

## The Nameless 1941

### Chapter 1941: Deepened

"What do we mean by this? What did your Armament Sprites mean by secretly sending five Blade Clans to the Tower Quadrants? Maybe if it wasn't for the descent of the Ancient Battlefield, we still wouldn't know about them.

"And you." The Heavenly Sprite shifted her gaze once more. "What did your Spiritual Sprites mean by snatching the Star Clan that was once under the umbrella of our Heavenly Sprites? Not only did you snatch them away, when you had ripped all the secrets you could from them, you humiliated them, all before sending them off to the Tower Quadrants as well."

Even when it seemed the atmosphere couldn't become tenser, the heavy air only grew.

The story of the Star Clan was one Dyon had a marginal understanding of, mostly because he didn't care much for it. But, he was aware that they had suffered a terrible humiliation in the past.

The dividing line between Heavenly and Spiritual Sprites wasn't as clear cut as the differences between the other Sprites. As a result, sometimes the Spiritual Sprites took advantage of Luna's loose requirements of her subordinates to snatch useful Clans for themselves.

Earthen Sprites were known for their oneness with the land. Among their number there were Mineral Sprites like Little Rain who had still yet to awaken from absorbing the fire sprite in the Golden Flame Mystical World.

However, Mineral Sprites like Little Rain were actually quite rare. Among the Earthen Sprites, only Higher Existence Earthen could wield control over any and all minerals like Little Rain. Of course, this was also because the so-called sprites were actually only half sprite while Little Rain was a full sprite.

Simply put, the Earthen Sprites usually had specific minerals, ores and metals they had better control over.

The Oracle Sprites were known for prediction abilities. This didn't necessarily mean looking into the future, but they had great calculative minds. They were a race known for being on par and often even more intelligent than the Sapientia.

Some of their greater geniuses could parse the future into probabilities, but there was no certainty in the lines they drew, which was why the Heavenly Sprite dismissed Higher Existence Oracle so blatantly.

The Armament Sprites were the most straight forward. They wielded the greatest military power of the Sprite Alliance, coupled with the fact their weapon affinities usually made them abrasive, and the result was quite an overbearing group of sprites.

Finally, there were the Heavenly and Spiritual Sprites. Their differences were difficult to find.

They were both sprites who wielded various energy affinities, but there was a subtle difference. Heavenly Sprites were more like elementals. They could control fire, wind, water, etc, with ease. However, there were also rarer affinities such as space within them as well. In the past, the Star Clan's star power energy was among these.

Spiritual Sprites, however, wielded more vaguely defined energies. For example, demonic will, the Sapientia Clan's abacus will, energies that were difficult to place appropriate labels upon.

As the term 'Spiritual' denotes, usually these energies had less of a direct impact on strength and more of an auxiliary one. But, this still wasn't the case 100% of them time.

The short of it was that these vague lines often led to disputes between the two factions as to which Clans were under their jurisdiction and which ones weren't.

Star Power was a vague energy that was hard to categorize and had both direct and auxiliary benefits, so it was no wonder this Clan's affiliations came under fire.

Still, had the Star Clan simply refused the advances of the Spiritual Sprites, even if they were a hundred times bolder, they wouldn't have dared pursue their ridiculous dispute. After all, since there wasn't any certain answer, why was there a need for the Star Clan to switch sides?

However, the Star Clan's ancestors chose wrongly. Not only did their poor decision result in the downfall of their Clan and their humiliation, it was this very betrayal that exposed the secrets Luna had held tightly to herself for so long.

This bad blood had been brewing for a long time... Whether these matters were finally settled now, or if they would boil over into all out war... only time could tell.

Seeing that her words were only greeted with silence, the Heavenly Sprite's sneer deepened.

"Today's matters are a warning to you all. This strength the Unblemished One is displaying is nothing but the tip of the iceberg.

"You all believed that you had grasped my Empress' ultimate secret by finding out that she was a Heaven's Child, but you had no idea that it was already too late.

"This here is the strength that a Heaven's Child can provide if you have her support. These are the kinds of geniuses you could have raised as well. But, you decided to pit yourselves against her.

"The Unblemished One expects an appropriate response to the wrongs you've committed. You have three days, not one second more.

"I'm sure you can decide to ignore my words. But, you should probably ask yourselves... If this is the younger generation she's raised, what do her true trump cards look like?"

A cold sweat matted the backs of the elders as they suddenly remembered something.

Heaven's Children... When they gave birth, the child would be the ultimate potential of what the non-Heaven's Child parent could be...

Could it be that those Demon Generals who followed Dyon were all the offspring of the Heaven's Children under Luna's command?!

The devastating thought sent a shiver through them all.

By the time they learned that Luna was a Heaven's Child, it was already too late. It was possible to subdue a Heaven's Child when they were still in their infant stages of comprehending their power, but once they had matured, it was near impossible.

The only advantage they had was to use Faith, but Luna actually wielded slightly more Faith than they did individually because she controlled 18 quadrants. And, unless they had the consent of all Alliance members, it was impossible to combine Faith to gang up on a single person, or else an Alliance would be nothing more than a joke.

#### Chapter 1942: No Plan

So, when they learned that Luna was likely hiding a child of her own, they saw an opportunity. They said that this was for the Timeless Library, but everyone shrewd enough knew well that the main purpose was to control Luna herself!

Now, everything was seemingly backfiring. The situation had suddenly been ripped completely out of their control.

Not long after she finished these words, the Heavenly Sprite elder and the others of their faction began to shimmer out of existence.

"I hope we find your answer satisfactory, or else, effective three days from now, the Heavenly Sprites will leave the Sprite Alliance and declare war."

"Are you crazy!"

A roar sounded as they disappeared, but it only received a smirk of disdain.

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Dyon, who reclining leisurely in a hammock with Amphorae still asleep on his chest smiled as the sound of broken records continued.

"Who said bending the truth a little every hurt somebody?" He mused to himself.

"No plan, huh?" Clara glared at Dyon.

"I told you I had a plan, you just didn't believe me."

"You..." Clara suddenly felt irritated.

