

The Nameless 1921

Chapter 1921: Trip

Dyon spoke righteously without even a tinge of red on his face. While Amphorae was baffled, Little Alauna could hardly hold in her giggles.

"You --."

"You're injured?" Amphorae looked toward Dyon, the worry that had been for her father immediately transferring over to her husband.

Sarger's face darkened, but his words were caught in his throat.

"Eh, it's a small injury." Dyon waved his hand.

"Help him." Amphorae ignored Dyon's nonsense and looked toward Sarger.

"Tell him to help himself, hmph." Sarger looked away, not willing to meet his daughter's gaze.

"If you don't help him right now, I won't talk to you for a month." Amphorae glared, not budging an inch.

Sarger sighed in defeat. "I have no ability to help him. His injuries have become similar to... a reverse phantom pain is the best way I can describe. Instead of feeling pain where there is none, he's actually reached a state where he feels nothing despite the fact he should probably be knocked out in a bed somewhere.

"That latter state is far more dangerous than the former."

One might think that not feeling pain ever would be a great thing. However, any medical professional worth their salt could tell you that such an ailment is one of the most dangerous in existence.

Pain evolved to be a part of life for a reason. It's a warning that allows one to know when not to go too far and a light that signals death is ahead.

If you suddenly lose that signal, your life will immediately be in danger.

This condition had actually appeared in Dyon's mortal world and was studied by many doctors. Imagine for a moment that you could feel no pain and placed your hand on a burning hot stove. Maybe you simply forgot to turn the stove off previously, but now you're going about your business as though your skin isn't burning.

If things went too far, or you didn't manage to smell your own burning flesh, you could very well end up with terrible burns. Since even third-degree burns have the potential to take a mortal's life, one can imagine how dangerous such a situation would be.

Now scale this upward several times over. A cultivator's sensitivity to pain is incredibly important.

Meridian pathways are incredibly complex and interwinding, if one isn't triggered by pain the moment they circulate their qi along the wrong paths, wouldn't you die to cultivation deviation without even understanding what happened?

Of course, someone on Dyon's level would never make such a mistake, but this illustrated the dangers well.

"... He's out running about, flashing here and there, when in reality each move he makes only makes things worse. He's lucky he has holy type qi, or else his body would have already collapsed on him."

Amphorae turned her glare toward Dyon, allowing Sargeris to breathe a sigh of relief. Dyon could only put his hands up in mock defeat.

He couldn't claim he wasn't aware, because his Immortal Sense was too potent. That said, Sargeris' understanding of the human body still surpassed his own, so although Dyon's vision was clearer than the old man's, the Demon Sage's ability to deduce the severity of the problem was still far better.

Still, Dyon wasn't worried. He didn't have to use much effort even to kill a Higher Dao Expert. If he ignored the injuries on his body, even Peak Dao experts would fall.

Plus, he already had two solutions to this problem. First were his Wings of Blessings, and second was the Ancient Battlefield.

His clone had been conquering lands for quite some now and there were finally some clues toward where he might fight some dao grade type qis. He was already confident that he could cure his injuries as long as he cast the Angel's ultimate healing spell with the support of celestial grade holy type qi, but if he found dao grade holy type qi, it wouldn't even be necessary to learn the magic at all.

"Just what did you do exactly." The Demon Sage's brows furrowed. He had long since given up the idea of beating Dyon into submission, he would much rather wait for Dyon to be at full strength. After all, he was a prideful man. But, he was still greatly confused.

Dyon clearly hadn't been injured in battle, his injuries weren't consistent with that kind of strain. Rather... it seemed to be along his blood vessels and meridians pathways... As though he was testing his comprehension of some technique continuously as though he couldn't sense his own qi had become akin to razor blades within his own body.

Many looked toward Dyon curiously. There really shouldn't be many environments on the Mortal Plane capable of doing this to him... His body was simply too powerful.

Dyon could see the keen anticipation in his father-in-law's eyes. For a man who was constantly looking for places to temper his body, Dyon's injuries weren't a sad realization, but rather the happiest of occasions.

Dyon smiled knowingly. "I took a trip to the Immortal Plane."

Sarger's eyes widened.

At first he thought Dyon was joking around. But the deeper he looked into Dyon's eyes, the more certain he was that this son-in-law of his wasn't telling a single lie.

With a flash, he disappeared, passing by Amphorae and Alauna to grip Dyon's shoulders. He stared at him as though he was some sort of ravenous starved dog finally finding a piece of meat.

"How did you do it?!"

The Demon Generals who had ventured to the garden behind Soul Palace were stunned. They thought that Dyon was messing around too, but this reaction was far beyond their expectations.

Dyon winced, shifting slightly. Were these really the hands of a human man? They felt like steel pliers. With just a thought, Sargerass could probably rip him apart in two.

For Dyon who was born with Titan Diamond Body, this was a weird experience. He felt that the Heavens screwed up not giving this man a body related constitution.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1922: Big Deal?

"Is it a big deal?" Dyon said with a raised eyebrow.

It wasn't that he was looking down on the Immortal Plane, it was rather that this reaction, even taking that into consideration, was still too over the top. Sargerass was still a man that rivalled Higher Existences at the end of the day. It took Dyon mentioning how he lost his virginity for Lilith's father to show even a hint of emotion, and even that was very reserved all considered.

He just felt it was below Sargerass to react like this.

"What do you know, you snot nosed brat!" Sargerass slapped Dyon's forehead with a palm.

"Father!" Amphorae snatched the dizzy Dyon from Sargerass' hands.

"He's really too insufferable! He knows nothing yet he insists on mouthing off! If he hadn't swindled you, I'd put his head on a stake!"

"Who swindled who?!"

Sargerass shrunk back, avoiding his daughter's glance once more.

Amphora was not one to show much emotion at all, but she didn't seem capable of stopping it when her father was around. Sargerass knew well that this had little to do with how comfortable she was around him and that the real reason was likely the exact opposite.

In the end, he really had left her all alone with no protection to fend for herself. Even though he eventually came back and protected, it was an odd relationship they had.

