

The Nameless 1811

Chapter 1811: Satisfaction

"Huh..." Pjisel looked up at Dyon.

With his emotions clearing, he suddenly felt how large Dyon's Presence was. It almost didn't matter what he wore, no matter how ridiculous it was.

"You think I care about this?" Dyon pointed over his shoulder. "If anything, their losing in such a fashion is more of a good thing than a bad thing. If they can stand back up, their backbone will never bend again. If they can't, it just means the martial path was never for them to begin with. It's no big deal."

"But... But you said they were true geniuses."

"That may be so, but genius is nothing without will and power is nothing without courage."

Pjisel scratched his cheek. "... Honestly, I don't think I'm qualified..."

"Oh?" Dyon asked with interest. "And why is that?"

Normally, he might think Pjisel had said these words as a roundabout method of saying no. But, judging by his sincerity, Dyon was interested in the answer.

"In truth, I bullied them... Not only were they tired, they're saints while I'm a celestial. If I really did lose to them, I'd be giving up too much face..."

"... And?" Dyon pressed.

Pjisel took a big breath. "I'm a mere Heaven Grade beast... I'm not ignorant. Though being a Heaven Grade Beast is rare in this place, I watched Leader Sacharro single handedly defeat 36 Dragons, all of whom were of the Supreme Grade.

"Secondly, my cultivation is too slow... Leader Sacharro is younger than me yet is already a Dao Expert. Yet, I'm almost 10 times older but still a Celestial..."

"Thirdly... The blood I have is not pure. My mother was an earth grade beast who hadn't even gained a human form, kept in a cage by my father simply because he liked the look of her feathers. Sometimes I find it difficult to blame him... He always said that being enraged by my mother's treatment was ridiculous, 'after all, shouldn't beasts be kept in cages?'"

Pjisel gripped his fists tightly. "I was lucky to even have a Raven form and a Golden Crown. If I didn't somehow gain a human form before becoming a celestial, I would have never left that cage..."

Dyon silently listened. Of course, he knew about all of this. The reason he attacked Pjisel's Cluster first was precisely because of his strained relationship with his father. But, who would have known that this young man would still choose to run to warn his father. And, even then, his help was spit at.

"Is that why you keep your hooked nose?" Dyon suddenly asked.

Pjisel looked toward Dyon in shock before sighing. He rubbed his nose a bit and its form suddenly morphed. Suddenly, a face that had been hard to look at became quite handsome. It wasn't obscenely so, and could only be said to be above average, but the more Pjisel touched his face, the more perfect his visage seemed to become.

Dyon smiled lightly, it seemed his guess was correct.

The reason Pjisel could become a human long before entering the celestial realm or even cultivating at all, was precisely because he could become anything he pleased.

This face, this was his true face, the one he gained after entering the celestial realm. However, in an attempt to blend in with his supposed family more, he kept his hooked nose, masking himself for many centuries.

"The hooked nose... Is a genetic defect of our Raven Clan and it's something the elders have tried countless millennia to be rid of... If I was born both without one, I would have been more estranged than

ever before... My so-called father likely would have killed me out of anger..." He said softly. "... Plus, it wasn't like I had any women to impress anyway..."

Dyon laughed at these words. This poor guy, a virgin yet already so old.

"It's no surprise the Raven Clan would have a genetic defect. With all of their bloodline purity nonsense, they probably intermarried with cousins, brothers and sisters repeatedly. If they wanted to get rid of it so badly, they should have been less uppity.

"If they were mortal instead of being cultivators, their bloodline would have died off long ago. In fact, the genetic defect would be even more pronounced and terrible."

Hearing these words, Pjisel was stunned. How could he understand the concept of repressive genes? All he knew was that if what Dyon was saying was true, then it truly was poetic justice.

Dyon waved his hand. "Let's say I don't care about all of this. Are you willing?"

Pjisel trembled. He couldn't help but scan Dyon to see if he was being serious. But, he found it difficult to think while observing Dyon. It felt almost as though he was falling into Dyon's flow whenever he tried to, as though he was entering Dyon's world. It made it difficult for him to think.

To gain the Ruler of over 100 universes as a Master... When could he ever dream of such a thing before?

"I warn you, if you become my disciple, you'll have to abolish your current cultivation and start from scratch. In addition, it would be too shameful if my disciple didn't at least become a Star Lord in the future."

Pjisel trembled once more, he almost thought that Dyon was making fun of him. But there was no laughter in Dyon's eyes... He really was serious...

Gritting his teeth, Pjisel made a decision.

"I'm willing!"

He directly knelt to the ground, kowtowing in acceptance.

Dyon smiled without hiding his satisfaction.

With a sweep of his hand, an overwhelming soul presence burst forth. Hundreds of thousands of arrays appeared from thin air, leaving Pjisel in complete awe. Never could he have known that his Master's greatest path was actually his soul.

He sighed, watching from his knees on the ground. It was as though it had taken all of his strength to make this decision, and he no longer had any left to stand.

One had to remember he was a beast. They all had pitiful soul talent, how could he live up to his Master's expectations?

There were very few exceptions to this rule. Even with everything Dyon had seen in his lifetime, he had only met two: The Celestial Deer and the Dream Panthers.

Chapter 1812: Product

Of course, it wasn't impossible. After all, in order to transcend, one's soul had to reach a certain standard. But, it was also important to remember that one didn't have to comprehend comet, moon, planet and soul qi in order for their soul to reach this standard.

Dyon's ask was seemingly far out of reach for him...

To make matters worse, he had to abolish his cultivation as well, a reality that made him sigh. But, he had expected this as well. After all, he was a mere Fourth Order Celestial. This was enough to make the Raven Clan talents weep, but before Dyon, was it worth much at all?

Pjisel tossed these thoughts to the back of his mind. Leader Sacharro, or rather, his Master, wasn't an idiot who didn't understand these things. He had to have his own reasons for believing in him so much.

Instead of thinking so much, he directly watched on in awe and those tens of thousands of geniuses disappeared all once. In the next instant, even the blood and even its scent was gone, leaving no one but Dyon and Pjisel.

In another moment, Dyon's hands waved once more as numerous herbs appeared.

Their forms flashed, only to be instantly enveloped by Dyon's arrays and broken down into beautiful motes of light.

They shimmered under Dyon's control, spiraling together as qi surged.

In just a few seconds, a beautiful pill appeared, shining with a glimmering luster.

