

## The Nameless 1961

### Chapter 1961: Do You?

Dyon's only options were to either comprehend that third magic, or find dao grade holy type qi. The trouble was that his clones seemed to be failing on both fronts. The former was too slow in comprehending, while the latter had yet to conquer any lands on the Ancient Battlefield that had access to such qi.

"What are you crying for? Isn't it all over now." Dyon grinned without a care for how ghastly he looked so covered in blood.

Alauna didn't respond, simply burying her head in her father's chest and completely ruining her violet gown.

In the skies above, the golden seal of inexplicable complexity slowly faded, relieving another weight from Dyon's shoulders.

With a thought, several large blooming flowers appeared around Dyon, birthing a dozen or so 1% clones before sending them out.

"What... What do we do...?"

There was no question that Diasho Ren had a burning hatred for Dyon, even surpassing his little brother Diasho Ken. Who wouldn't after being castrated before the eyes of so many? Even if there weren't any spectators, it would be a blood debt to remember.

But seeing the situation here, he was completely at a loss. The mighty Sprite Alliance his and the Star Clan spent so many millennia trying to crawl their way back to had actually been subdued so easily? The most shocking part was that it seemed that Dyon had really done this on a whim.

True God Star looked on blankly, completely unable to respond to his friend's words.

When he died and was sent back to the Star Clan, he had rushed back here at the first possible moment.

Why was that? Well it definitely wasn't because he thought he was Dyon's match. The matters of that day proved very obviously that they weren't even in the same league...

The shameful reason he had done so was because he wanted to watch Dyon suffer. He thought that after killing one of their geniuses, the Sprite Alliance would definitely not sit idly by...

But day after day, he watched as Dyon stroll around as though their Sprite Capital was his own... Then he watched as his mere subordinates completely humiliated their best geniuses... And it all finally culminated today... As he watched Dyon slaughter 13 Fallen as though they were nothing more than lambs.

The psychological blow was simply too much. These matters didn't even touch on the fact that Dyon had subdued a Dragon, or that even his daughter could kill him with a single finger, or even that he had a child with a Higher Existence!

The faces of the Sapientia in the distance were no different, sinister lights flashing in their eyes.

Looking at each other, it seemed they had simultaneously made a decision. They hadn't made a move before due to the Sprite Alliance's face, but in this sort of situation... Those Supremes might even bow down to them in thanks, right?

"Did you forget what I said? Anyone who slights me will have the same ending. Do you want to be next?"

In that instant, a cold bucket of water doused their ambitions. A single one of Dyon's clones appeared in their midst, glaring down at them from above as though they were nothing but ants.

"You... You want to offend our Sapientia Clan as well?"

Of the Sapientia here, there were eight. To call them youths was inappropriate. In fact, they were a generation ahead of Dyon. Though, since they were Sapientia, they were respected wherever it was they went.

In the Tower Quadrants, the Sapientia were merely scholars. However, in the Outer Powers, their image took a drastic turn. Though they were still scholars and often took the side of neutrality, they had also displayed their grand prowess many times.

Within the Tower Quadrants, the Sapientia never needed to defend their territory. After all, many of their branches took the initiative to subordinate themselves to greater powers, while their main quadrant was protected due to the previously held taboo on inter quadrant warfare.

However, in the Outer Powers, there were obviously no such protections and the Sapientia stood alone. Over the years, how could there not be examples of Outer Power disputes and wars...?

Whenever such wars occurred, the Sapientia would always strike a resounding victory! In the long history of the Mortal Plane, there was not even one account of a Sapientia defeat!

As a result, though they maintained scholarly airs, the Sapientia were secretly feared by many, and rightfully so. There was a reason that only they were worthy of being a standalone power without the need for an Alliance!

"Offend your Sapientia Clan?" Dyon said lightly.

With a thought, what remained of the wisp of Oshire's soul appeared in his hand.

On the Mortal Plane, souls had no forms of their own. It was only upon transcending that one's soul would take on their likeness. As a result, Oshire, who had been a mere celestial, had a soul wisp that looked no different from a blob of light.

However... Every soul had unique fluctuations. For those deep within the dao realm, ascertaining these fluctuations was only a matter of focusing for a single moment.

In an instant, not only did these eight Sapientia know that this was the soul of a Sapientia, they also discerned by the purity of its fluctuations that this was the soul of a Sapientia Royal!

Without allowing them to respond, Dyon's hand squeezed, shattering Oshire's soul without remorse or blinking even an eye.

Dyon had saved this soul from the very beginning because he didn't want the Sapientia to be aware of Oshire's death. But more and more, Dyon was finding that he didn't care about the consequences any longer. Those who slighted him would die.

There was no longer room for negotiation in his heart. He didn't care who he offended.

"Your Sapientia Clan offended me long ago. As for you eight... Since you wanted to kill me... You can just die as well."

Chapter 1962: Dao Heart

Dyon's qi swept forward. Caught completely off guard and not thinking that Dyon would dare to do such a thing, none of the eight were fast enough to mobilize their Faith...

Eight heads spun into the air, fountains of blood permeating the populated streets.

Time seemed to freeze over.

In the minds of those here, the Sapientia were untouchable... Even more untouchable than the Nephilim.

If one of the Nephilim died, it was an irrelevant matter. The Giant race were similar to the Dragons in that they placed personal prowess over all. If one of theirs died, as long as there was no underhanded tricks, they wouldn't mobilize their forces. At worst, someone with ties to the deceased would look for revenge personally.

However, the Sapientia were different. Though it wasn't as though they'd mobilize an army, they most definitely would seek out an explanation for this matter and respond appropriately to whatever answer it was they received.

Since the Sapientia often maintained neutrality, they very rarely took action. But when they did... It was akin to thunder and lightning ravaging the Outer Powers.

"As for the matters of the Sapientia interfering with my affairs... I'll be sure to ask for an explanation personally."

A cold breath swept through the Sprite Capital. This young man... He was too arrogant, was he not?

In that moment, a sweeping change took place.

Dyon's main body trembled.

"Huh...?" Dyon's eyes blinked in confusion. Even Alauna backed away in slight shock. A moment later, she understood what was happening even before her father did, a surprising matter for Dyon.

