

The Nameless 1911

Chapter 1911: Reclaim

Dyon casually strolled through the depths of the 99 universes, feeling much better.

All those decades ago, Dyon had gotten very used to battling high level experts thanks to the Sapientia Ancestor. Keeping himself sharp like this was a good thing. But, still not as good as making the 99 universes implode with just a few words.

As for the support the Sapientia might send to quell things? Dyon wasn't worried about. Those arrays that the 24th White Mother created had already been snatched back by him completely. There was nothing to worry about for now.

One day, he would let the Sapientia feel his rage as well.

"Just what did you do?" Chenglei asked seriously from within Dyon's inner world.

"Oh that?" Dyon laughed. "Elder Nova wasn't completely useless. At the very least, he never attempted to rape anybody.

"The Sona Princess that is currently in a coma is a very interesting case. I slipped into Sona Clan territory a few days ago and scanned her body, so I understood why she did the things she did.

"She has a very special constitution that allows her to use the Sona Clan's core treasure, a pseudo weapon of the 33 heavens known as the Sona Sphere. It has the ability, theoretically, to make any strike resonate endlessly. But, using it is difficult because it places great strain on the soul. Princess Sona happened to be the only one who could use it despite having her soul crippled at birth.

"The Ceres and Profound Earth Sect wanted it, but she wasn't an easy target. So, they took advantage of the love Yuhan and the princess shared, feeding him an aphrodisiac.

"The Princess fought back because she didn't want to lose her virginity in that way even if she loved Yuhan, but she couldn't bear to kill him either. I'm not sure of the details, but I'm guessing Yuhan got very close to succeeding before ultimately failing.

"When the princess woke up from those events, she found that her Primordial Yin was 'gone'. When in reality, the Ceres Clan just used some special means to hide it from her senses, making her think Yuhan had succeeded.

"She then attempted to kill herself, not wanting to live knowing that a man she loved had done such a thing to her. But she was saved by her father in the end before she could succeed and fell into a coma.

"This ruined the plans of the Ceres and Profound Earth Sect because without her death, the Sona Sphere they stole during the supposed 'rape' incident would still recognize her as the owner. And, because of her special constitution, it was too difficult for them to break this ownership."

Dyon sneered. "So many problems caused by lack of soul cultivation, yet they still dare to peddle such a trash ideology.

"They likely enlisted the help of their Ancestors to help create the Profound Resonance Bell with the Sona Sphere as its core.

"Every time someone challenges it and the bell rings, the Princess' imprint on the Sona Sphere becomes weaker and they're another step closer to taking it for themselves."

Chenglei laughed. "They're really so pathetic that they had to rely on the challenges of children to accomplish something they couldn't?"

"It really is pathetic." Dyon agreed. "Every time the bell is rung, it attacks your soul. The Profound Earth Sect said that anyone who couldn't withstand it, didn't deserve to challenge their Sect. They even shamelessly said that you must withstand the ring once for every cultivation Realm you've climbed.

"Shameless doesn't begin to describe it. And what's maybe even more sad is that they used such a treasure as the core to make another, yet the result was a treasure several grades before the original."

"So did you take the Sona Sphere?"

Dyon shook his head. "It's more useful to me for Head Sona to discover it's there. I don't particularly need it anyway. After all..."

Dyon's gaze turned cold as he gazed toward a turbulent Nebula swirling with green, purple and blue chaotic qi. A peak celestial would die in an instant if they stood where he was standing now, and he had yet to enter the Nebula's true range.

"... There are more valuable treasures hidden in this place. It's time I reclaim what's mine."

...

Dyon could immediately feel that the swirling hot gasses of the nebula wanted to erode his soul qi. If it hadn't been for his evolution into Immortal Sense, this would have posed a great problem for him in the past.

In truth, he had to applaud the Ancestors of the Celestial Deer Sect. If nothing else, they were quite bold. To dare to hide their Legacy so deep within enemy territory... Dyon couldn't help but grin. Whoever the last Sect Head of the Celestial Deer Sect was... He was quite to Dyon's liking.

Not only was this Nebula within the territory of the 99 universes, it was hidden deep within the Nova Clan's core universe.

A large part of the reason the Nova Clan had such a name sake was because their cultivation techniques revolved around absorbing these oppressive and violent gasses. It was part of the reason they were the strongest of the four Clans of these 99 universes.

The idea of absorbing these gasses was intriguing to Dyon, but it was ultimately useless to him. The red crystals he had found in the wyvern's layer all those years ago held a similar type of qi. In fact, that qi was many times more potent than these Nebula Vapors despite only being of the saint grade. To now, the only more oppressive attack Dyon had in terms of pure base power, ignoring techniques, was an attack with his Chaos Flames. The attack he could produce with that red qi ranked second.

Of course, Dyon's Chaos Flames had still yet to awaken their true strength, so this didn't mean much on the surface. But it was worth mentioning that this second-place rank was with the saint grade of this red qi. Who knows how powerful a celestial grade, or even dao grade, version would be?

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1912: Goal

'Well... There's no use just standing out here... I assume this is the first test, so let's pass it with flying colors.'

A violent surge of energy erupted around Dyon. His tanned skin, originally shining a radiant gold after entering the Gold Silk Realm, became crystalline. The reflective rays of the bright gasses and the stars in the distance reflected off of his skin, making him radiate like a polished gem.

In the next moment, his qi erupted as well. A shield of dense bold type qi was form in an instant, forming a cocoon around Dyon's body.

After comprehending enigmatic qi, Dyon's Silver Mirror Constitution had advanced by leaps and bounds. It was no longer just as simple as countering attacks...

Thanks to his Immortal Sense, Dyon began to understand that the mysteries of this Heaven Grade Constitution weren't so simple at all. It contained deeply entrenched Laws of Gentle Force and Flow.

These supposed Laws were still to far beyond Dyon's means to fully understand. But it seemed the more powerful he grew, the more often he seemed to run into them...

Dyon couldn't even precisely understand why he immediately knew the names of these Laws initially, it was only after speaking with the Celestial Twins that he came to an understanding.

