

The Nameless 1881

Chapter 1881: Choke

"... I have a feeling that if the elves knew what this technique was, even if they had to fight an all-out war with us, their allies, they would have never let it go.

"The more complex the name of a technique, the more likely it is to be superfluous. The more simple its name is, the closer it is to the origin of all things. But even by that standard... The name of this technique is far too simple...

"I know that Origin Techniques are the strongest in all of existence, even on the Immortal Plane... But even with my limited understanding, I feel as though this is somehow even above them...

"It's known by three bland words...

"[One Above All]."

At these words, Dyon's right eye suddenly throbbed violently. The reaction was so severe that blood began to drip from his sockets.

[One Above All]. He had to have it.

"[One Above All]..." Dyon muttered to himself, the heat in his right eye continuously throbbing.

Above the Origin Technique grade? Dyon couldn't wrap his head around such a thing.

Origin Techniques were something Dyon was very familiar with. For example, his Innate Aurora was one such Origin Technique. These were techniques so perfect that the Heavens accepted them as part of the Heavenly Law, allowing them to thus be passed down through the generations.

In truth, these abilities wouldn't show their true strength until one transcended, which was the only reason why Origin Techniques that appeared on the Mortal Plane like the Innate Aurora or True Empathy seemed a bit ... lackluster despite their strength.

However, even with this being the case, their existence was already enough to force many to tremble.

Aside from Soul Universe which had birthed several thousand Innate Aurora wielders, just how rare was the Innate Aurora? Even further, just how rare was the birth of a True Empath?

A more accurate gauge of the strength of an Origin Technique was Dyon's own [Titan's Emperor Will], an origin technique passed down with his Titan Diamond Body. Even the first stage allowed him to multiply both his energy and bodily strength by twenty!

Yet, [One Above All], according to his master, may be even above that.

"This is the technique your master wanted to become your strength." Esmeralda said lightly. "But the requirements are simply too stringent. And, the pressure it places on your soul is beyond imagining. I didn't have much hope that you'd be able to use it in the short term, but seeing you now... It may truly become possible."

Esmeralda's gaze failed to hide the worry hidden deep within her.

Back then, the only method she saw for Dyon to have a chance against The Entity was by using Faith. Only by uniting the mortal plane and holding its Fate in his palms would he be able to put up a fight.

However, even that didn't fill her with much hope. Maybe if the Mortal Plane had been as large as it had been in the past, there would be a chance. But, long ago, The Entity had already seen through this possible hindrance to its plan.

If, in response to its threat, the Mortal Plane formed a Plane-wide alliance to combine their Fate, with the suppression the Heavens placed on its cultivation, even it wouldn't stand a chance.

That was why it made use of the Dark Phoenixes. During those years, the near infinite number of universes and quadrants was slowly dwindled one by one until now there remained less than 2000 quadrants.

Even if Dyon gathered up all the Fate within them, would it be enough? Esmeralda was doubtful.

However, if Dyon could grasp even a small percentage of [One Above All]'s strength, even if Esmeralda would still be doubtful, at least the small light at the end of their path would be just that little bit bigger.

Dyon smiled. "There's no need to worry, Master. If there's even the smallest chance, I'll grasp it.

"I've already been scouting the 99 universes for a very long time now. I know them as well as the back of my own hand. I will retrieve what remains of our Legacy and re-establish our Sect."

Esmeralda smiled lightly, placing her small hand on Dyon's cheek. Her gaze glowed with a motherly love that couldn't hide her pride.

She hadn't been able to do much for Dyon as a Master aside from setting him on the right path. In some ways, she felt she was undeserving to have such a bright light call her master. But she was also unwilling to miss out on this feeling. To her, the two most important people in her life were Zaire and Dyon.

Dyon grinned. "Also, Master, I have good news. According to the life cycle of the Epistemic Tower, the Valley of Geniuses of the celestial floors should open soon. If Uncle Master isn't there, I'll enter the dao floors and enter theirs."

Esmeralda trembled. Dyon could feel the shake of her palm along his cheek.

Though Esmeralda felt she hadn't done enough for Dyon, in Dyon's mind, he owed her everything. If she had never taken him as a disciple back then, would he even be able to stand here today? No matter how much confidence he had in himself, it wasn't to the point of foolishness. He understood his accomplishments had come with a great deal of help.

There was little else that made him as happy as making his master smile.

Taking a deep breath, Esmeralda soon regained her elegant air. Well, as elegant as a mature woman could be as she pinched the cheek of a young man she saw as her own son.

"You think you're already old enough to tease this master of yours, hm?"

Dyon smiled, but didn't say much despite his stinging cheek.

"You know, you're still so silly despite having grown so big." Esmeralda stopped playing around and began to seriously instruct Dyon. "I didn't tell you this before because I assumed with your intelligence, you would have already seen through it. But..."

"... Why are you struggling so much trying to find Divine Grade techniques when you have the Soul Tome? Did you think the Celestial Deer Sect's library of techniques just appeared out of thin air? Most of them were shared with us by the Elves."

Dyon choked on his next breath and almost facepalmed himself.

Chapter 1882: Full Advantage

How could he have forgotten this? He felt like pulling his own hair out.

In truth, a part of him felt that he shouldn't be blamed. During all the years he had had the Soul Tome by his side, it had only ever shown him a single technique... [Inner World: Sanctuary]!

The more Dyon thought about it, the more he realized he was being played. This stupid Tome had what his grand teacher called the greatest cultivation technique ever created within its pages, so why the hell hadn't it shown it any more good stuff since then? Was it holding back on him?!

The Soul Tome's passive ability was healing and cleansing the soul. Thanks to it, Dyon could take soul wisps and make them whole, allowing the dead that had reached the celestial realm with their souls to form bodies for themselves once more.

This alone was a shocking enough ability and truly displayed the might of the Treasures of the 33 Heavens.

However, The Soul Tome's active ability was almost more heaven defying.

Depending on soul strength, any technique could be instantly mastered to the Completion Boundary. Though this made it more difficult to reach the One with Self Realm, the trade off was simply too good. One had to know that even Dao Formation Experts took countless millennia to study a single Divine Grade technique, yet even they wouldn't dare to guarantee reaching that height. Even if they were Higher Existences, they wouldn't dare.