"Dad... These are signs of an undefeatable spirit awakening!"

Dyon cocked an eyebrow. He had long since heard of this undefeatable spirit, but for some reason, he himself had never touched upon it.

What Dyon didn't know was that the quality of one's undefeatable spirit was dependent on too many things. In fact, it wasn't just he who wasn't fully aware, but the greatest powers on the Mortal Plane were completely in the dark as well.

However, today, Dyon had shed a final aware even he wasn't aware.

It had been too long since he was truly unbridled. The more he gained, the more timid he seemed to become.

Of course, for Dyon who had started at such a high level of arrogance from the beginning, his dulling blade was still incomparably sharp in the views of others... However, Dyon himself knew that he was slowly losing him.

It wasn't until today that he truly threw the chains that had been slowly drowning him away.

The pulsing of his Dao Heart grew brilliantly. A moment later, the whole of the Mortal Plane began to quake.

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Countless light years away, the sound of shattering jade resounded in a quiet room hidden beneath a grand expansive palace.

The room itself was quite minimalistic in comparison to the grandeur that stood atop its ceilings.

It was carved of bland grey stone and filled with shelves that were made of the very same material.

Still, this room was of utmost importance. It housed the lifelines of the most important individuals of this Clan. Outstanding geniuses, pillar elders of unquestionable strength, and most importantly... The Royal Family Line!

Within the depths of this room, an elder sat in quiet meditation, his attire equally as bland grey.

In not even an instant, his golden eyes flashed opened, piercing outward like orbs of fiery light.

"Oshire..." He mumbled to himself.

With his position within the Sapientia, he knew well how sensitive Oshire's mission was. But, he was also aware of how equally impossible it should have been for Oshire to die.

As a member of the Royal Family, Oshire was most definitely outfitted with a Life Saving Jade. Yet, it actually hadn't activated. Only someone who had reached the extremes of the soul path could accomplish such a thing... In fact, even with this elder's status, he wasn't aware of a single person who capable of such a feat!

To make matters worse, with Oshire's level of Faith, who could have killed him in that paltry quadrant? Even with his weak cultivation, with that level of support, he should have been undefeatable.

It wasn't as though they couldn't have sent someone more powerful, but the Sapientia's deduction skills decided that this was an inappropriate action. Oshire's weak strength would allow him to better lay low, and for many years, it had clearly worked.

Or maybe... It was inappropriate to think this way. Since he was now dead, it meant the plan had failed when it mattered the absolute most!

It was when the elder reached this thought that the Mortal Plane began to quake violently.

Even with Oshire's death, his expression had barely changed to a slight frown. But when this quaking began, he abruptly stood up in shock, sensing the changes around him with an incredulous expression.

He could feel that this wasn't a planetary trembling. It wasn't the earth beneath his feet that was shaking, but rather the very fabric of existence itself. This change filled him with so much fear that after he stood he was immediately frozen in place, unable to will himself to move.

His figure flashed. This was most definitely a matter that had to be discussed immediately. Whether it was Oshire or this abrupt change. Maybe the latter was even more important than the former...

Such a commotion... Maybe only the descent of the Ancient Battlefield could match it, right? Just what was happening?!

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Under this sudden change, Dyon could no longer suppress his injuries and directly spat out several mouthfuls of blood.

Alauna's expression changed, wanting to go toward her father, but a fairy-like lady suddenly appeared to her side, holding her back.

"Mom...? But dad!" Alauna's expression turned to surprised before she snapped her attention back toward Dyon.

"The space around him is incredibly volatile right now. He's snatching qi control even from me. It's very possible that you could lose your life if you approach too closely."

Alauna's expression changed.

Chapter 1963: Will Bring

She had witnessed the awakening of an undefeatable spirit before. In fact, it was her very own that she had experienced to begin with. For Alauna, this feat hadn't been difficult at all. It wasn't long after she entered the dao realm that she broke through.

"You don't understand..." Luna said softly. "... The undefeatable spirit isn't a separate entity, it's the evolution of one's own Dao Heart. The knowledge of this Era is simply too superficial."

"Mother...?" Alauna's confusion deepened.

Luna sighed. "You still don't know this, but your father is actually the reincarnation of my husband of countless generations ago. We met not in this Mortal Era, but in the Primordial Era."

Alauna's eyes widened. She really had never known this. The past of her mother and father was hidden from her by the both of them. She had just assumed they had some difficulties they couldn't expound, so she obediently didn't ask.

But for Luna to actually live so long... Even Heaven's Children weren't truly Immortal. There would come a day where they would silently pass away and fuse with the Heavens once more. But, Luna had actually lived for so long!

"This is all to say that your mother has some knowledge many don't..."



"When one begins to cultivate, a preliminary Dao Heart is formed. However, this is only a fleshling state. It's incredibly fragile and can only count as a seed. The way in which this seed grows is what's decided by individual martial artists.

"This realm is known as the Dao Seed Realm.

"As one progresses, it becomes possible to form the true state of a Dao Heart. Of these, there are nine Supreme Dao Hearts that have withstood the test of time and are acknowledged as the very best.

"This realm is known as the Dao Awakening Realm.

"You might have already expected this, but the next state is actually this so-called undefeatable spirit realm. Though its name is fanciful and grandiose, its true ability isn't so enigmatic. With an undefeatable spirit, one is able to maintain a calm state of mind and their peak condition while in battle. No matter the odds they face, they can pull this off. So, this undefeatable title is actually symbolic of a sort of self-assessment. One would never lose to one's self in this realm.

"This realm's true name is the Dao Liberation Realm.

"However, for whatever reason, your father seems to be able to enter the Dao Liberation State with absolute ease. He never struggled to do so even when he only had a mere Dao Seed. I've witnessed him do this many times before, and it wasn't until I learned these things that I realized how shocking it was.

"Your father is capable of using his own will power to accomplish a feat usually only the Heavens can aid one in accomplishing.

"Now that he's truly reached the Grand Perfection State of the Dao Awakening Realm... I really don't know what kind of changes this will bring..."

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Dyon's frown deepened. He suddenly found it hard to control his body.

He felt that this was incredibly similar to a feeling of having an incomparably solid foundation... one so solid that after a certain point in time, one's breakthrough could no longer be halted.

