

## The Nameless 2121

### Chapter 2121: Stranded

It was then a familiar pain set in. Dyon felt like a sickly, diseased man, going from an overlord of the skies to a frail boy in the blink of an eye.

Black flames uncontrollably flickered within Dyon's empty eye sockets. His heart was seized with a searing heat he found impossible to temper for a long while.

He had known that the Immortal Plane had an Ancient Battlefield long ago, but he had never thought to think that the untouchable central region of that prison was where it was located. Even with his abilities, he hadn't been able to see through the fact that the mountain range that separated the flat plains from that core region was actually a seal.

It was likely this very seal that impeded the immortal Failed Clans from interfering with the mortal Failed Clans. Yet, it seemed it didn't stop mortals from crossing over into it, because it hadn't stopped Dyon.

Dyon immediately realized his mistake. He thought he had entered the mountain range before. Since he hadn't felt the familiar suppression of his mortal body he was feeling now there, he had never connected the fact that the central region was where the Ancient Battlefield of the Immortal Plane was located.

However, Dyon hadn't taken into account that he hadn't travelled even a single mile into that mountain range. He couldn't have been considered to have entered that world at all. Rather, he was still within the seal that separated both worlds. It was no wonder he hadn't felt any suppression back then.

As for how the Sapientia could possibly impact a seal of that caliber? Dyon had no idea. He could hardly figure even a guess, let alone the truth. The only explanation he could think of was that it was either related to The Entity... or there was a possibility that the Sapientia had a network of strength working for them on the Immortal Plane.

Dyon knew that someone had to have coordinated with The Entity in order to help him descend. It was obvious to him that that power was the Sapientia. However, he simply didn't have enough knowledge about the Immortal Plane to even know where he was currently, let alone comprehend its complex power structures.

Dyon's fists bled as they grinded into the sand below him, his breathing heavy. He was already in a sorry state after battling Emytheus for so many months on end. But now this suppression and his emotions weren't making things any easier to deal with.

"... This may not be the best time but... You should probably run..."

The Dragon King's ancient, wizened voice sounded in Dyon's mind.

"... Not to be the bearer of bad news, but my true body most definitely knows that you're here now. Even if he isn't exactly powerful on the Immortal Plane, compared to you, especially in your current state... You'd definitely take a massive loss."

Dyon clenched his jaw. "If he comes, I'll use his scaled coat as a doormat. I'm not in the mood, old lizard." Dyon's voice sounded little different from the growl of a beast.

The Dragon King fell silent, seeing that Dyon wasn't willing to listen to reason in such a state.

He could understand how he was feeling. Even if he put contingency plans in place, such a thing would never put him at ease. It made it even worse that he was caught off guard like this because it meant that there were things even he couldn't predict. Such a reality put him family in even more danger.

However, that didn't change the fact that he was being reckless. Emytheus and Dyon's battle was more definitely elite within Lower Immortal Essence experts. But, the gap between cultivation realms was even more exaggerated on the Immortal Plane.

A singular average Middle Immortal Essence expert could battle ten Lower Immortal Essence experts with ease. With Dyon's combat prowess, he might be able to face someone of the Middle Immortal Essence realm, but his true body was of the Peak Immortal Essence realm.

The Dragon King knew exactly what his main body wanted to do. In the past, he might have gone all out to kill Dyon due to his pride. He hated the fact a portion of his soul had been subdued by what amounted to a human pup to him.

But, after seeing Dyon's talent, he had most definitely changed his mind. He would likely go all out to catch Dyon and lock him up to refine pills for him every hour of every day.

If such a thing happened, Dyon's already slim likelihood of ever seeing his family again would plummet.

This was the truth of the Immortal Plane. There were countless bubble worlds, each housing an ecosystem of their own. Those capable of travelling between them were only the absolute most powerful. Your only chance was if your Ancestors had already established a power. Then, there were many avenues you could take to reunite with your family.

However, if you had no backing like Dyon, you were on your own. Even if Dyon's wives managed to transcend immediately, who knew which bubble world they would be transported to? With the vastness of the Immortal Plane, was Dyon even guaranteed to see them again?