But, what Dyon had forgotten was that this active ability of the Soul Tome required it to store the techniques its master wanted to comprehend. This meant that the Soul Tome had within its pages the techniques of every single one of its masters of the past!

How could he have forgotten something like this? This time, it was completely unrelated to unicorns. It could all be pinned to his stupidity.

Dyon sighed. "Alright. Once that annoying old man finishes healing his soul..."

Esmeralda suddenly giggled.

"What is it?" Dyon immediately felt a bad premonition coming along.

"Sargeras' soul is by far his greatest weak point. How could it take so long for his soul to heal? It's not even 1% of my own strength. After just half a year, his soul was already healed. What's taking a long time isn't his soul, but rather the reformation of his body that made him capable of killing that Higher Existence Infernal Beast..."

Dyon was stunned before he began to grit his teeth.

"That conniving old man!"

About ten years ago, Dyon stalled the rebuilding of his master and Sarger's for a moment because he wanted to use the Soul Tome to master those few thousand Earth and Heaven grade techniques to completion.

He had had a brief talk with Sarger back then about how much longer it would take his soul to heal, and that damnable old man actually said a few decades.

Back then, Dyon hadn't thought much of it. He was too focused on raising his own strength, not to mention guiding Little Alauna along her own cultivation path. But the words of his master were like an anvil falling into a calm lake.

"Don't be too mad." Esmeralda said with a sweet smile. "He's only trying to gain some small advantages. You know his pride, he would rather die than ask you for help."

Dyon understood what was happening. Sarger probably found some techniques within the Soul Tome that were of help to him. But his pride wouldn't allow him to ask Dyon for help, so he came up with an excuse to stay with the Soul Tome for longer.

Since he wasn't the Soul Tome's owner, he couldn't instantly learn those techniques like Dyon could. So, he could only memorize them the old-fashioned way.

The issue was that all the techniques written into the Soul Tome were converted into arrays with multiple moving parts. With the Demon Sage's weak soul path, he, who could usually memorize most techniques with a single glance, was actually taking years to grasp the techniques he wanted to comprehend.

In the end, Dyon sighed.

"Ah, whatever. I'll let him keep this small bit of face."

In these last few years, Sarger had taken a good role in Alauna's life. His daughter even called that old con artist grandpa now and he treated Alauna as his own granddaughter. Since that was the case, Dyon would be magnanimous this one time.

He had a feeling with how much time Alauna spent with that old man, that she knew what he was up to, especially with her intelligence. The fact she hadn't told him meant she stood on his side. Since Dyon doted his daughter more than anyone else, even when it came to the Demon Sage, he would let her have her way.

Plus, this was good news. That meant that the Demon Sage was already infinitesimally close to rebuilding his body. When he did, the Mortal Alliance would gain another individual with Higher Existence level strength. With both Luna and Sargerias, the Mortal Alliance would gain some breathing room...

"Alright." Dyon said with a faint resolution. "I'll take some more time. After Little Alauna's 21st birthday, I'll go and retrieve what's rightfully ours from the 99 universes. That old man can keep taking advantage of me for a little while longer."

Dyon once more sunk into leisurely state. Many would think he was lazy, but only those close to him knew how hard he worked daily. Even while he reclined in a half sleep to the back of Soul Palace with Amphorae on his chest, whether it was his inner world avatar, or his clones, they were all hard at work.

Still, Dyon knew well that using his true body would speed many things up. But, he refused to do so.

The world was on a ticking timebomb that would erupt in less than 100 years now. He had a feeling that from the time the Ancient Battlefield descended, to the time of The Entity's death, he wouldn't have another long period of relaxation again...

So, he took full advantage. He spent time with his daughter, his wives, his friends, his family...

Chapter 1883: Headache

A blinding sword light sought to slice Dyon's head from his neck, but just a single finger of his stopped it in its tracks. No, it was more accurate to say that his single finger sent it rebounding into the distance, causing a gorgeous white-haired woman with black eyes housing a slight red tint to almost lose control.

"Didn't I say it all those years ago?" Dyon spoke casually. "Even if I handed you strength on a silver platter, you'll never be my match."

Lilith looked toward Dyon with a murderous gaze.

Her prediction back then had been correct. If Dyon gave her access to the Devil Vein, she wouldn't even need ten years to climb from the lower celestial realm, all the way to the dao realm. However, there was one thing she had gotten horribly wrong. Even with her vast increase in strength, she wasn't even near a match for Dyon... In fact, she wasn't even a match for his daughter, let alone him!

The worst part was that almost every day, his clone would come and shamelessly flirt with her, but she couldn't beat him either! It was infuriating beyond belief.

It wasn't just Lilith who grew in strength, but all of the devil path geniuses had. Lilith's two little brothers, Sokzac, even the adorable little RoIRoI. Though only Lilith had entered the Dao Formation Realm, the rest of them were Pseudo Dao experts at the worst.

Currently, they were all standing in the depths of Chaos Universe. Here, Dyon had built a haven for Devil Path practitioners in the deep seas of black and red. As for the ruler of this place, Dyon left that task to Jasmine, the Banshee Goddess and Palace Master of the Water Mist Sect.

Even now, Chaos Universe had lurking dangers Dyon didn't dare to underestimate. But, due to the universe suppression, they also didn't dare to casually provoke him either. So, they let matters be.

In truth, the devil path geniuses weren't that useful to Dyon anymore. The fruits of his effort were already bursting forth.

Researcher Lin's, or, rather, Chancellor Lin's education system had given benefits beyond his wildest dreams. The Innate Aurora geniuses were slowly coming into their strength and some of them had already become Comet Lords, filling the Mortal Alliance with an influx of soul talent. The Mortal Geniuses had finally broken out of their shells, allowing the subsequent generations to produce geniuses capable of fighting far beyond their cultivation barrier...

The benefits seemed to continuously pile up, one after another.

In the grand scheme, it seemed the devil path geniuses simply weren't that useful anymore.

However, Dyon was more farsighted than that. These Devil Path geniuses may very well become his second foothold into the outer quadrants, the first of which was Luna herself and her vast territory.

Still, Dyon felt that Luna's matters were too far above his paygrade for now. The Devil Quadrants simply seemed to be an easier target... Especially since Ri was the Elvin Queen!