Dyon had indeed said he had a plan, but he had only said that plan was wreaking havoc. If it wasn't for the fact their soul were melded as one and she could see certain aspects of his mind during the last few moments, she really would have continued believing that Dyon came here to do nothing but kick up a fuss.

"Oh come on, I'm more mature than that. I'm the mighty leader of hundred of universes, I am not so petty."

Clara rolled her eyes.

"If I really wanted to kick up a fuss, my target would have been the Nephilim Gathering."

Dyon had obviously known about the Nephilim Gathering long ago, not because of anything left by Jade, but rather because of Damaris. After all, even if others didn't know where all the Dragons had disappeared to, since his family was so close with the Crystal Dragon Clan, they wouldn't be left in the dark.

"Knowing you, you're going to do both." Ri said lightly.

Dyon sighed. "Not this time. I can't afford to show off too much of my strength right now, there seem to be a few people lurking who want to know exactly what my limits are... I think I'll leave a little surprise for them.

"The Nephilim Gathering isn't just for the younger generation anymore. I hear there's even Higher Existence participants for some portions. I can't join such a stage without being willing to give it my all... I don't like the idea of losing on purpose."

Madeleine giggled at these words. Maybe only Dyon would ignore the fact there are Higher Existences participating to say that he wouldn't want to lose on purpose to them. He really was too much.

"So we're not going?"

"Of course we're going to go! I have a feeling that that brat Rose and Jade have been hiding away in the Nephilim Clan's territory all this time. It's too dangerous for them to stay alone, we need to bring them back."

Ri, Clara and Madeleine nodded solemnly, agreeing fully. They too felt thankful to Jade for giving them this second chance in exchange for her life. The times were too volatile for them to be alone.

But, who knew how Rose would feel about being called a brat considering her current strength?

"Ah, looks like they still couldn't resist." Dyon smirked, sensing eight auras entering the tower. "And it seems they've gotten smarter too, at least they want to lose outside the public eye this time..."

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'Ai, these elders never learn. Even after my well planned warning, they still decided to send these bumbling fools.'

It only took several split seconds for the so-called Battle Gods to make their way into Dyon's field of vision. But, to Dyon's Immortal Sense, it was almost as though he had spent days observing them.

It was unfortunate, but it seemed the gap between them and his Demon Generals still existed. This was to be expected. After all, his Vice Commanders had only just broken into the dao realm, while his other Demon Generals were still consolidating their foundations and readying for the perfect opportunity to breakthrough.

As things stood now, only he and Amphorae could match these eight with ease. Madeleine and Ri could likely do so if they pulled out all of their trump cards, but in a place like this, it wasn't worth it. As for Clara, she was still a bit too green though she was rapidly getting better.

In the end, Dyon decided wasting his time with this fight was meaningless. Since the Sprite Alliance still didn't understand their place...

A savage Presence that enveloped the whole of the Mystical World suddenly erupted.

The eight geniuses who had been confidently making their way forward suddenly felt their footsteps falter. As though they were trudging through quicksand, their sense of time began slowed and warped, their knees buckling and trembling.

"It seems the Sprite Alliance doesn't take the words of the Unblemished One seriously. In that case, you can all stay here and kneel until they come to get you."

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In a corner of the Nephilim Alliance's territory, two women Dyon had in his thoughts were training deep within a forest of obsidian rocks.

Rose's features had grown far more mature, but her stature was still quite petite. She had a stern, but beautiful expression as she watched on toward Jade's battle with what seemed like an obsidian scaled panther.

As for Jade, her expression was serious as well, cold, even.

Her hair had become gold from its previous silver, much like her former timeline's self, her curves were just as voluptuous and proud as Dyon would remember, and her pointed ears had an exotic and foreign air to them that could make any man's blood boil.

A dazzling golden moon suddenly appeared to Jade's back, her body moving in a lithe and flexible manner as she weaved through the strikes of the beast that must have been several kilometers tall.

Chapter 1943: End!

A delicate roar left her lips as a blinding beam shot forth from her manifestation, piercing skull of the looming beast and causing it to collapse in a pile of its own filth.

Jade floated down from the skies, her breathing heavy. The heaving of her chest was truly a sight to behold, especially how beads of glistening sweat seemed to disappear into their deep ravine, never to be seen again.

"It's still a bit crude, but I believe that you've comprehended at least the foundation, now." Rose said with a slight hint of approval in her voice.

Jade smiled lightly, wiping the sweat from her delicate brow.

When Rose had told her there was a way to fix the weaknesses of her Eostre Clan's manifestation, she hadn't believed it. She had resigned herself to never use it again and was more than hesitant to follow Rose's instructions.

Although her soul had been healed by the yin half of the soul kernel, there was no guarantee it wouldn't be harmed again. If that happened, it wasn't as though there was another soul kernel that could heal her again.

But, the reality was right before her. The looming shadow of her manifestation had been wiped away.

"Just where did you find such a marvelous solution, master?"



There was a complex light in Rose's eye when she heard Jade call her as such, but she could only quickly hide it in the end.

"I received it from my own master." Rose said lightly.

In truth, this solution came from Dyon and it was Jade's former self that perfected it. However, Rose still had a keen dislike for Dyon and had no intention of praising him in any sort of capacity, even if she had to lie.

Though, in her opinion, this wasn't much of a lie. After all, it was Jade that completed the path herself even if it was Dyon who set her on it to begin with.

"Master, the Ancient Battlefield is descending soon... Shouldn't we return?"

"Return to what exactly? Do you think that boy can protect you better than I can?"

If Dyon was here, he'd likely sputter with laughter. Since when had Rose, who was more than a decade younger than him, start calling him 'boy'? It seems she had really gotten into character when she took the role of Jade's master.

"That's even more reason to return." Jade said through gritted teeth.

Of the two of them, she wanted to return the least. She didn't want to have to face Dyon after all the things she had done. However, she wanted even less to let Dyon suffer. Her master had the strength of a Higher Existence. If Dyon didn't have such strength to rely on when the battlefield descended, wouldn't he be as good as dead? She couldn't allow that.

"We won't be returning." Rose's brow furrowed. "End of discussion!"

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Junior sat in silence looking off and into the distance.

