

The Nameless 1931

Chapter 1931: Busy

Amphorae didn't bother with anything else, immediately scooping the heart-shaped instrument into her arms.

The merchant suddenly felt a cold sweat coming along. The instrument weighed at least several million jin. How could it be picked up so casually.

'I've been ignorant. This is the core of Sprite Alliance territory. How could normal people make it here?'

The merchant wasn't entirely wrong in his skepticism. Though this was the Sprite Capital, there were plenty of individuals who couldn't spend energy stones so willfully, and especially not on something so useless. Maybe only a little over 1% of the citizens here could.

Still, this was fairly large. After all, this was a city with the capacity to hold billions. Currently, at least 100 million people resided here. 1% of such a large number meant at least a million could afford this purchase. But in the end, 1 in 100 was still 1 in 100. The odds that someone dressed like Dyon could afford this was still unlikely.

Unfortunately for the merchant, Dyon didn't feel a need to bat an eye at this price and only casually threw it over. But, fortunately for said merchant, Dyon didn't care enough to pursue his skepticism.

Amphorae and Madeleine continued buying instruments that caught their attention to their hearts' content. But, they weren't the only ones who found things that made their hearts beat.

Ri had two loves in this world. One was array alchemy, and the other was dresses.

In her youth, the love of both had been snatched from her. Her soul had been too weak to progress in array alchemy, while her father's actions made her disdain the title of princess, and thus dresses.

However, those shadows over her heart had long since been cleansed. After Dyon saved the Elvin Kingdom, she had already begun to wear dresses again and left her tomboyish ways behind. And, after

truly awaking to her Elvin Queen's Reign constitution, her passion for array alchemy had been relit as well.

Though this Sprite Capital had no depth to their array alchemy knowledge and there was no point in investing anything they could sell, when it came to beautiful dresses, there seemed to be an endless amount.

Strapless, frilly, light materials, heavy materials, dark, bright... There didn't seem to be any sort of dress she wouldn't take a fancy to.

She didn't buy just for herself, but even found dresses that suited Clara, Madeleine and Amphorae as well. Even Dyon was scolded into buying more clothes for himself.

"The last time I shopped for you, you had just come out of the Tower Trials. You've avoided it for so many years already since then, you're not escaping today!"

Dyon could only smile bitterly as he became a cross between a pin cushion and model doll. His only saving grace was that this wasn't the mortal world, so he didn't have to personally carry all of these bags.

Of course, Dyon wouldn't forget to spoil his Clara as well.

Though she allowed Ri to do as she pleased, Clara obviously wasn't a dress girl, and though she liked to listen to Dyon play the piano when they were young, she wasn't fond of musical instruments herself. Rather, she too only had two interests: history and workmanship.

What had begun as only a method to help Dyon had blossomed into her own personal love. Clara loved nothing more than creating with her own hands.

Currently, she was working on fusing mortal world concepts with martial world ones.

"The materials of the martial world are on another level..." Clara floated like a fairy from display aisle to display aisle, gazing at all sorts of rare ores and metals.

"... Imagine what would happen if you combined the materials of the martial world to create a compound bow instead of a normal bow. Compound bows are more accurate, more powerful, and can be used by weaker marksman with greater ease...."

This was just one of Clara's ideas. She seemed to have so many that even Dyon's head tilted in surprise. Even if she didn't have such ideas, he'd let her buy things to her heart's content. But maybe it was a plus that her experiments could be so beneficial.

'A compound bow... Why didn't I think of that...?' Dyon smiled.

He spent several days of leisure with his wives. Believe it or not, he didn't even try to hide his presence, but it wasn't until an entire week later that the sprites finally came to find trouble for him.

He was walking around a lingerie boutique with a shameless grin on his face, only to find a familiar Armament Sprite Female standing before him.

Her gaze was cold, and her aura was sharp.

"You've broken the rules of the exchange program. Come back with me to seek punishment, or you can just die here."

Dyon, who had been holding up a pair of red laced panties toward Clara to tease her didn't even lower his arms as he sent a gaze over.

"Can't you see that I'm busy?"

No matter how many times this Armament Sprite young woman thought of how this encounter would go, she would have never guessed that Dyon would show such blatant disregard.

Dyon, who had already gone back to ignoring her, grinned toward Clara.

"Think about it, a strip tease where you use your flames to peel off layers of clothing, leaving only this set of red lingerie." He explained excitedly.

Clara's hand clawed outward, snatching the panties from Dyon's fingers. "I'm afraid that with those old bones of yours, your heart would give way before we ever got to the end of that dance."

At that moment, Ri, Amphorae and Madeleine returned from the changing rooms with pleasant smiles on their faces. It seemed they were content with Dyon's choices for them.

If it was up to Clara, she'd wear nothing but boxer briefs every day, so none of them were surprised with her reactions.

Instead of taking up the frilly under wear Dyon chose for her, she decided on a relatively plain set.

Chapter 1932: Gossip

Dyon only smiled and didn't push her. Considering his wife's beauty, she would make his blood boil even if she wore a trash bag.

Clothing in the martial world also had a more important purpose to them. This was especially so for women who may enter combat at any moment. It wasn't as though female cultivators wanted to be ogled every time they stepped foot into the air wearing a dress, so such undergarments had certain protective formations on them that obscured vision.

Of course, Dyon had personally modified the undergarments of his wives now for a very long time. He didn't trust anyone but himself to draw impregnable formations. With his current skill, even a Higher Existence turned peeping tom could only give up.

The poor cashier lady, a beauty in her own right, could only watch this process with a cold sweat matting her back. She knew well who this Armament Sprite young woman was. In fact, the whole of the Sprite Alliance knew. Even key figures of the other outer powers were aware.

When she was seen in broad daylight, entering a lingerie boutique, many couldn't help but watch on in shock. They would have never expected to see such a scene. No man of that Sprite Alliance would want to miss a chance to see just what kind of undergarments this ice queen wore. Even if they would never see it on her personally, it was a sick curiosity they couldn't help but want to itch.

So, simply by her mere presence, a decently sized, and even growing, crowd of individuals were gathered. But the scene was almost comical because all of these individuals were trying their best to pretend as though they had no ulterior motives by their appearance, so the happiest group was of course the various high-class stores in the general area.

Like this, the entire interaction between the ice queen and Dyon was heard by many.