After all, Sargerass had countless wives and even more children. Before he left, he hadn't been particularly close with any of them. In the end, he only treasured Amphora now because she was all he had left. At least, that was the reason initially. It was only later he came to understand the joys of raising a child.

Unfortunately, Amphora was already a grown woman when he found her. This was probably why he latched onto Little Alauna and doted on her so much. It was like he finally got a redo.

"Bah..." Sargerass waved his arm at Dyon's amused expression. "... This kid is still clueless. Do you even know that one must shed their mortal body before transcending?"

"Yes?" Dyon answered.

"Are you even aware of why?"

"They're imperfect."

"Stop giving me superficial answers. You clearly don't have a solid answer." Sargerass frowned with disdain. "It may not be a big deal for a normal cultivator to give up their mortal body. In fact, it's an upgrade for many of them. However, for a cultivator with a constitution, it's a terrible loss."

"You don't get to keep your constitution after you shed your mortal body?" This was the first time Dyon had heard this.

"Of course not. The reason I can be reborn with a new body here that contains my constitution is because the Mortal Plane allows imperfections to exist. But, if I tried the same thing on the Immortal Plane, my constitution would be rejected and I would end up with a normal Immortal Body."

"You're implying that..." Dyon's gaze sharpened.

"If you don't perfect your constitution before you transcend, you lose all the effort you've ever put into it. This is why I've still yet to call down my Heavenly Steps and is why I won't call it down unless I'm about to leave my prime. Taking that step will only bring me another closer to losing all of my efforts.

"Even all the blood, sweat and tears I've put into refining my body will be gone. My trip to the Timeless Library could be considered tragic... But at the very least, I learned this one piece of useful information.

"The only way to keep your mortal body when you transcend is to make it immortal. And the only path toward doing that is reaching the perfection stage of your constitution, or else you're destined to be mediocre on the Immortal Plane.

"Cultivation is simply too slow on that plane. Even the lowest Immortal Realm could take hundreds of thousands of years to take one step in. Let alone reaching the highest..."

Sargerashook his head. "Things are still too abstract for you to understand, so I'll spell it out for you.

"The Immortal Essence Realm, the Immortal Saint Realm, the Immortal Celestial Realm, the Immortal Law Realm, and finally, the Immortal God Realm."

'There's no mistake.' Dyon's eyes narrowed. 'The immortal cultivation realms perfectly mirror the mortal cultivation realms. It's no wonder those puppets of the Sage Tower still function with inferior qi...'

"30% of the babies of the Immortal Plane are born with Mortal Bodies. Closer to 60% are born directly with Essence Grade Immortal Bodies and immediately have Immortal Essence Realm cultivation. 9% are

born with Saint Grade Immortal Bodies the moment they leave their mother's womb. Less than 1% are born with Celestial Grade Immortal Bodies!

"There are even a staggeringly small minority who aren't even fit to be placed within percentage totals that are born with Law Grade Immortal Bodies.

"Do you understand the disadvantage we of the Mortal Plane are at now? Do you see the disparity?

"When we transcend, we are "gifted" the lowest level Essence Grade Immortal Body. Cultivating even a single step forward is impossible for the vast majority of us. Do you understand?

"So yes it is a big deal, you ungrateful boy! Do you want to be below the feet of others the moment you finish acting like a King here?!"

While the Demon Sage ranted and Dyon hid behind Amphorae, his mind was actually elsewhere.

'Could it be that The Entity is within the Immortal God Realm? How the hell am I supposed to defeat it...'

"What could you do if I did have a method of entering the Immortal Plane?" Dyon stopped messing around and spoke seriously.

Sargeras snorted. "Nothing for you. Consider it your respect to me as your father-in-law."

"Oh?" Dyon sneered. "Is this the same father-in-law who's yet to hand me a dowry? Are you trying to say that my Amphorae isn't worth much?"

Sargeras suddenly felt a cold sweat mat his back. He didn't dare to look toward Amphorae right now.

"What nonsense are you spouting? I gave you an entire Mystical World and a treasure from the Immortal Plane. Are you saying this was not enough?!"

"You mean the Mystical World that just crumbled because you absorbed its most valuable resource? Or do you mean that Sage Tower that I snatched from you after you tried to kill me when we first met?"

"What did you try to do?" Amphorae's gaze turned cold. Even the Demon Generals couldn't help but take several steps back.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1923: Normal

Many forgot how powerful this wife of their leader's was because she was often sleeping or completely emotionless to the point of being invisible. However this savage, blood thirsty aura forced them to suffer a bout of dry mouth.

Sargerass scratched the back of his head. "About this... I didn't know he was your beloved back then! I really didn't!"

Amphorae's gaze grew colder. Maybe if it wasn't for Little Alauna taking her hand, the whole matter would have been blown out of proportion.

Dyon hadn't initially wanted to stir up something so deep, but it seemed the relationship between Sargerass and Amphorae wasn't so simple as it seemed. In all likelihood, Amphorae ignored these matters previously because Sargerass was technically dead. She wouldn't hold a grudge against a dead man, least of all her own dead father.

However, now things were different. Sargerass was back, alive and well, and the things of the past suddenly became far more difficult to brush over and forget.

Dyon sighed. "Everyone go back and prepare, we'll be leaving for the Sprite Alliance tomorrow. This trip is meaningless on its surface, but it has large implications nonetheless."

They all knew what Dyon meant. Gathering Faith wasn't just about conquering more universes and quadrants, it was also about cultivating a reputation. This was precisely the reason why there were some universes that were strong in Faith, and others that weren't. This was the difference in quality of owner.

Even during the years Dyon hadn't spent conquering lands, the Sacharro Clan's Faith was swelling because of his reputation as True God Sacharro. However, in the grand scheme, this improvement was still far too minor. Unless he made splashes on a stage so large no one could ignore it, it would remain meaningless.

The Demon Generals left one after another once they finished paying their respects to Sargeras. Soon, only Dyon, Alauna, Amphorae and the Demon Sage were left behind. Unfortunately, judging by the dodgy eyes of Sargeras, he wasn't very eager to be in this situation.