Pjisel could hardly believe what he just saw. Pill concocting without cauldron? Using formations in alchemy? Completing a pill in just a few seconds?

Suddenly, heavenly chimes rung in the skies above. The pill was awashed with light... once over... twice... thrice... not until the ninth bathing of light did it finally come to a close.

"O... One with Self pill... Ninth layer of the Perfect-Grade?"

Pjisel rubbed his eyes, staring intently at the nine halos hovering above the pill. Top-Grade pills were already between 90-100% purity. But Perfect-Grade pills were a level above, being strengthened over their original effect.

A nine times strengthened pill was practically unheard of!

"Oh... Seems like I've improved again. Don't be so shocked, it's just a Grandmaster grade Cultivation Cleansing Pill. Since it's been strengthened to this effect, it'll almost be like being reborn. Your meridians

will go back to the state they were in just before they matured and all of the impurities of your body will be washed away."

Dyon himself didn't know the effect of a nine times strengthened pill. He was forced to use [Detection] from the [Dao of Array Alchemy] to understand its intricacies. The same skill he used in the Golden Flame Mystical World to identify the Martial Saint Pills.

"Hm, if someone took this pill before they began to cultivate, they could clear the Meridian Formation Realm in just a few hours, maybe minutes if they were great enough geniuses. I'll have to make sure to make one for Little Alauna, I guess I can also make a few million of them, I just have to ask Eli to duplicate enough ingredients..."

Pjisel's lips twitched. He suddenly lamented his misfortune. To be able to create such a pill in a few seconds. In fact, he could tell Dyon slowed down so he could watch... How could he live up to such a master?

Just a grandmaster level pill? In his Raven Clan, a grandmaster alchemist would be worshipped even beyond the patriarch.

Pjisel solemnly accepted the pill. He almost felt bad eating such a treasure, but he grit his teeth in the end, remembering that Dyon hardly cared about it.

The instant it entered his body, he felt his years of cultivation being washed away.

He had expected some pain, at least that's how the cultivation cleansing pills of his Raven Clan worked, yet he felt nothing but comfort. In fact, he felt oddly comfortable.

"Oh, I forgot to mention the last effect. The complete dispelling of cultivation is actually a flaw in the original pill. The creator of the formula's original intention was to create a pill that could snatch cultivation away from one person and give it to another, but he failed.

"In the end, the only thing that can accomplish that feat is a Higher Existence's Faith Seed before it goes through the cycle of reincarnation, but no Higher Existence would be willing to..."

Dyon sighed, thinking back to Jade and closing his eyes. 'No Higher Existence but her...'

Shaking his head, Dyon continued. "Never mind that..."

Seeing that his master didn't want to talk about it, Pjisel said nothing and continued to listen.

"... The main point is that when strengthened to nine times, though this pill still can't do what it was originally intended to, it will still benefit you greatly.

"It will take all of your qi cultivation and turn it toward strengthening your body. It will improve your meridian grade and your overall constitution. Whatever remains will strengthen your body. Though you are giving up something, you will receive a lot in return."

Dyon had suddenly found the key to vastly improving the Mortal Alliance's foundation. He strictly reminded himself to never neglect his soul path again.

As the product of two bird type beasts, though Pjisel's body was still relatively stronger than the average human, it wasn't exorbitantly so. In fact, his bones were quite light and mostly hollow, which greatly helped his agility, but was a limiting factor on his power.

However, for the first time, Pjisel felt that none of this actually mattered. His body was brimming with strength, shattering walls of subsequent realms one after another before finally settling in at the very peak of the Saint Realm.

To go from no body cultivation, to the peak of the saint realm in just a few hours, Pjisel felt like he was dreaming.

Like many cultivators, Pjisel relied on the passive effects of qi cultivation to strengthen his body. Essentially, though his body was relatively stronger than a non-cultivator, he could never match a true body cultivator, let alone a body refiner like Dyon.

But now, his qi cultivation had almost been sacrificed at an alter for the sake of his vastly improved body.

Before, his Meridians had been of the Third Grade, but now they were of the First Grade. His muscle fibers had become like threaded steel cords, brimming with explosiveness and power. In addition, he could faintly feel that his Mind's Eye was more sensitive than it had been.

Any cultivation he did now would take a fraction of the time it took before!

This pill truly had miraculous effects, but the price for receiving such benefits was steep as well. If one wanted to improve their talent with this method, just how long would an untalented person take to reach the Celestial Realm? And even if they did, would they have as much qi to sacrifice as Pjisel who was a Fourth Order genius despite the circumstances of his upbringing?

Pjisel's eyes lit up with excitement, bowing his head once more, he spoke with pure happiness.

"Thank you master!"

Dyon smiled. "That was just the first gift. How could I give my only disciple something I created so casually?"

With a thought, Dyon's divine sense reached out toward a certain research lab, sneakily taking a drop of Jade Queen Bee Honey without them noticing. Then, he took out a certain pill, brimming with an oppressive aura. It was none other than the Martial Saint Pill.

The pill casually floated to Pjisel's hands.

"Take this first, then be ready to accept this drop of honey a moment later."

Pjisel looked at the large pill in his hand. Somehow, despite looking far more ancient and less resplendent than his master's pill, it still made his heart shake uncontrollably. He could tell that this pill far surpassed the Cultivation Cleansing Pill in value.

And that honey... Isn't that Jade Queen Bee Honey?!

With a solemn and silent demeanor, Pjisel directly swallowed the pill.

In an instant, his meridians pulsed awake with a fierce life force.

Dyon silently watched, completely focused.

The effect of his pill was a surprise even to him. Before this, his best enhancement was three time over, he hadn't expected to jump directly to nine times. Though it was just a grandmaster grade pill, it was still significant as seen by its heaven defying

That made him think, maybe there were some other possibilities he hadn't previously thought of. For example... What if the effects of the Jade Honey and Martial Saint Pill were combined?

Because of the cultivation cleansing pill, Pjisel's meridians had been brought back to the state of immaturity, making this the perfect time to take the Martial Saint Pill.

Normally, the Jade Honey was enough to instantly bring anyone's meridians up a single grade. However, it couldn't do so if someone's meridians were already of the first grade.... Usually, that is.

The moment Pjisel's Divine Pulse was about to form under the influence of the Martial Saint Pill, the drop of honey shot forward. Pjisel couldn't even react before a sweet taste filled his mouth, warming his torso and spreading throughout his body.