One would think that in such a situation, he would be observing some serene atmosphere. Maybe watching some dark ocean waves or the twinkling night sky... But this wasn't the case at all. In fact, Junior was watching quite the bloody scene.

Several Embryonic Infernal Beasts savagely fought each other, ripping out the throats of their opponents with sharp, flesh filled teeth.

Blood and carnage filled the dark space, a dark red fog filled with shining stars in the distance as their backdrop.

Still, even with all of these savage beasts around, and even with Junior not lifting a finger to hide his presence, none of the beasts dared to approach him. In fact, they shivered in fear just at the sight of him.

If others saw this scene, confusion would color their features.

Normal beasts had instincts that made them avoid stronger opponents, this was part of the nature that separated those of the human and beast path. However, this instinct was greatly dulled in Embryonic Infernal Beasts who had extremely low intelligence.

If this wasn't enough to confuse you, there was something even more odd about this atmosphere. These Embryonic Infernal Beasts, currently in the process of fighting to the death with one another, were actually all several times more powerful than Junior! In fact, if even a single one of them, even in their greatly injured states, turned to face Junior, a single breath would be enough to eradicate his body.

However, even with all of these things being true, the beasts didn't dare to approach Junior...

Suddenly, Junior's expressionless features brightened.

"Wife! You've come." He beamed brightly, turning his head to watch Lilith's nervous but gorgeous figure slowly float down toward him.

"Wife?"

Hearing these words, Lilith, who had been shaking slightly looking toward the beasts in the distance, suddenly had her emotions overcome with a wave of anger.

"This is what you call the union of husband and wife? All that bloviating about how much you wanted me, and you turn out to be a eunuch?"

Even Lilith couldn't figure out why she was angry. She had agreed to this marriage in a moment of vulnerability... Not that she felt she had much of a choice to begin with... But, at the very least, she could have stalled like she had with Sokzac in the past, dragging things out. However, she hadn't this time, likely in some attempt to get that man back.

What a joke that was. In the end, wasn't it that man's idea to marry her to his son anyway? How exactly was she getting him back by doing the very thing he proposed in the first place? She really couldn't understand her own actions...

So, she lashed out. Whenever she saw Junior, she dumped all of her emotions onto him.

However, there was that smile again. That irritating smile she wanted to tear apart with her bare hands.

Whenever she lashed out like this, he'd always return that smile to her. It was filled with love and understanding, as though he'd take whatever she dished out without complaint. It was the kind of smile she could rely on, the kind that was unconditional...

So why did she hate it so much?

Chapter 1944: One in the Same

"Why did you call me here?" Lilith said through gritted teeth. "This place is incredibly dangerous. If any of those beasts start to find us more interesting than their opponents, we're dead."

Junior smiled. "I won't let anything happen to you, don't worry... As for why I called you here... It's to discuss a few things."

Lilith's brow furrowed. This was the first time Junior had taken such a serious tone with her.

They had been 'married' for more than half a decade now, yet they could hardly be called husband and wife. They were more like bully and victim. Plus, considering marriage in the martial world was sealed by fusing two souls as one, they weren't even really husband and wife, they were only so in name.

Still, in all this time, not once had Junior ever taken such a tone with her, not even when she vented all of her rage on him.

"What is it?" Her voice became decidedly weaker, unbeknownst to herself.

For some reason, Lilith worried that Junior would get rid of her, even divorcing her. Some part of her felt that she deserved it, it wasn't as though she had been a good wife. Not only did she not support Junior as a wife should, she brought his quality of life down.

However, the sudden thought made her realize that she felt an inexplicable attachment to Junior.

It was then she thought of something... If it was someone other than Junior, would she be able to sneer at him for being a eunuch? Or would she be breathing a sigh of relief that he never tried to bed her?

What was it about Junior? Was it because he was related to that man that she felt more comfortable with that idea...? That she didn't feel the same disgust she had toward Sokzac? Just what was it...?

"It's about time I tell you the truth." Junior turned away from Lilith as though he couldn't bear to see her at the moment.

"I am not Dyon's son. He and I are one in the same. He is I, and I am him. I am a clone created by his soul and infused into the skeleton of one who once wielded the Death God Constitution."

Lilith stood frozen in the dark red fog of Chaos Universe. It was as though she had been struck by a lightning bolt.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY TO ME?!"

Lilith's shock was immediately replaced with fury. Did that man really have to go this far? To torture and tear her emotions apart as though they meant nothing to him?

Ha. To think all of this time she thought she was grasping her own destiny, only to find out that she was playing into the palm of his hands this whole time.

Lilith began to laugh, an uncontrollable stream of tears falling from her cheeks.

"This is really what you think of me? Even after all of this time, I've just fallen for yet another one of your schemes? What is the goal this time, to cripple my Devil Quadrants entirely?"

"I guess I should be glad that you think I have so much worth to my father. But you'd be wrong. Your schemes won't work this time."

Junior sighed. "You're misunderstanding."

"JUST WHAT AM I MISUNDERSTANDING?! YOU BASTARD!"

Lilith's fury erupted, countless sword lights tore out from her body, sheering apart the asteroids randomly floating about and furiously colliding with Junior's body.

She seemed to really be hell bent on killing Junior because she unleashed her everything. Power the likes of which maybe only middle dao experts could match rained down from her delicate frame, but the tears that fell from her cheeks told a different story... one that racked her with endless pain and misery.

Junior's back was ravaged by Lilith's sword lights. Though he didn't move even an inch, his back had become a bloody mess of mangled flesh and blood, flooding his grey robes with a crimson color.

He didn't say a word, nor did he retaliate. Maybe others would have died from this assault, but his death comprehension was too deep. Even if he sunk further toward death, he'd be able to protect his life force. His Death God Body made sure of that.

Eventually, Lilith tired. Her slender shoulders ached and her tears ran dry, turning into streaks of eerie salts that marred her delicate, soft cheeks.

Seeing that she had fallen silent, Junior slowly began to speak.

"... Even my main body does not understand the extent to which I am him... To now, he truly treats me as a separate man, as a brother and even as a son. This is the truth."