When faced with Laws as fundamental as these, their names were everything!

It wasn't that Dyon suddenly had a wealth of knowledge he hadn't known he had before, but rather that these Laws wouldn't allow him to know them by anything other than their true names.

Thinking of the importance of Titles and Faith, Dyon had a faint understanding why... Names held power.

Dyon tossed these matters to the back of his mind. With a single step, he crossed the oppressive and violent barrier, travelling toward the Nebula's core with blinding speeds.

Fine dust particles bombarded him even as a skin singeing heat sought to burn him to a crisp.

However, even as his bold type qi barrier seemed to weaken and wane, Dyon seemed to have an endless supply to replace it. His Inner World wasn't just for show, nor had his years venturing the Ancient Battlefield been wasted.

It was only now he understood what his master had meant. The tests left by the Celestial Deer Sect would first and foremost test his soul, but the body and qi couldn't be ignored either.

In a place like this, even if his body and qi were top notch, he would run out of stamina long before he found the Legacy Lands he needed to if his soul was too weak. If one took a single wrong turn in this place... It meant death!

However, this wasn't a problem for Dyon. Not only had he long since pinpointed his destination, he had entered from a point which provided the absolute shortest route. Maybe even the Ancestors of the Celestial Deer Sect hadn't imagined their successor would do so, so easily.

Days began to tick by. Eventually, they became weeks. And soon, months.

The size of a Nebula was simply too large. In the void of space, it was easy to travel incredibly quickly. Even a celestial could travel from one end of a universe to another in just a few hours. However, the energy here was even more dense than any planet in existence. Jumping through space here was nothing but a foolish dream, and if you tried, the violent energy hidden in the void wouldn't be so nice as to tell you how you died.

But, Dyon's persistence won out in the end as he was greeted by the view of his goal.

A stable orb of energy floated before Dyon. In comparison with the size of the Nebula, it was akin to a speck of dust to a speck of dust's speck of dust. And, even that analogy might not do it just.

Dyon couldn't help but shake his head. He almost felt that the Celestial Deer Sect didn't want anyone to find their Legacy, even their own Successor!

The orb was very much like a snow globe. Hidden within, there was a world of darkness, but it didn't seem like a Mystical World. After observing for a moment, Dyon suddenly came to an understanding.

'Realm!'

A Realm was nothing like a Mystical World. Aside from the fact they both emulated a real plane of existence, the similarities ended there.

While a Mystical World was a reflection of the Mortal Plane and its laws, a Realm was a reflection of the Immortal Plane and its various complex rules and regulations.

Dyon felt a headache coming along. Since when did so many things from the Immortal Plane decide to fall down to their small lands?

From Dyon's understanding, every Treasure of the 33 Heavens was born similarly to how Amphorae's Golden Dragon Lyre was born.

Some unprecedented moment triggered its birth, allowing a world-renowned treasure to be formed. Actually, though there was the number 33 in their title, there had actually been more than 33 in the past. It was just that the Heavens only allowed 33 to exist at once.

Essentially, if a new Treasure came along that superseded one of the existing ones, it would rip the weakest of its category down from the list and replace it. If this happened, though the former Treasure of the 33 Heavens would retain its active ability, it would lose its Legendary passive ability.

The point of all of this was that a Treasure of the 33 Heavens usually followed its first owner until said owner's true death. Obviously, Amphorae's death hadn't been considered a true one, or else the Golden

Dragon Lyre wouldn't have followed her into reincarnation. Well... it was either that or some work Luna put in.

Which one it was irrelevant. But, what was relevant was the fact that owners of these weapons almost always transcended in the end. And even if they didn't, the next owner definitely would.

What did this mean? It meant that all such Weapons should have already been on the Immortal Plane!

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1913: Reject

So why was it that Dyon had five of them?!

This wasn't the only treasure Dyon had from the Immortal Plane that shouldn't have appeared here either. Another example was the Sage Tower. Yet another example of the [Dao of Array Alchemy]. Even further than that there was the [One Above All] technique that he had come here to retrieve in the first place.

Just what happened to cause so many treasures of the Immortal Plane to fall here?

Was it because of The Entity? Did its descent cause such impossible things to become more possible? But even then, it couldn't be that the owners of the Treasure of the 33 Heavens were actually so incompetent?

Right...?

Dyon shook his head. 'Thinking about these things are useless. I need to figure out what to do here.'

"Little Yin, Little Yang... What do you know about Realms?"

'The Laws of the Immortal Plane are different from the Mortal Plane. Space is sturdier, substances are far harder than they should be simply by virtue of existing on that place, and there are all sorts of others oddities that are difficult to explain if you don't experience them yourself.'

'However, one undeniable true is that every World on the Immortal Plane has a different set of rules. Realms are often created with a World of the Immortal Plane as a template. Essentially, entering this Realm is the equivalent of entering a World of the Immortal Plane.'

Dyon's heart felt conflicted as he listened to their explanation.

"This... Shouldn't this be a good thing, then?"

'Well... Yes and no.' Little Yang responded. 'Do you know what they call people like you on the Immortal Plane?'

Dyon frowned, not liking that line of questioning.

'They call you Impures. Well, some might use harsher words. Scum, infestations, low born, trash, cockroaches –.'

"Alright, alright. I get it."

Little Yin giggled. 'There's a reason Higher Existences shed their bodies to Transcend and leave it behind in the form of their Faith Seeds. Living on the Immortal Plane with a mortal body is like living in hell. It's not just because of the discrimination, but because it's quite literally like living with a debilitating disease.'

'Some poor souls, even when born on the Immortal Plane, will leave their mother's womb with mortal bodies. Those who are luckier are born directly with Immortal Bodies, some with the greatest lineages are born with higher grade Immortal Bodies.'

'But, even those born with the lowest grade Immortal Bodies are so powerful from birth that even a newborn could kill the current you if they cried too hard.'

'Simply put... even with this Realm right before you, a space that incomparably valuable even on the Immortal Plane, you can only look at it.'

'Essentially, even if you could sell this Realm for an exorbitant price only a few margins lesser than an Ethereal Grade Weapon on the Immortal Plane, it's nothing but a torture device to the current you.'