The issue was that such a breakthrough was completely beyond his expectations. He had faintly heard Luna's explanation. In fact, many had heard it. Her words about him being the reincarnation of her past husband would actually serve to quell much of hidden waves he had caused in their Sprite Alliance territory this time around. But, what was more poignant was her revelation about the Dao Liberation Realm.

Dyon had always found himself to be supremely confident even facing opponents many times more powerful than himself. He just had no idea that this was him tapping into the Dao Liberation Realm all along.

But, how could matters be so simple? Even if others entered the Dao Liberation Realm as well, there were limits to this realm's abilities, right?

It was obvious at first glance that this couldn't possibly be the highest Dao Heart State. If it was, the Immortal Plane would be nothing more than a joke. How could the greatest state of minds be reached by mere mortals on an inferior plane?

This alone proved that the undefeatable spirit, or the Dao Liberation Realm, wasn't infallible.

Yet, Dyon had been able to remain dauntless before Celestials with not an ounce of qi cultivation... He had been able to battle a Dao Expert as a mere Meridian Formation Realm expert and even survived to tell the tale.

Sure, Elder Daiyu had been severely weakened, but in the end, hadn't he ignored his injuries to break through that bottleneck once again anyway?

The so-called Battle Gods of the Sprite Alliance could most definitely not replicate these feats. Their undefeatable spirits were already severely repressed when facing mere Higher Dao Experts, let alone Fallen and Higher Existences.

What did this all mean? It meant that even Luna had underestimated Dyon.

Dao Seed Realm. Dao Awakening Realm. Dao Liberation Realm. Dao Purification Realm. Dao Tranquility Realm. Dao Monolith Realm. Selfless Dao Realm. Dao Vanity Realm. And finally... The Dao Simplicity Realm.

Each Realm above was harder to ascend than maybe even the Heavens themselves, and each had names those of the Mortal Plane weren't even worthy of knowing.

Yet... What Dyon entered easily with nothing but a Dao Seed wasn't the Dao Liberation Realm, but the Dao Tranquility Realm!

How this occurred? Maybe only Junior was aware. And, this wouldn't be the limitations of Junior's knowledge either.

Junior would be aware that though Dyon could grasp the mind state of the Realm, he couldn't touch about its blessings entirely.

In the end, one's Dao Heart was meant to be the foundation for one's comprehension. If Dyon could truly enter the Dao Tranquility Realm in its truest state, let alone struggling with comprehending Daos, He would have already mastered several Laws by now!

Dyon's soul trembled.

Chapter 1964: Disdain

In that moment, the skies suddenly darkened. Without Dyon's acceptance, his manifestation suddenly appeared, looming over the Sprite Capital with an incomparably arrogant visage.

Its body was draped in robes wreathed with black and white flames. Its wings hovered directly to its back, on one side holding six beautiful white feathered ones, and to the other, six glistening black feathered ones.

Six halos of black-gold revolved, holding images of profound paths beyond one's comprehension. However, if one looked closely... They were actually becoming more solid!

Slowly, its illusory form became more corporeal. What had once been a mere projection of an image was actually turning into flesh and blood!

If those on the Immortal Plane could see this scene, they would shiver in astonishment. This sort of event was a level far beyond a mere manifestation. It was the birth of a Vajra Body! However, such a monstrosity would only appear when one was stepping into the very peak of the Dao Monolith Realm, a mere half-step from the Selfless Dao Realm!

An existence that should only appear on the Immortal Plane was actually forcefully breaking through its restrictions here. How could the mortal plane not tremble from end to end?

This sort of matter made things clear. The Dao Heart was inextricably linked to one's soul. There was no coincidence that Dyon's Dao Heart grew in the chest of his Nascent Soul.

One's soul provided the connection to Heaven one needed to comprehend Heavenly Daos... So it was naturally the key to breaking away from the Heavens to form one's own path!

Ever since Dyon awakened his Dao Heart, it had lied in slumber for decades. In truth, he wasn't even aware of his own Dao Heart's name, let alone its uses. It just seemed to sit there, doing nothing. In the end, after Dyon failed to gain any results by probing with his Immortal Sense, he let it be.

But, he could have never realized that it would explode forth with such frightening momentum on this day.

In those moments, the rotation of his six black-gold halos gained substance. The sound of grinding gears filled the ears of those watching on in disbelief.

Finally, a satisfying chik-a sound resonated as the very black halo Dyon had never before touched upon rotated to the very top.

A single eye peered downward, looking toward the world with unbridled disdain.

"AAGGHHH!"

Dyon roared, grabbing hold of his eye.

Unfortunately, no matter how he tried, there was nothing he could do. A flame that sent shivers down his spine erupted.

A moment later, it burst from his eye socket. Alauna and Luna could only watch on with their hearts tightening as Dyon's left eye burst into a shower of blood.

The turn of events was too great. In one instant, they taught Dyon to be on top of the world, but in the next he was screaming in agony as a side of his face erupted in flames that sent shivers down their spine.

Dyon remembered the words spoken to him in the past.

His pupil manifestation... He couldn't evoke its true strength unless he met one of two conditions: either temper his body to the Fate Silk Realm, or find both Hell's Right Eye and Heaven's Left Eye.

Who knew that before he could find Heaven's Left Eye, this baleful existence would actually trigger without his consent, even obliterating his left eye entirely? If Dyon hadn't found Hell's Right Eye by a stroke of luck thanks to meeting Legolas, wouldn't he be completely blind right now?

Unfortunately, the arrogant eye didn't seem to care about its master's pain. It continued to become more corporeal, forcing the space around it to tremble and shatter.

The Sprite Capital was immediately filled with spatial qi that sprinkled like glass shards. The situation became incomparably dangerous in but a split second. If it wasn't for Luna's expression changing and her immediate action, the deaths that would have ensued could only be imagined.

Dyon couldn't grasp just what was happening.

One had to remember that his body had reached such a terrible state that he hadn't felt much of anything for several weeks already. Yet, he was actually screaming out in pain now.

Dyon had experienced having his body completely remolded more times than he could count, he had been more savage to himself than even his enemies, more cruel to his own body than even that of others.

But in all these instances, he rarely screamed like he was now.