Dyon's only hope was his grand teacher. But... His grand teacher had no idea that he was here! And even if he was aware, Abraxus had never set up a power himself, he didn't have a network of Clans under his charge. He had always relied on his own strength. His disciples were all just the same.

Dyon was essentially stranded, he had no immediate way of going back.

Dyon gradually calmed down. This wasn't because he had forgotten his rage, but rather because he had already decided when he set out on his path to transcend the Heavens that he was tired of feeling angry.

At that moment, he realized he was feeling something else besides the painful reality of suppression.

Chapter 2122: Back

This desert sun had a scorching heat that sizzled upon his skin like oil in a skillet. If it was scaled down to the experiences of a mortal, Dyon felt that it was nearing 150 degrees Celsius.

It was then Dyon realized that his fists weren't bleeding purely due to his grinding into this sand, but also because of the scorching heat.

If his skin felt like 150 degrees, the parts that contacted this sand were at least double that. In fact, there were bits and pieces of melted sand all around that had become shards of glass that Dyon only now noticed.

It was clear that this place was a hellscape.

Dyon slowly stood up. Walking under such suppression was no longer as difficult as when he first entered his Realm. He had spent 80 years refining pills in his Realm. He was very much used to controlling his qi on the Immortal Plane already. He could function normally.

In fact, Dyon realized that though this endless desert of nothing but sand, glass and dunes was hellish, its suppression was comparatively less to the black cabin Realm that housed [One Above All].

Dyon closed his eyes, sealing off his Immortal Sense as he took a deep breath of scorching air. He could feel his lungs screaming in protest, but his diaphragm only continued to expand.

Dyon suddenly disappeared from where he was standing, finding himself standing at the edge of a familiar mountain range.

His hand slowly stretched out. But, as he expected, he found an insurmountable barrier, one he could go all out to attack yet not even shake.

One didn't need to guess to know that Dyon had once more entered the Ancient Battlefield. And, the mountain range he was facing was none other than the very same mountain range that had collapsed before he was forcefully teleported out.

The only difference was... He was standing on the opposite side of it. To his back, the Immortal Plane's Ancient Battlefield stood, an ancient forest not unlike the one he had seen the first time he entered this prison.

Maybe if his Immortal Sense could penetrate this barrier, he would find Emytheus still lying down injured on the other side, laughing uproariously.

In that moment, realizing that he had lost, setting aside the result of the battle entirely, Dyon's heart became as still as a lake. His anger and rage vanished, his expression becoming apathetic to point of being emotionless.

If Emytheus could see this scene now, his heart would tremble in fear, knowing there would be a day in a future where he suffered for this result.

'... Since The Entity can return to the mortal plane as an immortal... So can I.'

What Dyon needed was a plan. He didn't know how many thousands, maybe even millions of years it would take to succeed. But he would. There was no doubt in his mind.

Although his family could transcend, Dyon knew that they never would. Though the problem of finding them after they did was an issue, Dyon felt it was a small one. He didn't care that this was the Immortal Plane, he planned to one day crush it beneath his feet just as he had the mortal plane. In such a case, eventually finding his family was an inevitable result.

No, the reason he knew they wouldn't transcend wasn't because of this small issue, but rather because The Entity still remained. Dyon knew his wives and daughter well. Since he couldn't bear the responsibility to defeat The Entity any longer, they would bear it for him.

This was what truly spurred on Dyon. The danger of the Sapientia, of Emytheus, of The Entity... He wanted to be there to take on the burden for them.

But now he wasn't... The only thing he had managed to do before he was forcefully sent here was send his father-in-law out of his Inner World. At least this way... his wives would know what had happened to him.

'... Just hold on for a little while... I'm coming.'

At that moment, the sound of booming thunderous feet sounded from Dyon's back.

Dyon turned to find a half rhinoceros, half ostrich creature running toward him violently.

"KKKUUUUAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!"

It bounded toward Dyon, bouncing off of tree after tree as though a ping pong ball in a slot machine. It couldn't control itself at all, the massive grey horn above its nose weighing it down severely.

Dyon could instantly feel its overwhelming strength. Its body alone was that of an immortal's. While it couldn't use qi, its every footstep carried the strength of over a trillion jin. Or, Dyon supposed that this trillion jin was known as a cauldron of strength to the Immortal Plane who didn't bother to weigh things with such a minute unit of measurement.