The sound of a shattering barrier resounded as Pjisel's meridians underwent another explosive size increase, expanding several times over.

Pjisel almost subconsciously understood what to do. Without hesitation, he began to form his extra meridians.

In the end, the energy of the Jade Honey didn't stop until he had formed two more.

Dyon chuckled. 'Have another.'

Several drops whipped forward. In an instant, the energy that had begun to dissipate surged forward.

A roar escaped Pjisel's lips.

114 meridians... 115... 116... 117!

If a third party was observing Dyon's actions, they would find them to be ridiculous. What was the point in using so many treasures to form an unparalleled genius from an average genius? If these resources were used on someone who was already an unparalleled genius, just what kind of effect would it have?

To such people, Dyon would scoff at their stupidity because he had two reasons that superseded everything else in importance.

First, Pjisel's character was perfect. Even if Dyon found a genius many times his better, how could he so easily trust them with such treasures? It might one day come back to bite him.

And second... There was a very important aspect of Pjisel that had been forgotten. Just what was the reason behind his strand shapeshifting ability?

Pjisel couldn't believe what was happening to him. He felt as though he had leaped over heaven's gate in a single bound. Was this the power of powerful Clans?

How could Pjisel know that even the Nephilim Alliance didn't dare to spend resources like this so freely? Though the outer clans had Martial Saint pills as well, they would at most use two to three per generation. To now, Dyon had already used at least several times that.

Of course, Dyon's goal was much different. He didn't believe the mortal plane had a future if he didn't unify it all in a single lifetime. Therefore, he wasn't stingy with his use of resources. What was the point if they just rot after his death?

Therefore, Dyon planned to use all of his wealth. If he ended up failing in the end again, he didn't want to leave any regret behind.

"M-master... This... It's too much..." Tears uncontrollably fell from Pjisel's eyes. No matter how he tried to stop them, they didn't seem to be willing to listen to his commands.

The last time he cried was when his mother died. In all these years, he had held it all in, never allowing others to see through to his true emotions. But for whatever reason, he didn't seem capable of doing this now.

Dyon kneeled to face Pjisel, patting his shoulder. "There's no need to feel this way. Your Master is a Star Lord, if I didn't give you at least this much, I'd feel too ashamed."

Dyon laughed. "I remember when your Grand Master accepted me as a disciple, she gave me a whole treasure trove, a Treasure of the 33 Heavens, and her and my Uncle Master's blood essence. In truth, I feel like I'm still lacking."

Chapter 1814: Excitement

Pjisel was shocked by these words, but looking at Dyon's expression, he didn't seem to be joking.

Of course Dyon wasn't. Though he didn't find out immediately, it was true that Esmeralda left him The Seal. To now, it had helped him more times than he could count. Even the Martial Saint pills numbered a thousand, but there were only 33 such treasures in the whole of existence.

Dyon speculated that the reason so few had been seen on the Mortal Plane was likely because the remainder of them were on the Immortal Plane. But that hardly mattered to him now.

"... But Master, even if that's true... Wouldn't these resources have been better spent on someone else?"

Dyon shook his head. "It seems you're still not aware, hm?"

Pjisel blinked in confusion.

"You were born with a constitution, the Earth Grade Constitution – Heaven's Mimicry."

"What...?"

Pjisel was shocked. One shouldn't be fooled by the talents Dyon had around him, even his Grand Teacher could only explain the geniuses around Dyon by saying he must have had great karma in a last life. The reality was that even to the outer power, an Earth Grade Constitution's appearance was the touting of an absolute genius!

To those of the Celestial Quadrant, this realization would be even more shocking.

In truth, the talents of those born in the Celestial Quadrant was quite good overall. If it had to be compared, it definitely didn't fall behind the top 5 tower quadrants. Of course, this was because of the influence of the lingering Faith left by the Celestial Deer Sect.

The issue was that their legacies were too shallow.

Even if such a genius was born, it was often up to trial and error whether or not said genius would fully awaken. Often times, these geniuses would die due to the side effects of their unawakened constitutions much like Madeleine almost had.

Dyon stood, his soul qi beginning to cause changes to the world once more.

Numerous spiritual ingredients appeared, disappearing into motes of light as though they were devoured by the arrays Dyon formed.

They began to swirl, once more forming a beautiful white pill.

For the second time that day, Heaven's Chimes rang, blanketing Soul Planet with a flood of energy.

Pjisel felt numb to the shocking at this point. His master formed two pills before him, and they were both nine times strengthened. For others it was too inconceivable, but now all he felt was an inexplicable pride.

"Here." Dyon said casually, tossing over the pill no doubt worth hundreds of dao stones despite only being the Grandmaster Grade.

Swallowing it, he felt his body heat up.

"This Constitution Awakening Pill, after being strengthened nine times, has the ability to awaken any Earth Grade Constitution to its utmost limit. Use this opportunity well to sense the changes of your body."

Pjisel nodded seriously, entering a silent meditation.

What Dyon meant by utmost limit would be shocking to most. It essentially meant that Pjisel wouldn't need to slowly comprehend his constitution like Dyon or his wives did, he would instantly access every one of its abilities. It was akin to Dyon reaching the Fate Silk Realm of his Titan Diamond Body the instant he awakened it.

Of course, this only worked because his constitution was of the Earth Grade, something Dyon was ironically happy about.

The designation of constitution grades was decided by the Faith gathered by its previous owners. This allowed the Heaven's to choose its level of importance, thus tweaking how easy or difficult it was to awaken to maintain balance.

One would think this meant that Pjisel's constitution was relatively useless in comparison to the others, but the excitement in Dyon's eyes told a completely different story.

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Pjisel soon awakened, the excitement in his eyes thickening.

"Heaven's Mimicry has three total stages." Dyon began to explain.

"The first stage is the Outer Shell stage. In this stage, you can change your outward appearance to match anything. In this case, it's more like an outward projection instead of a true change of your body. Others perceive that you've changed, but you haven't truly.

"The second stage is the Inner Shell stage. In this stage, you can change even the inner workings of your body, everything from your meridian pathways to your blood vessels. Here, your change is no longer an illusion, it is a true change that requires energy to sustain.

"The third stage is the Core Stage. In this stage, your imitation abilities reach an unprecedented level. Even copying another martial path, dao heart, or dao comprehension isn't impossible. In battle, you can perfectly emulate another's battle style and even techniques. It's a heaven defying ability."