In the end, Dyon savagely bit his own tongue. Though it wasn't to the point of cutting it off completely, it was more or less halfway to such a result. One could imagine how much strength was needed to do such a thing considering the current level his Titan Diamond Body had reached.

His fingers were completely singed having reflexively covered his bleeding eye socket, his body was bent over, completely hunched in pain even as the trembling of space continued.

'You fool, if you don't want to destroy this quadrant in its entirety, you better swallow your grievances and evoke your sealed world again. If not, you can bear the consequences of killing your daughter and the mother of your child alone.'

An ancient voice resounded in Dyon's mind. Who could it be if not the Dragon King?

The old lizard had been dormant for quite a long time. Dyon simply found that he didn't need him very much recently. But, who knew he would provide such a timely reminder?

Dyon grit his teeth. He knew he had no choice. The momentum of his singular pupil was too savage.

It had been the very first of his six black-gold halos to awaken, yet it was taking its sweet time becoming corporeal.

'Damned brat really makes one faint from shock. Awakening a damn Vajra Body on the mortal plane. Are you trying to commit mass genocide?'

Dyon spun his qi, gritting his teeth as he suddenly became to feel the pain hidden within his marred meridians.

A moment later, the grand seal that once covered their skies appeared again.

Chapter 1965: Surpassed

Though those of the Sprite Alliance were completely unaware, it was in that very instant that the trembling of the mortal plane ceased...

But even if they did know, they would have cared because the scene before them was too magnificent.

One's manifestation was inextricably tied to one's soul and one's soul was inextricably tied to one's Dao Heart.

Upon birthing an undefeatable spirit, those without manifestations would manifest one, while those with one would likely experience mutations. This was where the title of spirit came from.

With the fall of the elves, the manifestation was mostly an ignored path. How often had Dyon come across an expert who wielded a manifestation? Aside from himself and his wives, he couldn't think of many if any at all.

It was no wonder then that upon breaking into this realm, even those of the Outer Powers believed that they were birthing something new and failed to connect it to their already present Dao Hearts. As such, the moniker of undefeatable spirit came about.

Today, Dyon hadn't experienced a mutation. His manifestation was just the same as it had always been. Though he didn't know the reason, this didn't matter much to him. Because the result was beyond his wildest imaginations.

His manifestation now had a corporeal body. It could influence the world itself rather than only himself.

Just how strong was Dyon's soul? Currently, if translated into qi cultivation, Dyon's soul strength was at the Higher Dao Realm, essentially the lower extremities of the Star Grade.

However, if one translated Dyon's strength based on his combat prowess... His soul already overshadowed Higher Existences!

Could Dyon now fight Higher Existences with his so-called Vajra Body? He was unsure.

He knew his soul was completely overshadowed Higher Existences, but he didn't know if this was a perfect one to one translation with his Vajra Body. Either way, it was something he would have to slowly figure out. If he couldn't get some benefits from losing an eye, wouldn't it be too pitiful?

Dyon violently coughed up blood as he sat on all fours. It was truly unsightly of him, but he had never experienced such a thing before.

That eye was truly too frightening. Without regard for even its own owner, it did as it pleased. What the hell kind of ability was that?

It wasn't as though Dyon needed his eyes. At his current level, his Immortal Sense could more than make up for it. But that didn't mean it was a pleasing feeling to suffer such a loss.

'What the hell is a Vajra Body old lizard.'

'Even my main body isn't in a high enough position to answer that question, what the hell do you expect from me?'

Dyon sneered. He wasn't in a very good mood, so he seemed apt to take it out on the poor Dragon King.

'Are you telling me that the Mighty Dragon King is a mere snake on the Immortal Plane?'



'What do you know, boy. Us ascenders are at a terrible disadvantage once we reach that place. Though we're not as discriminated against in comparison to those with mortal bodies, it's barely a step above. One is an ant and the other is a worm. Barely a difference at all.'

'Abraxus is definitely an ascender, so your complaints are falling on deaf ears.'

'How do you know that name?' The old lizard's monotone voice finally turned to surprise.

'It seems my connections are better than yours too, old lizard.' Dyon said as his body was wracked with pain. 'Not only have I awakened something you never have, but I know people you don't. Isn't this too pitiful?'

Maybe if the Dragon King had any tangible form, he would be gritting his teeth now.

'Abraxus and his disciples are obviously a special anomaly. Only they and a handful of others have reached such heights after ascending from the mortal plane. I naturally cannot compare to them.'

'Are you not only number 3 behind the Dragon Emperor and Dragon God of the mortal plane's Dragon race? How are you in such a state?' Dyon stopped joking around and asked seriously. At this very least, since no one dared to approach him in his current state, this conversation took his mind off of the pain he was experiencing.

The Dragon King sighed. 'Beasts transcend by shattering Heaven's Chains, but this isn't all it's cracked up to be.'

'On the mortal plane, it makes your cultivation speed incomparably quick. However, that is all. On the Immortal plane, anyone with an Immortal Body turns their nose up at such a thing.'

'In addition, after shattering Heaven's Chains, one must then create their own path. Which means that the later one succeeds, the worse off you are. I may have been the Dragon King, but I didn't manage to throw off these fetters until I reached the Peak Dao Realm. Though this was already better than most Dragons who only manage to succeed after entering Half-Step Transcendence, it was still too late.'

'The Dragon God succeeded in the Saint Realm. The Dragon Emperor succeeded in the Celestial Realm. They're obviously not individuals I can compare to.'

Dyon frowned, thinking of Chenglei and the beast babies. They had all succeeded only after entering the Dao Realm, especially Chenglei who had already been at the Peak Dao Realm. He had originally been very happy about this, but who knew there were such hidden troubles?

'It seems I have to have those five focus on their comprehensions... But this Vajra Body, even if you don't know it all, tell me what you do know.'

'The Vajra Body is one of the pinnacle abilities of the soul path. To those with small attainments, its most important toward amplifying one's comprehension.'

Chapter 1966: Naught

However, to those with great attainments in the soul path, it's a great battle weapon.

'For example, some with sword manifestations upon reaching this realm would make their Vajra Body into a nascent weapon, making it into their lifelong partner. Some of the best treasures on the Immortal Plane are the nascent weapons of long passed experts forged of their Vajra Bodies.'