However, despite its weight and overwhelming power, it couldn't put a dent in the dry ground, nor could it splinter the bark of the trees it ran into.

Still, it bounded toward Dyon with an endless fury, an uncontrolled savage aura that seemed to want to tear him apart for nothing other than existing.

"..."

Dyon took a step forward.

"... Fuck off."

His palm struck the rhino-ostrich's horn from above, slamming its chin into the sturdy ground below. The land for hundreds of meters quaked, a slight splintering appearing below the beast's shattered jaw.

Ignoring the knocked out mutilated beast, Dyon walked past it, entering the depths of the thick forest.

He would definitely be back.

Dyon sat silently in a den of beasts, not that any of them were left alive, anyway. A bloody cut of meat hung from his lips. It wasn't that he hadn't cooked it, but rather that he preferred it a bit on the rare side. Plus, that seemed to maximize the nutritional value of his meals.

These days, he needed more food to sustain himself without the use of his qi. He had practically gone back to being a mortal, needing to eat several times a day to not feel the pang of hunger.

For a person like Dyon, this meant committing hours a day toward devouring thousands of jin of food.

It had been a few days since he entered the immortal side of the Ancient Battlefield. However, he hadn't returned to that endless land of desert since he left it.

#### Chapter 2123: Sigh

With his Immortal Sense, though he didn't use it as wantonly as he had on the mortal plane, it was quite easy for him to avoid big trouble. If Dyon burned his soul, his senses were slightly stronger than an average 5th Grade World Seer. Even if he didn't, he was at the very peak of the 3rd Grade World Seer level.

The highest level Spiritual Sages were only of the 9th grade. Such individuals could see through 9 world barriers at once. Yet, Dyon's soul could already touch the 5th grade and cross 5 world barriers. Such individuals were already inconceivably rare.

Simply put, Dyon was actually being overly cautious. But, within the Ancient Battlefield, it was warranted. There were definitely individuals here who surpassed him even if the only criteria tested was his soul.

There was another problem Dyon faced as well. One's Immortal Sense allowed to see details impossible for the eye. However, the 'details' of the Immortal Plane were far beyond anything the mortal plane could provide.

This was where Dyon ran into a sudden problem. He could theoretically observe any world within 5 barriers of him simultaneously. However, his mental energy drained far too quickly. He wouldn't be able to keep it up for even a single second....

It was just like he was observing The Entity's Origin Source all over again...

However, these setbacks weren't what Dyon was focused on at all. The simple solution to his Immortal Sense problem was to just rein it in. He could maintain a few hundred meters without issue. And, he could observe an entire world for about a minute. It wasn't like he absolutely needed to observe so many worlds at once anyway.

Rather, Dyon was focused on something else entirely: his Inner World.

After dispelling his qi cultivation, his Inner World had been in a perpetual state of collapse. In fact, the only reason it hadn't completely crumbled yet was because Dyon was protecting it with his soul.

His Inner World had been constructed by both his qi and soul. During the years it was slowly being built, his energy and soul cultivation had been sealed away. So, having lost one of its pillars, it was no wonder it was in such a sorry state.

Dyon understood why this had been necessary.

In the beginning, his Inner World relied on the Heavens to exist. This was why teleporting into his world from anywhere on the mortal plane had been possible, because they were fundamentally on the same plane. As a result, one's qi, the path the closest to the Heavens, was used to establish this connection. While the soul, which acted as a bridge to connect to the Heavens, was used as the proxy to strengthen it.

It made sense that qi was the closest to the Heavens. After all, weren't all tribulations reliant on the strength of one's qi path cultivation?

But now Dyon had run into a dilemma. He didn't want to lose his inner world, but he didn't want to recultivate his qi via normal means either...



For Dyon, reaching the Peak Dao Realm again would only take a matter of weeks, if that. He only needed to swallow a few Half-Immortal Grade pills.

However, while Dyon was certain that he wanted to regain his qi cultivation one day, he was also certain he didn't want to follow the same path he had before. He wanted a qi path cultivation that existed outside the control of the Heavens.

The good news was that the Heavens suppression of him had stopped after he came here. This was probably because if he was here, he wouldn't be able to affect the timeline of events on the mortal plane anyway. So there was no need to continue suppressing him.