Theoretically, Dyon already controlled a fifth of the Devil Quadrants simply due to this fact. In addition, according to his information, the Devil Quadrants only had a single Higher Existence as opposed to the Sprite Alliance which had four, if Luna was excluded.

Of course, Dyon also understood that Lilith's father was no normal Higher Existence. If he was, the Devil Quadrants would have long since been swallowed up under the guise of eradicating their 'dark' path.

Plus... According to Jade, despite the fact the Transcendent Beast Alliance had three Higher Existences... They were still ranked below the Devil Quadrants who sat in fourth place among the five outer powers!

This alone proved how powerful Lilith's father was. He wasn't a man to be trifled with.

However, this reality only made Dyon's next words all the more baffling.

"If you're finished playing around now, I'd like you to head back to the Devil Quadrants and tell your father I'd like to seek an audience."

Lilith, who was about to strike once more, suddenly froze.

"What did you say?"

Dyon didn't respond. Instead, he snapped his finger. In an instant, the soul contract he had signed with the devil path geniuses shattered. What bound them from speaking of the Devil Vein was eradicated in an instant.

"A man of his stature might believe it's beneath his status to meet with me, but I believe he won't hesitate after hearing of this Devil Vein."

Dyon turned to float away, but he suddenly stopped halfway.

"Oh... You should also probably tell him that the Sacharro Clan isn't to be trifled with. That would probably save us a lot of future headaches."

Lilith's lips twitched.

If anything, that would bring more headaches!

**

In a floating room in the depths of space.

Against the wishes of his wives and advisors, Dyon sat alone, completely expressionless in the face of an individual who was without a doubt the strongest existence he had ever faced.

Dyon, who had once felt Jade's aura, knew well that she wasn't even a tenth as powerful as the Emperor of Nightmare Palace, Eldaeranth.

It was quite the ironic atmosphere, though. On one side, there was a man dressed in black robes, his eyes partially closed with an almost lazy expression. Even when he spoke, his words were slow and deliberate, several second pauses between his phrases was a common sight. But, on the other side, there was Dyon who wasn't thinking about the gravity of the situation at all. Instead he could only think one thing...

'Damn this guy is handsome. Is it even legal to have such good looks?'

Eldaerth always had a mysterious fog over his features that made him look more normal than he truly was. However, before Dyon's Immortal Sense, it was meaningless. He could very clearly see his true appearance.

Dyon never cared much for his own looks, but if he had to be brutally honest with himself, that was at least half in part due to the fact that he had never come across someone capable of matching him. Even those with higher cultivation than himself seemed lacking. But this Eldaerth... He sure did give him a run for his money.

Chapter 1884: I Must Say

High cheek bones, a defined jawline, sharp brows, flowing white hair, eyes as deep as the night sky's canvas.

Dyon had to admit, if he swung that way, he wouldn't be able to think about another man after seeing this scene.

If others could read Dyon's thoughts, they'd probably spew blood in indignation. The two of them had been completely silent for almost three days now, yet instead of thinking about the tense nature of the situation, Dyon was thinking of potential male lovers. It was too much.

"You're... a patient... youth." Eldaerth suddenly spoke.

Dyon shrugged. "It's not often one gets to spend days with a Higher Existence. I might as well treasure it."

"Then you know it too... The ... difference between... you and I..."

"Is that your way of saying my Sacharro Clan isn't worthy of allying with you?"

"If... you were... in my position... would you not just... snatch what you want...?"

"That would depend on two things. Whether or not the target offended me, and whether or not I was strong enough."

"How interesting... I am both strong enough... and have been... offended..."

Dyon sneered. "Offended? I assume you mean because I destroyed your so-called 'Soul Market'. I have yet to ask you for an explanation for that, yet you actually dare to bring up how you've been offended. What an interesting man you are."

Eldaernth was both emotionless and silent, but he was quite intrigued by Dyon's behavior. Even when he himself was a lower dao expert, others of that cultivation didn't dare to speak to him this way, let alone the fact he was now a Higher Existence.

Yet, here was a lower dao formation boy asking him for an explanation?

Even more curious, this boy actually dared to sit in a room with him alone...

This much didn't faze himself. After all, for those who understood the true strength of Higher Existences, as long as you even dared to enter the same universe, your life was forfeit. Maybe this young man already understood this truth and knew it didn't matter whether he was an inch from him or millions of miles away.

"Countless died because of the greed of your Devil Quadrants. Families were split, children were ripped from the arms of their mothers. You speak as though you both don't care and don't plan on appropriately reconciling."

"Ah... Is that why you ... are so confident... A clone, is it...?"

"If it took you three days to understand this, then it would probably be in your best interest to use a less sarcastic tone." Dyon said plainly. "You believe that we are on an even playing field, when the reality of the matter is that we've never been."

"I know far more about your Devil Quadrants than you could ever hope to know about my Sacharro Clan. This I can promise you."

"Your ... negotiation tactics... are odd..." Eldaernth said emotionlessly. "... What exactly... is your purpose...?"

"To use you." Dyon said nonchalantly.

For the first time, Eldaernth's half closed eyes opened a smidgen. It was only a minor crack, yet just the gaze pushed Dyon's clone to the point of near collapse.

"Do you remember why it is you sent your young geniuses to the tower quadrants instead of going yourself? Well, I can answer that for you.

"Firstly, you place a great amount of hope in Lilith. You believe that she can grow into a Higher Existence just as powerful as yourself. Once that happens, let alone fourth place, your Devil Quadrants may be able to challenge second place.

"Secondly... Isn't it because you feared being detected by your enemies?"

"Let me tell you something interesting. In just the few decades Lilith and your youthful geniuses have been here, they have already entered the pseudo dao realm, while Lilith herself has already entered the dao realm thanks to my Devil Vein.

"Yet... They haven't been detected by the enemies that made even you apprehensive. I'm sure you're a smart man, think of the reasons yourself. Then you can start to think about who really has the upper hand."

"You're... threatening me..." Eldaernth, aside from his partially opened eyes, hadn't undergone any changes.

"I think you're failing to understand something." Dyon said faintly. "The reason I sent a clone here isn't because I'm afraid of you, it's because I'm too busy to come personally. My daughter's 19th birthday is in a few days, and a father must prepare grand gifts for his daughter. In addition, the world's end is coming very soon, a husband must spend time with his wives.