Though Pjisel faintly understood these things, listening to them laid out before him, his trembling could only grow fiercer.

"You must be wondering why such an ability is only of the Earth Grade? It's probably hard for you to imagine that there are better constitutions, right?"

Pjisel inadvertently nodded.

"There are many reasons, actually. Some conventional that have been accepted for a long time, and I also have a few reasons that others wouldn't be able to think of. This will be your first lesson, so listen intently. Master won't always have time to guide you diligently, so take times like these seriously."

Pjisel's nodding grew more fervent, his gaze growing in seriousness.

"The first reason is due to difficulty in improvement. Over 99% of those who awaken this constitution will never cross past the Outer Shell. As such, the Faith they accumulated in their life was limited. After

all, at best, with such superficial imitation abilities, they'd be good spies, but it would be hard to become anything greater."

Pjisel's eyes widened, suddenly feeling far more grateful for Dyon's pill. But, he was still curious.

"Why is that, Master?"

"There are a few theories, but the main and accepted reason is that it's simply too difficult to reach a state where you can let go of everything that makes you, you. The second and third stage of your constitution often cause many to lose their path.

"This leads into the second reason."

Chapter 1815: Mechanisms

"Even those talented enough to reach the second or third stage often die to cultivation deviation. If one relies too much on their imitations, their own path will collapse. Once one begins to doubt their martial way, death isn't too far off."

Pjisel sucked in a cold breath in understanding. No wonder why such an amazing constitution couldn't climb up beyond the Earth Grade and strengthen itself further.

"The third reason is my own personal theory and I believe it's the most important reason."

Pjisel focused his everything on Dyon's next words.

"Those with your constitution rely too much on it without understanding the underlying mechanisms."

"... underlying mechanisms?" Pjisel's eyes lost focus. Now that he thought about it, did he ever deliberately think of how his constitution worked? No, he never had... He simply saw something he wanted to imitate, then did it.

Even this much was due to his talent. All those with Earth Grade Constitutions were born with 3rd Grade Meridians, like all Heaven Grade Constitution wielders were born with 2nd Grade Meridians and so on, but Pjisel's true talent was in his comprehension. He managed to tap into the Outer Shell stage before his constitution even fully awakened.

But his master was now warning him about this. If he relied too much on his talent... His fate would be no different from those of the past. If he understood the underlying mechanisms, then he could more easily separate what was his strength, and what was borrowed by others. Then, he would be more likely to survive in the future!

"Master, please teach me!" Pjisel said enthusiastically.

Dyon smiled. "Not only will this method help you keep your own martial path in the future, it might even allow you to freely fuse the thoughts of others into your own, allowing you to take what you need and discard what you don't.

"Do you know why I spent so many resources on you? Other than you being my first disciple, that is."

Seeing Pjisel waiting in anticipation, Dyon didn't hold back his explanation.

"The last reason your constitution is stuck at the Earth Grade is because of a vicious cycle effect. Because of the previous reasons listed, those of your constitution are stuck at the Earth Grade, but at the same time, your constitution has another massive limitation:

"It is impossible for you to mimic anything beyond yourself. Meaning, if someone used comprehension higher than yours to master a technique, you have no chance of imitating it. If someone has First Grade Meridians, you have no way of forming their body perfectly. So on, and so forth.

"Do you see the problem now?"

"Yes..." Pjisel fell into deep thought. "To make our constitution powerful, we need to imitate powerful things. But because of our innate weaknesses, we're limited in what we can copy, which in turn keeps us stuck at the Earth Grade, which further leaves us perpetually unable to imitate powerful things..."

Having reached this conclusion, Pjisel's body trembled once more, thinking back to Dyon's actions.

Dyon began to laugh uproariously. "I want to see who could possibly stop you from imitating them now that you have reached the True Deity Grade and have 117 Meridians. With your innate comprehension abilities, you'll be next to invincible within your cultivation realm!"

Pjisel gripped his fists tightly, etching Dyon's kindness into his heart. He would never forget this day.

"Alright, now let's begin with laying the foundation you'll need. Our first lesson? Elementary School Biology."

Dyon smiled a devious smile.

At first, Pjisel was excited beyond belief. But the more Dyon spoke, the more black lines appeared on his forehead.

What had he gotten himself into?

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"Hey there buddy."

Dyon had a light smile on his face as he rubbed a seemingly endlessly tall void of blackness.

Finally having put on something to cover his decency, he looked like more a ruler now. It seemed that sky blue wasn't the only color that looked good on him, or else Madeleine and Ri wouldn't have been so speechless after he put on these dark violet robes.

Thinking of such beautiful outer wear, Dyon couldn't help but sigh. The first battle he truly used the Celestial Deer Sect's heirloom, it was destroyed in his hands. What a terrible heir he was.

As for the vast darkness he was currently petting? It was none other than the Battle Cauldron.

Years ago, Dyon had gained this magnificent behemoth of a cauldron from Orcus' inheritance. Back then, he had no choice but to allow this great battle treasure to sit here and pump out pills all day long. If it wasn't for it, the Mortal Alliance wouldn't have been able to sustain itself.

One of the heaven defying abilities of the cauldron was its ability to concoct pills its master had concocted before. Essentially, it was able to replay every action its master took to perfection and concoct pills without its owner having to lift a finger. This was an ability Dyon had relied on for more than a decade already.

But, Dyon had also made a promise to this cauldron all those years ago... When he was ready, he would allow it to see the battlefield once more, something it had been craving for so long.

Seeing Dyon come to it, the Battle Cauldron trembled with excitement. It spun into the air, shrinking in the blink of an eye to land on Dyon's palm.

Dyon was happy as well. There were two reasons he was able to do this now, both of which were the reasons for his good mood.

First, he was far more powerful. Though his comprehension had shot up, creating clones was still a burden for him precisely because of how much more strength he had gained. However, there was good news as well.

With his control over the Florence Clan technique increasing, the paths open to him were wider. Now, he could create specialized clones that focused on a single path. Essentially, by sacrificing their qi and body strength, Dyon could form thousands of Moon Lords and dozens of Planet Lord clones of himself.

Chapter 1816: Forgive

Though this number was still less than the amount of such experts Clans like the Sapientia would have, what was the size of their territory versus Dyon's? And also... Could their skill ever match up to Dyon's?