They couldn't help but be stunned silent. Their queen... She was ignored... Just like this?

Maybe it was only after Ri, Amphorae, Madeleine and Clara were gathered together that they understood. Maybe only a man with such beautiful women by his side could so casually ignore their ice queen...

"How much?" Dyon's gaze turned toward the cashier.

"T-t-this..." Clearing her throat, she collected herself. "800 000 celestial stones."

Dyon tossed over a dao stone worth a million celestial stones and turned to follow his wives out of the boutique. It was as though he didn't notice the so-called ice queen's gaze turning colder and colder.

SHIIIIIIIIING

A sharp aura burst, splintering the boutique's roof into countless shards.

The cashier beauty wanted to cry, but found it difficult to even find the tears to do so. She suddenly realized that Dyon had overpaid her by 200 000 celestial stones probably because he was very much aware that this would happen.

A silver spear appeared. It really did seem for a moment that the ice queen herself had become this spear, but the reality was that her oneness with her craft was so deep that it only appeared this way...

Those who had gathered trembled.

Her full title wasn't ice queen at all. In fact, she was known as the Spear Queen. Among the Armament Sprite geniuses, she was ranked within the top five. Among all the geniuses of the Sprite Alliance, she was ranked in the top twenty-five.

For such a genius to come here with the goal of battling someone was beyond their wildest expectations.

Dyon was instantly annoyed. He had paid for the damages only because he felt bad, but that didn't mean he was a pushover. No matter how much money he had, he wasn't a fan of others making him waste it, and he was even less of a fan of those same 'others' ruining the time he was spending with his wives.

"It seems the Sprite Alliance wants another dead genius."

Dyon's words were like a cold storm enveloping the shopping district. Even the Spear Queen's sharp aura was drowned out, causing her cold gaze to furrow in an instant.

She could tell immediately... She was no match for Dyon.

Suddenly, Dyon's overwhelming aura disappeared.

"Ah, ah, ts ts ts." Dyon winced at the feeling of Ri reaching up and tugging and twisting his ear.

"We told you, no more fighting." She said sternly. "She's not worth you stepping in personally anyway."

"Since big sis acted last time, I guess it's my turn." Madeleine smiled lightly, an exquisite folding fan appeared in her delicate palm.

...

Instantly, reporters began dashing all around. They had come here for a mere gossip article, but to think they may be able to witness a battle.

Even if they didn't believe Madeleine could win simply by virtue of the fact they had never heard of her before, it didn't matter. The battle of such a high-profile figure was big news regardless.

Aside from the reporters, the Spear Queen's avid fans also had their attentions gripped.

"Who are you, you're no match for me." The Spear Queen said arrogantly, trying to temper down the fear she had felt from Dyon's gaze.

Madeleine didn't speak, her light smile never leaving her gorgeous features.

'She's... Looking down on me.' The Spear Queen had never felt such a bout of inferiority before. Madeleine had hardly reacted to her words not because she couldn't, but because she didn't care to. This much was obvious.

Gripping her silver spear, she pierced forward. Rage had overwhelmed her mind.

Madeleine reciprocated, her folded fan also piercing forward. But, compared to the Spear Queen's speed, her actions were slow, almost too slow.

In an instant, the folded fan and sharp spear met.

Raging winds blew through the shopping district. Luckily, many defensive arrays had been put in place for this specific occurrence, leaving them all relatively unscathed.

"Hm... less than two dozen exchanges should be enough." Dyon said coolly.

The scene cleared only to reveal two completely unmoving figures.

Chapter 1933: Innate

Madeleine's fan remained attached to the spear's tip as though it had latched on. Aside from her flutter gown, there was no evidence that she had moved at all.

'This is part of Eve's comprehension...' Dyon said with an interested expression.

Eve was quite impressive to Dyon. She had managed to delve into the Eternity's Balance Constitution to a far greater extent than even he expected. Now, she had the ability to not only parse the immediate future into categories of probability, but she also learned to apply her comprehension of balance to battle.

When Dyon broke down concept with his Immortal Sense, he came to understand it...

If one placed two weights of drastically different masses the same distance from the fulcrum of a seesaw, the result was obvious. The greater mass would fall while the smaller would rise.

But, what if you shifted the positions of these masses. What if you placed the lighter mass further away to the fulcrum and the heavier mass closer? Wouldn't the lighter mass gain a better ability to balance the seesaw?

This concept was simple in Dyon's mortal realm. One would learn it in some of your very first physics classes...

The greater leverage one has, the less effort is needed to perform the same task.

Eve was able to manipulate these laws, forcefully taking control of this Law of Balance for herself and making use of it. This was why her fists were so extraordinary to Dyon.

It seemed that Amethyst also had some comprehensions of the Law of Balance. After all, she had been the very first child born of an Ice and Fire Phoenix. These laws were engrained into her naturally, allowing her to create her violet flames with ease, or else she wouldn't have been born to begin with.

However, Madeleine hadn't come to comprehend this portion of her Faith Seed until Eve was taken in by Dyon. It seemed his decision back then had been quite a good one. The more strength his wives had, the more at ease he felt.

Of his wives, Madeleine's cultivation speed only lost in comparison to Amphorae's. However, it was blazing fast in comparison to other people. Currently, she was already on the verge of becoming a 3rd Stage Dao Realm expert.

This so-called Spear Queen... She was still lacking in comparison to his wife. If Madeleine went all out, her only path would be death despite the fact she was a 3rd Stage Dao Formation Realm expert herself.

The Spear Queen was stunned by this reality, but she could only pull her spear back and pierce again.

A flurry of attacks was unleashed with a speed that blinded the eye. There was no question that the Spear Queen was giving her everything.

Madeleine calmly met these attacks.

Sometimes, she would meet them high, deflecting them downward at their weakness. Sometimes she would meet them low, deflecting them upward.

The Spear Queen's steps began erratic, losing their rhythm. Every one of her attacks seemed to fall to the side harmlessly. It felt that no matter how much power she put in, her opponent would perfectly match it. It almost felt as though she was fighting nothing but herself...

"My husband isn't someone you can casually challenge." Madeleine said with a light smile. "If you cannot even match me, you are certainly no match for him."

Madeleine's folded fan suddenly opened.

It blazed with a violet flame, alternating for scorching cold with blazing heat.

With a flick of her wrist, a violet scythe pierced through the air, cleaving through the Spear Queen's defenses with absolute ease and landing on her ample chest.