Lilith's brows twitched with anger, but her qi had run dry. Even if she wanted to attack again, she didn't have the strength. As for how she was still floating in this condition, this 'considerate' bastard had drawn a defensive array below her feet and even shielded her from the elements.

If it was up to her, she would leave without listening to these blithering excuses, but she no longer had the strength to. Every word out of Junior's mouth sounded ridiculous to her.

How could the creator of a clone not know something so fundamental? What kind of clone owner thought of their clone as a separate entity? What the hell kind of excuses were these?

"... The path that I must walk is a difficult one. However, if I want to reach the pinnacle of the world and ensure that my loved ones can remain by my side... I must walk it.

"These loved ones... They include you... Lilith."

Lilith trembled at these words, but she simply couldn't make heads or tails of them. If the words of his clone were true, why would his main body be so cruel to her?

Junior chuckled lightly, ignoring the pain of the wounds of his back.

"It may sound odd to say about myself, but I am an idiot. I can be cruel to my enemies, but I am even more cruel to myself. The term masochism doesn't even begin to describe myself.

"Even if my main body realizes that he feels something for you, he will ignore it, he will bury it, he would rather suffer a life of watching you be in the arms of another man than act on it."

"... Why...?"

Chapter 1945: I Don't Understand...

"For one, he doesn't understand where these feelings come from. In his mind, he's had too few interactions with you, and most of them are as enemies. It doesn't make sense to him that he has this will to protect and treasure you, so he does the opposite. He pushes you away, he despises you, he's decidedly cruel to you.

"My main body's personality, and I guess you could say my own personality, is that of unrestrained arrogance. However, it is arrogance in its purest form... The form that holds even ourselves to the highest standards, standards normal humans cannot hope to match.

"Since he has decided he owes his wives too much, he will never step over that line. He will never accept another woman again."

Lilith felt her anger dissipating. It wasn't because she had heard anything she understood to this point, but rather because she simply felt deflated. How was she supposed to respond to this?

"Then why... What's the point of all of this... Why did you do this to me...?"

"Like I said, there are many things my main body doesn't understand yet. However, I do understand them. I know that in this life, the last, and any future lives... You, Lilith Sacharro, can only be my Dyon Sacharro's woman and no one else's! Anyone who stands in the way of this only deserves death!"

For the second time that day, Lilith felt as though she had been struck into silence.

"You... Why are you saying such things... I don't... I don't understand."

Junior... No, Dyon turned, floating to Lilith's side and gently placing a hand on her cheek.

"There are certain matters that I can't explain in their entirety to you. Although I'm a masochist, some would also call me quite intelligent. If I tell you too much, my main body will comprehend things too quickly, and too soon. If he does, it could ruin the plans we've laid out so diligently. In fact, doing so could destroy everything."

Lilith subconsciously leaned into Dyon's hand, her eyes closing. She felt a sense of security she never had before, even when she was by her father's side.

"What I can tell you is that there is currently a very powerful seal on my soul. That seal has three layers, two of which have already been broken. But, the first two layers cannot be compared to the last. If that seal breaks on the Mortal Plane, even with the protections I've put in place, everything would be destroyed. The only way to safely break the final seal is to ascend to a new plane entirely, a Realm will not do..."

Lilith shook herself awake, blushing as a result of her inexplicable actions. She tried to take a step back, but Dyon grabbed her wrist lightly before she could. He didn't put a lot of strength into it, but she somehow found she couldn't place distance between them no matter how hard she tried.

"This seal..." She said softly. "... Why is it that it only affects your main body? Why aren't you as clueless as your other self?"

Dyon sighed. "Though my soul can be duplicated, it is impossible to duplicate that seal. From the moment I was born, I was aware of many things my main body was not. However, I've been pretending to be a different person all these years.

"My main body believes I didn't inherit his soul talent, when the truth is that my slow soul cultivation is a result of me using much of my soul strength to hide my real thoughts from him.



"Also, I've had no choice but to slow my soul cultivation. If I allowed my soul strength to grow at its normal pace, when the day came that I fused with my main body once more to complete the perfect constitution, the combining of our soul strengths would once again cause my plan to accelerate faster than it should."

"Then... Why are you telling me all of this?" Lilith asked softly. "Wouldn't it be better to not tell me at all?"

"For two reasons." Dyon said with a light smile. "For one, I couldn't stand to see you suffer like this any longer. My main body would never tell you the truth, but I want you to know that you are loved."

"But why... why do you love me?" Lilith looked up, looking toward Dyon with an expectant gaze.

Dyon laughed heartily, pulling Lilith into his arms and kissing her forehead.

"You are my little warrior. Of my wives, only Amphorae loves battle as much as you do. You're a strong woman with a stubborn mind even though you've spent the last 5 years sniveling like a little baby."

Lilith probably would have been enraged if these words were said by anyone else, but hearing them come from Dyon, she couldn't help but pout. She really had acted out of character these past few years, as though she really was nothing but a weak woman.

However, this was just the effect Dyon's betrayal had had on her.

"That Nightmare Palace has made you cold and distant, but I know that my little Lilith loves fun and being carefree the most. I've seen the way you played with your two little brothers. That's the Lilith I know."

Lilith blushed, hiding her head in Dyon's chest.

"This is your dao, to be carefree... To not worry about the future as though the future is infinite... Your dao of immortality, this is its root."

Lilith trembled fiercely. She had never told anyone this, not even her own father. It was impossible for Dyon to know this... Unless...

Lilith looked up and into Dyon's eyes. She found the same gaze she had seen all these years, that tender love and affection that had annoyed her so many times before... But now, it only filled her with warmth.

She knew that Dyon wasn't speaking empty words. He really did know her... She didn't understand how he understood her so deeply, but it somehow didn't matter to her anymore... All that mattered was that this was now their truth...

#### Chapter 1946: Anything

"The second reason I've told you this now is because I need your help." Dyon said softly.

"Anything." Lilith responded immediately.

"First..." Dyon waved his arm. A moment later, there weren't just two in the skies without a care for the Embryonic Infernal Beasts battling to the death around them, but three.

Lilith blinked. "Saru?"