Secondly, the Array Alchemy Association was brimming with talents. Under the guidance of Dyon's clones all these years, the innate aurora geniuses of Soul Universe were finally coming into their own. A few were even on the verge of breaking out of the Grandmaster Realm and becoming Comet Lords. By the time the Ancient Battlefield descended, the foundation of the Mortal Alliance would be untouchable.

Because of this, Dyon was at ease bringing the cauldron along with him to fulfill his promise.

The Battle Cauldron was already so close to forming its own spirit. Once that happened, it too would become a Pseudo Treasure of the 33 Heavens. Dyon suspected battle might be its key to breaking through.

Interestingly enough, though, the battle cauldron wasn't the only one of Orcus' inheritances that Dyon could finally use. There were many techniques he was brimming with excitement to touch upon.

[Nine Suns of Armageddon]. [Sun God Body] and its branch techniques [Sun God Halo]. [Sun God Domain]. Dyon couldn't wait to display their power.

In truth, [Nine Suns of Armageddon] couldn't be used unless one had comprehended a 3rd grade Fire Dao. However, hadn't Dyon's reached the 4th grade after his soul comprehended Star Qi?

The technique's overbearing name spoke for itself. As a Peak Divine Grade technique that had fallen from the Mystical Grade, Dyon didn't know if a more potent attack technique existed on the mortal plane.

As for [Sun God Body]? It directly used the strength of [Nine Suns of Armageddon] to explosively increase one's strength. The original purpose of the latter technique was to rip Star Power from true stars, making the Golden Crow Clan invincible when near one.

However, [Sun God Halo] and [Sun God Domain] were intriguing as well. Orcus created them using [Sun God Body] as a base because his death body didn't allow him to infuse such powerful fire into himself because fire breathed life.

The former was able to instantly infuse Star Power into any technique to explosively increase its strength. The latter infused this Star Power into one's Domain, strengthening it as well.

There was only one shame in all of this. Though he often broke the rule, when he wasn't in dangerous situations, Dyon promised his master to first reach the One with Self Realm in the techniques she chose for him up to the Heaven Grade.

He had already master 100 common grade fist, palm, movement, and energy manipulation techniques, not to mention 900 weapons techniques.

After his comprehension skyrocketed, he cruised through comprehending 100 and 900 of the same earth grade category techniques even though his master only expected him to do 20 of each.

Then, he used the Soul Tome to comprehend 100 and 900 of the same category heaven grade techniques to their peak levels.... This experience made him realize just how deep the legacy of the Celestial Deer Sect was.

'Ah, forget it, Master will forgive me if I have a little fun, right?' Dyon grinned.

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Dyon had comprehended so many Earth Grade techniques so quickly obviously in thanks to the Soul Tome. Though it was harder to reach the One with Self Realm after relying on it to perfect your comprehension, Dyon found the barrier to still be incredibly thin.

As a result, in just a single month, Dyon breached the One with Self Realm in all 1300 techniques. Or rather, his clone did. He was too busy with his vacation to bother. It likely would have been faster if he acted personally.

He repeated the process with Heaven Grade techniques directly afterward. Though he felt the barrier was a few times thicker, he didn't feel it was impossible. He had already felt some inspiration for a few.

By his calculations, a decade or so would be enough to reach the One with Self Realm in them all. Unless his soul reached a higher realm, then the time would likely be cut down once more.

Dyon felt that this wasn't only because of his own talent, but because the Soul Tome grew stronger as he did, allowing its owner to be less restricted.

The stronger he grew, the stronger the treasures of 33 heavens also seemed to grow. But this reality made sense. These were treasures that even Transcendents drooled over, who knew how many wars the Immortal Plane had fought over them? If this was the limit of their strength, it would be too disappointing.

In all likelihood, these treasures would only show their true strength when supplied with Immortal Qi. Unfortunately, Dyon was too far from such a state.

Still, he was satisfied. Currently, his soul was at the entrance of the Star Realm and still a way from its peak. So, he had a large bit of room for improvement before he had to consider breaking another barrier of cultivation.

Dyon realized after his battle with the Ancestor Sapientia just how important techniques were. He had hardly noticed because he usually crushed everyone in his generation, but he would be many times more powerful if he used techniques suitable for his cultivation realm instead of using common grade techniques all the time.

Thinking to this point, Dyon couldn't help but sigh.

'Just why are you having me do such an insane thing, Master...? Comprehending 1300 common grade technique? For what purpose...?'

Dyon shook his head. He could only guess that Esmeralda had something grand in store for him.

Either way, no matter how great the Celestial Deer Sect was, they definitely didn't have 1300 Divine Grade techniques. Even the whole of the Mortal Plane wouldn't have that many. So, the Heaven Grade would be the last grade Dyon could learn such a number of.

At most, Dyon would be able to learn 3 of each category, putting him at 39. Even then, the celestial deer sect didn't have this many. It seemed he would need to do a bit of... reconnaissance work.

If others heard how Dyon worded his clear intention to steal, their lips would twitch at his shamelessness.

Chapter 1817: Grown Up

Dyon shook his head. He came here for a purpose and he had gotten swept away in a whirlwind of mystery. When the time was right, his master would tell him the truth.

"It's about time to pay that Kitsune Clan a visit. I hope you like fox meat." Dyon laughed as the cauldron hopped in his hand, almost as though to say it was his favorite.

'Hm, after learning so many weapon techniques, it seems my Weapon's Master Will might break into the intent realm soon...'

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"Can you do it?" Dyon asked, looking toward Fox.

It was quite ironic, he was just speaking of eating fox meat when he realized he would need Fox's help.

Fox, of course, wasn't an actual fox. He was a Heaven's Child with the ability to duplicate inanimate objects as long as he was provided with adequate energy or an adequate sacrifice.

Fox frowned as he looked at the mask in Dyon's hand. He innately felt that no amount of energy in the world could replicate this mask.

"No can do, Unblemished Emperor. I can feel a strong force of life within this treasure, it definitely has a powerful soul sleeping within."

Dyon nodded. "I see... Just as I thought."

Even now, Dyon had no idea a Lightning Sparrow was slumbering within the Lightning Willow Mask... A majestic beast cursed for its beauty with the greatest speed in existence... It was so fast that no one could appreciate it even when it appeared.

