of her genes in order to become powerful?

But, at the same time, images of Delia's tribulation still played in her mind. That day, Delia fought against the Heavens for daring to try to dictate who she should and shouldn't fall in love with.

The Heavens wanted nothing more than to take Delia's life for bearing the child of one of its Children, yet Delia fought with a smile on her face, defeating endless onslaughts all alone.

Now that very same Delia was alone once more. Did she regret choosing the husband she did? If she had chosen someone more suitable, she wouldn't be alone, right?

"I don't think so." Dyon answered his own question.

Violet's shoulder trembled, her head seemingly lowering even further. But, Dyon's next words shook her all the more.

"I want to become a cool-headed ruler, one who rules toward the absolute good with a calm mind. But, I happen to be quite hot headed. The only thing stopping me from storming Sapientia Quadrant and slaughtering anyone I see with those arrogant golden eyes is the thought that I don't stand a chance.

"A part of me believes that no matter how much I layer my true self in a layer of cold and calculating, I'll always have a core of molten lava, one waiting to erupt at any moment."

Blood dripped from Violet's lip. She hadn't expected Dyon to be talking about himself.

"However, that's not going to stop me from trying to become the man I want to be."

Violet felt as though a bolt of lightning had struck her very soul.

She watched as Dyon sat and entered a state of meditation.

The truth of the matter was that it wasn't Dyon's words that shook her to her core, it was his actions that did so.

Dyon Sacharro, a genius among geniuses, was being completely ignored by the Current of Calming Lake. What did that mean? It meant the Lake believed that he wasn't even worthy of entering the waters of its worst tier.

However, to Violet, this meant something completely different. It meant that Dyon wasn't lying to her.

Even someone as seemingly perfect as him had such a large flaw that he was still doing his utmost to fix. If even he could admit his faults, who was she, a woman mediocre even in the mere 99th quadrant, to not admit her own?...

...

Dyon appeared in a familiar world. His body and the air around him felt heavy, and the dense, thick forest almost looked to be tinged in red as usual. But, he had long since gotten used to it. This was none other than his constitution's world, one filled to the brim with primordial energy.

During the past few years, Dyon had learned many things about his constitution's world. Maybe the most important was that it wasn't an entirely bad thing that he was unable to bring in his whole body. By only being able to bring in a portion of his strength, it was akin to him splitting his body in two and gaining another free of charge clone. While one part of his body was meditating in Calming Lake, the other half could begin to explore this world in earnest.

Over time, he had slowly come to understand some of the pros and cons of his world.

For one, it was only possible to bring anything in or out if he fully entered. This was a major hurdle to cross considering Dyon could only withstand 201 000 000 jin currently, but his full capacity was 1 000 000 000 jin. Trying to withstand that weight would only result in Dyon pitifully laying in a pile of dung once more.

Of course, Dyon could forcibly withstand this weight by tapping into his [Titan Emperor's Will] technique which multiplied his strength by 20 times, however, therein lied the second limitation of this world: nothing seemed to function the same.

When Dyon was first teleported into this world, he realized that his treasures of the 33 heavens didn't function as they once did. Namely, it took far more energy to complete even the simplest task. Dyon noticed this especially when he tried to filter the bull-bird's dung of its energy by using the Energy Core which was with Granny Celest currently.

After some thought, Dyon understood why. This constitution world was completely cut off from the normal reality Dyon was used to. As such, his treasures lost the support of the Heavens, and thus it took far more to sustain their normal functions, namely more from Dyon.

One had to remember that Treasures of the 33 Heavens were pseudo legendary treasures, meaning they could in part rely on the Heavens to exude their power. Unfortunately, this was cut off here, making them harder to use.

This concept extended toward techniques, wills, and even Dyon's soul. Everything Dyon knew and understood functioned on the arbitrary rules set by the Heavens, but he was cut off from those safety nets here. While he had perfectly comprehended his [Titan Emperor's Will] in his reality, in this one, he could hardly sense it at all.

Chapter 1630: Remains

However, within this con lied a pro. This space was excellent for training. Whatever Dyon could do here, would be multiple times more powerful in reality through practice.

When Dyon learned this, he felt a firm resolve. Before, he thought it was impossible to energy cultivate here because of the rules that hindered him bringing anything in or out. But, this was false. He could cultivate here. The reason he thought he couldn't was because of numerous factors.