"Compared to them, even the strongest existence of the Immortal Plane is worthless to me, let alone a man who must share that position with others on this mere Mortal Plane.

"Unfortunately for you, though, this is only the first misunderstanding you have. The second is the fact that you didn't realize that this is a clone because of your own ability, you only realized because I wanted you to realize.

"You believe that you're an existence on a level above my own... A pity that I've never seen it that way."

"... Interesting..." Eldaernth said faintly.

"Ah, I have to admit, that indifferent face of yours is annoying to me. Since you don't believe me, how about I explain a bit more?"

Dyon casually sat up from his chair, his forefinger casually tapping on the table that lay before them.

"Your name is Eldaernth Ravana, I believe? However, me knowing this isn't impressive. After all, maybe your daughter is the one who told me.

"That said..." A light smirk coated Dyon's features. "You are approaching your third millionth year of life. If we wanted to be precise about it, you would be 299 999 896 years old. You completed your Foundation Stage at 7 years old, the Meridian Formation Stage at 8 years old, the Essence Gathering Stage at 10 years old, the Saint Stage at 16 years old, and managed to enter the Dao Realm at 24 years old.

"Following this, you charged through to the 12th Dao Stage in just 10 000 years, and used another 500 000 to fill exactly 114 meridians from your completed 108 before challenging your Heaven's Staircase.

"Effectively, among Higher Existences, you are nigh undefeatable due to this reality. But what's truly exceptionally impressive is the fact you accomplished all of this without the backing of anyone. In fact, even your so-called Devil Quadrants only came into being thanks to you.

"Without something like... say... My Devil Vein, this accomplishment is truly impressive, I must say..."

Chapter 1885: Matter Reconstruction

Dyon casually looked off into the distance as though he didn't notice Eldaerth's almost closed eyes slowly widening with each passing second.

"I won't ask you how you managed to get your hands on a Martial Saint Pill so late in your life, but I should commend you on your persistence. To swallow such a pill at the very peak of the dao realm and forge an extra 6 meridians for yourself... It seems we're kindred spirits in masochistic tendencies.

"Though, I myself have already formed an additional 9 meridians. But that's neither here nor there."

Dyon's smirk only became more insufferable with each passing word.

"You must be a bit worried by now. I'm sure your first thought is that I must have a spy among you. After you think this, you'll immediately turn your thoughts toward the Mathilde Clan because you're aware that the Elvin Queen has awoken.

"But then, after a split moment, you'll realize that even the Mathilde Clan shouldn't have this information. After all, back when you accomplished these things, the Devil Quadrants were just a hodgepodge of loose cultivators and weak Clans.

"Of course, Nightmare Palace had already existed back then, but no one had snatched its power until you..."

"Once you think to this point, you'll realize that there's no one in existence besides yourself that should have this knowledge. You'll begin to feel apprehensive, on edge... Hey, maybe even that insufferable slow talking style of yours will disappear along with that arrogance, who knows?"

Dyon smiled lightly. "Unfortunately, though, I'm not finished.

"You cultivate the [Devil Core] technique, likely a reward you received from Nightmare Palace. This is actually a Mystic Grade Cultivation technique, how impressive.

"It allows you to form a pseudo dantian in the form of Devil Cores. Every formed Devil Core can also enact some of the abilities of a Devil Vein by continuously increasing the devil qi in the surroundings. This ability has likely helped your Nightmare Palace to flourish during your reign.

"Ah, look at that, you actually used the momentum of forming a new Devil Core in order to solidify each extra meridian you have. Smart, smart...

"Your preferred martial art is quite a rare one, I've never run into a someone who places such emphasis on the strength of their fingers before. Aiya, what a masochistic technique. You're practically turning your own hands into a treasure. The initial stages of your [Earth Rending Finger] must have been extremely painful.

"Your attack potency and defense are both incredibly high. You have a pseudo treasure of the 33 heavens as both a soft armor and a qi amplifier. It seems that your beast partner is the Infernal Beast Wyrms but he hasn't been useful to you in quite a while, I see. Ah, pity, pity. Another failed Dragon.

"You haven't eaten a single meal in 2 895 520 years. Your soul is impressively powerful for a Devil Path Cultivator, but you've still only comprehended comet qi.

"Oh my... You're practically celibate. It's actually been over 30 years since the last time you had sex.

"... Oh, I understand why now. You sly dog, you must have drained your libido long ago. You actually lost your virginity at 11 years old. Mothers all over the world are shedding real tears right now --."

That must have been the final straw, because the moment those words left Dyon's lips, the void trembled.

The table shattered and the chairs beneath them seemed to evaporate into thin air.

"You. Who are you?"

"Ah, it really did disappear. Bless the Heavens."

Eldaeranth's eyes narrowed. He didn't speak slowly normally, it was just that...

"Don't worry, no need to feel embarrassed. I'm well aware that your slow speech pattern is a result of a form of training you're constantly undergoing." Dyon smirked. "Now that you're fully awake, can we get down to business?"

As for how Dyon knew these things, why would he ever tell Eldaeranth? It was better if he feared him and felt some trepidation.

No matter how great Little Lyla's True Empathy was, she was still too lacking to read the mind of a Higher Existence. These were characters who held a level of strength beyond common sense. Their abilities couldn't be spoken of in a few simple words. It would likely be impossible for her to accomplish this until she herself became a Higher Existence.

However, Dyon's Immortal Sense had no such restrictions. Obviously, he couldn't use it to read the minds of others, but he was able to piece many things together with his senses and intelligence alone. Coupled with the fact he had the twins by his side, and he could easily feign omnipotence.

All of the secrets within Eldaeranth's body were completely exposed to Dyon. Dyon could even look into Higher Existence Ravana's spatial ring without the latter even noticing.

Knowing his age was as easy as simulating the abilities of an age stone with his mind. Since there was a quantity that could be measure by it, why could Dyon's Immortal Sense also find and measure that vital quantity?

Knowing his cultivation technique was as easy as scanning his body. After grasping the essence of the technique he used, the meridian pathways he frequented, the unique fluctuations in qi, he could simply

ask the hamster twins if they had any techniques that matched this description in their large reservoir of knowing.

Even knowing when he lost his virginity was a simple task of observing his Primordial Yang and making certain deductions based on it.