Dyon shook his head. "Don't you have something of mine?"

Sargeras glared at Dyon, but reluctantly handed over the Soul Tome anyway. He didn't want his daughter to get any angrier with him than she already was.

"Remember this well, Sargeras. You are the Demon Sage to everyone else, but to her, you are a father. If you make my wife cry, it'll be me who won't forgive you. I don't care if you have the strength to rival a Higher Existence, I'll find a way to make you pay."

"Bah, what do you know."

"I know enough to know that your thoughts are only filled with two things right now. Revenge and perfecting your mortal body.

"The former is the very thing that led your kingdom to ruin. You believe that your empire fell because your enemies were shameless, when the reality is that you were far from ruin when you finally returned. You only sealed your Fate after you allowed yourself to lose your mind to the Demonic Path.

[The short of it is that when Sargeras came back from the Timeless Library, he found his Kingdom in shambles, but it wasn't entirely over yet. Unfortunately, he lost his mind to rage and wanted quick revenge, which led him down the wrong path. The worst of it was that Amphorae was already born at the time and had to experience this].

"As for the latter, your own daughter asked you to give up the idea of opening your dantian and perfecting your Martial Saint Constitution. Yet I can clearly see you haven't given up on the idea..."

Dyon was keenly aware of just how excited Sarger was hearing about his access to an Immortal Plane. He had thought that the excitement had been too much back then, but now he was able to put two and two together.

"If you care for Amphorae even the tiniest bit, learn how to think about someone other than yourself for once."

Dyon left with Alauna and Amphorae, leaving the Demon Sage to his own thoughts.

However, Dyon himself was lamenting when he'd finally have a normal relationship with his parents-in-law.

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A day later, the Mortal Alliance's geniuses began to make their way to the Federation. Dyon was actually quite content with their progress.

Even the weakest of the Demon Generals had entered the Pseudo Dao Realm. In addition, every single Vice Commander had taken the final step to enter the lofty Dao Realm. If it wasn't for the difficulty of cultivating [Inner World: Sanctuary], geniuses on their level would have long since crossed this barrier.

To put matters into perspective, even the Star and Blade Clans might only have a few dozen Dao Formation Realm geniuses below 1000 years old who carried the right to enter the Ancient Battlefield in just 80 years. Yet, the Sacharro Clan was bringing along almost 3000 who would hit this mark in just a few more years.

Dyon vaguely listened as Emperor Star bored him with the details of how this exchange would go. He was sure that he was speaking nonsense about how it was best not to offend anyone, but Dyon hardly cared. The mother of his child was one of the five most powerful individuals of the Sprite Alliance, even if he decided to take a piss in the middle of their capital, nothing would happen to him.

Dyon had also forgotten about something else that was very important. The fact he forgot about it in the first place was only more of a testament to him losing his sharpness...

Those bastards who dared to try and kidnap his daughter... they were likely living quite the high life right now, weren't they? If he didn't cause trouble for them, his name wouldn't be Dyon Sacharro.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1924: Sprites

"What are you sneering about?" Clara looked at Dyon with an exasperated expression. Whenever he made that face, there would always be trouble. There went her plans of having a nice, leisurely vacation.

Dyon and his wives currently sat at the very top of the Sage Tower as they had during the first mission gathering. Others might be deferential to the Sprite Alliance, but Dyon felt no need to be.

"Oh, nothing." Dyon said with a smile.

"I hear old bones crack pretty easily, take it easy old man." Clara said.

Dyon looked over, but his expression didn't seem annoyed. In fact, his gaze was quite soft.

Clara blinked. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Oh my, is that our resident tomboy blushing?" Ri teased before ducking quickly to avoid a pillow Clara threw her way.

A light and cheery laughter filled the penthouse suite, a stark contrast to the tense atmosphere below them.

"... I wish you all luck. I only want you to remember that anything you endure today and be paid back ten times over in the future. Do not lose sight of what's importance due to short term relief of something as fleeting as anger."

With that, Emperor Star concluded his long-winded speech and moved to reveal a grand teleportation array. For those who hadn't seen such an amazing display in their lives, this Planet Grade Array was likely the greatest spectacle they had ever witnessed.

"You'll all be led by True God Star and Diasho. They will make the process much easier on you all."

Dyon could only laugh as he caught these last words. How convenient to leave this important detail to the very final moment before they all disappeared.

There was simply no time to protest as a group of several thousand geniuses disappeared in a flash.

Dyon and his wives exited the tower to find a grand city. Well, Dyon found a grand city thanks to his wanton use of his Immortal Sense, but those around him were surrounded by tall looming grey walls.

It was all reminiscent of a castle's inner walls, but possessed none of the beauty.

The space spread outward about a kilometer in every direction, perfectly circular. The ground below their feet was a bit coarse and dry. In addition, there were several hundred one-story huts sprinkled around in a surprisingly orderly fashion. It was as though they built this village just for them.

To those geniuses who had been expecting something fantastical, their expressions turned a variety of pale and dark.

Those who were bolder felt rage. But those who were more timid felt worry. They had long since left the umbrella of protection their Clans and Sects provided, they knew well that they couldn't lash out just because they wanted to.

The words of Emperor Star suddenly made sense. How much effort had he put into reminding them to control their tempers and turn the other cheek? Still, now that they had effectively teleported into a concentration camp, it was difficult for many to continue holding onto these ideals.

Those that were here were ranked among the top 100 youths of their generation, those that made up the rest were very specially chosen retainers of these geniuses. Even if the geniuses themselves decided

to swallow this insult, those youths who were the followers found it even more difficult to. They felt indignant for their young masters.

The only one who didn't seem to care about this matter was Dyon who was still chatting with his wives as though he hadn't noticed a thing. In fact, the sound of his words and their laughter was practically the only sound at all within these walls.

Sensing something, Dyon quieted down for a moment. He found these matters to be amusing and really wanted to know how far the Sprite Alliance would take it.

Judging by the stiff expressions of True God Diasho and Star, it seemed that they hadn't planned for this at all.