Dyon had been hoping to duplicate the mask so that Amphorae and Madeleine could wear it. Though he was going to interfere in the matters of the Kitsune-Shruti Quadrant, he didn't want too many people to know just how strong he was now, or else it would affect his plans for the Federation.

As for bringing Amphorae and Madeleine along, he had two reasons. First because they were the only two of his wives capable of displaying the strength of Dao Realm experts, and second because he simply wanted them by his side. If it was up to him, he'd bring Ri and Clara along as well, it was just that they were still too weak.

Dyon had even brought out the Demolition Cube, a Pseudo Weapon of the 33 Heavens he took from the Daiyu Clan long ago but rarely used. He wanted to see if Fox could use it as a sacrifice for the duplication, but it seemed even it wasn't enough.

"It would be a waste, Emperor Unblemished." Fox shook his head. "Even if I use it as a sacrifice, because the task would be too tall, it would at most bring out some Spiritual grade masks."

"Does Emperor Unblemished have to be so careful? With your soul strength, no one would be able to see anything you don't want them to see."

Dyon sighed, finally unable to take it anymore. "Can you stop calling me that?"

"Stop calling you what?" Fox asked innocently, a cunning smile on his face.

Dyon glared at him. "I'm no Emperor, nor is my surname Unblemished."

"Impossible. The Unblemished One is your Empress, so of course you are her Emperor."

"She's not –"

Seeing that it was Fox's turn to glare at him, Dyon's headache grew and he just waved his hand, turning to leave.

All the Heaven's Children were like this. Aside from Monet who had taken a liking to him for some reason, the others all but hated him for not taking Luna as his woman. If not for Luna basically forcing them to help improve the Mortal Alliance, they would have long since started ignoring his words completely.

To them, he had put a child in their Empress, so how could he not take responsibility? The only reason they hadn't completely displayed their revulsion toward him was because how well he treated their little princess couldn't be denied.

Dyon wasn't interested in explaining himself to people. It was something he hated to do, almost as much as he hated being tested by others who believed themselves to be above him. So, he never tried to justify himself to them, making them think they were in the right.

Either way, he couldn't be bothered.

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"Make sure to thank Saru for me properly. I haven't seen her in so long... But we owe her a lot." Ri said weakly.

Of course, her weakness wasn't a product of an injury, but rather because Dyon's intentions of saying goodbye had sprawled out of control, resulting in four beauties being entangled in soft bed sheets and fragrant liquids. The sight could make an endless fire burn in one's loins.

"I will." Dyon said with a light smile. Honestly, he wasn't willing to leave them. If it was just about revenge, he wouldn't be so easily bothered. But, the news from the Mortal Network only seemed to get worse with each passing day. The Shruti Clan's situation wasn't good. If this continued, they would be wiped out.

Since he owed Saru for protecting Ri and keeping his secrets all of this time... He would repay her.

The only person in the tower quadrants who knew Dyon's true origins was Saru and her Shruti Clan, yet she never breathed a word about it. For this, Dyon was eternally grateful.

Dyon laughed. "That little girl is probably all grown up by now."

"Look at him, already thinking evil thoughts and he hasn't even left yet." Clara grumbled, but she really was too weak to move.

Dyon was speechless, what'd he say?

Madeleine giggled lightly. "Little Sister Saru has definitely become a world-shattering beauty. She also seems to like you very much."

Dyon scoffed. "I am going to help a friend, not pick up a wife."

"Oh yea? Then why'd you give up so easily after Fox said he couldn't duplicate the mask?" Ri teased.

"Aiya, my caution and desire to protect my wives is being seen as schadenfreude. Is this the Fate of a good and loyal husband?" Dyon looked up at the ceiling as though he was lamenting a sad life.

Even Clara couldn't help but laugh at his ridiculous acting.

Chapter 1818: 30th

In the end, they let it go. They knew that Dyon's caution was actually a good thing. He wasn't letting his strength get to his head, he respected the possibility that others might be able to gain an advantage on him.

"Husband..." Amphorae said softly. "Stay safe... The Beast Protection Association is likely involved again. This is the only explanation for the Kitsune's sudden rise. Their new leader couldn't possibly change so much in just ten years... In all likelihood, he was a key member of BPA from the very beginning."

Though Dyon grew serious at these words, he still felt warmth. Recently, Amphorae had dropped the Lord prefix from his title, making their relationship closer. Maybe in the past she would have never shared a bed with Ri, Madeleine and Clara like this. He felt good knowing his family was becoming one as it should.

Dyon knew that Amphorae's words were very much correct, no one Clan could break a balance that lasted so many years so easily. They had to have help.

And, considering the Kitsune Clan didn't attend the Federation Parliament, this was even more certain.

If BPA was just a normal organization, maybe Dyon would care. In fact, even if they were one of the top 3 quadrants of the tower, he wouldn't blink an eye. The issue was that they were something far more than that...

After gaining Jade's recollection of the future, he learned many things. Namely... Every one of the outer quadrants had pawns in the tower quadrants, it was just they were restricting one another from acting.

In the previous timeline, many of these pawns were destroyed, unable to be made any use of. But Dyon's actions had changed many things... For example, BPA hadn't lost 6 of the Numbered Elites in the last timeline...

Dyon was almost 100% certain that BPA was a pawn of the Transcendent Beast Alliance.

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The 30th ranked quadrant, the Kitsune-Shruti lands, was in quite a chaotic state. However, the core territory of the Shruti hadn't changed much. Though a solemn atmosphere hung in the air, making it obvious that the Shruti Empire citizens knew of their poor situation, life still continued.

Dyon casually walked through the cobble road streets, a black mask adorning his face. Luckily, the Lightning Willow Mask could change its appearance. Last time Dyon had used this feature, his cultivation was still sealed. In fact... That was the day he met Mia and Bella.

Thinking back to the memory, Dyon sighed. If things continued like this, his thoughts of Mia and Bella would influence his future cultivation.

He knew well that there was little he could have done to save them. Even if he went all out, how could he stop the Heaven's will to rebirth the Dark Phoenix Clan?

The issue Dyon had with himself wasn't whether or not he could have saved them, the real root of the disgust growing in his heart was that he didn't do everything he could.

If he still failed in the end, so be it. But the fact he didn't even try wasn't something he could forgive.

Dyon refused to make the same mistake again. This was why he'd go all out to help Saru and her Shruti Clan. Wiping out the Kitsune Clan was just a cherry on top.