Dyon's gaze turned cold. He didn't bother to listen anymore as he took a step forward, vanishing in the orb.

It wasn't even a second, not even a split second, after entering that Dyon felt his entire body reject him. No... It was more like the world itself was rejecting him, like he was an impure existence that didn't deserve to live.

Just breathing felt as though hot coal was rolling down his throat. His body felt as though numerous ants were gnawing beneath his skin, eroding away his muscles and organs. Even his bones suddenly felt incredibly fragile, as though they would shatter if he didn't walk gingerly enough.

The world itself was dark and heavy. Dyon could already see his destination, just a normal cabin built of surprisingly beautiful black wood, barely a hundred meters in front of him. Yet, that distance that was once nothing more than a blink of an eye to him had suddenly become an insurmountable challenge.

It wasn't just him who was struggling. Little Yin and Yang also had mortal bodies. Thankfully, they were celestial beasts, so their connection to the Heavens was closer, thus allowing the pain to be far more bearable for them, but the truth remained the same.

Shockingly enough, even Chenglei was roaring in pain. Somehow, Dyon's Inner World had been cut off from the Mortal Plane the moment he stepped foot in here. It severed its connection with the Mortal Plane and built a new one with this pseudo Immortal Plane.

"Goddammit!" Chenglei roared.

"Ha." Dyon chuckled. "Even a baby could kill me, huh?"

Despite the agonizing pain, Dyon sat completely still, his gaze steady as he stared toward the black wood cabin in the distance.

He found it funny. Yes... Funny.

On the Mortal Plane, they spent their whole lives, working up through the Foundation Stage, charging through the Celestial Stage, the Dao Stage, before eventually coming Higher Existences. After millions of years of toiling, one may finally break that final barrier and transcend... Only to have the strength equivalent to a baby born on the Immortal Plane.

It was life's greatest joke, no?

Dyon picked up Little Yin and Yang from his shoulders. Their weight, which had once been as light as a feather even to a mortal with no cultivation, had suddenly become incomparable heavy to him.

Still, he delicately stroked their fur, acclimating himself to the pain racking his body.

Dyon was used to pain. But, he found this pain to be unbearable.

The reason why was simple. The pain he suffered through in the past always made him stronger. No matter what he went through, he could be confident that in the end of it all, he would gain more strength to protect his loved ones.

But this pain was different. Dyon could tell it wasn't making him stronger. In fact, its sole purpose seemed to be to weaken him.

This wasn't just physically either, but mentally. As though it wanted Dyon to know he was inferior.

"You have a lot of nerve." Dyon sneered.

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Chapter 1914: Nerve

He wouldn't allow anyone in existence to look down on him. Even that someone was the Heavens themselves!

"If you keep pissing me off, one day I'll toss you in a cage!" Dyon glared at seemingly empty space as he struggled to stand, taking his first step forward.

He grit his teeth, feeling as though his bones were crumbling beneath him. He found it difficult to communicate with Ancient Battlefield in this place, so changing his weight was almost impossible. This only made his journey forward more difficult.

'Didn't that old man say the Immortal Plane had its own Ancient Battlefield too? Then why the hell can't I sense it.' Dyon brutally cursed his Grand Teacher in his mind.

"How do those on the mortal plane live?" Dyon spoke as he began to walk, trying to distract himself.

'Their population isn't as small as you think.' Little Yang said slowly, clearly becoming accustomed far more quickly than Dyon. 'About 20 to 30% of the Immortal Plane are Impures.'

'Though this pain is terrible, it still won't kill you. In fact, the only chance this pain has to kill you is if you cultivate...'

Dyon laughed again. It seemed that when the Heavens wanted to play a game of psychological warfare, they were better than anyone else.

Imagine being born with a condition that forced you to suffer terrible pain every day. Of course, there was a solution for this pain. Yet, that very solution might very well kill you.

Maybe after decades of life, you had already gotten used to that pain. There were many others around you who also experienced that same pain, and they were fine, right...?

Dyon was sure that those born with so-called Immortal Bodies probably even concocted medicines to lessen this pain and make life more bearable.

So was it worth to risk you life? What was the point?

This was the question Dyon was faced with, that very same psychological ailment.

Why? Someone might ask...

Dyon finally made it to the black wood cabin after days of pained walking, and he finally saw the very technique he risked so much for.

Yet, the technique couldn't be moved. It sat there, on the attic floor of the black wood cabin, bobbing in an orb of light, as though to taunt Dyon.

You want to cultivate this technique? Sure... Here you go.

Do as you please... As long as you're willing to risk your life for it...

"Ha..." Dyon let out a sigh.

He now realized that the reason the previous Celestial Deer Sect Heads didn't manage to get very far may not have been entirely due to the difficulty in comprehending [One Above All]. Cultivating a technique in this kind of environment was more than just masochistic, it was no less than fetishizing death.

It took him four days just to walk a hundred meters, he couldn't even imagine attempting to cultivate here.

'... Wait.'

Dyon suddenly had an idea. Even if he couldn't move his real body very well... What about his Inner World's avatar?

After testing it for a few moments, Dyon did indeed find that his avatar moved along to his wishes and with absolute ease. But for some reason, there was a nagging problem in the back his mind. Was it possible that the solution wouldn't be as easy as he thought?

Dyon frowned before gingerly descending from the attic.

'This black wood is definitely not normal... I weigh over five hundred billion jin now, yet there's not so much as a creak...'

Normally, this wouldn't set Dyon off on a thoughtful tangent. Reason being, his body control was so high at this point that most structures he walked upon didn't feel any stress under his weight at all. It was only when he entered particularly fragile places that he bothered to lower his weight.

However, considering the current condition of his body, Dyon was in shape to be controlling his movements with any sort of fine precision. In addition, he couldn't seem to communicate with his Constitution's World in this place, so he also couldn't adjust his weight. Yet, the cabin didn't so much as flex the smallest bit under his footsteps.

There were only one of two explanations for this. Either this wood was a material beyond his imagining, or, it was as the twins had said before and that even normal materials became much harder under the influence of the Immortal Plane.