It felt for a moment that she had been hit in the gut with a truck. Her eyes popped outward as her lips uncontrollably spewed blood and saliva.

Even as she flew through the streets, crashing into the ground continuously, she realized that her opponent had shown mercy. Had she not... The left side of her body would no longer be connected to the right.

Dyon casually glanced at the Spear Queen's body arching through the air.

'Hm... pink... unexpected choice...'

Suddenly, he felt a jab to his side, only to find not just one, but four pairs of eyes glaring at him.

Dyon coughed. "It's not my fault, who made such flimsy undergarments."

Dyon knew well he wasn't going to win this one. The Spear Queen's under wear were definitely top quality. It was just that who could create something that could obscure Immortal Sense on the Mortal Plane?

"A-hmph." Dyon cleared his throat. "It seems our leisurely days are over."

"Did you even have a plan when you came here?" Ri asked.

"Of course I had a plan." Dyon said defensively. "To wreak havoc, is that not enough of a plan?"

Ri and Clara rolled their eyes. Dyon really was too much sometimes.

Even if he had full confidence in Luna, was it really such a good idea to turn the ire of the Sprite Alliance toward her?

But in the end, they understood. Since they dared to act against Luna those near three decades ago, it meant they had already been prepared for a falling out. Dyon had already planned on not letting any of them go.

Plus, an internal war was something the Sprite Alliance would never allow to happen now. Even if their Alliance splintered, it couldn't be allowed to fall apart.

"Fine, fine. Let's go do something productive." Dyon nodded his head toward the Spear Queen. "Take her with us."

Clara's ruby eyes flashed with gold as a defensive array platform lifted the Spear Queen's unconscious body up.

"Innate aurora!"

The murmurings of the crowd grew more feverish. In just a few moments, they saw one of their best geniuses defeated with ease by one woman, then the appearance of an incredibly rare soul constitution by a second.

If just two were this talented, what about the third and the fourth. More importantly, just who was the man they all called husband?

Clara faltered slightly before continuing her nonchalant actions. She had almost forgotten that having an Innate Aurora was an incredibly rare trait. You could probably count the number of geniuses who had one on just a few hands in the outer powers.

Chapter 1934: War

She had been a bit spoiled by the fact thousands of them existed in Soul Universe. But, if she thought about it, a few thousand in comparison to a population of trillions... That was still incomparably rare, no?

"If you're going there, wear something else." Ri said with a pout.

Putting his hands up in mock defeat, Dyon bent to his wife's wishes. Maybe it really was inappropriate for him to go there wearing sweats.

With a snap of his fingers, his entire aura changed.

Robes of royal blue, silver and gold appeared in his body. Maybe it really was that the clothes made the man because the instant this occurred, those watching suddenly realized that this seemingly normal young man was maybe even more handsome than his wives were beautiful.

His eyes twinkled with a sharp golden light. His jaw was firm and masculine, synergizing with him careless smile. His hair, short filaments of goldish brown, waved gently in the wind...

He looked no different from an Emperor that ruled over countless nations.

The cashier beauty felt her heartbeat quicken out of her control. Was this really the same man who was making dirty jokes in her shop just minutes ago?

"Let's go."

Dyon took a step and vanished. It wasn't just him, but his wives and the Spear Queen as well. Each of them had disappeared as though they were never there to begin with.

'How is that possible...!' Numerous spatial sprites felt their worlds turn upside down. Was it possible for an expert to manipulate space without their knowledge?

'Just where did they go?'

This was the foremost thought in everyone's minds. But, they could have never expected that their question wouldn't take very long to be answered. It was just that Dyon appeared in a place they would have never guessed.

One might expect the center of a capital to hold the seat of their rulers, maybe a government building, or a parliament of sorts. However, the center of the Sprite Capital was nothing of the sort.

Before it stood a tower structure, a magnificent sight indeed. However, it wasn't a palace, or a castle, a monument or even a parliament... It was a martial land, a training ground for the very best.

The so-called true training program the Sprite Alliance promised? It was right here.

One after another, Dyon and his Demon Generals began to appear. Amid a constant growing number of hostile stares toward these strangers, Dyon's personal army grew to over 3000.

However, before disdain could set in, the crumpled body of their Spear Queen was carelessly tossed to the ground, causing their pupils to constrict into pinholes.

"See, I did have a good plan. Now we don't have to deal with fodder. I'm good, right?" Dyon grinned.

"You call this a plan?" Clara muttered. "You're basically just declaring war."

Dyon's gaze turned cold. "Since they dared lay hands on my daughter, death is too good for them. I'll start with humiliation."

Dyon's chest expanded slightly. A moment later, his voice covered the whole of the planet.

"I hear that Sprites shamelessly claim to be the greatest race of humans in this era. I'm of the opinion that this is nothing but bullshit.

"For every second you all waste my time, I'll kill another sprite and hang them up. Maybe if you don't respond fast enough, I'll start with your precious pink panty wearing Spear Goddess."

**

"Who...?!"

This sort of instigation was bad enough, but it appearing at the very center of the Sprite Alliance was another slap to the face entirely.

Numerous powerhouses turned their senses toward the martial training grounds, only to find that an entire lineup of 3000 warriors stood expressionlessly behind four women and one man.

Just what was going on? They couldn't seem to understand.

These people weren't Sapientia. They obviously weren't giants because there were no fluctuations of those special shape changing treasures. There were no Devil Qi fluctuations either, and though some of them were beasts, the majority of them were not.

And what were those words he said about their Spear Queen?!

The more Dyon's words echoed, the greater the rage became. Even those in secluded training charged out of the martial training tower, looking on with gazes that seemed to be capable of killing.

"This is much less fanfare than I was expecting. You'd think as geniuses they'd move faster than this." Dyon muttered to himself as he raised a finger.

A beam of dark red flames left his finger, piercing the collarbone of a sprite genius who was on the verge of opening his mouth to speak what Dyon thought must have been some threatening words. But quite frankly, he didn't have the patience to listen.

A pained raw left the sprite youth's lips as he collapsed, his body shivering in pain. The gathering sprite geniuses who were just on the verge of all but rioting were suddenly frozen solid.

The youth now crying in pain on the ground wasn't just anybody. In fact, none of them were nobodies. If they could enter these training grounds, they the best of the absolute best. And yet, it took nothing but a single finger for him to be completely incapacitated.