The capital city of the Shruti Empire was called Indra City. In Dyon's mortal world, Indra was a Hindu protector god, but in Shruti lore, Indra was a five-headed white elephant.

As far as Dyon was aware, Saru was born with Indra's Faith Seed, while the Shruti were humans with this beast bloodline running through their veins. Dyon could still remember when Saru tapped into this bloodline during his fight with her, it was quite a majestic sight.

Usually, white beasts were incredibly rare. Of them, Dyon could only think of an extinct dragon race and the celestial beasts. But, he didn't think Indra was a celestial beast. At the very least, the Indra bloodline within Saru's veins from Dyon's senses didn't come off as celestial.

In all likelihood, Indra was another exception along with that extinct dragon race. Though Dyon didn't understand why the Heavens made white beasts so rare, he knew enough to know that Indra's case was indeed a rarity.

This aside, Indra City didn't impress. It didn't have the cozy, novel feeling Enigmatic Sect territory had, nor the grandeur of Star Clan territory. Like any normal capital city, it was quite large, but though it was neat in some places, there was poverty and decay in others.

Dyon still didn't dare to casually blanket the planet with his divine sense, but he could change the form of his divine sense into feeler lines, making them more difficult to detect while still allowing him to comprehend the goings on of the city. Since he wasn't going all out with this change of form like he had in the Ancient Battlefield, he wasn't worried about others sensing him.

He had no choice but to conclude his Soul Planet was far better.

Still, he didn't quite understand why a 30th ranked quadrant could have a capital city like this. In truth, it wasn't terrible. It was still within the realms of acceptability, but it was just so... disappointing.

Dyon expected this sort of thing from capital city ranked in the 70s or 80s... but the 30s? Just what was Emperor Shruti doing exactly?

In the cultivation world, how could there be poverty on this level. The vast majority who had the right to live in the capital city should be at least Essence Gatherers, while those who weren't should be children still cultivating to reach that point.

Why would an essence gatherer be sitting in a sewage infested wasteland of shacks, barely holding it all together? The simple answer was that they weren't essence gatherers, in most cases, they had no cultivation at all.

'Are they refugees from the Shruti's outer territories, maybe? It's possible...'

Chapter 1819: Mistake

Thinking of this possibility, Dyon nodded. That had to be it.

Dyon decided to give the Shruti the benefit of the doubt. The fact they were even allowing refugees into the city in the first place was a good a thing, if that was in fact what was happening. But... The age of the

shacks and the attrition of the poverty-stricken areas told a different story. It hadn't been long enough for it to reach that state.

Unfortunately, using divine sense feelers and being so careful, it was difficult for Dyon to gain a bigger view of the situation.

Soon, Dyon reached the outer palace walls. Much like a castle, Shruti Palace was split into outer, inner and core regions. Nobles of a certain standing were allowed territory in the inner region, those of even higher standing were allowed in the inner regions, while the royal family took their positions in the core region.

In order to enter, one had to have a certain level of status. And though Dyon was certain he only needed to give his name to reach the core region, the less people who knew he was here, the better.

Before his cultivation breakthrough, it would have been impossible to sneak into this place. But now... It wasn't much of an issue for him.

Without another thought, he stepped forward past the guards of the outer gate as though they weren't even there.

...

Within Shruti Palace's core region, the solemn atmosphere had spread to a gathering of nobles. Though the grandeur of the meeting hall couldn't compare to Dyon's Mortal Meeting Hall, it was respectable. After all, it wasn't as though architects capable of wielding Feng Shui will grew on trees. Meiying was a very special case, the only one of her kind after her mother passed on.

Dyon had come to know the three strongest families of the Shruti Empire long ago. While Saru was attempting to complete her coming of age trial, one of these families followed her, while the third was obvious her own Shruti Clan.

These two families were known as the Dharmic Protector Clans, while the Shruti were the Dharma Incarnate.

The family Dyon had met were the Hanu. In fact, King, or rather, Patriarch Mino's wife was a Hanu. Her name was still currently Hanu as she hadn't taken up the Mino name, or else it would be taken as slandering her duty as Saru's Death Guard.

The second Dharmic Protector Clan was the Vata Clan.

In truth, it was customary for both Clans to follow a member of the Dharma Incarnate Clan to their trial, for some reason, only the Hanu Clan had followed. As for the reason...

Emperor Atlas and Shruti sat side by side, ugly expressions on their faces.

This wasn't how these matters should have gone. With the Atlas Clans silent support, even if they didn't wipe the Kitsune out, it should have been alright to push them back. Then, they'd be able to use the Federation's hands to put an end to the Kitsune for good.

At first, Emperor Shruti found it ridiculous that the Kitsune would actually not attend the Federation meeting. After all, it wasn't as though beasts were barred. The Pegasus Clan, the Dragons, and even the Hydra Clan were all key participants. Even if they wanted to go into seclusion, the Kitsune should have definitely sent someone.

But now he knew that the choice wasn't so ridiculous after all. Whoever was at the back of the Kitsune definitely didn't have to fear the Federation. In fact, it wasn't impossible to say that they were beyond them.

"... Your majesty... You've truly made a mistake this time..."

A calm voice spread through the meeting hall. None of them needed to look to know these words came from an old man who seemed to have a single foot in the grave already. In fact, he hadn't even opened his eyes to speak these words.

To show a blatant disregard for one's Emperor, not even bothering to look at him before speaking, one could imagine the kind of chaos the Shruti's cabinet had fallen to.

This man called himself the Grand Elder of the Vata Clan, but the reality was that he should have been an Ancestor who entered his slumber. For reasons unknown, he held on stubbornly, unwilling to. Or rather, the reasons might be very obvious to those familiar with the Shruti Empire.

"... You assured us all that with the Atlas Clan's support, this victory would be all but assured. You also claimed that with Princess Saru leading the Eastern Army, we'd be able to grasp an opportunity at Faith...

"... I rejected not just one, but both of these proposals... However, using outside sources, Your Majesty suppressed my opinions and the face of my Vata Clan..."

"Are you treating me as though I am not here?!"

Another old man who only looked marginally more vital than Grand Elder Vata spoke. He was Emperor Shruti's grandfather, the current Grand Elder of the Shruti Clan. Even if he was nowhere near as powerful as Grand Elder Vata, it wasn't to the point where the latter could completely ignore him like this.