The bad news, however, was that he somehow needed to rebuild the greatest cultivation technique ever created to suit his needs. This was a tall task indeed.

This was the true reason Dyon hadn't returned to the world of desert quite yet. He wanted to reconstruct his cultivation technique first. He already had a plan in mind too...

He couldn't qi cultivate without relying on the Heavens. But, in order to qi cultivate without the Heavens, he needed an Inner World that produced its own qi. But, he couldn't rebuild his inner world without qi cultivating.

There was only one way to end the cycle. His Inner World had to be built on something completely different, an opposing existence in comparison to qi.

The only solution, then, was his body.

This was how Dyon slowly began building his plan to refine his body.

...

With a sigh, Dyon tossed a bone to the side.

Picking up a stone that laid to his side, he rolled it between his fingers. It was obvious by the stone's golden color that it was filled with holy type qi. It was actually the first dao grade holy type stone Dyon had ever run into.

Having seen it now, Dyon understood why it was he never found one on the mortal half of this prison. It was simply too precious and powerful beyond Dyon's estimates.

Dyon realized now that his so-called essence, saint, celestial and dao grades weren't very appropriate at all. He vaguely categorized them based on a system he understood. But, this placed him in a box that limited his thinking.

This stone was the very reason Dyon had yet to begin. His battle with Emytheus had ravaged his body completely. In fact, until yesterday, his ribcage was still bent inward. It was only now that he finally gained the ability to begin healing himself in earnest.

A familiar comfort overwhelmed Dyon as he took control of this dao grade holy type qi.

"[Heal]."

He circulated that qi through the meridian pathways of his wings, feeling his body reconstruct itself cell by cell.

After several hours, Dyon exhaled a foggy breath. He felt that he had recovered by about 10% now, leaving him with 90 or so percentage points to go.

Chapter 2124: Breath

Dyon could faintly feel that his bottleneck to the Fate Silk realm was far looser than it had ever been. But, much like when he refrained from entering the celestial realm, something inexplicable was holding him back.

"Should I go find the old man?" Dyon mumbled to himself, stroking Little Yin and Yang silently.

They hadn't spoken since Dyon's ability to anchor them faltered. But, he knew they had helped him greatly regardless. Thanks to them, Emytheus' own celestial hamster made little to no impact on the battle.

"Where exactly is that desert world, old lizard? And do you know where that old man is located in relation to it?"

"... My main body has narrowed it down to a few hundred possible bubble worlds..."

"How useless. I gave him so much information yet he still can't find out what needs to be found out."

The Dragon King's second half would have smiled bitterly had he had the lips to do so. Only Dyon would think of such an idea. He actually purposely fed information to the Dragon King about his location so that he could use the Dragon King to understand just where he was.

"It's not easy for my true body to move between worlds. We're too low ranking despite being members of the Sovereign Hegemon. In fact, a normal Immortal Essence Realm expert has no business leaving their world. The fact my main body can even think of doing so is a testament to the strength of a true Hegemon."

Apparently the highest ranking organizations of the Immortal Plane were known as Hegemons. Faith didn't play as large of a role on the Immortal Plane, actually. A fact that Dyon found curious.

But after thinking a moment, he felt that it made sense. Those who left tales of their exploits on the mortal plane were only the weakest to ever transcend. Those who were truly powerful perfected their mortal bodies and took their faith seeds with them.

Still, this was as far as Dyon deduced. He wasn't certain of the specifics. But, it may be that Faith was more personal on the Immortal Plane.

"Sovereign Hegemon, huh. It seems that even without the shackles of the Heavens, Dragons are still arrogant beyond reason."

"Aren't you the last person who should be saying these words? Your arrogance got you into this situation to begin with."

"Bullshit. Maybe that might have been true in the past, but I was meticulous this time around. It's just impossible to consider every factor."

"Forget it, I'm not arguing with a spirit wisp. Just tell me more about the Dragon King's secrets. Maybe if he's more pissed off, he'll work faster."

"You already know my main body's greatest secret. That dragon and phoenix dual cultivation technique that my true body was chased after for is something you're already aware of."

"What a useless old lizard." Dyon mumbled. "Has been up here for millions of years yet hasn't even stepped into the Immortal Saint Realm on top of having nothing else to show for it. No wonder he's angry all the time."