Just as Dyon expected, five sprite geniuses suddenly appeared from thin air.

The five geniuses coldly swept their gaze over the several thousand tower quadrant youths. They each had the almost ethereal presence only sprites could and were all either handsome or beautiful beyond what words could describe. It was easy to see why one might confuse the sprites as the pinnacle race of this Modern Era.

They hardly batted an eye to the looks of displeasure they received.

At that moment, one of the five stepped forward. She had sharp brows and a piercing aura. It was very likely that she was a weapon sprite of some sort, carrying her overbearingness wherever she went.

"Your rage means nothing to use, so I believe it's in all your best interests to place it down. This exchange is taking place because the elders of our Sprite Alliance have decided that the coming war needs every hand our Mortal Plane has available to participate, however this does not mean we will just hand you our resources. There are many more deserving of the Sprite Alliance's full support. If you want anything from us, you'll have to earn it. The only things we will hand out for free are these accommodations and an opportunity.

"Our Sprite Alliance is separated into five powers. The Armament Sprites, the Earthen Sprites, the Spiritual Sprites, the Oracle Sprites, and the Heavenly Sprites. Each sub race is headed by a Higher Existence. Simply put, you all are not worthy of our kind intentions.

"If you really believe you deserve more than what you've received, ask yourselves what you've done to deserve it first."

Her words were like a bucket of cold water over many of their heads. That was right, this was the martial world. Since when had they ever been owed anything? Wasn't it just a blessing to be here?

"The way things will work is simple. Everything will be by merits and contributions. Since we are giving you something, we want something in return.

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Chapter 1925: Sensible

"Missions will be posted right here in this clearing at the center of your village. You will only be allowed to leave these walls should you have accepted a mission. If you fail three missions in a row, you will have one of two options. Enter a probationary period of one year where you will act as a miner for our Sprite Alliance, or be sent back to your tower quadrants.

"Of course, there is also the possibility of permanently leaving these walls and entering the true training program our Sprite Alliance has created for worthy geniuses. However, this will require three things.

"First, the completion of 100 one-star missions. Second, cultivation of the Pseudo Dao Realm. And third, lasting in battle for ten minutes against any one of the five of us.

"If there are no other questions, I'll be on my way." The young woman waved her hand, piercing a tall ten meter post that appeared from her spatial ring into the ground. It whirled to life, suddenly revealing image of missions and exchange rates.

The geniuses here were all shocked when they realized these so-called one-star missions required power infinitely close to the Dao Realm to complete. Their faces couldn't help but pale.

The meaning of all of these was clear... If you didn't have the strength of a Dao Formation Realm expert come 80 years from now, you would be nothing but useless to the coming battle!

Without another word, the young woman vanished. It seemed she held quite some power among the five sprite youths, because the moment she left, the tense atmosphere they wafted was cut in half, a few of them even sighed in relief.

"I suggest that if when you're choosing which of us to challenge, you avoid her at all costs, or else don't blame us for the result." He said cheekily.

It seemed like a good-mannered heads up, but the tone he used made them feel an inexplicable sense of inferiority and discomfort.

"My name is Terren, a member of the Earthen Sprites. She might be uptight, but I'm much less so." His greedy eyes swept over the youths. "You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours. I don't feel the need to put on airs. I'm sure you understand that since we drew the short end of the stick in receiving you all, we're pretty much bottom feeders here. Just like you all, I'm looking to make the most of my... opportunities."

A cold chill swept up the spines of many of the young female geniuses as they hurried to avoid his invasive gaze.

"Your optimism isn't bad, Terren." Another young man patted Terren's shoulder. "Who among you can speak for the rest?"

True God Star cleared his throat. "I can."

The young man swept a glance over True God Star, but it was only when he noticed Cativa standing a half step behind him did his eyes light up.

"A fellow sprite, is it? I see, I see. You must be from the Star Clan. We were informed of your arrival." Though this young man was speaking to True God Star, his steps were very clearly walking toward Cativa, neither had his gaze shifted from her. It was only a minor fraction of a degree difference in path, but with how high all their cultivations were, how could they not notice?

Many looked toward True God Star, wondering how he would react. Though he had three wives, everyone was well aware that Cativa was favorite. Plus, even if he liked her the least, she was still his wife! Would the mighty True God that lorded over them all lower his head?

Unfortunately, this was exactly what happened. True God Star pretended not to notice these subtle actions at all as he continued to smile amicably...

He nodded and chatted with this unnamed young man as though he couldn't tell at all that his gaze was raking over his wife's body as though he would devour her where she stood.

"Good. Since you're so sensible and can speak for everyone, that makes things easier." The young man continued with a smile.

"Cal, what exactly is it that you're trying to do."

Among those left, there was only one woman aside from another young man who had yet to speak. Of course, she was the most uncomfortable with what was currently happening. Though she too wanted to scheme some benefits from this thankless post, she didn't want to go too far.

"What's there to be so worried about?" Cal responded. "Even if we are ranked lowly among our fellow genius sprites, the fact we rank among them at all should make our value to our various Clans fairly clear to you all. Don't you think it's your good luck to be serving us?"

Cal's meaning was obvious. They were only 'trash' among the highest-level geniuses, but compared with a common sprite, they were still several levels above, let alone when compared to those of them here from the tower quadrants.

"What do you want us to do?" True God Star asked.

"Nothing much. You have one of two options. You can either give us 50% of your merit points upon completing a mission, or you can... pay us in other ways to reduce that price." Cal's eyes still refused to leave Cativa's body. "Of course, in return, we will help you in whatever ways we can. It's not impossible even to make the ten minute spar a bit... easier on you."

Of the requirements, the last was definitely the most difficult even if it didn't seem this way. Of the Sprite geniuses, all of them were within the Dao Realm. To last ten minutes against them was a pie in the sky for most here.

"Don't take things too far." The last silent young man suddenly spoke.

Unlike when the woman spoke, Cal furrowed his brows this time. Reason being... This young man was an Oracle Sprite.

"What are you trying to say?"

The young man shrugged. "Some things just might not be as easy as you think."