Suddenly, a bit of understanding flashed in Lilith's dark black eyes as she took a step back from Dyon's embrace. The look in Saru's eyes when she looked toward Dyon was the very same look she imagined she had...

"I will have to rely on the two of you. Soon, a certain series of events will occur that will spiral the Mortal Plane into chaos, however my main body will not be here when this happens... Whether my main body wants to or not, the catalyst for these events will uncontrollably send him to the Immortal Plane. When this happens, the three of us must be with him."

Dyon grabbed Saru and Lilith's small, soft hands into his own. Saru's delicate brown skin, Lilith boneless fair skin... They felt so good in his hands. Memories of a time long passed uncontrollably sped through his mind.

"As for this Mortal Plane... We will have to entrust it with the others of our Sacharro Clan and pray that they hold on until we return."

Saru and Lilith couldn't help but feel a keen pressure from Dyon's words. Though they were willing to help, there was much about this situation that even Saru didn't understand.

One had to understand that Saru's inkling of understanding came from the Heart Sutra she practices. With it, there were certain links she could see between herself and Dyon that were inexplicable by normal means. As a result, she made certain deductions for herself, but even still, these deductions were not the whole truth.

However, judging by Dyon's current demeanor, he had no real intention of explaining things fully.

"Saru, your Divine Elephant blood is very sparse in this life. We have to spend the time from now until the descent of the Ancient Battlefield purifying it. Only if it's refined to its true peak will you be able to resist the suppression of the Immortal Plane."

"My Divine Elephant bloodline? What do you need me to do... The Shruti Clan has put a lot of effort and research into finding methods to purify it, but haven't found much success..."

Dyon smiled. "With me here, you don't need to worry much about this. We'll use your Indra Faith Seed and a catalyst and sacrifice. We'll then reform your body to the standards of your true pinnacle."

"Sacrifice?" Saru's charming blue eyes lit with curiosity.

Maybe others would fiercely reject the idea of giving up something as powerful as a Faith Seed, but Saru had unconditionally trusted Dyon for a long time already.

Dyon snorted slightly. "Indra is a mere disciple of yours. He would be happy beyond words if he knew his Faith Seed aided you in reclaiming your true strength.

"Faith Seeds are actually just the mortal remnants of those who failed to perfect their mortal bodies. The true powerhouses throughout history did not leave Faith Seeds behind, and as such, their wills were not passed on through the cycle of reincarnation.

"The irony of all of this is that those we call heroes or gods and worship on the Mortal Plane are actually the inferior and lacking. Those true powerhouses ascended with their Faith Seeds, utilizing their mortal bodies and evolving them to withstand the pressures of the Immortal Plane.

"Experts like Abraxus are unheard of on the Mortal Plane not because they are weak, but because they are strong!

"You, my Little Saru, and you, my Lilith, are both experts of this caliber. Unfortunately..."

Dyon's visage darkened, recalling something that he didn't want to.

Saru and Lilith looked at each other, not knowing how to respond. They could see the pain in Dyon's eyes, but they didn't know how to comfort him either.

Dyon shook his head and sighed. He had gone through all of this to have them by his side once more... Since they were now here, what was the point of feeling the sadness of the past?

With a new outlook he smiled and turned his attention toward Lilith.

"Lilith, your path will be much more difficult than Saru's."

"Why?" Lilith asked curiously.

"You do not have a special constitution or a special bloodline. All your life, you've always only had your sword. This is what makes your accomplishments so impressive."

Lilith blushed. She didn't know why she had suddenly gone back to being a little girl, but she didn't mind the feeling either. Being praised by Dyon made her feel good.

"As much as I would love for you to follow this path once more and trust in your sword, it will take too much time. And, as things stand now, we barely have 80 years left.

"Currently, your sword dao has stalled at the 4th realm, correct?"

Lilith's happiness faded. Her sword dao which had always seemed to progress without bottlenecks had indeed stalled recently.

But, just as she was feeling down, she felt a warm hand on her head.

"There's no need to feel down, it's my fault that this has happened. How can you focus on your carefree Immortal Path if this husband of yours is always making your life a living hell?"

Lilith blinked and found this to be true. But, she no longer had the heart to blame Dyon.

"From now on, you no longer have anything to worry about. Nightmare Palace? Your future? The future of those you love? Allow me to shoulder them all."

Lilith smiled, after the events of today, she really did feel free. Somehow, knowing Dyon really did love her and lifted all the burdens she felt. Even the matters of Nightmare Palace no longer concerned her. In her opinion, the Devil Quadrants falling into her husband's hands was to their benefit.

Why would she worry about it?

Chapter 1947: While

In that instant, she could already feel the barrier to the 5th Dao Realm severely weaken. The path toward the 9th Dao Realm became akin to a clear road to her. Maybe even breaking into the Law Realm wouldn't be a problem for her in this mortal body.

"For you little Lilith, I've prepared something special. Everyone believes that there is only one way to Transcend, but this is not the truth. For you who has no special constitution or bloodline, there is no issue with discarding your mortal body completely. All that matters is you and your sword."

The legends of mortals transcending without cultivating a day in their lives were not false... The Dyon with his memories sealed thought that these were just nice stories, but the Dyon with his memories unsealed had met these very people on the Immortal Plane already!

"I will teach you how to discard everything and embrace your path. You no longer need to cultivate, whether that be your body or your qi. All you need to do is focus on your sword and you will transcend before us all. For you, 80 years is already too much time."

Dyon looked off into the distance and sighed. "After I show you two the path, you must go to the location I tell you in the Nephilim Alliance and find Jade and Rose. Rose will be stubborn, but it is not safe for them to be alone..."

...

While his clone was speaking of matters he had no idea about, Dyon's main body was actually smiling a genuine smile.

"What are you smiling about? Do you like torturing people that much?" Ri giggled, looking toward the 8 kneeling geniuses with a bit of pity.

They were the holy sons and daughters of their respective Clans and even the Sprite Race as a whole, yet they were being forced to kneel by a young man who hadn't even spared them a glance from start to finish. In fact, to make things worse, this same young man was lounging in a hammock with a beauty beyond words napping in his arms.

When had they ever suffered through such humiliation in their lifetimes?