'However... humanoid manifestations like yours are exceedingly rare. Even I can only think of a very select few who have living manifestations. What you can do with yours should of course far surpass this narrow option.'

'Still, you need to be exceedingly careful using your Vajra Body on the Mortal Plane. It's not an existence meant to appear here...'

'You still have little understanding of the Immortal Plane, but even Immortal Law Realm experts aren't guaranteed to form Vajra Bodies. The attainment in Dao Heart State needed are simply too high.'

'If you use this Vajra Body too freely, you may very well catch the attention of the Heavens. At that point, it may forcefully send you to the Immortal Plane!'

'One half of the reason why I told you to evoke your sealed world was to protect this plane, yes. But the other half was to help you hide from the eyes of the Heavens. If you exhibit strength too far exceeding the Mortal Plane, it will take action without a doubt. By then, all you have built here would be for naught.'

Dyon's only response to the Dragon King's words was to cough up another mouthful of blood.

'Forgive me for asking...!' Though the old lizard started his words like this, Dyon could already hear the deep sneer in his voice. '... But why is it that a so-called alchemist isn't using alchemy to cure his own injuries.'

Dyon froze.

He really hadn't even considered it. Not for a moment... All this time, he was just silently waiting for his clone to make the last leap and comprehend his third Blessing...

The Dragon King's laughter resounded in Dyon's ears. Dyon had never heard the old lizard express any emotion before, yet the old guy actually started laughing at him.

Dyon could faintly understand why. In the Dragon King's view, no matter how heaven defying Dyon's actions were on the mortal plane, it was still, in the end, the mortal plane. Weren't the Dragon King's own actions back then equally heaven defying? Yet look at the state he was in now.

However, the longer he followed Dyon, and the more he watched silently, the more he came to understand that Dyon's ceiling was definitely not as simple as it seemed originally...

Slowly, the feeling of this wisp of his soul separated from the feelings of his main body and he began to tacitly accept Dyon even though his true self did not.

Dyon sighed, but it was interrupted by yet another mouthful of blood. Unfortunately, this time, chunks of strewn inner organ flew out along with it.

'Alchemy...'

Dyon could remember the last time his main body refined pills. He knew deep in his heart of hearts that he loved array alchemy with all his being, but his circumstances simply didn't allow him to indulge. Even when he took a 'vacation' to stay by his daughter's side, it was really only a façade. He spent much of that time consolidating the Mortal Alliance's foundation to quickly catch up to those massive Outer Powers.

Still, over these long decades, it could be said that Dyon's foundation had become incomparably sturdy. Though his main body hadn't refined pills in years, in order to support the Mortal Alliance, he had countless clones that were almost perpetually refining pills.

Common Grade, Practitioner Grade, Master Grade, Grandmaster Grade... Dyon had refined trillions of each tier over these years. Thanks to his ability to share experiences with his clones in combination with his talent and the [Dao of Array Alchemy], his foundations were far beyond what even the lower levels of the Immortal Plane could match.

In these moments, something deep within Dyon had already changed. He had regained the carefree attitude he had in his youth... He had once more become the Dyon who fought those 11 God Clan geniuses outside of the Demon Sage's legacy world.

Dyon smiled lightly despite the pain surging through his body. "Thanks, old lizard."

The Dragon King's laughter paused before a deep snort resounded in Dyon's mind. Afterward, the old guy disappeared once more.

Dyon, who was struggling on all fours, battled to push himself up, falling down to his butt and crossing his legs.

Not long afterward, an adorable bobbing alchemy cauldron appeared before him.

"Hey little guy." Dyon said with a light smile. He seemed completely oblivious to the fact that he was the center of attention for the whole of the Sprite Capital. If it wasn't for the fact his clones had sealed off

access to the teleportation formations, maybe many would be pouring in to see the origin of this commotion already.

The little cauldron escaped Dyon's hands, turning around and ignoring him.

Dyon smiled bitterly. "I'm sorry. I should have brought you out to fight too."

The cauldron's lid opened and slammed shut multiple times. Dyon could feel the little guy was ranting. Maybe if it had arms, they would be crossed as Dyon faced its back.

"Okay, okay. You're right, you're right. From now on, you can stay by my side. Since my identity is exposed anyway, there's no need to put you away. Now you'll never miss a fight again."

The adorable little cauldron turned around slightly, seemingly liking the sound of Dyon's words. However, it was shocked to see Dyon, who had been trying to hold back, cough up what seemed like another vat of blood.

Seeing this seen, it rushed over, its lid flapping. It was no doubt concerned, even rubbing itself against Dyon's cheek and passing some of the medicinal essence built up within its body to him.

Chapter 1967: Intention

"No big deal, no big deal." Dyon comforted with a light smile. "Some people just made me aggravate some hidden injuries. They've already paid with their lives."

Those who heard these words were shocked. Could it be that Dyon had actually entered the battle so severely injured?

Now that they thought about it... From start to finish, the Fallen hadn't laid a single hand on Dyon. So, how could they be responsible for his injuries?

Several expressions changed, not knowing how to handle this new information.

And this little cauldron... Wasn't it a little too... human? It was without a doubt indefinitely close to birthing an artifact spirit!

"Will you help me refine some pills?"

The cauldron bobbed, clearly assenting to Dyon's request.

Dyon took a deep breath, trying to steady himself. If he let his mind become too effected by his injuries, the final result wouldn't be what he needed.

In an instant, he seemed to completely forget about the outside world.

When Luna saw Dyon's intention, her brows raised. She knew as well that Dyon's main body hadn't refined pills in a very long time.

Considering Dyon's intelligence, she believed that he hadn't used alchemy to heal himself because he knew it was outside his capabilities. She would have never guessed that he didn't do so because he simply didn't think of it.

This really was the world's greatest joke. Dyon could be crowned the mortal plane's best and greatest alchemist this very moment, yet he hadn't thought to use one of his very best talents in aid of himself.

There was no other explanation for this other than the fact Dyon had truly begun losing himself. His dulling blade was only one facet, who knew how many others there were or would have been had it not been for Little Alauna's actions?

It was only then that Luna understood how deeply he meant his thanks to his daughter... She had really brought him light where there was only darkness before...