Dyon waved his hand and forgot about everything else, focusing once more on his healing.

Maps were simultaneously some of the most valuable and dangerous things on the Immortal Plane. They were valuable in that they were rare, especially star charts that mapped out bubble worlds. But, at the same time, they were dangerous in that those with power refused to allow those without to wield them. Knowing the lay out of a network of bubble worlds was as good as having a floorplan for war.

So, Dyon was pressed into a corner. He had no choice but to use these petty tricks to siphon away information about this world. The Dragon King was too weak and knew too little.

Like this, the weeks ticked by. Finally, after the second month, Dyon felt his body was back to 100%.

Dyon took a deep breath.

A ripple of an inexplicable sharp aura danced along his bare skin, his nude body radiating with a vibrant bronze color.

An instant later, his Immortal Sense unleashed in full force, but it was immediately constricted and reined in by Dyon, its concentration increasing several times over.

Just what did it mean to take senses that could touch dozens of worlds at once and compress it to focus on a single human body? Even Dyon hadn't known before he did so. However, the result was so shocking that his vision went black.

Dyon didn't know how long he had spent unconscious, but when he awoke, the reddish daylight of the Ancient Battlefield had become pitch black. If it wasn't for the fact he had taken over the territory of a fairly powerful beast, who knew what could have happened to him.

After clearing his headache, Dyon slowly began to realize what had happened.

He had concentrated his Immortal Sense into such a small space that the level of detail it saw within his body was far beyond what was within his abilities to intake.

Trillions of individual cells, tens of trillions of individual organelles... he couldn't even bother to count the number of chemical and chemical bonds. But, to make matters worse, he had suddenly seen his body as a collection of electrons and protons, and then ultimately quarks and leptons and preons...

Dyon felt his head spinning.

As someone infinitesimally close to building an immortal body, the density of the particles that made up his body vastly outweighed that of a mortal. He thought trillions of cells, but the truth was that he easily had several folds that amount.

Trying to take in so many details at once was far more difficult than even observing dozens of worlds.

'This is no good. How am I supposed to refine my body into a pill if I can't observe it properly without passing out...'

Chapter 2125: Junior?

The only method Dyon could think of was increasing his mental energy. But, he had never heard of a method to do so. In fact, even with the [Dao of Array Alchemy] by his side, the only pill he had ever come across capable of replenishing mental energy was one personally created by his Master.

And obviously, that pill was only to replenish what mental energy already existed. Increasing it wasn't within its abilities.

The only way to raise one's mental energy was with time and diligent cultivation. Only by cultivating for millions and billions of years would one's mental energy reach astronomical levels.

This left Dyon at a loss. His talent had ironically handicapped him. His mental energy had rarely come into play on the mortal plane. It seemed like many things were different here.

'... If it's possible to replenish it, it's also possible to grow it. I don't believe that there's not a single method that exists.'

Dyon didn't want to waste so many years. Though it technically wouldn't be wasting them considering he would have to cultivate, it still didn't sit right with him.

'There's another way...'

Dyon sighed. Since it wasn't possible to refine his whole body at once, he would just focus on individual parts.

Dyon knew that perfecting his body all at once wasn't possible anyway. Even if he could refine his body all at once, the result would be limited to his current knowledge of array alchemy. Obviously, with his limited soul strength and knowledge, this wouldn't be the best result.

So, Dyon had planned from the beginning for his body to undergo several refinements, slowly pushing him toward his goal.

'Since I've confirmed that refining all at once isn't possible, what is the exact path I will take...'

While healing himself, Dyon had thought about this question to the point of madness. He had a general idea of what he wanted to do, but wasn't even certain if he had enough knowledge to just find the starting point, let alone begin the journey.

The more Dyon thought about it, the more confused he became. Was it really possible to refine his body such that it could support his inner world?

Dyon shook his head. 'Maybe this was the wrong approach to begin with... The only part of my body that truly seems disconnected from the Heavens is my Soul. I'm able to shatter my daos and burn me nascent soul without regard, while my body still ultimately relies on constitutions gifted to me by the Heavens...'