"Nothing like that. It just seems Lilith's and Junior's relationship recently became closer." Dyon said with a smile.

Though Dyon was smiling, his wives, aside from the sleeping Amphorae, had disappointed expressions on their faces. They hadn't agreed with Dyon marrying off Junior like this, especially since he had despised arranged marriages for so long. It just seemed out of character for him.

But, they couldn't say much because they knew that Junior had feelings for Lilith. Since Lilith agreed, who were they to step in?

On top of this, their souls were melded with Dyon's. There wasn't much he could hide from them....

Well, this wasn't entirely true. Much like Junior could expend and sacrifice some of his soul potential to hide things from Dyon, Dyon himself, whose soul strength was so far beyond his wives, could do so as well while sacrificing much less.

As a result, though Dyon's wives had no real idea what hidden thoughts he had toward Lilith, they still had sneaking suspicions. But, it wasn't as though they could get mad at Dyon for avoiding women. Wouldn't that be the world's greatest joke?

Though Madeleine and even Amphorae didn't care how many women Dyon had, Ri and Clara were in a different boat. It was already a huge barrier for them to overcome to be with Dyon now, and though some of that resistance had been chipped away over the years as they realized they couldn't do without Dyon, it wasn't entirely gone.

"Does that mean you've finally decided to give her Fused Meridians?" Madeleine asked, dispelling the odd atmosphere.

Dyon sighed. "I had already decided to give it to her since you all insisted. Now it just makes things easier. I was getting very worried about their relationship before, but it seems they've come to terms with each other.

"This is good... With Lilith's strength, if she fuses with our mortal meridians, she'll be a great additional strength. The fact she can already use devil and conventional qi makes her stronger already, so this makes it even more so.

"I have a feeling that with this coming battle... We need all the help we can get."

"Y... You'll pay for this!"

It was probably only a matter of time before their conversation was interrupted, but to think it would be the same words that had already been repeated at least a dozen times since they come here? Couldn't they think of something more original?

"Who will make me pay, exactly?" Dyon, who had already sent his avatar into his Inner World to practice [Soul Aid] had nothing better to do, so he decided to entertain their drivel for a moment.

"We... We are not the most powerful...! When the Unblemished.... Heiress learns of this situation... You will pay...!"

"Pft, HAHAAHAHA."

Dyon who had been trying to maintain a calm demeanor for the sake of Amphorae who was sleeping in his arms couldn't hold it in any longer. He erupted into a fit of laughter that caused the slumbering Amphorae to frown and shift in his chest.

"Sorry, sorry, shh, shh." He patted her head like he was coaxing a child. In the end, he only stopped after she lightly gripped his robes with her small hands and smiled a content smile once more.

It hadn't been just Dyon who couldn't hold back his laughter, but Madeleine, Ri and Clara as well.

Using Alauna to threaten Dyon? What could be funnier?

Now Dyon understood what this so-called final trump card of the Sprite Alliance was.

While Dyon was away, his daughter wasn't simply idling. The absent of Luna wasn't without reason either. All of this time, they had been stabilizing the situation of their Sprite Alliance in preparation for the descent of the Ancient Battlefield. They had to ensure all of the internal affairs were in order so that there weren't any unwanted and hidden dangers lurking when it truly mattered most.



Of course, as a result, Alauna had become famous within the Sprite Alliance and she was well known to be Luna's one and only heir and child. Such a result was inevitable with her talent. But, no one knew who her father was. This was a topic of great speculations of many sprite home dinners.

#### Chapter 1948: Bitter

Of the eight kneeling geniuses here, four of which were men, there wasn't a single one of them that didn't have dreams of marrying Alauna one day and grasping the foremost beauty of not just their Sprite Alliance, but the Mortal Plane itself in their hands.

However, they had no idea that their first obstacle toward such a dream was right before them. Unfortunately for them, they had already gotten on the bad side of the father of the very beauty they wanted to marry, being none the wiser.

It was at that moment that the tower's mystical world opened once more, revealing the image of a fairy-like goddess descending from the skies.

The eyes of the eight geniuses lit up with hope and excitement. Who else could it be if not Little Alauna? But, her next words caused their eyes to widen with shock.

"Dad!"

Dyon smiled bitterly at his daughter's exclamation. He wasn't planning on revealing the true extent of his and Luna's, not to mention Alauna's, relationships. At least not yet, at the very least. However, he didn't expect that his usually obedient Little Alauna would actually play such a mischievous trick now.

With how intelligent his daughter was, Dyon didn't believe for a single instant that she made an honest mistake, calling out to him on reflex. There was no doubt in his mind that she had done it on purpose.

Alauna floated down from the skies and landed before covering her mouth as though she had made an oopsie. However, seeing her father's expression, she knew that her act had been seen through.

Madeleine giggled, standing up to greet and pinch Alauna's cheeks.

"You little troublemaker."

"Ow, ow. Momma Madeleine, I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Alauna pouted adorably, trying to run away from Madeleine's piercing fingers.

Dyon sighed. Although his daughter had just now made his future path more difficult, he didn't have the heart to scold her. He knew exactly why she had done such a thing.

Little Alauna obviously loved her mother no less than she loved Dyon. Their relationship as mother and child was exceptionally close as well, especially in recent times with Alauna helping Luna to manage the Heavenly Sprites.

Her scheme's goal was obvious. She wanted Dyon to accept Luna, or at the very least, give Luna the status she deserved. Even if she could not be Dyon's wife, Dyon should at the very least not hide the fact they had a child together.

If others knew Alauna's thoughts, they'd probably spew blood.

To them, Luna, the Unblemished One, was a mighty existence that stood above practically every woman on the Mortal Plane. If anything, hiding Dyon's status as the father of her child was more beneficial to her reputation. Why did Alauna seem to think that being the mother of Dyon's child was such a lofty position?

But who could explain the love of a daughter for her father? In Alauna's eyes, there was no man greater than her own father. So, of course she saw the status of being his woman as a great one that her mother deserved.

"What... What did you just call him?"

Bowaye was a man of sturdy stature. He stood at more than seven feet tall and was the number one ranked genius of the Earthen Sprites. While most sprites had weak bodies, he was an exception, having a frame brimming with power.