A playful smile danced across Luna's lovely lips. It was a shame that no one could see it behind her veil. But, the amusement in her glittering opal eyes, swirling in greens, purples and blues, was still quite evident.

With a wave of her hand, a disheveled and chained Supreme Spiritual appeared.

He quickly swept his gaze through the surroundings and couldn't help but be shocked. What the hell was he doing here?

Seeing Dyon's figure meditating silently in the distance, a fire of hatred lit his eyes like torches. However, before he could take action, the seals etched into his chains sent a heart tearing pain through his chest.

He roared in agitation and nearly fainted, only to finally realize that Luna had been standing above him all this time.

"I brought you here to enjoy a show, little lord Spiritual. Maybe if you watch closely enough, you'll glean something and have a breakthrough in your alchemy path. Be sure to thank my man afterward. After all, he would be half your master at that point."

Supreme Spiritual viciously glared toward Luna but snorted in disdain.

"Big Brother Bowaye, I hear that you disdained alchemy and formation theory and only focused on your battle prowess, right?"

Little Alauna smiled sweetly. Unlike her mother, she didn't hide her appearance. This sort of soul stirring playfulness could really toy with a man's heart to the end. Even Bowaye who was entirely focused on reaching the pinnacle of martial arts couldn't help but be moved.

Once he snapped out of his daze, Bowaye, who was still strung up and floating in the air, nodded.

"My heart only seeks to become the most powerful."

Alauna's smile grew brighter. "That won't do. When you become my father's disciple, he'll definitely make you take up alchemy. You won't be able to escape."

Bowaye's expression changed. His heart had already been won over by Dyon's mighty display and he actually didn't have close ties with his now dead former master, Wuwaye. Honestly speaking, all those years ago, Wuwaye had forced him to become his disciple much like Dyon was doing now. His fate was truly tragic.

Still, Dyon had won him over like Wuwaye never had. However, the idea of being forced to learn alchemy turned his intestines green.

As a sprite, his affinity toward the soul path was exceptionally high, so even though he never touched the path in any true sense, his soul was still well into the celestial realms. It was just that he had never comprehended comet qi.

However, he disdained such a path. He had even broken through the normal fetters of the sprite and formed himself a powerful body when those of his kin had weak ones...

Who knew he would have such a day... He knew it was useless to try and avoid Dyon, this really was an ill fate.

"Don't be so quick to get down." Alauna grinned. "Watch carefully... My father... Is most definitely unrivaled in the path of alchemy!"

Dyon's eyes flashed opened, glowing a blinding gold as the momentum of his soul soared.

"No... In this facet, my Little Alauna is wrong. What this Sacharro is unrivaled in... is the Path of Array Alchemy!"

Alauna blinked in shock at her father's words. She of course knew that Dyon practiced Array Alchemy, but this was a secret she knew she couldn't recklessly expose. After all, the taboo on Array Alchemy had held strong for so many years. There were definitely sinister and hidden powers with a vested interest in not allowing this path to raise its head once more.

But, her father had blatantly exposed the truth, causing her heart to palpitate.



Maybe it was only now Alauna understood just how drastic the change her father had undergone was.

He would no longer run, he would no longer hide. If one enemy came, he would kill one. If two enemies came, he would kill two. If a God descended, he would kill this God. If a Devil rose up, he would kill this Devil!

#### Chapter 1968: Peace

The air of an unrivaled Emperor swarmed around Dyon. He had yet to even begin to refine this pill of his, but Heaven's Chimes began to ring.

The skies above opened, golden clouds radiating gentle light downward.

Dyon suddenly seemed incomparably at peace... Nothing could shake his resolve.

Dyon no longer hesitated.

His palm struck outward, reverberating along the little cauldron's body and causing it to grow explosively in size.

The black Battle Cauldron pulsed, ancient runes of dark gold glowing along its surface.

With a thought, hundreds of spiritual herbs flew from Dyon's spatial ring. Many of them were from what remained of the Celestial Deer Sect's Legacy. Back then, Dyon had ignored them in pursuit of [One Above All], but now, these rare and even extinct herbs would lay the foundation for him to reclaim his true self!

The glow in Dyon's eyes grew fiercer as his arms orchestrated the flow of these medicinal herbs.

This much alone wasn't enough to impress Supreme Spiritual. Though Dyon's qi control was impressive, and he as an alchemist could tell that Dyon was actually parsing these hundreds of herbs by category, it wasn't to the point he felt awe.

What was more surprising to him were the herbs themselves. Even one of them couldn't be traded for with even Enigmatic Stones, let alone the number of them there were.

And what was that he said? Array Alchemy?

However, Supreme Spiritual didn't get much of a chance to continue thinking about it, because in the next instant, his heart was gripped by something incomparably magical.

A moment after the rotation of the spiritual herbs stopped, countless miniature arrays appeared in the skies. Their number much have been in the thousands as they floated out like little fire flies, shimmering under the light of the golden clouds above.

Heaven's Chimes continued to ring. It really felt like a beautiful dance was being choreographed all under Dyon's control.

Those miniature arrays made their way to the spiritual herbs, enveloping them in their light and slowly breaking them down into their most important components.

The countless and priceless medicinal herbs became gorgeous bobbing orbs of lights of numerous colors in a moment.

It was then Supreme Spiritual's expression truly began to change.

'Impossible! How can the removal of impurities be done so easily! And with arrays?!

The first and most basic step of alchemy had always been this. Removing the impurities of spiritual herbs and leaving only their medicinal potency, it laid the foundation for how the rest of the refining process would go.

All his life, Supreme Spiritual had completed this step by using his aurora flame to slowly burn these impurities away, using its healing characteristic as a purifier. It was meant to be a long, diligent, and

tedious process... But Dyon had handled so many star grade and planet grade spiritual herbs not only with absolute ease, but also with absolute speed and perfection!

Had his way of alchemy truly been wrong all this time?

However, the next scenes were only more baffling.

'Grafting! He's grafting star grade herbs together?! What is he doing! A waste of heaven's treasures!'

Dyon had learned about plant grafting way back at Focus Academy. Back then, his comprehension of DNA had helped him comprehend this concept with absolute ease.