After descending, Dyon found many things he had ignored on his journey up.

First, there was what remained of the Celestial Deer Sect's wealth. They were all stored neatly within numerous spatial rings, so Dyon could only check them one by one.

Currently, Dyon could be said to be quite a wealthy man. The first reason for this was because of the Dark Ocean. It was simply a wealth of resources that had remained completely untouched for millions of years.

Originally, Dyon had believed that it would only amount to 30 universes worth of resources, but the reality was beyond his wildest dreams. Rather than 30 universes worth, Dark Ocean was easily worth 3 quadrants worth of resources.

And yet... It paled in comparison to what was left by the Celestial Deer Sect.

Just the first spatial ring was filled to the brim with Enigmatic Energy Stones.

Just a single one was already worth a million transcendent stones which alone were worth a million dao stones!

There wasn't just one of these rings either. There were a total of ten, each of which housed 100 billion enigmatic stones.

Still, though this was a lot of wealth to the current Dyon, he knew that this was just the tip of the iceberg. He had learned long ago that the highest-level cultivators treated energy stones like trash. Many of them would only trade the most valuable resources in exchange for other valuable resources.

However, energy stones weren't useless. They were perfect for cultivators who had already reached the limit of their potential. Given enough wealth, these cultivators could break past their normal limits. And, since they had already reached the end of their potential, there was obviously no issue with them harming their foundations with energy stones.

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Chapter 1915: Frown

Secondly, energy stones were the core of all large-scale formations. Dyon had no use for them in this facet thanks to the Sage Tower, but that was irrelevant. The point was that this made them valuable to other people!

Soon, the Federation would be heading to the Sprite Alliance. Dyon was only planning on using it as an extended vacation, but why not take advantage of some people and see if the Sprites had anything of value for him to plunder?

These two reasons were only minor and hardly influenced why Dyon was happy seeing these ten rings...

To put things into perspective, the lowest level star grade resource was worth about a billion enigmatic stones. The Celestial Deer Sect would never transfer all of their wealth into energy stones, so this meant that what was here was only a fraction.

Simply put... The Celestial Deer Sect found that the equivalent of 1000 star grade resources was only the very tip of their wealth. Immediately realizing this, how could Dyon not feel a bit of anticipation as he moved on to the other spatial rings?

It didn't take long for his thoughts to pan out just as expected.

Just the first ring Dyon picked up filled his mind with an image of a world of Timeless and Spaceless stones.

Usually, a universe would produce just enough of these resources to allow the Jafari Clan Treasure to protect it. However, mining them was both dangerous and time consuming. Dyon often had to do it himself so as not to put the lives of others at risk. Still, it was very much worth it in the end.

However, this spatial ring alone... It had enough Timeless and Spaceless stones to enshroud over 500 quadrants!

After feeling a jolt of happiness, Dyon couldn't help but frown.

'What reason did the Celestial Deer Sect have to collect so many Timeless and Spaceless stones?'

'... The space half of the Jafari Clan treasure was kept by the Mino Clan, and the Time half of the Jafari Clan Treasure was kept by the Demon Sage... How are these things related?'

Dyon's frown deepened. He once more felt like he was being strung along.

The Mino Clan were the subordinates of the elves, so this much made sense, at least in part... But the Demon Sage should have been unrelated to the alliance of the elves and Celestial Deer Sect.

However, the more Dyon thought about it, the more... convenient everything seemed. Too convenient, in fact.

If the Demon Sage had never had the Time half of the Jafari Clan treasure, he would have been able to build that stable environment in the depths of Chaos Universe, nor would he have been able to essentially freeze Amphorae's aging as he had.

Without those things, at the very least, Dyon and Amphorae would have missed each by several generations...

Dyon's thoughts fizzled out, once more without a proper conclusion. In the end, he simply continued to the next rings.

A single Timeless or Spaceless Stone was already worth dozens of enigmatic stones, but it seemed the Celestial Deer Sect hadn't yet finished showing off its wealth.

The next rings were of nothing but planet and star grade spiritual herbs. In fact, some of them had already long been extinct. One in particular caught Dyon's attention instantly.

'... Nine Cloud Yang... Could it be that Jade had come here?'

The Nine Cloud Yang spiritual herb, despite only being of the Planet Grade, had long since gone extinct. As a result, if it were to appear now, it would be even more valuable than many star grade resources.

Dyon had always wondered how Jade got her hands on it, but after realizing that she came from a different timeline, he wrote it off and ignored it. But now...

There was a clearly defined empty space in this spatial ring. It was an oddity that immediately stood out since every ring prior had been perfectly filled to the brim.

And this empty space... it was just enough to fit the body of a single Nine Cloud Yang flower...

If it hadn't been for this aphrodisiac, Dyon would have never understood the true strength of his Primordial Yang and maybe he would have already died to Oshire's hand. To think that Jade had retrieved it from this place.

Dyon wasn't surprised that Jade knew of this location. After all, she had followed him through his life in the timeline, it wasn't that much of a leap for her to know the general location of this place. But the realization that her existence had been very much real... made it all the more difficult for Dyon to accept her disappearance.

In a lot of ways, Jade was almost ethereal to him. A golden-haired fairy that fluttered into his life before fluttering away without a word.

Her disappearance pained him, but he had gotten very good at ignoring that pain, pretending as though she was just some fleeting dream.

But this empty space in this otherwise full spatial ring... It made him feel as though a giant was stomping on his chest.

In that moment, Dyon forgot entirely about the pain in his body. His sadness being slowly taken over by rage.

He couldn't fail. Not again. He wouldn't allow the women he cared for to sacrifice themselves just because he was too incompetent.

He had felt it multiple times over the past few years, but he was losing his sharpness. He was becoming too careful, too timid. To think he, Dyon Sacharro, had actually let Diasho Ren off without finding what happened that day... To think he, Dyon Sacharro, would let the three Heads of the 99 universes who made his life hell live just for the sake of scheme... To think he, Dyon Sacharro, would become so weak.

Maybe this was why he failed in the last timeline.