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Chapter 1926: Lit Up

Cal snorted. These damned Oracle Sprites, always trying to seem mysterious. If they really could tell the future, wouldn't they be undefeatable? Obviously, they had no ability to, they were limited in too many ways. Namely, 99% of them had an inability to predict Fates outside of their own. So, doing something as ridiculous as trying to scare him with a few words bordered on nonsense.

"There are other ways to pay us as well." Cal directly ignored the young man. "I hear the Tower Quadrants have quite a boldly named title... True Gods, I believe it was? From my understanding, the rewards for earning this title are quite lucrative. Although I doubt there are any treasures you have that could blow my mind, I'm quite open to being proved wrong..."

Though True God Star maintained his smile, there was a deep complexity swirling in the depths of his pupils. But, he managed to take a deep breath and respond.

"We accept."

Cativa, who had spent all of this time expressionless, believing that her husband would fight for her honor in the end, suddenly became ashen. Though her face didn't so much as twitch, it was simply too difficult to hide the physiological response of being betrayed in this way.

Had the husband she had always been so proud of... sold her off for such minor benefits?

The remaining young woman looked toward Cativa, biting her lip before turning away. She really couldn't stand to see such things, but she also didn't want to offend Terren and Cal for individuals she didn't know. She had already made her attempt, and since it failed, there was no point in trying again.

The worst part of it all was that Cativa knew her husband's personality well. If things really happened this way, she could forget about the Empress title. Not only would she lose all of her dignity, True God Star would never care to repay her for it. He might soothe her with some empty words, but there would never be anything tangible. Maybe one day she'd be killed without her knowledge just so that he didn't have to be reminded of this day's shame.

Terren suddenly laughed. "It seems you've already decided on the price for your help. Wouldn't I be missing out if I didn't choose next?"

His eyes greedily swept over the crowd.

Some were nervous and shrank back, but there would always be some bold women who put themselves on display. Rather than being sold out like Cativa had been, why not take control of the situation? This way, they could cut out any middleman and take advantage of the situation directly.

Terren saw many women who caught his attention. He had always believed that normal humans were impure and couldn't possibly stack up against the beauties among their sprites, but it seemed he had underestimated mankind too much. There were a few here who stood even above many sprite beauties he had seen in the past.

However, a moment later, he saw something curious. Many were either nervous or bold, but there was a group of individuals who seemed neutral, as though the matters going on here had nothing to do with them. Some of them watched on with curious and amused expressions, while some directly ignored the situation entirely.

At the forefront of this group stood a young man who held one of these curious, amused expressions. But often times, he would turn and speak to the women by his side as though he didn't care how this all ended.

It was then Terren's eyes lit up.

These four women. Each alone was already comparable to the pinnacle beauties of the sprite race and could most definitely appear at the very top of the Beauty Chart.

One slightly roguish, one petite and fiery, another distant and murderous, and the final loving and gentle.

Alone, they could easily make any man's blood boil. But together... just how would it feel to bed all four at once?

His mouth all but began to water. Having four women of such different temperaments all together... How could he ever get bored? It was impossible!

His hands clapped. "It seems my luck is even better than yours, Cal."

Terren laughed uproariously.

When True God Star noticed the direction of Terren's gaze, he suddenly felt a bit uncomfortable. He had boldly stated that he could speak for everyone, but the Sacharro Clan had at least 3 Higher Existences and their depth was still unknown. Even if 3 was their limit, this was already enough for the Sprite Alliance to be unable to look down on them.

In the end, his jaw set.

'If the Sacharro Clan was really so great, why would they be so unknown. Furthermore, why would they even bother to join our Federation or come here in the first place? Obviously, they must be lacking in some unknown ways...'

Dyon, though, hadn't seemed to notice what was going on. Actually, this wasn't him just putting on an act, he really had stopped paying attention. After True God Star showed such a lack of backbone, he found it all to be completely unworthy of his attention.

As for the rules of this place? He didn't care about that either. He was actually planning on leaving any minute now.

Waiting to complete 100 missions? As if he would waste his time on such nonsense.

By his estimation, each one-star mission would take a normal Lower Dao Expert at least several months to complete. With just 80 years, Dyon guessed that maybe not even 5% of those who came here would be able to complete them. And, of those 5%, who knew how many would manage to last those 10 minutes during the final test?

By that time, what benefits would they be able to gain from the Sprite Alliance's so-called true training program?

"True God Sacharro." After a moment, True God Star called out to Dyon.

"Huh?" Dyon looked up, to others, he probably looked brainless and confused, not even aware of the danger that lurked around the corner.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1927: Ten

"We and these true geniuses here have come to an agreement."

"We?" Dyon raised an eyebrow before waving his hand. "Yea, yea. Do whatever you want. What does it have to do with me if you want to pawn off your wife for some resources?"

This entire time, True God Star had maintained his amicable smile. Even when Cal ogled his wife and all but raped her where she stood, he didn't have a change in expression. But hearing Dyon's words, he felt something within himself crack.

Even if these geniuses wanted to humiliate him, that was fine. After all, they had the power to do so. But how was this person who had yet to even step into the Dao Realm worthy of speaking to him like this?!

Many had shocked expressions on their faces, others wore sneers, but only calm one seemed to be the young Oracle Sprite who stared at Dyon with curious eyes.

'He stands off to the side, yet he somehow feels like the focal points of it all... '

After a moment, True God Star stopped shaking, controlling himself to the best of his abilities. He didn't trust himself to attack. If he did, he would definitely kill Dyon. Even if the Sprite Alliance could look down on three Higher Existences, his Star Clan most definitely didn't have the capital to do so. If he enraged the Sacharro Clan, his Clan would definitely be finished.

So, he could only look toward someone he trusted for help.

Meeting his best friend's gaze, True God Diasho understood. Those words Emperor Star spoke weren't just for the others, but were most for them. Since his brother had already made such a willing sacrifice, if he couldn't let go of a woman who wasn't even his own to begin with, he wouldn't be worthy of standing side by side with him.