However, grafting was usually only done for lower grade herbs. Star grade herbs were already considered to be the pinnacle of perfection, what need was there to graft them together to create something new? After the Grandmaster Grade, there was simply no one who grafted spiritual herbs together.

Yet, here was Dyon, doing it with star grade herbs! How could Supreme Spiritual know that what Dyon needed to refine wasn't a mere star grade pill, but rather, a half-step immortal grade pill?

The [Dao of Array Alchemy] had countless immortal pill formulas. The issue was that the mere mortal plane didn't have the spiritual herbs needed to concoct them.

If those on the Immortal Plane saw Dyon's actions, countless Alchemy Emperors would storm his location, begging to take him on as a disciple. What he was attempting was simply too inconceivable.

Dyon was actually modifying the formula of a half-step immortal grade pill by substituting ingredients he didn't have with mutated spiritual herbs that had never appeared before. It was the equivalent of a chemist creating a new element all so that they could complete a concoction beyond human means!

The level of foundation, comprehension, and talent needed to accomplish such a thing was enough to make one's mind go numb. Dyon was essentially creating a path where there was none before!

The man in question had no idea how heaven defying his feat was. In fact, he was smiling. He was smiling so brightly that the heavenly clouds above seemed dim.

"I've never seen dad so... happy..." Little Alauna said softly.

"This is simply a man reclaiming the path that was always meant for him." Luna replied with a gentle tone.

The orbs of light flew into the black cauldron.

Dyon's arms began to move faster, forming several seals in an instant. Up until the star grade, such profound seals were unneeded, but moving forward, the field of alchemy became far more complex and divided into countless refinement techniques.

The refinement technique Dyon used now was known as the [Heaven Soaring Nine Seals].

His body turned illusory, splitting into nine shadows that surrounded the cauldron. Each began to strike outward in a rhythm, forming novel hand seals every time.

Dyon completely forgot that his body was in shambles, he forgot the purpose for his refinement of this pill in the first place. He had completely lost himself in a joy he hadn't felt since he met his little girl...

The smile on Dyon's face seemed to light up the world. One would almost forget that he had blood dripping from his eye socket and that his body was just a single step from the grave.

Watching on, Supreme Spiritual felt his heart palpitating in horror.

"This is impossible!"

Chapter 1969: Ignorant

Little Alauna snorted. "My father is just this incredible. Imagine trying to win over my mother's heart with his shadow lurking over it. Truly overestimating yourself!"

Hearing these words, Supreme Spiritual's visage turned all sorts of colors, flickering from green to white to black. He felt as though his heart would explode, but he truly no longer had the words to refute.

"Ignorant girl, you don't understand a thing! There's no such thing as a "pill refinement technique" on the Mortal Plane. Every refined pill, from the common grade, to the star grade, are all done with the most basic measures and the most basic steps."

Now that Alauna thought about it, the words of this fool were correct. There were all sorts of techniques for battle and cultivation, but even with the high attainments her father had in the path, Dyon had never taught Alauna a pill refinement technique. Yet, he was very clearly using such a technique now.

"Ignorant. Ignorant. Ignorant!"

Who knew if Supreme Spiritual was just taking this opportunity to vent out some of frustration, but it was truly like father, like daughter. Though both Alauna and Dyon were arrogant beyond normal measures, that was only when matters were within their abilities to field. When it came to learning and their own ignorance, the father-daughter pair was incomparably humble.

So, Alauna didn't even react to Supreme Spiritual's insults. She just listened on with a curiosity lighting her eyes.

"I was shocked beyond compare when I learned this too, but I stumbled upon ancient records when exploring a Ruin in Nephilim Alliance territory. From the common grade to the star grade... These pills simply aren't worth creating refinement techniques for! One can take the common to star grade as merely laying a foundation, learning the basics!"

The more he spoke, the more Supreme Spiritual's agitation grew.

Alauna had already grasped what this man meant. When children began their way along the martial path, didn't they too start with the most basic techniques? These weren't even truly classified as techniques, they were mostly fundamentals one could find even in Dyon's original mortal world.

But what was truly inconceivable was that Supreme Spiritual was saying the immortal grade pills to the whole of the mortal grade as a mere priming stage! Only after one completed these foundational stages would one be worthy to step foot upon the true path of alchemy!

Alauna smiled. "So that means my father is pretty amazing, hm?"

Supreme Spiritual's gaze flickered incessantly. But in the end, he controlled his emotions and snorted.

"Simply overestimating himself!" He said with a sneer. "Even if he stumbled upon some Immortal Grade refinement technique, it's clearly with one look that he's barely stepped into an entry level of comprehension. How can using such a technique be easy even if you have it? Just a brat who's wet behind the ears dares to believe his foundation in alchemy is strong enough to use a pill refinement technique?"

Even though the pill refinement technique Supreme Spiritual found in that ruin was a mere fragment, his alchemy had endlessly deepened thanks to it. And, even though he had very little experience with pill refinement techniques, he still had the insight of a Higher Existence. How could he not see that Dyon had a mere entry level comprehension of the technique he was using? He hadn't even brushed the Initial Success Realm. What else could this be if not overestimating yourself?

Alauna's gaze flickered, looking toward her father with less reverence and more thoughtfully. Now that she focused, she found that Supreme Spiritual's words were indeed true. However, she inexplicably smiled as she thought of something.

"My father hasn't touched an alchemy cauldron in decades. I myself have never seen him refine a pill personally. He's been very focused on the martial path... This is all to say... This is the first time he's used this technique!"

Supreme Spiritual's pupils constricted into pinholes.

The first time?!

One had to understand that this so-called Immortal Grade Refinement Technique was at a bare minimum a level above a Divine Grade technique in complexity. How could one even use it to this level after a first try?!

However, the next moment, Dyon's momentum grew fiercer. He seemed to have forgotten about everything in the world around him.

The 8 shadows grew more corporeal, gaining a more substantial form. At the same time, Dyon's speed at forming seals increased explosively.

"... Initial Success..." Supreme Spiritual almost bit his own tongue. Even though he was right here to witness it, he still didn't believe what he was seeing.

Unfortunately, it couldn't be denied. The radiant lights of the golden clouds above grew brighter as Heaven's Chimes grew more fervent.