Facing a Higher Existence, even if Dyon knew his combat strength was nowhere near the required level, his mind had long since crossed that threshold.

Dyon had been toying with dao experts ever since he was a meridian formation pup. Now that he was a dao expert, why wouldn't he dare to toy with Higher Existences?!

Still, Eldaerth was truly worthy of being a Higher Existence. In just a split moment, he gathered his emotions and waved his hands, causing the shattered table and chairs to reappear as though they never left.

Though Dyon appeared nonchalant, his heart grew cold at this display.

'Matter reconstruction...'

Chapter 1886: Eldaerth

Higher Existences were known as Half-Step Transcendents for a reason. Their existences were technically too powerful to appear on the Mortal Plane, and this was especially the case for Eldaerth.

Due to their overwhelming power, the laws of physics became nothing but child's play before them. The most powerful of them could construct and deconstruct laws as they saw fit. Making down up, and up down, destroying and building up, making night day, and day night... all of these things were possible.

All sorts of impossible things happened when one was capable of breaking the void.

Of course, these powers would disappear after they transcended. Or, rather, the Immortal Plane's laws were too sturdy for them to manipulate at will. But, here on the Mortal Plane... they were basically Gods!

"As I said before, I am not a fan of the havoc the Devil Quadrants have run in my territory."

"Did you not destroy my projection as punishment?" Eldaernth said plainly.

"Equating the life of a projection to the life of millions of innocents. A true Higher Existence indeed." Dyon said with a sarcastic sneer.

"That was no normal projection. It was formed of one of my Devil Spirits. It will be another century or so before I am once again capable of using the Devil Core it was formed from."

Demonic Spirit was one of the techniques of Eldaernth's [Devil Core] technique. Projections usually had less than a single percent of the strength of a Higher Existence, but Eldaernth's had almost 2%. This didn't sound like a big deal, but he could form one of these for every Devil Core he had. Each one was more than enough to deal with a normal Higher Existence.

Luckily, Jade was no normal Higher Existence despite only just have broken through.

This was the truth. Eldaernth agreed to this meeting not only because of the Devil Vein, but because of Jade. He had a feeling that if she continued to grow, she wouldn't be much less powerful than himself in the future, if at all.

Still, he wasn't too worried about her. After all, he had been in the Higher Existence Realm for over two million years. That wasn't an easily bridged gap.

What he was apprehensive about was the fact this unknown Sacharro Clan might actually be hiding other Higher Existences...

Unfortunately, before he could even figure out what kind of enemy he was dealing with and decide whether or not to just directly declare war regardless of the consequences, he suddenly learned that he wasn't meeting with a Higher Existence, but rather a little boy.

He could have never guessed that this boy would give him the worst surprise of his life.

"What is a hundred years to you?" Dyon responded, completely unmoved.

If it was up to him, Eldaernth would pay for his actions in blood.

Why was it that Mia and Bella were so beloved? It was precisely because of the integral part they played in the destruction of Soul Market.

Soul Market had caused so much pain and suffering in Soul Universe. Yet, this Soul Market would have never existed had it not been for this Higher Existence Ravana.

However, no matter how enraged Dyon was, his heart was cooled beyond belief. He wasn't anywhere near as powerful as Eldaernth right now, so even if he wanted to take action... He couldn't.

With his current battle prowess, Dyon could battle 9th Order 10th stage dao formation realm experts. But, not only was Eldaernth a Higher Existence, he was of the 15th Order! The difference was monumental.

Of course, this so-called 15th Order didn't exist for Higher Existences. They ranked themselves with a completely different system. But, this was more than enough to illustrate just how powerful Eldaernth was.

"What do you want, exactly." Eldaernth asked without much emotion.

"Even your entire wealth wouldn't be enough to repay the lives of those individuals. However, if I insist on seeking revenge for them now, I will only put the lives of more individuals in danger. Instead, you will pay ten percent of the revenue of your Devil Quadrants until the matters of the Ancient Battlefield conclude."

"The Sacharro Clan isn't very good at negotiating, are they?"

"Aren't we? Do you believe that I don't understand the value of a Devil Vein?"

Dyon aura suddenly shifted, becoming several times darker in an instant. His golden eyes and hair blackened, and he began to waft a fog even darker than the depths of space around them.

"Hoho..." Eldaernth chuckled lightly.

"If you don't agree to this base conditions, I'll refuse to even bring the use of the Devil Vein into play."

Dyon's meaning was clear. This ten percent payment wasn't in exchange for using the Devil Vein, it was purely as recompense for the lives lost!

This ten percent, Dyon would not only use to compensate the families that had suffered, but he would better the way of life of his Mortal Alliance to an even greater extent than he already had. The wealth of even the 5th ranked outer quadrant was beyond imagining, let alone the 4th ranked!

"Let's say I agree, what would your next conditions be, then?" Eldaernth asked.

"An alliance with your Devil Quadrants once more until the matters of the Ancient Battlefield come to an end.

"I'm sure you know this already, but your Devil Quadrants have many enemies. The reason they've hidden their fangs is because of your strength, but what use will that strength be during the first phase?"

"You obviously cannot enter the battlefield, but your daughter, your two sons, and the younger generation of your subordinates will all enter. If I'm correct, they will instantly become the target of the other four outer powers."

"And you will protect them? With what exactly?"

Dyon couldn't help but laugh at Eldaernth's tone.

"I know I've spoken very rudely and haven't come off as a member of the younger generation... But I am not even 150 years old yet. Of course it will be me who protects them."

Higher Existence Ravana's pupils constricted.

Chapter 1887: Conditions

He had seen Dyon long ago with his projection, but in the end he concluded that he was only so weak back then due to various constraints. After all, Eldaernth was well aware that the Sapientia still kept a pulse on the 99 universes, so in all likelihood, Dyon probably didn't want to alert them too much.

But hearing that Dyon was a member of the younger generation caused a frown to appear on his expressionless features.

Dyon shrugged. "You don't have to believe me. But barely a few decades ago, I was seen entering the saint floors by your daughter. I'm sure you know what this means."

How could he not? The age cap for the saint floors was 1000 years old. Even if Dyon wasn't as young as he claimed, he would at the very least be younger than that.