In that moment, he swallowed his desires and decided to let go of Amphorae. With calm steps, and his palms on his long and short sword strapped to his waist, he made his way toward Dyon.

Dyon, who had already stopped paying attention again, looked up to see a jumping clown paused just a meter and a half or so away from him.

"You four, come with me." Diasho Ren spoke emotionlessly, pointing toward Ri, Madeleine, Amphorae and Clara. He didn't spare Dyon a glance.

Dyon's smile froze.

In the distance, Terren and Cal sneered.

"It seems he finally understands the situation." Terren laughed.

"You're really too lucky. You must share them with me."

"Ridiculous. Ask me again in 50 years and maybe we can negotiate."

Dyon turned to Clara. "Ten years ago, what happened exactly."

Clara opened her mouth to avoid the subject, but she could somehow sense from Dyon's gaze that weaseling out wasn't an option. Plus, considering the current situation anyway, whether he knew or not, heads would roll...

With a sigh, she described those events in detail.

"Is that so..." Dyon muttered. The light in his eyes disappeared. What once was a lustrous gold carrying sparkles of emerald that shone like stars became a near endless abyss.

"I won't say it again." Diasho Ren repeated. He didn't stop Clara from retelling her story at all. He simply didn't care. In fact, he wanted Dyon to know just how meaningless his face was to him.

A sword appeared in Dyon's hand. There was no flashy movement. In fact, it almost seemed as though it had always been there, as though it had never left his hand to begin with.

The sword was plain. Just a simple black leather wrapped handle and a steel blade. No one had noticed because it happened too quickly, but this wasn't a sword Dyon pulled from his spatial ring, it was one he randomly constructed with a creation array. It was no different from any other common grade weapon despite its finish being absolutely pristine.

"You want to go against our decision?"

Dyon didn't respond, his dull expression met Ren's gaze, tossing his soul into freezing waters.

"Ai, since it seems this man really can't speak for you all, forget it, forget it." Cal waved his hand, turning to leave. "Good luck to you all."

True God Star grit his teeth.

"Put down your weapon, now!" He finally lost his cool, his eyes reddening to almost extreme degrees. It was as though all of their blood vessels popped at once.

Many voices began to pile on. If others could make the sacrifice for them, why not pile on?

Everyone was here aside from the Dragons who mysteriously hadn't appeared this time around. Of those present, however, over 70% of them raised their voices, accusing Dyon of dragging them all down with him.

As long as a few made sacrifices, they could exchange half of their merits for an easier trial. Since it wasn't their wives they were throwing away the dignity of, who cared?

Plus, True God Star was seen as the most powerful among them all. Even though Dyon ranked first, they were by now well aware that he had relied on his commanding expertise to perform so well.

Since even True God Star made sacrifices, who was Dyon to not make some of his own?

"... What about us! Don't be so selfish!"

"Even True God Star is willing to make the necessary sacrifices, I don't think you have the mental fortitude necessary to reach the top!"

"You want to throw us all into the abyss for your own personal gain?!"

Cal slowed his steps, finding this all to be very amusing. Were humans really so pathetic? They were jumping over each other to offer up their dignity.

'They're too calm.' The Oracle Sprite gazed toward Dyon's wives and the warriors to his back. Not a single one of them so much as raised an eyebrow.

"You can all die for all I care." Dyon's voice was soft, but held an irrepressible majesty that drowned out every voice but his own. "Having warriors like you by my side on a battlefield would only taint my sword."

The crowd was stunned. They really hadn't expected Dyon to respond in this way.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1928: Grand Fashion

Only True God Hydra pinched the bridge of his nose and shook his head. 'These idiots. Haven't they been paying attention? This man does whatever the hell he wants. Do you really think he's only so arrogant because of his backing?'

True God Hydra had been there of the Golden Flame Mystical World when a mere peak saint Dyon made fools of countless peak celestials. He hadn't had any Sacharro Clan to rely on back then, but hadn't he still brought the Golden Crow Sect to its knees?

It was as though they had wiped his countless exploits from their minds. Mob mentality was truly too ridiculous.

"In fact... Since all of you dare to agree with these people... I think it's best you just die now."

Dyon's voice was faint, but the moment it fell, his sword trembled slightly.

Blinding lights of sword qi passed around Diasho Ren's body. He couldn't even react to their speed, he hardly even perceived their existence before hundreds of bloody holes were drawn in just as many heads.

Dead bodies fell with a light thud one after another. They hadn't even had the chance to resist... Each of them had been crown geniuses of their Sects and Clans. But now they were nothing but corpses.

'Aiya, he really did it. Fucking madman.' True God Hydra looked into the skies, sighing.

Diasho Ren slowly looked down at himself, his expression completely frozen.

In the next instant, his clothes burst apart, leaving nothing but his naked body behind.

Clara's stifled laughter suddenly sounded in the dead silence. "Yikes, how small... No wonder he didn't dare to run around in the nude."

Dyon's sword trembled once more and a piercing scream left Diasho Ren's lips. Men all around clamped their legs shut, unable to gaze at the bloody storm that now resided on his crotch.

Dyon walked past his screaming, crumpled up figure. In what seemed like the blink of an eye, he had made his way to Cativa and True God Star. He hardly took notice of Terren who stood just a few meters from them.

"You speak for me, do you?"

True God Star's expression froze.

"No one has ever spoken for me. Least of all a spineless coward. His punishment will be severe and long lasting. But yours... Since you led all of these people to their deaths... Why don't you just die too?"

True God Star opened his mouth to speak, but he could have never known that Dyon would use this opening to shove a sword through his lips and out the back of his head, pinning him to the very pillar that Armament Sprite female just put up.

The shock in his eyes was clear. Never in his wildest dreams did he think such a thing would happen.

Lower your head to survive, right? Wasn't that what his father said?

'I was... lowering my head to the wrong person...'

Those were his last thoughts as the light in his eyes dimmed, the expression of shock still clearly painted on his once handsome face.

Dyon's gaze turned toward Terren whose own gaze had become quite serious. He only now realized he had no ability to see through this young man.