Why had he run? Why hadn't he fought? What if a different choice would have changed everything?

Dyon's slouching back straightened, a wild, maddened aura wafting from his body. Though he didn't notice it, the Dao Heart, shimmering a beautiful rainbow radiance, grew another step in its own luster.

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Chapter 1916: Inferior

He didn't know where Jade and Rose were now, but he would make certain that the Dyon they came back to was one they could look up toward.

Dyon tossed the spatial rings in his hand aside. He no longer cared about them. He didn't care how many resources they had or how helpful to him they might be. Instead, his mind was entirely focused on one thing.

With calm, determined steps, he once more strode toward that highest attic floor.

His steps were no longer careful. He could feel his bones fracturing with every rise and fall of his foot, but he didn't care.

His back was no longer curved. He could feel the Realm's aura trying to make him lower his head, but he didn't care.

His eyes were no longer dull. The whispers resounded in his mind, trying to make him give up hope, asking him why he was risking his life when so many depended on him living... but he didn't care.

Dyon made it to the top and glared at the bouncing orb as though it was his mortal enemy. His right eye throbbed violently... but whether it was in excitement or something else, he didn't know.

"One Above All, huh... That's quite an arrogant name. I hope you live up to it or else it'll be me who looks down on you."

Before Dyon even began, he immediately comprehended something. Previously, his heart had been in too much disarray, suffering through the pain of this Realm to notice, his connection to his wills was much more robust and sturdier here.

This wasn't all, but he could faintly feel that an existence that stood above Daos... Laws!

The moniker of Supreme Law didn't come from nowhere. Wills known as Supreme Laws within lower realms were known for their invincible nature within the Law Realm. Essentially, they were the foundational wills known to produce the strongest Origin Sources to have ever existed.

Origin Sources were a Realm even above Laws. Dyon had seen them once before when The Entity showed him its Origin Source. Back then, Dyon had only been able to look upon it for a split second before being assaulted with a mind numbing headache. And that was after The Entity purposely lowered its strength to the absolute minimum.

Origin Sources were the root of strength for the highest level Transcendents. They were worlds built with one's comprehension of Laws. They followed a similar concept to Domains that Dao Formation Experts could wield, but there were very obviously large differences between them.

The biggest difference between Domains and Origin Sources was that while Domains were built with comprehension of Intents and Daos, Origin Sources weren't just built of Laws, they were the product of using Laws to form a new path of cultivation completely unique to one's self. It was on an entirely different level!

Some of the Laws that Dyon had begun sensing thanks to his Immortal Sense, such as the Law of Gentle Force or the Law of Flow, were precisely the product of a unique path created by a Transcendent of the past.

As for why a Constitution created on the mortal plane would have them, this just went to show just how powerful Constitutions were and why exactly why it was so lamentable that Higher Existences had to shed their Mortal Bodies before they transcended, even if they were born with a constitution.

These oddly named Laws were unique titles chosen by their creators. They were no longer as fundamental as Death Law or Life Law, they were a unique branch the product of the fusion of many different concepts.

Thinking to this point, Dyon had a feeling that [One Above All] might not be a technique at all... Rather, it was the Origin Source of some supreme existence far beyond his wildest imagination.

Maybe if it followed convention, it would be known as the Oneness Law, or the Law of Oneness. But clearly, whoever was so arrogant as to name their unique path this way didn't care for something as mundane as normal naming conventions, so he or she named theirs in this way...

Usually, using someone else's comprehension to cultivate was detrimental, but that was assuming the two individuals in question were on the same or similar levels. This individual was so far beyond Dyon that their comprehensions could only help him.

In fact, according to the Twins, sharing comprehension in this way was quite common on the Immortal Plane. The Laws of the Mortal Plane were imperfect, so sharing them was too dangerous. Generally, your own innate comprehension would be the safest route for yourself. However, the Laws of the Immortal Plane were the peak of perfection... There were no such flaws to threaten one's life.

"So that's the case..."

Dyon's piercing gaze tried to peer into the orbs mysteries.

When he tried to take a single glance at The Entity's Origin Source, he was forced to look away because the Origin Source was simply too complicated. It felt like his brain had to work millions of times harder just to gaze at something as simple as a flower.

This was the innate core of cultivation. The constant cycle between simplicity and complexity. Back then, Dyon could immediately tell that The Entity's Origin Source was far too complex.

What was so amazing about the universes and planes they lived in? Wasn't it that even the weakest mortals could gaze upon its most complex mysteries without suffering any backlash? If this wasn't the case, how else would Dyon's people advance so far in the field of science?

This feeling... That sense of the beauty of simplicity... This was what the peak of what [One Above All] was.

Dyon blinked and pulled back. 'Why did I understand that so easily... This [One Above All]... It's actually so far above The Entity. How is that even possible?'

Abraxus was among the strongest if not the strongest Transcendent on the Immortal Plane. His disciples followed in his footsteps, becoming among the strongest existences on that Plane as well.

But why did The Entity feel so... inferior...

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1917: First Disciple

Dyon's eyes sharpened. There was only one man who even Abraxus admitted he was the lesser to... His very own First Disciple!

Could it be that [One Above All] was his Origin Source...?

To allow a mortal like him to understand what should be the peak existence among Immortals so easily. This realm of simplicity was far beyond Dyon's imagining. It was a realm that rivalled... Even the Heavens itself!

Dyon's heart palpitated. Would he ever reach this level?

'I will!'

A fire lit in Dyon's eyes as he began to peel back the layers of [One Above All].

He suddenly understood that residing in this Realm was the hardest part about cultivating this technique. Gazing upon the mysteries of the technique itself was actually easy beyond compare.

In the blink of an eye, five years whipped by before Dyon noticed.

His body shook, the depth of his eyes sinking as though drowned in endless wisdom.

Though it had been years, it felt like the blink of an eye...

'Five seconds, five days, five weeks, five months, five years... one second... it's all the same...'

Dyon had reached the 1st Will Level of [One Above All]. He had no idea that he was the very first among Celestial Deer Sect Heads to ever accomplish this.

As for his strength... he was undefeatable within the Dao Realm.