At this moment, the unconscious Spear Queen began to finally come to.

"Ainica!"

An enraged roar shook the Sprite Alliance Capital. A young man with eyes the color of hot coals and hair alternating between a shimmering ivory and dark magenta involuntarily called out the moment he saw the Spear Queen's state.

The ground beneath his feet splintered and shook, his aura climbing at unprecedented speeds.

'Middle Dao Formation Stage, hm?... Still not enough. Until those youths who are worthy of taking Martial Saint Pills appear, this is nothing but a waste of time.' Dyon thought plainly.

"Aredhel." Dyon said lightly.

"Yes, Successor!"

Vice Commander Aredhel stepped forward with a light, carefree smile on his face. If it wasn't for the fact his ears were that of normal humans, one could easily mistake him for a prince of elves.

His steps were light. Despite the heavy black armor on his body, he seemed to float as though he was nothing more than a feather.

Twins sabers appeared in his hands, but their frame was so slight and frail that many believed they couldn't possibly be the weapons of a man.

The sprite youth who called out the Spear Queen's name twitched with rage. To send a mere 1st Stage Dao Realm warrior to battle him... This was an insult he wouldn't stand for!

Chapter 1935: Lost

Khilar was ranked 3rd among Spiritual Sprites and ranked top 20 amongst all Sprite geniuses. This sort of insult wasn't one that he'd take lying down, especially after seeing the woman he fancied strung up and hung as though she was nothing more than an ornament of their humiliation.

His aura continued to climb, violent greens and dark purplish hues surrounding his body.

Dyon gave Aredhel not a single hint nor any advice. The Demon Generals were all world class geniuses from across numerous Eras. Dyon simply didn't need to guide him even if this task was difficult.

"You have three hours." Dyon said.

Aredhel laughed. "In that case, I'll do it in one!"

Suddenly, the elvin prince's slender but powerful body fell forward. It seemed for a moment that he would fall face first in the ground below, but that was when his pierced toward Khilar with speeds beyond common sense. Dyon might have been able to emulate speed with his spatial wills, but Aredhel was a true speed specialist!

Khilar roared, his momentum reaching its peak in an instant as his True Domain whirled to life around him.

'So what if you're faster than I am? What does your speed mean within my poison world?!

Unfortunately, matters simply didn't go how Khilar imagined.

At first, those spectating believed that Aredhel hadn't activated his True Domain yet because he simply hadn't comprehended one. After all, he was a mere 1st stage dao expert. It took time to formulate one's own True Domain.

But as the man who looked like an elvin prince attacked, they began to realize that his carefree smile didn't leave. His sabers were akin to twin demon scythes, his arms swinging along with their grace as though he was dancing to a beautiful rhythm.

Poison? Aredhel fought as though he didn't notice.

"[Demon Emperor's Will. Act Two. Stage Three]."

Aredhel's bodily strength grew by a factor of 64 just as the hour mark was approaching. A moment later, a world of fire shattered Khilar's True Domain which had already been at the end point of his stamina.

"I guess I'll keep my promise..." He said with a smile. "... [Demonic Pedestal Dance. 51st Stance]."

Aredhel's sabers carried the will of death. Bloody cuts began to accumulate on Khilar's body, no matter what he tried to counter with, it all seemed useless.

PUUU

Khilar lost a leg.

PUUU

Khilar lost an arm.

PUUU

A quick saber slit across his torso.

Aredhel's demonic dance was only just reaching its peak. His eyes had lost their carefree charm and were replaced by the orbs of darkness. He seemed to want to plunge the world into endless depths of death and despair.

His twin sabers snaked forward, crossing over like a pair of scissors aimed at decapitating the sprite youth.

Khilar's gaze lost its light. He had not only lost, he had lost terribly. Now, the only thing that awaited him was death.

"That's enough."

Dyon's voice was soft, but the seemingly possessed Aredhel snapped out of it immediately. By the time his attack paused, the sharp edges of both of his blades had been across Khilar's neck, their spines resting on his shoulders as though using them as a road to his life.

The mighty sprite youth collapsed, his legless hip and armless shoulder forcing him to strew in his own puddle of blood.

Dyon smiled as Aredhel strode back. "That was a clever way to handle his poison. Not bad."

Aredhel grinned but said nothing more.

Dyon knew that Aredhel specialized in two paths. The twin saber and fire. Neither of those things could directly deal with such potent poison, but Aredhel had another trump card: his Inner World.

Aredhel actually purposely allowed the poison into his body and let it to fuse with his qi. Then, he swapped this poisoned qi for healthy qi stored within his Inner World. Like this, even though he was inviting the poison into his body, it actually didn't weaken him at all.

Then, he was actually able to turn Khilar's own strength against him when he projected his True Domain. He took hold of Khilar's qi after using his godship abilities within his Inner World to purify it. Then, he added it to his own strength, using it to fuel his final attack flurry.

Like this, one of the Sprite Alliance's twenty best geniuses fell to a young man none of them had ever heard of.

On top of this, though Dyon might have seemed merciful, not killing Khilar at all was yet another slap to the face. Maybe after today, Khilar would never again be the genius he once was.

The Sprites, of course, wanted to avenge this loss. But now it was obvious that no one ranked below Ainica and Khilar were worthy of participating.

However, they lost one after another.

"Maalshiira."

A gorgeous young lady with blazing red hair was next. She wielded a great sword two times the height and three times the width of her very own body, yet the bloody massacre she left in her wake was undeniable.

"Ithirae."

An ice beauty with a long snaking whip in the shape of a white scaled serpent decimated the Earthen Sprites' 3rd ranked genius.

"Gaylia."

She was a usually scantily clad young woman with sharp flying daggers strapped all around her slender, soft legs. If it wasn't for the fact every flick of her wrist led to a rain of blood, one wouldn't have the heart to attack such a beautiful woman. But, currently, in her black armor, she was no longer a beauty, but rather a harbinger of death.

The Vice Commanders swept through the geniuses of the sprite alliance. The only ones who didn't raise a hand to attack themselves were Ryu and his mother Giralda, but the reason why was obvious. It wasn't that they were too weak, but rather because they were Dragons. Dyon was making it a point to defeat this so-called Sprite Alliance with nothing but humans!