"You could have done whatever you wanted to these people. But since you've decided to touch one of my own, you don't need your life anymore."

Terren, who had been planning on negotiating peace, believing that even if this young man dared to kill those of the tower quadrants, he would never dare to touch him, was suddenly stunned silly.

"You actually dare to touch me at the heart of Sprite Alliance terri --!"

A new sword appeared in Dyon's hand. It was once more as though it had already been there, like it had never left his side.

Those watching on believed that even if Dyon easily killed True God Star, he couldn't possibly do the same for a genius of the Sprite Alliance, right? If even True God Star lowered his head, what could Dyon do?

Unfortunately for them, they were fools. They had no idea that True God Star was in fact far stronger than this Terren individual. But, he died to Dyon just the same.

Terren's neck became a bloody fountain, spewing upward as his head twirled in the air. His disbelieving gaze seared into the minds of everyone here.

Dyon threw his sword onto the ground as though it had been dirtied by killing such scum.

Soon, his smile returned, his oppressive aura completely vanishing.

"Let's go. I never planned on wasting time in this place to begin with."

It was then that those left were given another shock. They thought that Dyon would return to the tower quadrants in an attempt to hide. Cal had even started to sneer.

But who could have guessed that Dyon would instead walk toward the tall, looming grey walls?

His fist shot outward once. It didn't seem very special at all. In fact, it seemed weak.

'What is he doing? That Wall could keep in even middle dao experts!' The Oracle Sprite thought in shock.

But that was when those looming walls came crumbling down. It wasn't just a small hole, but rather every bit of it crumbled to fine dust, revealing the bright, high sun.

Dyon didn't even look back. Why should he? His wives were by his side and his Demon Generals followed his steps.

Since he was going to wreak havoc in the Sprite Alliance, why not do so in grand fashion?

"Ah, almost forgot something."

Dyon's footsteps suddenly paused. Even as he did, numerous light sources shone down on the once enclosed area. It didn't take much thought to understand what was happening at all.

These were all great geniuses of their Clans, how could they not each be given Life Saving Jades?

Dyon didn't fancy himself to be a mass murderer, but he would certainly teach those who deserved it a lesson. He wouldn't mind allowing True God Star and the numerous who spoke against him a chance to live.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1929: Ripple

After all, those who spoke out were nothing but sheep not worth his time, while, at the very least, even if he was scum, True God Star sacrificed his own wife before daring to ask others to do the same. In a sort of twisted way, he had a small bit of character.

But... Terren? Anyone who dared look upon his wives with such thoughts deserved nothing but death.

"[Raze]. [Accelerate]. [Accelerate]. [Shrink]."

Terren's body had only just begun to reform, his consciousness still very much intact. He couldn't believe what had just happened to him, but the reality was right before them all. It couldn't be denied.

A Life Saving Jade had the ability to rewind time in a very finite space, rebuilding the body of a deceased genius. But, this was only one aspect. If this genius was just reborn in the same place he or she died, wouldn't they just die again?

So, Life Saving Jades also had the ability to transport those it wanted to protect to the nearest and safest location. But, who would have guessed that this reality would seal Terren's Fate?

To a sprite, what place could possibly be safer than the Sprite Alliance capital?

Terren couldn't even react before his head was shattered like a watermelon taken to a sledgehammer. Dyon, of course, had the ability to kill him painlessly. But why would he bother with such a thing?

"He... Really killed him..." Cal almost fell backward. If it wasn't for the Oracle Sprite youth who didn't want to be fallen upon, he would have.

The first death hadn't impacted him so severely, but the second... it was as though loud sonorous bells were ringing in his mind.

"WHO DARES?!"

A shimmering projection wafted into existence. It had taken much longer to manifest than normal because the energy fluctuations around so many Life Saving Jades activating at once had interfered with the normal process. By the time he managed to do so, he could only watch as a great genius of his clan was coldly slain before him.

Terren might not have been the best genius of their Earthen Sprites, but he was still ranked within the top few dozen. This was enough to make him both incredibly valuable to the Alliance itself, but especially so to the Clan he was birthed from. His death was as good as losing a future pillar!

This matter was even more important in this generation due to the soon incoming Ancient Battlefield descent.

Upon entering, youths would progress incredibly quickly, far quicker than normal. This was why so many Clans were investing so much into the seemingly unimportant first phase. Simply put, losing just one such genius was even more devastating than usual.

'How does he have so much power even while suppressed...' The Oracle Sprite youth felt like nothing in this world made sense anymore. Even though his senses had warned him, it still wasn't enough to prepare him for this.

Dyon raised his arm to attack again, but he found that Amphorae's own had stopped him.

"Stop being reckless." She said softly. "You're too severely injured to be using your strength like this."

"Ah..." Dyon didn't know how to respond, he could only scratch the back of his head.

The sprites and tower quadrant geniuses who heard this felt their worlds spin. Amphorae hadn't spoken for them to hear, but their cultivations were too grand to miss words, no matter how softly said, spoken just a few hundred meters away.

There was also another matter that those who were more intelligent grasped immediately. Since Amphorae didn't care whether or not they knew Dyon was injured and hadn't even bothered to hide it, it meant only one thing... It didn't matter if they knew!

Amphorae's red robes suddenly began to whip violently in the wind. Every so often, they would cling to curves, revealing a silhouette gorgeous enough to make one's blood boil.

The mighty projection's gaze swept over everything, looking for the perpetrator. It wasn't until he heard Amphorae's words that he landed on Dyon and his group, his eyes red with fury.

Dyon smiled. 'It seems that without the restriction of her cultivation speed, my Amphorae has improved again.'

Hypnos' Muse had such stringent requirements to be fully awakened. How could a constitution that required one to reincarnate to touch the true power of not have prowess beyond one's wildest imaginations?

Amphorae was now able to cultivate at speeds almost as fast as Chenglei who had broken through Heaven's Chains simply by sleeping! After Dyon saw through the cruel tricks of the Olympus Clan and helped Amphorae's wings reach the Ascended state, her cultivation speed had skyrocketed to these unprecedented levels.