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Despite having awoken, Dyon sat as still as a statue.

In the last five years, it was as though pain hadn't existed to him. Suffering through pain for a moment or suffering through it for five years was no different.

It was quite ironic, though. The concept of Oneness he thought was so simple actually took him five years to take just the very first step of. Yet, the benefits were beyond his wildest imaginations.

He felt that conventional and vital qi flowed better in unison. He found that his comprehensions for seemingly unrelated wills were actually interconnected in fantastical and magical ways. He even vaguely felt that the body, energy and soul paths really weren't so different after all.

And then there was himself. It was as though the technique was asking him if he was willing, if he was ready... To be that man who combined it all.

A breath of air left Dyon's lips. His cultivation hadn't moved even a single step in these five years, yet he was very clearly more powerful than he had ever been.

His hand waved.

In an instant, 108 flying swords appeared, streaking like comets.

His two fingers stretched outward. Under his command, the swords trembled.

One after another, they began to collapse. One hundred and eight became fifty-four. Fifty-four became twenty-seven. Twenty-seven became thirteen. Thirteen became one.

The resulting sword fell into Dyon's palm, trembling with mighty force. It was a long, slender silver blade that radiated a faint pale blue, almost like the streaking dust particles of a comet.

'108 comets... 12 moons... 9 planets... 3 stars...'

Dyon raised his arm and slashed forward.

If this was the Mortal Plane, who knew how devastating the result would have been. Dyon felt that this strike was the greatest he had ever levied in his life. Yet, it didn't leave so much as a white mark on the black wood before him.

Still, Dyon smiled. He was still completely incapable of even conjuring the other swords of True Sword Will, but this much was enough for now.

Dyon's gaze turned cold. Even if he couldn't defeat a Fallen outright, he didn't believe he would have a problem retreating. And once he broke through the Middle Dao Realm barrier, defeating a Fallen wouldn't be a pipe dream any longer.

After another glance toward the floating orb, Dyon turned and left.

The Realm didn't seem to have such a damning effect on him anymore. He had suddenly become capable of blending into his environment, as though he himself was also becoming one with it.

With a sweep of his hand, he casually took what remained of the Celestial Deer Sect's resources, only casually giving it a glance. These things no longer shook his soul as they once did.

After exiting the Realm, he placed its form into his Inner World, only to hear Chenglei sigh in relief.

"That damned world." He growled before sinking into a deep sleep.

While those five years were a blink of an eye to Dyon, Chenglei felt every one of its seconds. Yet, he grit his teeth and didn't say a word from the moment Dyon began to cultivate. His resolve was impressive.

Dyon only smiled and let him sleep. If nothing else, Chenglei's mind had most definitely been tempered well even if his body hadn't been. This would only help him in the future.

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Dyon had been in a good mood. He strolled back into Mortal Alliance territory with a light smile on his face, trying to figure out how to make up for his absence. He hadn't planned on being away for so long, but he had truly underestimated [One Above All].

However, what he saw when he came back caused his good mood to plummet.

It wasn't that the Mortal Alliance had been attacked. With Dyon's protective measures, five years wasn't enough even enough to enter the front door, let alone mount any sort of meaningful assault. The problem was the mood of his wives.

Madeleine seemed to be in high spirits and was having a nice chat with Little Alauna. Clara and Delia were having a sparring session and were also just fine. Since their constitutions suppressed one another, their greatest avenue for improvement was the time they spent together. And, Amphorae was sitting with Madeleine and Little Alauna, adorably trying to appear as though she wasn't nervous while socializing with them.

However... It was his Ri that had a shadow cast over her heart.

With a deep frown on his face, Dyon instantaneously appeared by her side. She was so lost, dazedly looking out over the ocean before them, that she didn't even notice his appearance until several seconds later.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1918: Despair

Without a single word, she fell into his embrace, clutching him tightly.

Dyon didn't need to ask to understand why she was being this way. If he did, wouldn't he be a terrible husband?

It had already been more than 20 years now since her father disappeared into the True Empath Trial of the Epistemic Tower. Yet, they hadn't heard a single word of him since then.

Everything was seemingly perfect, and there was nothing Ri could want for... But not having her father by her side was weighing on her.

In truth, if she had to be honest, the father she knew in her youth had been gone for a long time. The guilt he felt leaving his Kingdom in pursuit of his wife was something he had never forgotten, and it ate away at him every day.

Dyon honestly didn't know if he would ever crawl out of that pit of despair.

Dyon lightly stroked Ri's hair.

"There's no need to worry." He said softly. "That old man is the one who runs those trials, he wouldn't dare take it too far on father-in-law or else he'll hear from me!"

Ri sniffled lightly and giggled, breathing in Dyon's scent.

Maybe only her husband would dare speak of threatening a Transcendent. But, judging by the change in the depth of his eyes... She felt that even if she didn't know Abraxus would never harm him, that she would believe he could do it anyway.

At the same time, she felt a sweetness in her heart. This was the first time Dyon had ever called King Acacia 'father'. Though she knew he was only doing it to appease her, she still loved his attention to detail. Only this sort of man was worth marrying, even if she had to share him.

Ri stood to the very tips of her toes and wrapped her arms around Dyon's neck, looking into his eyes with beautiful silver-blue pearls.

"Looks at you, a crying mess." Dyon teased. "What would all your countless pursuers think seeing their queen dripping tears and snot?"

Ri smiled. "I'm sure they'd lead an army to kill the man who put me in this state. I'm afraid they'd blame you first. I hope you're powerful enough to fend them off."

"My bones are weak and fragile, I'm too old to be doing such things anymore. Leave it to the youth. I'll let Little Alauna handle it."

Ri pouted. "I hear old men lose their prowess in bed." She sighed lightly, as though lamenting a time long passed. "I'll have to start conducting interviews. You may be old, but I'm still a young woman in the prime of my youth, I have needs."

Dyon grinned evilly. "Us old men might be lacking in certain areas, but we more than make it for it with experience."

Dyon swept Ri away. But, he would have never expected that not even fifteen minutes later, Ri would be laughing hysterically. In fact, she could hardly hold it in. Due to her cultivation, even when she struggled to keep it down, her voice covered the whole of Elvin Territory within the Mortal Alliance.