The sprites could only watch on in horror as the geniuses they revered were beaten and bludgeoned. The only hope they had to cling to was that the 1st and 2nd ranked geniuses of their Sprite Alliance had yet to even appear, let alone battle. But, this was only a minor comfort.

Chapter 1936: Analyze

For one, none of the warriors Dyon had called up to fight had struggled even remotely. This meant that while they only had 5 such geniuses of the caliber of the 3rd ranked, Dyon had more than a dozen at the very least.

Secondly, Dyon himself had yet to take action. And, neither had the four beauties by his side.

This was truly a tragic day for the Sprite Alliance. Many of their highest ranked elders watching on had to be held back from acting rashly. If they had to step in personally for a battle of youths, they would do nothing but humiliate the Sprite Alliance further.

The issue was that their 1st and 2nd ranked geniuses weren't currently there. They were only now rushing back, so they had no choice but to endure.

However, even while they were stressing over these matters, others were laughing at them. In fact, many of their so-called tourists had begun reporting these matters to their own powers while also beginning to curiously analyze this Sacharro Clan...

"I guess there's no one left." Dyon shook his head. "Let's go."

Instead of leaving the center of the Sprite Alliance Territory, Dyon actually walked forward. He didn't spare a single glance toward the Sprite youths sprawled on the ground, half dead as he directly enter the looming tower.

"Since the Sprite Alliance was so kind as to open their martial grounds to us poor tower quadrant geniuses, we'll be sure to take full advantage. Though, I'm a bit of a difficult guest, so I hope you'll understand if I make this area my own."

With a surge of his aura, a strong wind will swept through the martial grounds' surroundings, throwing the bloodied bodies and limbs of sprite geniuses a distance away and clearing out the entrance.

Like this, Dyon and his Demon Generals took the pride of the Sprite Alliance for themselves.

**

In an affluent corner of the Sprite Alliance Capital, a group of individuals with sharp golden eyes adorned with crystalline spectacles watched on with interest.

This was a group of Sapiaentia who came to the Sprite Alliance to sightsee. But they never expected to find such great entertainment waiting for them.

"Tower Quadrants, he says? Since when did those poor quadrants birth so many geniuses?"

One of the Sapiaentia frowned. "I don't think we should be laughing."

"Oh? Why's that?"

The group of Sapiaentia looked over toward the young man who spoke with interested gazes.

The culture of Sapiaentia was quite a unique one. They fancied themselves to be refined and noble individuals not in terms of lineage, but rather in terms of character as well.

The Sapiaentia were the only Clan in existence who didn't care for bloodlines and only valued talent above all else. This was why many of their greatest geniuses married commoners. To them, your lineage didn't matter as long as you yourself were a great talent. It was for this reason that the Sapiaentia Ancestor's first words were an attempt to recruit Dyon rather than rebuke him.

All of this was to say that many Sapientia, regardless of what their true personalities may or may not be, always acted calm and refined on the surface. This scene here of a collection of them, numbering a bit over a half dozen, sipping tea at noon, was quite a common occurrence.

So, even though this young man's words were contradictory to their own feelings, they didn't have a great reaction to them, but rather listened on with interest.

"I believe you're all aware that Aritzia has come back, no?"

"Of course. A great genius of our Sapientia Clan, indeed."

"Well, the details of her failure should also be clear to you. It was none other than to this Sacharro Clan that she was handed her defeat by. More accurately, by this Dyon Sacharro individual specifically."

"Ah, so it seems the Sprite Alliance wasn't the first to take a loss to this Dyon Sacharro... To defeat Aritzia, he truly isn't simple. Have we not tried to have him join our family?"

"It likely isn't so simple. I hear he has a great hatred for our Clan, though I'm not certain why."

"Isn't it obvious? Since Aritzia put herself in a position to lose to him, it means that she acted against him first. She likely crossed his bottom line... it's a shame. Geniuses like him do not change their minds easily, it's better to simply kill him."

"Well, you have fun with that. I'm not sure how you plan on killing him without the use of your Faith. By my estimates, he's not just marginally stronger than those Demon Generals of his. The gap should be massive. The most conservative estimate is that he's on par with the Sprite Alliance's Battle Gods. The most damning estimate is that he's even beyond them."

"We should discuss this. In all likelihood, this is the best opportunity we have to kill him. He's arrogant and riding high, currently. If we ignore the possibility of offending the Sprite Alliance and use our Faith in their capital, we can rid ourselves of a future problem right now."

"We should discuss the possibility, yes. But I'm of the belief that our conclusion will be that it's not worth it."

"Oh, why do you say so, sister?"

"It's a simple deduction, really. Any man who can defeat Aritzia is not a fool."

"I see what you mean... Since he's acting so arrogantly at the very center of the Sprite Alliance's Capital, he definitely has something to rely upon. It may not be so easy to kill him as we think."

"Indeed. A man like this must receive the utmost care. We need to diligently plan to take him down."

"I don't think it's our turn to do so." A Sapientia youth laughed. "Aritzia has likely been planning for her next attempt since she lost almost half a century ago, now. Whatever she can come up with will be far beyond our own abilities, simply let her deal with it. As for us, let's simply enjoy the show."

Chapter 1937: Starting

"Mm. There should be an excellent show to watch. I hear that the Dragon geniuses have flocked to the Nephilim Alliance."

"Oh? Is it starting again?"

"Should be. You know that Dragons have the highest number of Higher Existences. Strictly speaking, Dragons don't have any real territory of their own, their best simply make danger regions their homes. It's no surprise they always go to hone themselves in Nephilim territory."

"Right, right. The Nephilim seem quite crude, but they are an incredibly intelligence race despite their lust for battle. Coupling this with the fact their territories are the most ancient, they do indeed have the best training grounds... I hear there are many places there that even a Transcendent descended from the Immortal Plane wouldn't casually enter."

"That's definitely an exaggeration, but the show should be good. I wonder if the Sprite Battle Gods will last long enough to make it to the Nephilim Alliance Gathering?"

...

Dyon, who had just entered the first floor of the martial grounds, suddenly sneered without apparent cause.

'Good choice.' He thought. 'I wouldn't have minded killing a few Sapientia, but oh well.'

The first floor of the tower was surprisingly a Mystical World. From Dyon's understanding, each floor was likely a new one. It was truly a grand display of the Sprite Alliance's wealth.