In addition to this, Amphorae was able to form her 6th extra meridian, making her strength far beyond the norm, especially as an angel.

To deal with a mere projection of peak dao formation expert which housed only a fraction of his true strength... It was too easy for her.

Her delicate fingers stretched out as she made the world her instrument.

"[Worldly Resonance... First Note]."

The skies rippled as though it was a pool of water...

Diasho Ren laid sprawled on the ground. Though he still felt pain beyond one's wildest imaginations, it had been taken over by shock and finally... resignation.

The fact he was no match for Dyon had already sent him into a depressive state. But, watching the first woman he had ever truly fallen for obliterate the projection of a Peak Dao expert with the flick of a single finger... It was too much.

The numerous golden shells formed by Life Saving Jades all began to tear through space, rushing back toward the tower quadrants. Who knew what would happen when all those hopeful Sect and Clan elders learned of what happened today...

As for Dyon? He didn't care. In fact, it was as though he hadn't just murdered a genius of the Sprite Alliance. Currently, having sent off his Demon Generals to do as they pleased, he was touring the grand Sprite Capital with his wives by his side and a smile on his face.

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God

Chapter 1930: Instrument

The Sprite Capital was quite a beautiful sight. It was similar to the Unblemished Capital City run by Luna. It seemed to emphasize cleanliness and purity. Even the streets themselves radiated a slight golden hue that wasn't irritating to the eyes.

Interestingly enough, it wasn't just Sprites who frequented this place. It seemed the outer quadrants were more interconnected than one might think. With the exception of experts of the Devil Quadrants, Dyon used his Immortal Sense to see all sorts of races.

There were beasts from the Transcendent Beast Alliance, there were giants of the Nephilim Alliance who used interesting technologies to decrease their massive sizes, and there were even Sapientia here.

In fact, there were also a few of the Devil Quadrants who couldn't hide from Dyon's Immortal Sense. It seemed that they had a tacit agreement with the Sprite Alliance to be allowed to enter this space as long as they didn't reveal their true origins.

Dyon could only shake his head at this reality. The politics of the Martial World was even more ridiculous than his own mortal world before it was destroyed.

This aside, the so-called training grounds for the geniuses of the tower quadrants was located in a very remote area. In fact, it was actually on a satellite moon of the Sprite Capital Planet. So, its destruction went next to unnoticed. Maybe even those higher ups to created those grounds hadn't cared enough to continuously pay attention to it. So who knew how long it would be before they realized their holed up rats were no longer holed up?

It would normally be impossible for someone to secretly enter such a well-protected planet, but for Dyon and his immortal sense, it was no problem. Not only had he taken his wives with him, but the 3000 Demon Generals who had already dispersed had followed him as well.

Suddenly Dyon grinned, his long arms enveloping four beauties without a care for the gazes he received.

"This dutiful husband of yours has been away for too long." Dyon righteously raised his head and gazed toward the grand city that enveloped half the entire planet. "It is said that a husband must always take responsibility. So, no matter how much it pains me, feel free to make my pockets run dry. Today I'll spoil the four of you rotten."

And spoil them he did.

Dyon's wives weren't materialistic by any means. If they were, maybe they wouldn't have initially given Dyon a second look. Though Dyon could be considered to be one of the wealthiest men in existence now, this certainly wasn't the case for a very long time.

Still, the four of them couldn't help but love the idea of leisurely pulling their husband around as they hopped from store to store, buying anything that caught their eye. Even Amphorae who was the most reserved of them all, couldn't help her gaze's shine whenever it fell on something that pulled her heart strings.

Though many were completely unaware now, the beauty of music would have never existed with Amphorae. Watching her smile like a child on Christmas morning as she watched the evolution of her own creation made Dyon's heart warm. He didn't hesitate to buy any and all magical instruments she took a liking to.

Madeleine also had a fondness for music will. In fact, when her illness took hold all those decades ago, much of the research time she spent as a Sapiencia was on music. It was no surprise, then, that over the years, the two of them had become incredibly close over their talks of music theory.

"Fifi, look at this." Madeleine, who had her arm wrapped around Amphroae's pulled her over toward a unique bronze instrument.

It was fairly large, and it was split into four chambers with numerous valves. If one wasn't paying much attention, it looked no different from a meter-tall bronze replica of the human heart. But the reality was that it was a unique instrument created by the Nephilim.

"The deep tones you can make with this are extraordinary." Amphorae's emerald eyes shone. She didn't need to play it to understand. "The metal is tempered to perfection, bereft of impurities so controlling the sound is left to skill and not chance. The four chambers can resonate with one another, creating a harmony that sounds more like one note than multiple separate notes. Even the padded keys on the valves don't require much strength to perfectly seal...

"This sort of wind instrument... What masterful engineering. Its only flaw is those who are too weak cannot hope to play it. Without enough strength to output the necessary amount of wind force, not even the faintest sound would be made..."

A merchant nearby couldn't help but clap. It didn't take Dyon more than a glance to understand that this was another giant in the disguise of a normally sized human.

"This instrument is a personal creation of a genius of my Nephilim Alliance. It's known as Heart Resonance. Its creator believes that music's root is the heart, so they took this as inspiration to create this masterpiece. I'm afraid that not many outside of our giant race can play it, though."

"That's fine, we'll take it." Amphorae said without hesitation.

"This..."

The giant race merchant was quite old and appeared to be beyond his middle ages, but he also considered his eyes to be sharp.

Though this instrument wasn't created to be a treasure, it was formed by all sorts of Planet Grade materials. The creator didn't want it to be used as a weapon and purposely didn't engrave it with any such abilities, but that didn't stop it from being expensive beyond the means of most.

These two ladies came here with a young man wearing... less than desirable clothing. He had only come to speak with them because he appreciated their depth of understanding for music theory, not to actually try and get a sale out of them.

"How much?" Amphorae's brows crinkled with a bit of irritation.

The merchant cleared his throat. "Though this has no practical purpose outside of creating beautiful tones, its materials are still top notch. It's worth no less than 20 000 transcendent stones."

Rebirth of the Nameless Immortal God