"I dare to say that there isn't a single soul below 1000 years old and capable of entering the first phase of the Ancient Battlefield that is capable of defeating me without Faith."

Eldaernth stared at Dyon for a long time before finally speaking.

"That may not be true." He said plainly. "Those who those powers place the greatest hope in receive martial saint pills. Can you defeat geniuses of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Orders who have entered the middle dao realm? What about those who've entered the higher dao realm?"

Dyon grinned. "Not right now. But in 90 more years...?" Dyon's eyes sharpened. "They will be nothing but ants before me."

What Dyon didn't say was that even if they had entered the peak dao realm it wouldn't matter on the Ancient Battlefield. That place was Dyon's homefield! Maybe on the Mortal Plane he couldn't defeat them, but he could already do so right now if they entered the Ancient Battlefield!

But there were some things Eldaernth didn't need to know.

Eldaernth's eyes narrowed. "What are your conditions?"

"Your devil path cultivators will be allowed to travel back and forth between my Chaos Universe. They may use it to train and improve themselves, and even hunt the embryonic infernal beasts that populate its space, but there will of course be payment and they will not be allowed to enter other areas of my domain without following certain procedures.

"Firstly, for any Infernal Beast hunted, 30% of its materials will be handed to my Sacharro Clan.

"Secondly, the resources of Chaos Universe are not up for use. Any chaos stones mined must be compensated for."

Chaos stones were corrupted energy stones that could only be found in Chaos Universe. Their berserk energy was excellent for Body Refinement, as Dyon had come to find out.

He hadn't been aware of these chaos stones before. But, after awaking his Immortal Sense, he could easily map out whole universes. So, he had made this discovery a few years ago.

"Trust me." Dyon said with a smile that wasn't a smile. "My Sacharro Clan has mapped out the whole of Chaos Universe. We know what's where, and we know exactly how much is there. I hope Higher Existence Ravana will advise his people well."

Without waiting for a response, Dyon continued.

"Thirdly, you will allow some of my people to enter Nightmare Palace. Of course, this won't be for nothing. For every entry into Nightmare Palace you allow, that will be one more of your citizens that can enter the Devil Vein free of charge."

Eldaernth shook his head. "I reject this. The benefits of Nightmare Palace are for a lifetime, while the benefits of the Devil Vein are finite. Every entry is worth at least ten thousand free entries to your Devil Vein."

Dyon grinned. "One thousand."

"Agreed."

"Fourthly, you must let the Mathilde Clan go."

The atmosphere turned cold once more.

"The Sacharro Clan is overstepping their bounds."

"I'm sure you understand the importance of unity. How united is the Mathilde Clan with your Devil Quadrants? I wonder where the heart of their Clan Head lies."

"This is not something for you to worry about."

"Is that so..." Dyon muttered. "... Alright. I hope you don't regret it in the future. But I should probably tell you that if we catch wind of the Mathilde Clan being oppressed, my wife won't be very happy. And if she's not happy, then I'm not happy. In such a situation, it would be hard to figure out just what would happen to the future of our alliance."

Eldaernth's eyes narrowed, but he said no more. He knew that Dyon was right, but how could he give up a Clan he had raised up so diligently?

"When the Ancient Battlefield enters its second phase and truly descends, we will jointly defend against their attacks. As long as you don't betray us, we will do our very best to support you.

"You may be powerful, but the coming storm isn't something you can tide alone. If you only had to protect yourself, it would be one matter. But, with so many relying on you, such a hope is foolish."

"If you'd like us to be allies, shouldn't you be more forthcoming with your Clan's strength?"

Dyon pondered for a bit, tapping on the table for moment before responding.

"Aside from the Higher Existence you are already aware of, my Sacharro Clan has two others, in addition to another who has Higher Existence level strength. I don't believe you care about the breakdown of those with lesser strength than this, correct?"

Of course, these two Higher Existences were actually Luna and the unicorn corpse puppet. Thanks to The Seal, Dyon was able to force his mind to trigger the image of a unicorn whenever anything related to a Higher Existence was mentioned. Like this, he was able to remember.

This solution wasn't perfect, but it was the best he had.

As for the third, it was none other than his father-in-law, Sargeras.

With the exception of Luna who could theoretically become as powerful as the energy in her surroundings would allow, Dyon wasn't sure if the others he mentioned could stack up to Higher Existence Ravana.

Chapter 1888: Junior

However, their existence would have to be enough for now.

"And when will I meet these Higher Existences, exactly?"

Though his words were cool, it was clear he was unsatisfied. They sent a child to meet with him instead of coming personally? Wasn't this just slapping his face?

"Well, you can meet one of them right now, if you so choose. But do you truly care?"

Eldaernth had to admit, he really didn't. Maybe others would care for this matter of face, but he wouldn't. All he cared about was strength, and even if it was only because of his powerful soul, Dyon was worthy of speaking with him at the very least. Those... secrets he exposed were enough to prove this fact.

"Good." Dyon nodded. "That should conclude things, don't you think? We only have to sign a soul contract and that will be all."

Dyon's words confirmed Eldaernth's thoughts exactly. This youth truly did have a freakish soul if his Sacharro Clan dared to allow him to sign this contract with him.

"That's not a problem, but I have a condition of my own."

"Oh?" Dyon raised an eyebrow.

"No alliance is complete without marriage."

Dyon suddenly felt a headache coming along.

"Ai, I don't want to talk about it."

Dyon lay his head on Madeleine's soft thighs. She played with his hair, a light smile on her face.

A slight fragrant scent filled the room. Judging by the glow of Madeleine's skin and the exposed sight of her heart stopping breasts, it was obvious what had just happened.

"You must be making this up." Clara's voice chimed in. "There's no way you said no to adding another beauty to your treasure box."

Clara lay comfortably on their bed, seemingly reading a book on a tablet of some sort. Her crossed legs hid the gorgeous sight between her thighs, and the screen hid the gentle curved slopes of her chest, but in some ways, this alone was even more alluring.

"It's really true." Dyon said, feeling aggrieved. "What kind of father passes their daughter around like a hot potato. Lilith is already betrothed to Sokzac. On top of that, if he nullifies their marriage, it will thoroughly offend his Clan. He's already losing the support of the Mathilde Clan, can he really afford to lose the support of another fifth of his strength?"

"This alliance is more important, though." Madeleine said with a light smile.