Dyon himself once had three Mystical Worlds. The Golden Flame Mystical World, the Demon Sage's Mystical World, and the Celestial Beasts' Mystical World. But now, he only had two after his father-in-law absorbed the core of the Demon Sage's Mystical World to bring his new body back up to his former peak.

He had been quite proud of that fact, but the Sprite Alliance actually had nine, one for each floor of their looming tower. It seemed that the outer powers truly shouldn't be underestimated.

This first Mystical World didn't seem to have anything special about it on the surface, just a beautiful forest teeming with wildlife. But, Dyon immediately saw through how this was quite a dangerous area to be in.

'The qi density is incredibly low. For the celestial and dao realms where much of our strength comes from manipulating atmospheric qi, this is as good as snatching over 90% of our strength. Even Luna would struggle here mightily...'

Luna had the strength to match any Higher Existence, but her power was highly dependent on the qi around her. After all, she didn't have cultivation for herself.

If she was in a qi dense area, she was likely the strongest individual on this Mortal Plane, undefeated by all no matter who her opponent was. But, if she was in a place lacking qi, it was possible for her to lose to a child who had only just begun cultivating.

Another weakness of hers was Faith. Faith seemed to be the only qi she couldn't forcibly snatch, so whenever she met an opponent with higher Faith than her own, she would once more become no different from a mortal, albeit a mortal who couldn't die.

Dyon was trying to find a way to fix this glaring weakness of the mother of his child, but it was difficult.

Maybe the crudest solution would be to have Luna carry around an Origin Crystal. In that case, no one would be able to defeat her. After all, even the lowest grade Origin Crystal carried Immortal Essence Qi, the lowest grade energy of the Immortal Plane.

However, there was a glaring problem with this solution, still.

When Dyon used his Origin Crystals to perform tasks, like say using it to power a teleportation array, its power seemed endless. But the truth was that it wasn't.

Why hadn't Dyon given his origin crystals to the puppets within the Sage Tower? If he had Immortal Puppets by his side, he could have already swept through the mortal plane even before the Ancient Battlefield descended.

The Higher Existences of the Sapientia and Nephilim could likely rely on Faith to match the strength of a Immortal Essence expert, but matching would be all.

Dyon had 10 Origin Crystals, one for each of the Master Key Arrays. So he should have enough fire power. So, why not?

The reason was simple. A single Origin Crystal would power an Immortal Puppet for a few minutes at most. The only reason the Master Key arrays were able to be powered by the Origin Crystals for so long was because their power output was dialed down significantly.

Remember this. Weren't the Master Key arrays just of the Planet Grade? Could it be that the 24th White Mother had no ability to draw Star Grade teleportation arrays? Impossible.

She purposely lowered the grade of her teleportation array and used what remained of her power and expertise to focus on lowering the conversion standard of the Origin Crystals.

Essentially, these teleportation arrays were only of the Planet Grade on the surface, but they held concepts even beyond the Star Grade in their depths.

So what was the problem in simple terms? The more power Luna needed to draw out from the Origin Crystal, the more difficult it became to control its output.

The more energy one had to draw from an Origin Crystal, the more difficult it was to control its flow of energy. If one wanted more power, you would need a sturdier leash. But, Dyon didn't have the ability to provide Luna this leash just yet.

At first he believed that Luna would be able to reel in the energy herself, but it seemed that when it came to controlling qi above the Mortal Plane, her abilities took a drastic spike downward.

Dyon could only speculate as to why this was. Maybe the Heavens never intended their Children to reach the Immortal Plane. But, more likely, it was just that Luna needed some more time to practice.

Heaven's Children didn't have access to all of their abilities immediately. The prime example was Eli who needed some time to slowly become accustomed to his limits and how to push by them. They all needed time to mature.

Chapter 1938: Solution

What Luna was lacking was a place to practice. But didn't Dyon himself just gain the most suitable place?

Dyon didn't know how Luna's body would react to the Immortal Plane, but if she increased her control of Immortal Qi, it would greatly benefit her.

'We don't have much time...' Dyon was still unsatisfied with this. Luna had lived for billions of years, but even all that experience wasn't enough for her to control Immortal Qi. Who knew how long she would take?

He needed a better solution.

'If only the Energy Core was the solution.'

Dyon wouldn't hesitate to give Luna the Energy Core if necessary. However, it didn't fix the problem at all. After all, controlling energy was the Energy Core's active ability, not passive ability. While Luna was essentially an Energy Core with controlling energy as her own passive ability.

What did this mean? It meant Luna was already better than the Energy Core at controlling energy.

Dyon also thought of just giving Luna a large supply of Enigmatic Stones, but that idea simply wasn't sustainable.

One would need at least a dozen Enigmatic Stones to match a single attack from a Peak Dao Expert. In order to match a single attack from a Fallen, at least a thousandfold that amount was needed. And for a Higher Existence? A thousandfold even that.

Even Dyon wasn't rich enough to sustain such a thing. He would go broke in just a few seconds.

'What a headache.'

Still, he couldn't give up on finding a solution. This wasn't the Immortal Plane where there were massive expanses of land that always had a certain level of qi density. On the Mortal Plane, there was the expanse of space that had no qi at all. And, most of the battles between Higher Existences had to take place in that space or else everything would be destroyed.

He couldn't allow Luna to continue carrying this weakness.

Dyon suddenly felt a tap on his shoulder. Only then did he realize he had been zoning out again.

He looked back only to see an Amphorae with her eyes half closed. He could only smile bitterly and sweep her into his arms.

A moment later, the soft sound of her rhythmic breathing made it obvious that she had fallen asleep. Her head rested on his chest, a light smile on her face as she took advantage of him.

'Ai. I've become a bed now.'

Amphorae would sometimes feel uncontrollable bouts of sleep. But, this was honestly a good thing. Whenever her sleep was out of her control, it meant that the coming benefits would be even greater.

Dyon wasn't very worried about this wife of his, though. A constitution wouldn't have such a glaring weakness when fully awakened.

If one thought they could take advantage of Amphorae while she slept, they would be in for a rude awakening. If she was powerless in this state, how could she have survived all those years alone?

The truth was that this sleeping Amphorae was the scariest. Her sleep was akin to a Selfless State the likes of which even Dyon had never even sniffed the edge of. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say she was twice as powerful in her sleep, maybe more.

Still, even knowing this, Dyon couldn't help but smile at her adorable appearance. She always had an expressionless visage, but it was only when she slept in his arms like this would she truly relax.