Grand Elder Hanu sighed and remained silent. No matter how abrasive Grand Elder Vata was, his words weren't wrong. In this case, he couldn't step out to defend Emperor and Grand Elder Shruti.

"... Am I speaking falsehoods?... Did I not say that there was something wrong with the Kitsune Clan's situation?... Did I not say a woman is not fit to lead men?... Did His Majesty not use the hammer of the Atlas Clan to silence me?..."

Grand Elder Shruti's expressions turned red, white and purple. He had anger to vent, but didn't know where to vent it.

Something wrong with the Kitsune Clan?

Chapter 1820: At the Time

Bullshit, even though he had said that, the reason wasn't because he actually thought they would lose, in fact, he feared they would win. If they claimed more territory under Emperor Shruti's rule and Saru's

command, the Shruti Clan's position as Dharma Incarnate would be unshakeable for countless more generations.

He said a woman was unfitting to lead? He was still peddling that same nonsense?!

Years ago, when Saru was born with Indra's Faith Seed, Grand Elder Vata had kicked up a fuss, saying that it was a male's Faith Seed, so how could a woman inherit it? He even went so far as to suggest that the Faith Seed should be stripped from her and passed on to the recently born little prince of their Vata Clan who also showed outstanding talent.

Back then, the Hanu and Shruti Clan worked together to suppress the Vata Clan, forcing them into a long silence that only kicked back up when the Key was meant to be passed down...

At the time, Grand Elder Vata once more insisted that the Key should be given to their little prince. The Shruti Empire had always had male rulers, so why did it seem like Emperor Shruti was grooming an Empress?

Riling up public outrage, Grand Elder Vata almost had his way. The Shruti Empire was simply too conservative, even the most open minded of citizens couldn't imagine having an Empress rule them all. Through their history, Empresses had always been silent side pieces to the Emperor. But suddenly, a Princess had inherited both Indra's Faith Seed and their Key? It was unacceptable.

At the same time, while the tides were turning in their favor, Grand Elder Vata made a final push, believing that this was the instant of time his Vata Clan could flip the tables.

He insisted that if Emperor Shruti wanted to keep Saru as his heir, it was fine, but if that was the case, she would have to marry their little prince.

As expected, this matter garnered massive public support. The little prince was touted as a grand genius who was born under an auspicious sign no weaker than Saru herself. It was truly a Heavenly Union that would bring their Clan great prosperity. If they married and had children, it would no doubt usher in a new prosperous bloodline.

The Dharmic Protectors and the Dharma Incarnate Clans rarely, if ever, intermarried. This was an unspoken rule put in place such that the roles could be perfectly balanced.

The Dharmic Protectors would intermarry within the lesser noble clans, as would the Dharma Incarnate, but never amongst themselves. This allowed the divisions of power to be clear and sturdy, a system that had worked for many generations.

But, Grand Elder Vata actually wanted to break this precedent!

Not only had he gained public support, 80% of the noble Clans within the Palace walls took his side. They didn't believe that either side was in the wrong and simply felt that Grand Elder Vata's solution was the most apt.

On one hand, Saru kept her Faith Seed and the Key, while the true hidden ruler would be the little prince of the Vata Clan. Of course, they insisted that the little prince change his surname to Shruti, something that the Grand Elder happily obliged to.

However, the Grand Elder overplayed his hand.

After being pushed into a corner, Emperor Shruti laid down his pride and asked his brother-in-law for help. This was how the engagement between Saru and the Atlas Prince came about.

It was truly a master class move. How could the Vata Clan refuse a marriage alliance with a top 9 quadrant? Though their Empress was a member of the Atlas Clan, the connection was too weak. After all, in the eyes of the Shruti Empire, a woman wasn't worth much even if she was a beauty.

However, if they married through two generations, the ties would become incredibly solid. After the exchange of two women, the foundation of their alliance would be unshakeable.

Of course, the fact that Saru and the Atlas Prince, Adonis, were cousins was something no one cared about.

To cultivators who cleansed themselves with the energy of the heavens, they often ignored blood relations as long as they weren't too close. A situation like the Raven Clan was a product of excessiveness.

Like this, the Vata Clan Grand Elder could only grit his teeth and fall into silence. He had taken one step too far and all his plans had come crashing down. If he pushed it any further, not only would he make the enmity between his Clan and the Shruti deeper, the public and the nobles might flip on him.

After these events, the Grand Elder took to teaching the little prince personally. In fact, the little prince had never stepped a single foot into the tower, almost as though in solidarity with his Clan and in protest to the 'unfairness' he was subjected to.

It was no wonder Emperor Shruti threw so many parties after Saru came back. Her grand performance was so eye catching that the Grand Elder could only take the severe slap to his face in silence.

Their Shruti Clan had actually birthed a True God!

This was a large part of the reason Emperor Shruti finally loosened the reins on Saru after she came back, even waving his hands helplessly when she spoke of not wanting the marriage. The protective barrier the engagement provided was no longer strictly necessary.

However, the matters had once more flipped. The devastating losses to the Kitsune actually put the Shruti Empire as a whole in jeopardy... And because he pushed for this as their Emperor, he was taking the brunt of the blame.

The shameless part was that the Grand Elder mentioned Saru's losses as she commanded the eastern army, but hadn't they all lost?! Wasn't your little prince hiding away without stepping onto the battlefield?!

Grand Elder Vata's grievances were well known. Despite being the most outstanding talent of his generation, he never had a chance to compete for the Emperor position all because his family name was proper. He could have been their generation's True God, leading their Empire up just like Emperor Atlas had led his, yet he was shamelessly suppressed, blocked from challenging for the right to wield the Key.

He refused to allow his great grandson to suffer the same fate! Even if it meant dying without accumulating Karma as an Ancestor, he would bear that burden!

Saru silently gripped her small fists, her brother Tej's lightly patting them to comfort her.

Their Shruti Clan was indeed wrong those few generations ago... But that didn't mean Grand Elder Vata was right now.

"Aiya..."

Suddenly, a foreign voice filled the silent meeting hall.

In an instant, Saru's blue eyes lit up like stars in the night sky. Even with his voice masked, even with his face covered, even with his oddly colored hair, she recognized him immediately.

Her Heart Sutra sang to fiercely for it to be anyone else.

The heads of numerous elders snapped toward an unassuming figure, silently shaking his head.

How the hell did he get in here?! They were instantly all on high alert.