"There's little I hate more than arranged marriages. Still, I told him that if he wanted to insist on a marriage alliance, as long as Lilith agrees, she can marry Junior. That rabid boy will screw anything."

"I wonder where he gets that from..." Clara's voice drifted over again.

Dyon's grievances only seemed to grow with Junior growing up.

In all his life, Dyon had only ever shared a bed with women he loved. Of course, the singular exception was when a woman who turned out to be a Higher Existence essentially took him against his will. But even that woman turned out to be Jade in the end.

How he received this label of pervert was beyond him. Truly too unfair.

Junior, however, was a wild untamed stallion. Through their connection, Dyon was well aware that his little brother's virginity was nothing but a figment of one's imagination now. He had gotten rid of it the moment he could.

The only reason Dyon hadn't reprimanded him about this was because he still had some boundaries. Well... the reason was actually twofold.

Firstly, Junior at least wasn't running around ruining young women. To now, Dyon didn't think he had ever bedded a single virgin. Many of them were experienced women who wanted to spend time with a handsome young man. Dyon didn't find any problem with that.

And secondly, Dyon had a feeling that Junior's feelings weren't so simple...

On one hand, he seemed like his own person. But on another... Dyon could tell that it was much more complicated than this.

For example, Junior's love for Little Alauna was pure and true. He truly treated her like she was also his daughter.

Still, this was only one example. Dyon had a feeling there was much more he was hiding... What if Junior not only shared Dyon's feelings for his daughter, but also that of his wives as well?

How would it feel if you felt love for a woman you know you could never have? Maybe this was what Junior was experiencing everyday whenever he laid eyes on any one of Ri, Madeleine, Amphorae or Clara.

If this was true, then Dyon could only turn a blind eye. The matters surrounding Junior had become more complicated than he had the maturity to deal with. He could only let Junior vent as he saw fit.

That said, there were four women in particular that Dyon knew Junior had true feelings for aside from his wives. This was obviously easy for him to tell through their connection.

Mia. Bella. Saru. And... Lilith.

Whether he would succeed with any of them, Dyon had no idea. But why not help his little brother out where he could?

If Lilith agreed, then maybe the unease in Junior's heart would settle down. Maybe if he had a woman he could truly share his burdens with, things would become better.

In the end, it was because of Dyon's own lack of foresight that he created Junior. Had he known that matters would become so complicated, he would have chosen to give the opportunity up, even if it meant losing out on Junior's strength.

Unfortunately, what was done was done, Dyon could only do his best now.

"Definitely not me." Dyon said righteously, throwing these complicated matters to the back of his mind.

He crawled up from Madeleine's lap, taking Clara's tablet and tossing it across the room.

"Hey! I was reading th--."

Her words were cut off by Dyon's lips. The room's fragrant scent began to slowly grow once more.

Chapter 1889: Found Out

"I don't accept this!" Rage filled Sokzac's heart, a torrent of black lightning crossing through his skin and piercing toward the clouds above.

"My father has already decided." Lilith replied in a cool voice.

In truth, she felt pity both for herself and Sokzac. On one hand, her father pawned her off without a second thought, but on the other, Sokzac, too, was undeserving of this. In reality, he was deserving of far worse!

As her cultivation increased, Lilith's sensitivity to certain things also increased.

Back in Soul Universe, after she had had her soul injured by Dyon, she suddenly felt a spike in her affection for Sokzac. Though this affection was eventually stifled by stronger disgust, those feelings back then were real.

For a moment, she had truly wanted to rely on Sokzac, to even start treating him more as a fiancé, to maybe see where their relationship would lead.

Maybe... it wouldn't be so bad to marry him if she could develop feelings first.

Those were the things she had thought. But the instant she broke into the dao realm, as though an illusion was shattering, those feelings were extinguished completely.

At first, Lilith thought nothing of it. Maybe she had only grown more decisive. But the more she thought about it, the weirder it became.

Then she suddenly realized... that injury to her soul back then, it would have been the perfect opportunity for suggestion technique to work on her!

The moment she thought to this point, Lilith was filled with a cold rage, but there was nothing she could do. Not only did she not have any proof, but Sokzac was still her fiancé. She couldn't arbitrarily deal with him for fear of destroying the balance of their Devil Quadrants.

But in this moment... Chaos Universe and the arrival of her father provided the perfect opportunity...

A cold sweeping blade cut through the air.

Sokzac, who was in a fit of madness, didn't even notice until it was too late.

A spurt of blood surged into the skies as a head with a shocked expression spun without a body.

'She... found out...'

These were Sokzac's last thoughts as he looked into the depths of Lilith's cold black eyes.

...

"You knew."

Lilith stared at Dyon with an unconcealed sharpness in her eyes. Honestly, even Dyon felt uncomfortable meeting her gaze. Her comprehension of the sword path was simply too fierce.

Dyon had never really met a true swordsman in his life. There was Delia who practiced the sword, but after awaking her Constitution, her path deviated from it in part. It wasn't no longer the true swordsmanship Lilith practiced.

Ri also practiced the way of the sword back when she was a teenager. There was even the treasured sword her mother left behind for her that refused to change even in the face of a greater weapon. But, after her mother came back and Dyon used his array alchemy to change the sword into a beautiful belt piece for her, she hadn't spent much time practicing the sword after that either.

As for his mother-in-law herself, Dyon had never seen her battle, so he simply didn't know the depth of her comprehension.

Of course, Dyon had fought Diasho Ken. He could be considered a true swordsman. But, somehow, even though he was a sword sprite, Dyon felt that Lilith was on a completely different plane compared to him. She was the very best he had ever come across!

To have reached comprehended the Immortal Path Sword Dao as a Saint!... Maybe there wasn't another talent in existence on Lilith's level in the way of the sword.

There was a reason the sword was known as the King of Weapons. Even for Dyon's War God Avatar tribulation, the sword appeared very last. Dyon had a feeling he hadn't grasped even a single percent of what the Sword True Weapon will really was...

In terms of power, Lilith stood no chance against Dyon. But if they were comparing their comprehension in the way of the sword, Dyon would lose ten out of ten times.

"Of course I knew." Dyon said with a shrug. "Well, initially I didn't because my cultivation was sealed back then. But, by the time I started healing your soul back then, my soul had already unsealed itself. I noticed there was an odd energy surrounding you back then, but I didn't touch it."