"Alright." Dyon looked toward his Demon Generals who were still standing in an orderly fashion to his back.

"I'm sure you've all sensed it. It is borderline impossible to control atmospheric qi here, so your strengths have been drastically lowered. But, I won't be listening to any excuses..."

"There are quite a few records set here by the Sprite Geniuses, I want you to break them all.

"And when you reach the ninth Mystical World, I want those of you who haven't broken into the Dao Realm to do so. Your foundations are now firm enough."

"Yes, Successor!"

The Demon Generals no longer hesitated, diving into the martial grounds with confident glints in their eyes.

For too long, they had felt like a burden to Dyon. As he continued to grow in strength, they lagged behind.

Those days in the Epistemic Tower hadn't been forgotten by them. The humiliation of having their pride stomped and smeared into the ground... If it wasn't for Dyon's appearance, maybe they would still be experiencing that suppression on the celestial floors.

They all had pride of their own. Dyon wasn't only a man that had saved their lives, he was their brother, their leader, their King, their Emperor. If they couldn't support him properly, their lives simply weren't worth living anymore.

Dyon watched them all leave with a light smile on his face before using his creation array to conjure up a hammock, a few chairs and a table.

He lounged in the hammock, making sure not to rock Amphorae too much while Ri, Clara and Madeleine took their own seats. It wasn't long before they were all enjoying delicious dishes from Saru.

"I really should have them call me something else. I don't want to be that old man's Successor." Dyon all but pouted.

"You know, while you're thinking of ridiculous things, the Sprite Alliance is probably on fire right now." Ri said as she wiped crumbs from her lips.

Dyon grinned. "They're about to be more than just on fire."

As if on cue, a reverberating DONG sound swept through the Sprite Alliance territory.

Their citizens knew well what this sound meant... A record had been broken!

[Fastest First Time Clearance of the First Floor].

[Fastest Clearance of the First Floor].

[Fastest Victory Against Crystal Giant].

[Most Destruction Points in First Floor Clearance].

The bell was endless. The nightmare of the Sprite Alliance had only just begun.

...

The Sprite Alliance was indeed on fire, currently. The higher ups had no idea how to deal with the current situation. Some of them even began to blame each other for allowing the tower quadrants to come here in the first place. If it wasn't the exchange program, would they have to deal with this humiliation?

Chapter 1939: Problems

Dyon, the instigator behind all of this, was leisurely reading with his wife sleeping in his arms. It was as though the ringing bells had nothing to do with him.

These records were of course set by the geniuses of the Sprite Alliance who had consumed Martial Saint Pills, however, all of Dyon's Demon Generals had also consumed Martial Saint Pills.

On top of this, records were divided into the Lower, Middle, Higher, and Peak Dao Realm. Since all of the records his Demon Generals were annihilating were of the Lower Dao Realm, the Sprite Alliance truly stood not a single chance.

'Hm... I could break into the Middle Dao Realm and obliterate those records as well. Then I can let Amphorae deal with the Higher Dao Realm records... But that's unnecessary. Let's not push it too far for now, or else they'll feel justified in sending over their upper echelon. Instead...'

Dyon smiled lightly as he perused the Soul Tome in his hand. This little guy was truly too fickle.

The only technique it had ever shown Dyon was [Inner World: Sanctuary], and that was only after he called it useless all those years ago.

Dyon still remembered the day he gained the Soul Tome. He had just awakened his Manifestation and caused the Stone Monument of the Elves to shatter, revealing the Soul Tome hidden within.

When he first got the Soul Tome, he realized its pages were blank. So, he called it useless. In response, the Soul Tome gave him the greatest cultivation technique ever created.

Dyon didn't know why, but since that day, the Soul Tome hadn't shown him any other techniques. Maybe it was because he didn't try actively enough, or maybe there was another hidden reason. But none of that mattered now. Because the very first time Dyon tried to actively snatch another technique from its pages, the results were so great he grinned from ear to ear.

The second and third portion of [Soul Aid] was actually within the Soul Tome!

Dyon had earned [Soul Aid] from Orchus' core treasures. Since then, it had been a great help to him in battle. This auxiliary technique was one of the best for converting soul strength into combat prowess.

Unfortunately, back then, he had only found the first portion, with the whereabouts of the second and third completely unknown to him... until today!

The first portion was split into three stages, or what were called Degrees of Freedom.

With it, one gained three abilities. Tier One allowed to [Weaken] or [Strengthen]. Tier Two allowed one to [Accelerate] or [Slow]. Tier Three allowed one to [Shrink] or [Grow].

The simple explanation was that one used their soul in order to perform numerous calculations to find a path to change comprehended techniques. This allowed one's combat prowess to skyrocket by relying on the soul to increase strength.

The second and third portions also had their own heaven defying abilities.

The second portion also had three abilities. Tier Four allowed one to [Manipulate]. Tier Five allowed one to [Change]. Tier Six allowed one to [Layer].

[Manipulate] gave one the ability to control the shape and density of one's technique. This ability was an upgraded form of [Shrink] and [Grow].

When one used [Shrink] it concentrated the power of a technique into a smaller form, thus allowing its strength to skyrocket. When one used [Grow], it dispersed the power of a technique into a larger form, thus weakening it, but giving it a greater area of effect.

[Manipulate] could concentrate more power or disperse more power without changing the size of a technique, making it the greater Degree of Freedom. It was also possible to stack [Grow] and [Manipulate], allowing a technique to grow in size without losing its potency.

[Change] gave one the ability to convert the core of a technique. Essentially, one could make a fire technique into a water technique, or vice versa. However, it was deeper than this. It was possible to apply the concepts of a fist technique into a leg technique, or even convert concepts of a movement technique in an attacking technique.

This Degree of Freedom was only limited by the imagination and soul strength of its wielder.

[Layer] gave one the ability to fuse and stack techniques in the truest sense, vastly increasing their strength. It was the simplest of these so far, but its abilities were likely the most potent, especially when stacked with the others.

The third portion had the final three Degrees of Freedom.

[Enlightened Lines of Efficiency] has the ability to drastically lower the energy needed to perform techniques without decreasing their power. It was essentially a stronger version of the [Weaken] and [Slow] Degrees of Freedom.