Much like his standing, his temperament was as motionless as a mountain. Of the eight kneeling geniuses, he was the only one who had not spoken a word from start to finish. He was only silently etching this humiliation into his Dao Heart, tempering himself and fueling his desire to grow stronger.

Of the eight, he was the only one who caught Dyon's attention. In fact, Dyon almost had the impulse to make him his third disciple. This sort of character was truly worth nurturing... Though, whether he accepted or not was an entirely different matter.

This aside, even Bowaye couldn't help but tremble at Alauna's words. The revelations were too astounding.

Dyon knew that this matter couldn't be hidden. When these eight geniuses were sent in, they were obviously sent with various monitoring mechanisms so those old fogies on the outside could see what was happening without directly interfering. There was no doubt they were currently running around with their hair on fire seeing their prided geniuses easily subdued like this.

Being pushed into a corner, they begged and pleaded with the Heavenly Sprites to send in the Unblemished Heiress, believing her to be their only hope of saving face before the upper echelon had no choice but to step in.

But who would have known that the Heavenly Sprite elder would be correct? She had sneered and accepted their request, knowing that Alauna would never attack Dyon.

Still, even she could have never expected the word "dad" to leave the Heiress' lips. Even she had the impulse to try and clear her ears out, just to make sure she hadn't misheard.

"... Now go."

After being scolded by Madeleine, Alauna walked toward Dyon who was still lying in his hammock with her head down. She didn't dare to look up and meet Dyon's gaze. Though in the mortal world she would already be an adult in her mid-twenties, before Dyon, she still acted like a little girl.

"... Dad... Are you mad....?"

Seeing Dyon remain silent, Alauna couldn't help but speak first.

In truth, she had never been scolded before. Back when she was training with Dyon to cross the formation protecting Hell's Right Eye, Dyon had been hard on her, but she hadn't taken that to heart. However... This time was different.

Dyon sighed. "How could I be mad at you, this is my fault. You only want the best for your mother... I understand."

Dyon sent Amphorae to a comfy bed in his Inner World before standing. Things had just gotten more complicated, so he couldn't casually handle matters as he had to now any longer.

As one of the five supreme leaders of the Sprite Alliance, Luna's face was directly tied to their Faith. If her reputation was squandered, it would cause their Faith to plummet.

Chapter 1949: Hmph

Once everyone learned that the mighty Unblemished One had lost her purity to a mere Lower Dao Formation expert, the fallout would be massive. The other four factions who had just been on their backfoot would likely use this as a method to counterattack.

There was only one solution to this problem. Dyon could no longer play around the younger generation. He had to prove that even among the elder generation, he was a force to be reckoned with. If he couldn't, Luna's reputation would plummet, and she may even alienate the very Heavenly Sprites she had spent so much time stabilizing.

As though on cue, images of Alauna's appearance in the Mystical World were projected for all to see.

Like this, the Heavenly Sprites began to doubt their leader's judgement. How could she, with her lofty status, choose to bed a member of the younger generation? Was she that kind of woman?

When the images of Dyon's handsome visage was projected for all to see, the doubt grew fiercer... especially so when Madeleine, Clara and Ri were seen to be by his side.

Could it be that their Unblemished One was actually sharing her chosen man with others on top of all of this? Had she really chosen a man based on looks and not ability?

The perpetrator was indeed quick. It hadn't even been minutes since those words left Alauna's lips, yet everyone was aware of this matter in an instant. The chimes of Demon Generals breaking record after record suddenly became dull.

However, the catalyst for these matters was smiling brightly, watching as her father's killing intent climbed and froze the whole of the Sprite Capital.

She couldn't be more elated. Whenever her father entered such a state, someone was going to suffer.

'Hmph. My mother made a bad choice? Open your eyes and see clearly for yourselves.'

...

"You. Stand up."

Dyon's voice was cold, causing the eight geniuses to involuntarily shiver. However, seven of them sighed a breath of relief when they realized the aim of his words wasn't themselves, but rather, Bowaye.

Bowaye was unable to control his body as the qi around him swirled to life and brought him toward Dyon.

Though his face was expressionless after recovering from the shock of Alauna's words, waves were being sent through his heart. This first mystical world of their training tower was specifically created to stop one's ability to control atmospheric qi... How was Dyon so casually circumventing these rules?

"I've taken a liking to you. You will be my third disciple."

Bowaye's eyes widened in shock. How could he, the Battle God of the Earthen Sprites, who had cultivation even higher than Dyon's, possibly become the disciple of this man?

"I... Already have a master." Bowaye said through gritted teeth.

"Then tell him or her to come and get you. If they can manage to succeed, you can stay under their tutelage. But the way I see it, your talent is being wasted."

Alauna smiled sweetly. "You should accept, Brother Bowaye. Being my father's disciple will be a great boon for you."

Bowaye's lip twitched. Hearing Alauna call this mysterious young man father so easily really let matters sink in. This Dyon really had bedded the Unblemished One.

Alauna usually kept her distance from the other youths, but she wasn't exactly an ice beauty. She had inherited much of her father's personality, so she was fun loving, sarcastic, and mischievous. So, though he didn't become too close to anyone, she had a warm place in the hearts of many.

Still, the only one of the eight so-called Battle Gods she called brother was Bowaye. Only he didn't irritate her.

Without waiting for their conversation to finish, Dyon walked by the seven kneeling geniuses, his daughter following behind while Bowaye floated after them against his will. As for Madeleine, Ri, and Clara, Dyon sent them into his Inner World as well.

Though these fools who were no doubt on their way didn't dare to touch a hair on Alauna's head any longer, this didn't mean they wouldn't threaten his wives. Dyon wouldn't allow them the chance.

'[Seal Shackles].'

Dyon casually stirred The Seal, locking the seven geniuses in place.

Now that he had awakened his Immortal Sense, he no longer had to be so careful in hiding his Treasures of the 33 Heavens. His enemies were in for a rude awakening.

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Outside of the Mystical World filled tower, a gathering of elites was quickly taking place. Having had an opportunity of this magnitude fall into their laps, there was no way they would miss this advantage.