Still, the person who caused all of this didn't seem to notice. He had become completely immersed. At this point, he had already touched upon a realm so high that Supreme Spiritual could no longer gleam anything from his actions. He could only watch on, his heart growing numb.

A fiercer momentum swept outward.

Not even ten minutes into refinement... from entry to Initial Success. Not even two hours... from Initial Success to Small Success!

[Heaven Soaring Nine Seals]. In truth, this technique wasn't the most basic of pill refinement techniques. For a beginner to immortal grade pills like Dyon, he should have chose [Fire Calming Breeze] or [Glass Cauldron Mantra].

However, Dyon did not. One could say in part that it was because he was arrogant, but the real reason was much more reasonable. If Dyon wanted to refine an immortal grade pill, even if it was technique a half-step immortal grade pill, on the mortal plane, those weaker techniques would not do.

To put matters into perspective, above the Divine Grade, there were Mystic, Ancestral, and finally, Origin Grade techniques. However, even for the sake of the Immortal Plane, Origin Grade techniques were often ignored on the rankings, leaving the Divine, Mystic and Ancestral Grades as the main technique grades of their plane.

#### Chapter 1970: Condense

Immortal Alchemists had nine complete stages. The first three realms were collectively known as the Alchemy Venerables. The next three were known as the Alchemy Emyreans. And finally, the loftiest goal of many who followed this path, there were the Alchemy Gods.

Refinement techniques, known for their complexity, actually shared a level of difficulty with combat techniques an entire grade above them. This meant that Divine Grade Refinement Techniques were just as difficult to learn as Mystic Grade Refinement Techniques!

Of course, this was just an average and not an irrefutable rule, but it was widely accepted nonetheless.

[Heaven Soaring Nine Seals] was considered to be on the complete opposite side of the spectrum. It was the most difficult of the Lower Divine Grade Pill Refinement Techniques, dwarfing even many Mystic Grade Techniques!

There were many Three Star Alchemy Venerables who simply had no way of using this technique even if they could lay their hands on it. If they knew that a mortal boy of not even 200 years old was using it on the mortal plane, maybe many of them would directly give up alchemy for the remainder of their lives.

Dyon's body erupted into a sea of black and white flames. Each palm seal he struck out with now came bathed in an incessant heat that scorched the earth.

Once one steps upon the immortal grade path, the aurora flame alone is no longer enough.

Of course, this doesn't mean that the aurora flame is useless. If one looks down on an existence birthed from an Origin Grade Technique, the foolish one would be you. However, it was just that its role changed.



What made the aurora flame so mystical was that its role was perfect for flame control. Upon stepping into the immortal grade, the aurora flame would fuse into one's main flame as a supplemental existence, allowing finer and more controlled precision in using one's flames!

In terms of pill refinement flames, Dyon's own would make even Alchemy Gods burn with jealousy.

Dyon's Chaos Flame had the Inextinguishable Heat Characteristic, making its ability to refine pills nigh untouchable. This didn't even mention the applicability of its Solidification Characteristic in refining pills!

At the same time, Dyon's Purity Flame had the Creation Characteristic and the Life Characteristic. On top of this, it had awakened the true Purification Characteristic.

On the Immortal Plane, finding a flame with just the abilities of one of Dyon's flame would make an alchemist experience generations of joy. Yet, Dyon had two of these flames naturally awakened in his single body, and they still seemed to be awakening more the stronger his soul became!

Unknowingly, the whole Sprite Capital had fallen into a state of reverence.

The Heavenly Laws became thicker and thicker. Soon, the sound of a barrier shattering resounded through the city... Then another... Then another...!

Those simply standing in the vicinity were experience countless breakthroughs! How could they not be astonished without compare?!

"Ha!" Dyon roared, squeezing out more momentum as he pushed himself to his limits.

He had underestimated the strain this feat would bring him. At this point, he had already touched a state of do or die.

If he succeeded refining this pill, he would be healed. But if he failed... His death likely wasn't far behind.

But who was Dyon? Even having forced himself into such a situation, he was smiling brightly. Had he even considered the thought of failure for even a moment?

Failure? He hadn't even thought about it! The moment he started, he was absolutely certain of success!

Ever since he stepped on the path of array alchemy, he felt that it was simply a path created for him. When his qi and body talent had been poor, he was even more certain of this truth. However, too often this love of his had fallen by the wayside, completely forgotten by him. He treated it as nothing more than a tool, even sending off his clones to complete the refinements for him.

However, his current self would never again make such a mistake.

He felt an ambition, surging in his heart... he wanted to race to it... The top of the Alchemy world, the Three Star Alchemy God Realm... No, he wanted to surge past that limit and see what lay beyond it... To be able to create everything with nothing but the alchemy cauldron in his hand!

Four hours later... Large Success!

Twelve hours later... Great Success!

Two days later... Completion!

Dyon roared out, himself and his 8 shadows becoming impossible to distinguish from each.

Their palms slammed together, creating a final grand seal that split the skies open.

"Condense!"

Dyon's Chaos Flames surged, wrapping around the cauldron along with his Purity Flames. Their solidification characters took action in an instant. The Condense stage was the very final step, it was meant to be the most difficult and the step most alchemists would fail on... But to Dyon, with this characteristic at his beck and call... It was the easiest!

At that moment, the split clouds above trembled, sending down a mighty strike of lightning!

Dyon's eyes sharpened, but he didn't make a move, allowing this bolt of tribulation lightning to land directly within the Battle Cauldron.

Those who had entered a selfless state simply due to Dyon's alchemy prowess snapped out of it. Witnessing this scene, they were shocked. What just happened?

"... P-p-pill tribulation..."

Supreme Spiritual directly fainted from shock. He couldn't spare the energy to maintain his consciousness any longer. Plus, he had had such vile thoughts about Dyon in the past two days that the seals placed on him had continuously torn his heart apart. This final bit of stimulation was finally too much for him to handle.

Reinforced pills were above the top-grade of 90-100% purity, nine times reinforced pills being the absolute limit. Dyon had already reached the pinnacle of this realm in mortal grade pills. The last time he refined a pill was for Pjisel who he gave a nine times reinforced Cultivation Cleansing Pill. But that was done incomparably casually and without even a pill cauldron.