Firstly because he was limited by the percentage of his body he could sustain here. Since he could bring in 20% of himself, he only had access to 20% of his body, his soul, his energy, and most important: his talent.

But, the second point was the most important factor: it was simply difficult in general to cultivate here.

Back during Dyon's second trial, when he met Amphorae for the first time, she was already well into her 60's. However, she was still in the saint realm. It wasn't until after dual cultivating with Dyon that she formally entered the celestial realm.

Was that version of Amphorae untalented? Of course not. She had incredibly pure angel blood. The issue was that cultivating in Primordial Energy dense places greatly slowed cultivation due to how volatile the qi was. However, at the same time, it made every stage of cultivation far more powerful than Dyon's knowledge dictated.

This space wasn't only on par with Amphorae's environment, it was far worse. Amphorae was born in the Primordial Era, but Dyon's constitution's world took the even earlier Chaos Era as its template, making cultivation easily ten times more difficult than what Amphorae experienced.

It was no wonder Dyon thought he couldn't energy cultivate here. The bar was set so high that he simply made a false assumption.

Still, it was better late than never that he learned this truth. It meant he could rely on his constitution's world to build a firm foundation. However, with that said, this space wasn't created for Dyon to firm up his qi cultivation, it was created for him to bring his body to ungodly realms. All of the resources found here, namely the beasts, were pinnacle level body cultivation and body refinement treasures.

Even with all of this said, this wasn't the most shocking part about the constitution's world. That right was reserved for the potential Dyon saw in its people and its beasts.

Dyon entered the den of the bull-bird. Unlike how it had been before where he was greeted by animosity, he heard a happy whimpering that sounded a lot like a puppy greeting its owner. And, also unexpectedly for anyone who had seen them before, four beautiful bronzed creatures the a head taller than a normal horse rushed Dyon with their long tongues.

How had such once ugly creatures become so beautiful?

The four bull-bird babies that had once taken on the ugliness of their mother had somehow become akin to mythical creatures one could only dream about seeing.

They had the strength and size, but also slenderness of a pure-bred horse. They were coated in bronzed scales that shone within the pale light of the underground cave.

Despite the bull genes of their mother, they didn't have hooves. Instead, they had what looked like large, bronze scaled eagle claws. Three powerful claws and a fourth short but sturdy thumb for balance.

Their faces were slender, protected by the same bronze scales, while their eyes shone a fierce red light. At the same time, they took on the bull horns of their mother that looked out of place next to their sharp and jagged teeth.

Still, the most attracting part of their forms were the large bronze folded wings on their back, layered in what looked like sheets of metal formed into agile feathers.

This was a creature Dyon had never heard word of. It had the combined characteristics of so many things that it wouldn't have been a surprise if they came out as odd looking at their mother, but the reason they hadn't was likely due to Dyon's interference.

The Heavens had a love of symmetry. Usually, talent was coupled with beauty. However, for some reason, despite how powerful she was, the bull-bird that birthed these four could only be described as deformed.

Her head was too large, her feet too small, and her intelligence was too low.

Dyon had expected her children to follow the same fate. In fact, they had. When Dyon first saw them, other than standing on four feet instead of just two like their mother, they too were handicapped by terrible deformities.

That was when something changed. After seeing Dyon cure their mother's infected leg by excavating the essence grade holy type qi stones in this cave, they began to grow curious. One day, Dyon actually found them munching away at the stones.

He didn't really think anything of it, until he noticed that after several months, changes started occurring within them.

Not only had their intelligence seemingly grown, but the malnourishment they faced due to their mother's weakness and inability to hunt for them disappeared in a flash. They grew larger and stronger, and the ugliness Dyon had come to know them for was wiped away, bit by bit.

After greeting the four of them, Dyon walked to a pile of bones with a sigh.

This was none other than the bull-bird mother's final remains...

Dyon had a love-hate relationship with this poor mother, but he hadn't wanted her to die in this way. He still remembered how shocked he had been when it happened.

He had come to visit the family of five just like any other day, but he had stumbled into the four bull-bird babies feasting on their mother's corpse. Dyon had been more shaken by it than he knew... It was after that day that the four of them completed their final transformation to become the beautiful creatures they were today. Their mother sacrificed herself for the betterment of their future.