[Reinforce] could make techniques far stronger in exchange for increasing their energy requirement. Techniques usually had a cap on their strength depending on their grade, but [Reinforce] could circumvent this cap forcefully. It was essentially the upgraded version of [Strengthen] and [Accelerate].

Finally, [Transcend] was the final Tier Nine Degree of Freedom. It allowed one to raise the grade of a technique entirely, causing a qualitative change in its strength. This was the upgraded version of [Reinforce]!

Dyon felt like a child on Christmas day. He also felt less troubled about only finding this technique now. Judging by its complexity, he wouldn't have had a chance in comprehending it before his Divine Sense broke into the Immortal Sense Realm.

'Could [Enlightened Lines of Efficiency] have what I need to fix Luna's problems...?'

[Soul Aid], after the first portion, wasn't as simple as mere calculation any longer. Each held profound laws that manipulated the rules of existence itself... It really might hold the very keys he needed.

**

"My Earthen Sprites will not stand for this!"

A man who would have looked mighty familiar to Dyon roared, causing an unknown independent space to quake under his surging qi.

For powers on the level of the Sprite Alliance, there were numerous modifications made to their territory. For example, even their lesser planets could withstand a battle between celestials, while a

place like this that housed their capital, could handle a decent battle between dao experts and maintain its form. An impressive feat considering Dyon's home planet could barely withstand a battle between saints.

Chapter 1940: No One

This independent space was another such modification. It wasn't exactly a Mystical World, but it was a hidden pocket dimension that could be quickly and easily accessed by all those with high enough status.

If one had to point toward the most secure location in all of their territory, this would be the place. In fact, even Dyon wasn't listening in on their conversation.

Since Dyon was only a First Grade World Seer, he only had the ability to see through one universe at a time. However, this pocket space had barriers around it that rivaled the barrier between universes. As a result, Dyon would need to progress his Immortal Sense to the next stage in order to peer into their secret meeting.

In this regard, this pocket space was even beyond Mystical Worlds which Dyon could peer through the layers of with ease.

That said... Did Dyon really have a need to do any of this? After all, since this was such an important space of the Sprite Alliance, how could Luna not have access to it? Anything of importance would reach Dyon's ears one way or another.

"Calm your anger! Do you know how much of a laughingstock we would be if you had to step out personally to seek revenge? Had you found him before he made all of this noise and killed him silently, there wouldn't have been a problem. But now he's slapped the faces of our entire Alliance! This can't be resolved with a flick of the hand any longer."

This man was none other than the very owner of the projection Amphorae shattered a few weeks back. It was no wonder his anger was fuming.

Not only had a genius of his clan been slaughtered right before him, but he also lost 3 meridians worth of cultivation in an instant. Had it not been for the fact the Sprite Alliance's resources far outmatched

the Diasho Clan's, he would have suffered the same drop in cultivation Diasho Ken's uncle had to Jade before Dyon purposely restored him.

3 meridians might seem like a minor number, but to a dao expert, especially one in the Peak Dao Realm, this was a crippling amount worth tens of thousands of years of effort. The fact that his eyes were reddened with rage that could put any beast to shame wasn't a surprise to anyone here.

Seeing the Earthen Sprite elder being forced silent, the other sprites continued. Of course, for such a minor event, none of the five Higher Existences would bother to appear. So, this Earthen Sprite could actually be considered one of the topmost powerhouses here. It was just unfortunate for him that there were five

"We can only leave this situation to young pups with Undefeatable Spirits."

"And if they also fail?"

The atmosphere turned heavy. This was obviously a possibility none of them wanted to think about.

"In that case... we can only rely on that child."

Bitter smiles swept through the gathering of elders.

"No matter how disgruntled that Unblemished Empress is, the face of our Sprite Alliance still directly affects her." A stubborn old sprite muttered.

"Disgruntled?! You fools tried to kidnap her daughter! The fact she didn't declare all out war or sever herself from the Alliance is something you should all be grateful for! Now you want to ask that very same daughter you tried to turn into a pawn to save your behinds?! What thick faces you have."

It was no surprise that the elder who spoke was of Luna's Heavenly Sprites, but no one called out the obvious bias behind their words because they were correct nonetheless.

Obviously, whatever meeting took place all those years ago to decide to take action against Luna hadn't included the Heavenly Sprites.

"Your Unblemished Empress is stifling our progress! The Timeless Library could be our key to surpassing the Sapientia and even the Nephilim!"

"Are you trying to convince me? Or yourself?" Another Heavenly Sprite sneered. "How many stories of successful journeys to the Timeless Library have you heard about? And, even if there were many, there's less than a hundred years to the descent of the Ancient Battlefield.

"You know well about the random time displacement of that godforsaken library. How can you guarantee anyone we send in would come out in an appropriate enough period to be useful?"

"It's different this time!" A Spiritual Sprite rebutted. "You think we're fools? Do you think the ability of Higher Existence Oracle is just for show?"

"I'm sure Higher Existence Oracle helped draft the plan to encroach upon our agreements, stab the backs of your allies, and attempt to kidnap an innocent child as well, but how did that work out for you?!"

The atmosphere grew more tense, but the Heavenly Sprites only sneered.

"I'll let you pitiful fools in on another secret. The reason why your foolish plan failed in the first place is because that young man you all think you can kill with the flick of a hand was there to protect Heiress Alauna while you all had lured the Unblemished One away.

"If you think you're going to convince that willful lass to battle her own savior, you're more foolish than even I thought!"

No one knew what to say. However, somehow, these words made them sigh more a breath of relief than anything else.

If this Dyon Sacharro was raised up on his own by some unknown Sacharro Clan, it was too much to accept. But, by this Heavenly Sprite's words, there seemed to be a deep relationship between the Unblemished One and this child. He might even be the Unblemished One's disciple. In that case, his power was far more acceptable.

But after this relief, a stronger bitterness set in.

If what this woman said was true, then that meant that all of this might be happening under the Unblemished One's tacit agreement. In that case, it's possible that these matters were even more complicated than they once believed.

"What do your Heavenly Sprites mean by this? Is this supposed to be an act of war? And why do you seemingly have so many hidden forces? Since when did the Unblemished One raise so many hidden geniuses? What intentions do you have?"

A hoarse voice that had been quiet to now spoke, cutting through the atmosphere with an oppressive, domineering aura.

These words were like poison, raising the skepticism within the meeting space. However, the Heavenly Sprites didn't back down.