As for Luna, she sat in her Palace with an uncharacteristic nervous expression hidden behind her veil.

When she heard her daughter's words, though she had felt immediate warmth, it was soon taken over by worry. She believed in Dyon as much as Alauna did... What she didn't believe in was herself. Were her feelings and her dignity worth Dyon making a move and disrupting some of his own plans just for her sake?

The smart thing to do would be to ignore the situation entirely. Even if the foundation of the Heavenly Sprites that she built shook some, it wouldn't crumble in a day. Plus, with the Ancient Battlefield descending so soon, there wasn't enough time for the prominent Clans of her territory to pick up and move their foundations.

In all likelihood, the four other factions would only use this ploy as a chance to make Luna back down from seeking reparations for the matter of Alauna's attempted kidnapping, and things would end like that. Though her reputation would be stained, she was still a Higher Existence level character, it wasn't as though the Sprite Alliance would cripple their strength all for the sake of booting her out. It was better if they maintained a delicate balance.

If Luna could think of all of this, she was certain that Dyon could as well. Wouldn't it make sense if Dyon weighed his options and decided to forego her feelings for the sake of hiding his true strength until the opportune time? Even if he chose this route, she wouldn't blame him...

There were too many people lurking in the shadows, plotting Dyon's downfall. The less they knew about him, the better. In her heart of hearts, Luna would even rather him ignore her feelings.

#### Chapter 1950: Spoiled

Those matters that seemed like a lifetime ago, and were truly a lifetime ago for Dyon, still weighed on her heart.

A few decades ago, she didn't truly know the kind of man the father of her child was, but now she was confident that she did... And this kind of man... She felt a genuine happiness that they shared a miracle like Little Alauna together.

It was because of this understanding that Luna sat down so nervously, not knowing what to do with herself.

A part of it was an irrational nervousness because she was already well aware of what Dyon would do. But, another part was a nervousness toward just how these matters would unfold... She didn't want anything bad to happen to Dyon...

It was then that the projections Luna's eyes practically bore into revealed words that made her petite frame tremble.

Dyon stepped out of the tower, watching as numerous figures gathered in the skies.

"I see people in lofty places have words to say about my private matters... I'd really like to see who dares breathe another word about my, Dyon Sacharro's, woman."

Little Alauna grinned mischievously, grasping her father's arm like a spoiled child. In fact, she stuck her small tongue out to the experts in the sky.

Many couldn't help but get a headache seeing this little girl's actions. Didn't she know her words had set a bomb off in the Sprite Capital? What was she still smiling about?



Some believed that it had to be that Alauna's judgement was blinded by her love for her father. Did she really believe that this mere Lower Dao Formation expert was worth something?

However, even those with great bias found it difficult to say these words out loud... Reason being, Bowaye's helpless, floating figure was right behind Dyon, tied up by invisible ropes like a chicken waiting for slaughter.

If the Battle God of the Earthen Sprites was handled so easily, and their foremost genius in the Unblemished Heiress was so confident... Maybe things weren't so simple as they seemed.

"I am Sixth Elder Waye of the Earthen Sprites. May I ask what the goal of the Heavenly Sprites is here today?" He couldn't help but frown looking at Bowaye's figure.

The naming culture of the Sprites was a bit different from the norm. They valued titles over practically everything. Only normal, irrelevant geniuses like the ones Dyon met when he initially stepped foot on the exchange program grounds would have normal, bland names. For geniuses like Bowaye, they would be 'blessed' with their family names, receiving a coming-of-age title that incorporated their Clan name.

For elders like Sixth Elder Waye, they too were given this name, but the concept was much different. They didn't have the right to a unique name like Bowaye and could only take the title of Elder Waye for themselves. They were almost no different from the Numbered Warriors of the Beast Protection Association.

This showed the Sixth Elder Waye wasn't much of a talent himself, but had rather taken his time to rise to his current position. Still, as the Sixth Elder of the Waye Clan, the top Clan of the Earthen Sprites, he was still a Peak Dao Formation Realm expert. In fact, he was impressively at the peak of the 11th Stage. This alone showed the strength of the Sprite Alliance that he was a mere Sixth Elder.

"I think you're misunderstanding something." Dyon said coldly. "First of all, you have no right to speak to me. A mere Sixth Elder looking down at me from the skies? GET DOWN HERE."

A sweeping Presence overwhelmed the skies.

Sprites had weak bodies to begin with. There were very few exceptions to this rule. Facing not only Dyon who had the Titan Diamond Body Constitution, but had also evolved his Presence to a Martial Intent thanks to the Pride Clan's pool of blood... Did these mere lesser Elders really believe they could stand up to him?!

Expert after supposed expert fell from the skies. Those who had only come from the good show were immediately astonished by the change of events.

"... He's not simple at all... It seems Lady Aritzia has her work cut out..." The Sapientia Clan youths who had been speaking in the tea house earlier had obviously come to witness the fun. How could they not be astonished by the sudden revelation that Aritzia's rival was the man of the mighty Unblemished One?

The elders who had come here were obviously not the best. Of them, the one with the highest standing was a mere Fifth Elder.

They had thought that this was all that was necessary to deal with a member of the younger generation. Even though the Battle Gods were great talents, they could be easily defeated by these old men and women here. Yet it became clear in an instant that this Dyon Sacharro wasn't so easily handled! They had miscalculated and ended up slapping their faces even worse!

Even if Dyon did nothing else, he had already proved that he stood above many of the upper echelon of the Sprite Alliance!

Unworthy of the Unblemished One? Says who?!

Alauna giggled lightly. "Who asked you all to look down on my father? If he wanted to kill you all, it would be as easy as flipping over a hand. You should be thankful that he's only a Lower Dao Formation Expert. If he wasn't, wouldn't you be even more embarrassed?"

The sudden change of events had made them all forget this striking point... Dyon was still in the lowest quarter of the Dao Formation Realm!

"None of you are worthy of speaking to my dad, so I'll finish his words for him.

"The actions of my father have little to nothing to do with the Heavenly Sprites. In case you haven't understood, women marry into the Clans of their men, not the other way around. My last name is not Moon, it is Sacharro for a reason."