Though Dyon was surprisingly unhappy to hear this laughter, Kawa, Ri's mother, finally smiled for the first time in a long time.

'... It seems that son-in-law of mine is back... Only he could make her smile and laugh now...' She sighed and looked off into the distance. '... When will you come back to my side... husband...?'

Within the royal chambers of the Elvin Palace, the enticing scene of Ri's laughter was a feast for her eyes.

Her breasts weren't as large as Madeleine's, but they were like two perfect little cups of dew, molded perfectly to fit one's hand. As her laughter rippled through her body, they jiggled healthily, making Dyon's blood boil.

Her petite frame could have only been sculpted by a God. The way her pale blue hair clung to the glistening, sweaty curves of her body was an image beyond words.

To say she was a world class beauty could only be an understatement. In Dyon's eyes, only his own wives could reach this standard. He didn't care how beautiful or gorgeous others were, to him, there were only them. Only they could stir his heart.

However, at this moment, even with his wife's perfect naked body before him, Dyon felt more annoyed than he ever had in his whole life.

He looked down at the rod between his legs, his prided joy, one of the few things in his life that had never failed him... hanging limply without a reaction.

Ri caught her breath, trying to steadily slow her laughter, but when she saw the sight of Dyon's heart broken expression, she broke down and started laughing again.

'Dammit... If Clara finds out about this, I'll never hear the end of it!' Dyon felt like crying but had no tears to give.

Did he really think he could sit in that environment and cultivate for five whole years without facing any sort of consequences? He thought he was fine, but the truth was that his body was currently filled with hidden injuries. Some were small, and some were large, but the fact was that they were all numerous in number.

[One Above All] could only be cultivated in an environment like the Immortal Plane because only such a place would have the appropriate and complete laws to begin proper comprehension, but the consequences of doing so weren't negligible.

When Ri finally managed to stop bursting into fits of laughter, she reached over and pulled Dyon down from his kneeling position on the bed. Her naked body embraced his own, a content smile on her face.

She knew well that her husband must have been suffering through all sorts of terrible things these five years for his body to be in this condition. So, though she laughed, it was only the way family members would jeer at one another.

As for the thought of replacing Dyon, it never truly crossed her mind. She wouldn't choose even the world itself over him.

Like this, the husband and wife pair fell asleep in each other's arms, attempting to wash away years of stress and toil with rest.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1919: Just You Wait

"I missed you. Disappearing for half a decade like that without a word, I should have gone off with another man."

Dyon smiled, not taking Clara's words seriously. He enjoyed the feeling of having her in his arms. At least when the moment held enough weight, her first thought wasn't to have a spar of words with him.

After several days of rest, Dyon finally awoke to notice he had been completely surrounded by his wives. It was a feeling that filled with him content.

Clara pulled away, looking at him with a mischievous glint in her eyes. Dyon instantly had a bad feeling when he saw Ri's petite sprinting out of the room, covering her soft pink lips with a small hand.

"You should rest, we wouldn't want your old body getting any worse."

Black lines began to form on Dyon's forehead. But, this was only met by a stifled giggle.

Dyon turn his head only to see Madeleine and Amphorae avoiding his gaze.

"Come, come. Let me help you up." Clara 'caringly' threw his arm over her shoulder, gingerly helping him to stand. "You shouldn't put so much stress on yourself. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. I heard that this is quite normal for men your age."

Dyon's lip continuously twitched. He really had no response. All of his intelligence and his quick-thinking speed had suddenly become absolutely useless. This was it... It was over... the war he and Clara started when they were just toddlers had finally come to an end... she had won.

The worst part of it was that he could feel that he still wasn't in any sort of condition to be making up for his last failure at the moment. He could only let celestial grade holy type qi slowly circulate around his body.

Luckily, his clone was very close to comprehending a new Blessing, or else who knew how long it would take for him to get better...

Injuries weren't just graded on their graveness, but also in the quality of energy that caused them. A cut that was just as deep and long caused by a saint versus a celestial were two wholly different concepts. The latter was obviously far more difficult to deal with.

As for Dyon, his injuries were caused by cultivating on the Immortal Plane. His body contained traces of damage that could only be levied by immortal qi. This was why it was so dangerous for him to cultivate in such an environment. Immortal Qi was nothing but poison to a person with a mortal body.

His lack of ... prowess currently was actually a protective mechanism put in place by his body subconsciously. Dual cultivating required energy he simply didn't have the luxury of giving now.

"Yea, yea, yea..." Dyon let Clara support him even though it was completely unneeded. Even if he couldn't 'perform', that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy his wife's body.

Clara sighed. "Poor old man. Wants to take advantage of a weak young lady like me yet can't do so even if I lower all my guards. Such a crying shame."

Dyon froze, his words caught in his throat.

"I'm going to go and see my lovely daughter. I don't have to stand for this." Dyon disappeared in a flash, leaving behind four women who could no longer hold in their laughter.

The beautiful sounds of four sonorous voices fill Planet Soul with a comfortable air. Everyone seemed very much aware that their Leader was back.

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"Grandpa, dad's back." Little Alauna sat by the Soul Tome's side with a bright smile on her face.

She looked no different from an angel. Her hair was a delicate platinum-rose that fell like a smooth waterfall. Her skin was delicate, holding an ever so slight warm bronze color, but was also incredibly fair. It seemed as though a single poke could sink your senses into an endless softness.

Still, her most intriguing feature were her eyes. They burned with a gentle hazel-green, filled with a hidden sharpness that was somehow still soothing.

She was dressed in her favorite violet colors with emphasized her budding youth. Though she gained much of her character from her father, but one thing she ignored was his lack of fashion sense. That, at the very least, she gained from her mother.

Luna, who had grown up as a princess, was of course fond of dressing well. Though she was fine with Luna following Dyon in all things, this was one thing she wouldn't have allowed her to slip up in.

"Bah." The Demon Sage practically growled in response. "Forget that snot-nosed brat. Tell grandpa about your cultivation."