After beheading Sokzac, Lilith had stormed her way to Soul Palace. She was actually the only one of the devil path geniuses who could do this, the others hadn't been given a Soul Tag and as such couldn't use the Mortal Alliance's teleportation arrays.

Currently, she was staring at Dyon with a furious expression as the Grand Hall. What made her angrier was the fact that Dyon wasn't only dressed lazily, but she was certain that this was a mere clone of his. As for what the real Dyon was doing, she could hazard multiple guesses.

Lilith's gaze flashed with rage. "Why the hell not?!"

Dyon chuckled inwardly. She knew that Lilith was only half angry because he didn't inform her, the other half of her anger was due to remembering the events of back then.

In order to force her into a state of such distraction that she wouldn't notice the existence of the Soul Tome, Dyon forced Lilith to get naked back then while he healed her soul. She had almost committed suicide as a result and would have succeeded had Dyon not stopped her.

It seemed she was still angry about this.

"Since I've already succeeded, I don't mind telling you." Dyon said with a shrug. "It would have been very easy for me to cure your soul of that affliction back then, but I didn't because having you in such a state was useful to me.

"Your Devil Quadrants have long since been my first target of conquering the outer quadrants. Your father might be powerful, but he is the most convenient to make use of. "

Chapter 1890: Why are you Crying?

"Firstly, there's only one of him. I would much rather deal with one powerful force I can diligently plan for than multiple powerful forces a step or two below in strength.

"Secondly, your Devil Quadrants are the closest to my domain. Even if I didn't use a teleportation array, travelling through the void toward your territories wouldn't take much longer than travelling to an adjacent quadrant of the tower quadrants.

"And thirdly, your territory is far too unstable. First, the Mathilde Clan's loyalties lie elsewhere. And second... do you really believe that that Sokzac's Clan won't see anything fishy about his death even if you picked the perfect and most convenient time?"

Lilith stood completely silent.

"Just before he died, your father announced that he would be cutting off your engagement. That much wasn't actually planned by me, it was just a beautiful coincidence.

"But, what do you think would happen once the fiery tempered Lilith Ravana suddenly found out that the feelings of warmth she had toward her fiancé were all fake? I wonder if the princess would be able to reel in her own temper?"

"You actually surprised me. You managed to hold back for several years, likely because you knew the ramifications of killing him directly. But in the end, it seemed luck was on my side."

Dyon smiled lightly. "You killed him in Chaos Universe, so whatever information his Clan receives about his death will be jumbled and meaningless. But for my purposes, this is better. The longer these troubles can lurk in the shadow and cast doubt on your Nightmare Palace, the better.

"If the Fulgur Clan found out right away and things were exposed, their only option would be to directly run. After all, they're no match for your Nightmare Palace. But, if they're allowed to stay and fester ..."

Dyon who was monologuing like an evil villain suddenly froze.

"WHY THE HELL ARE YOU CRYING?!" He stared at Lilith with an incredulous expression.

But she said no other words. Tears running down her icy cheeks, she turned and left.

Dyon stood stunned as he watched Lilith's figure flash into the distance. It was as though she had forgotten she was a mighty Dao Formation Realm expert. Her speed was no faster than a normal mortal girl, dashing away from a broken heart.

Dyon's mouth hung open. By the time she finally disappeared from his sight, his lips had slowly closed, but a deep frown set into his brows.

Why did he feel so... uncomfortable?

Had he felt bad about scheming against Lilith back then? Of course not! That girl tried to take his life because she believed him to be a detriment to their scheme. Why would he hesitate to use her for his own benefit?

What did he care if Lilith was taken advantage of by Sokzac? Even if that scumbag took all her firsts, he wouldn't care. The world was filled with beauties, but he already had his wives. He couldn't take every gorgeous woman as his own, right? How ridiculous.

Plus, Sokzac was already her fiancé. One day, she would be his anyway. For a woman who tried to murder him, why would he care if her precious things were snatched a few years earlier than they otherwise might be?

The matters surrounding the Devil Quadrants were too important to Dyon.

Now, Higher Existence Ravana was faced with problems from all sides. There was the Mathilde Clan that was likely already distancing themselves from him, and now there was also the Fulgur Clan lurking in the shadows.

On one hand. Eldaerth didn't have any good enough reason to destroy the Fulgur Clan. Even if he could prove what Sokzac did to his daughter, so what? Sokzac was a mere member of the younger generation, he could hardly represent his whole Clan.

Plus, it was very obvious to everyone that Lilith was still a virgin. At high enough levels, seeing this only took a single glance. Who would believe that Sokzac had used suggestion tactics on his own fiancée, yet actually left her completely untouched?

They couldn't possibly know that despite his suggestion techniques, Lilith also felt an innate revulsion toward Sokzac and didn't even let him touch her hand. Because Lilith was always more powerful than him, even after he broke into the celestial realm, even if he wanted to force the issue... he simply couldn't!

Unfortunately, all of these tiny details would be washed away. This left Higher Existence Ravana with his hands tied. He already had one of his four pillar subordinates in the Mathilde Clan no longer truly willing to follow him, if he then killed off another one of these four pillars without sufficient reason, what would happen? Wouldn't the whole of the Devil Quadrants collapse?

It was true that in the face of absolute power, all of these things were meaningless. But there was the matter of Faith to take into account! If Higher Existence Ravana really did these things... The Faith of the Devil Quadrants would plummet!

And the best part about this scheme? Even if Eldaernth knew about it, there was nothing he could do. In fact, due to the existence of the Devil Vein, he even had to compromise and ally with Dyon!

This was the power behind Dyon's calculations. When two intelligent people were fighting a war of the minds against one another, the only way for one to win was to force the other side to willingly step into a trap!

With one move, just a single choice made several decades ago, Dyon had crippled a mighty outer quadrant. For his Mortal Alliance, this was a great victory that came at the cost of no lives. In the future, when they inevitably had to turn their swords away from the Failed Clans toward each other, Dyon would now have a massive advantage.

So why was he frowning?!

No matter what, Lilith was a grown woman of almost fifty years old... Crying because she fell for someone's scheme... Wasn't that a little too exaggerated?

Where was her pride? Dammit!