The Demon Sage's body vessel had actually long since been completed. It lay by the Soul Tome in a vaguely humanoid shape without any distinguishing features or genitalia. Once the Demon Sage entered it, it would be reformed to his image and the long dead Demon Sage would once more reappear in this

world. Still, even without a true form, it radiated an oppressive aura. If Alauna hadn't already been a Dao Realm expert, she wouldn't have been able to sit so closely to it.

Currently, the Demon Sage was actually just hovering above this humanoid shape in spirit form, speaking leisurely with Alauna.

"Dad!"

Before Little Alauna could answer, Dyon appeared without the slightest ripple, only to be greeted by his daughter's embrace.

Dyon stroked her hair, feeling a little guilty. Though he had only left when she was already 21, he still hadn't planned to be away from her for so long. No matter how old she became, she would always remain his little girl in his heart.

The Demon Sage practically ignored Dyon's presence. In fact, the moment Dyon appeared, his spirit began to fuse with his newly formed body.

"Just you wait, boy! Once I fuse with my body, I'll finally give you a good beating and make you call me father!" Years of pent-up frustration was ready to implode. Soon, the forgotten Demon Sage would reappear in this world.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1920: Righteously

Hearing his supposed father-in-law's words, Dyon felt a headache coming along. This was a man who personally slaughtered a Higher Existence Embryonic Infernal Beast in his prime. If he really decided that the first thing he would do when he came back was assert his authority as Amphorae's father, Dyon could only grit his teeth and deal with it, especially since his body wasn't in peak working condition right now.

'Goddammit. How about you be a little grateful that I built you a body? If not that, be grateful that I allowed you to use the Soul Tome free of charge. What a petty man.'

It wasn't Dyon's fault that he turned out to be the Demon Sage's prophesied successor. What the hell did it have to do with him? He hadn't even been born yet.

Unfortunately, no matter how Dyon willed it away, the fusion was happening without a hitch.

The demon sage's mystical world trembled. A surge of blood red qi swirled violently, piling into the Demon Sage's vessel.

It only took a moment for Dyon to realize that this blood red qi was actually the core of this mystical world, the very same massive Infernal Core Dyon had seen all those years ago.

He silently nodded to himself. 'To reconstruct a body as powerful as his, the materials I provided are indeed not enough... I thought I could secretly get away with making him a little weaker than normal, but it seems this cunning old man saw through it.'

Of course, Dyon would never harm his father-in-law. The only reason he thought like this to himself was his own way of being petty. He had given Sargeris the best materials he had and even gave him Half Fusion meridians.

If it came down to it, Dyon would have even given him a Star Grade Fusion set of meridians, but it would have been a waste. After all, this old man never cared much for the soul path, he hadn't even comprehended comet qi. Star Grade Fusion Meridians would be wasted on him, so the 100% Fusion allowed by Half Fusion Meridians was best suited for him.

What was truly impressive about the Demon Sage was that he managed to rework his own meridian pathways to fuse his conventional and vital qi alone. This was why he was able to jump from the peak 12th Dao Stage and battle Higher Existences.

By his own accounts, he had managed a 50% Fusion, similar to an Incomplete Fusion Meridian set, all on his own. That coupled with his Martial Saint Constitution and he was able to cross over the unimaginably large gap.

But now that he could complete 100% Fusion and was reconstructing his body with a Half-Step Transcendents Infernal Core... Dyon could only imagine how powerful he would become.

The uncomfortable sound of cracking glass filled Dyon's ears.

'How irresponsible. This world is about to collapse.'

Dyon's arms wrapped around Alauna who was still in his embrace and disappeared as the mystical world began to crumble.

BOOM!

The instant he appeared with his daughter outside the realm, a bloody pillar of light pierced into the skies. It spanned more than 300 meters in width, but its height seemed greater than even 300 kilometers.

The light began to slowly compress. The process was slow, but steady, never wavering for even a moment.

As the hours ticked by, one could begin to vaguely see a humanoid form at the center of it all.

At some unknown time, Amphorae had appeared by Dyon's side. Whether subconsciously or not, her small, soft hand slipped into his own. Despite there not being anything to worry about, Amphorae still seemed nervous. It was rare for her to display any sort of emotion, but the slight crinkle in her lovely brow spoke volumes.

Since Dyon knew she was being irrational, he didn't try to say any words to soothe her. Instead, he held her hand silently, waiting for the Demon Sage to finally once more appear in this world.

Soon, the Demon Generals also began to gather. Many of them had been preparing for the trip to the Sprite Alliance, but to them, the reappearance of their benefactor was more important than ten Sprite Alliances.

It was then the Demon Sage's true form began to appear.

He was a towering man. Though he was shorter than a giant, he was still over 7 feet tall. His body was surprisingly lanky, but the fibers of his muscles were so pristinely refined that one could see them running beneath his skin. Every portion of his body was perfectly sculpted, even the smallest muscle groups pulsed with vitality.

His hair was a blazing, bloody red. It was nothing like the gentle red-gold of his daughter, but was very nearly a dark maroon. His eyes were akin to a deep pool of blood, one could sink into despair simply looking into them. Still, he somehow managed to be a devilishly handsome man.

It was hard to believe that a man like this could ever lose. But, the reality was that he hadn't lost by normal means. Had the outer powers not taken advantage of his absence, Dyon felt that the fall of his Empire wouldn't have been so simple.

Dyon vaguely felt the need to thank those outer powers. If he had to deal with the Demon Sage instead of having him as an ally, although he would never admit defeat to anyone, it would be difficult for him to conquer the Demon Sage faster than The Entity could awaken.

The Demon Sage's gaze landed on Dyon as the red qi around him magically manifested beautiful red robes. Seeing the mischievous light in his eyes, Dyon shamelessly placed both Amphroae and Alauna before him, causing laughter to erupt amidst the Demon Generals.

Just as he was about to mock Dyon, the Demon Sage paused.

"You're injured. Pretty badly, at that."

"Yea, so you wouldn't shamelessly beat up your injured son-in-law, right? Think of how Amphorae and Little Alauna would feel."

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God