When Dyon's thoughts reached this point, he understood that it wasn't just his qi he needed to bring to independence, but his body as well. Maybe one day, he would ultimately have to do the same for his soul as well...

Still, he had made up his mind.

'Since that's the case, forget it. I'll shatter my Inner World and concentrate it into a small piece of land my soul is capable of sustaining on its own. Then, I'll rebuild its laws to my liking using my fundamental runes...'

Once Dyon decided on something, he wouldn't change it. He had no idea that ten years would flash before him after he made this decision, yet it was exactly what happened.

His vast Inner World shrunk from the size of tens of planets to a small one-meter diameter.

It was a pitiful sight, but Dyon's smiled brightly, sweat pouring down his face. No matter how small it was, Dyon had created his own independent world.

Well, whether it could truly be considered independent was another question. After all, he still had to use his body as an anchor, and his body existed under the purview of the Heavens, ultimately. But it was still a start.

Still, Dyon could have never expected what happened next. He was stunned to the point of silence.

"Took you long enough to fix that nonsense. I was stuck in the void with these two for the longest time. Do you know how dangerous it is, teleporting into a collapsing world? Who told you to throw The Seal away?"

Dyon's jaw all but dropped.

"Junior?"

After his shock settled down, Dyon suddenly stood abruptly in a rage, grabbing Junior's collar.

"What the hell are you doing here?!"

Just because Dyon was brooding every moment of every day, it didn't mean that his heart wasn't constantly in a state of turmoil. It was simply that his Dao Heart was incomparably firm, having reached the very pinnacle of the mortal plane.

However, seeing Junior here, he still flew into a rage.

A part of the reason he had been able to settle his heart was because he felt he could trust his clone. If everything went to crap, at the very least, Junior would be able to follow in his footsteps and grow powerful enough to keep Emytheus at bay.

Dyon knew the state he had left Emytheus' body in. Unlike him, Emytheus wasn't a body cultivator. The Olympus Clan was a clan of qi cultivators. After all, they were all angels. Him healing in just two months like Dyon did was absolutely impossible, especially considering it was he who technically lost their battle.

With this in mind, Dyon believed that using their connected memories, Junior would be able to improve enough in the time it took Emytheus to heal to threaten him. It was also next to impossible for Emytheus to improve any more without being sent to the Immortal Plane as well. Thinking to this point, Dyon was able to put his heart to rest.



Yet, the very Junior he had pinned his hopes on had actually appeared here on the Immortal Plane with him. To make matters worse, he had taken Saru and Lilith with him. Saru was the only of three body facet Overlords his Mortal Empire, so she was among the most powerful who could defend what his Sacharro Clan had built there.

Madeleine and Ri couldn't exit the Ancient Battlefield. In addition, his daughter, with her talent, likely wouldn't be able to appear there either soon unless she wanted to be sent to the Immortal Plane as well.

#### Chapter 2126: Questions

Junior really was the key reason he had been able to remain calm. Yet he was actually here!?

"Hey, you need to calm down." Junior said with a slight smirk Dyon had never been on the receiving end of.

He suddenly realized that his face, despite how handsome it was, truly had a way of pissing people off.

Dyon slammed Junior into the cave walls, causing the den he had called home for so long already to quake and tremble.

"Calm down?! You should know exactly why I can't!"

"Dyon!"

Saru and Lilith tried to separate the two men, but despite their vast improvement, they were still several levels beneath Dyon despite the fact Dyon hadn't improved even a single step in the last ten years.

However, they couldn't just stand around and do nothing. They could tell this wasn't a joke, Dyon really was pissed off to the extreme. Their eyes watered, able to understand the torrent of emotions coursing through his heart.

Looking at the cave around them, they could tell that Dyon hadn't moved a single inch in pursuit of his goal. There was nothing on his mind besides returning to his family. But, the only way for that to happen was if they could remain safe in his absence.

Ten years of seclusion was nothing to most Dao Experts, but this was contingent on their great age. Dyon was ultimately still barely 200 years old. Such a fact only applied to Dao Formation experts who lived hundreds of thousands of years. They knew well that Dyon's mental energy hadn't been tempered to such a level yet.

The only way he secluded himself so long without losing his mind was purely due to his own will power. A reality that made their hearts tremble.

"Dammit!"

Dyon's arm flexed, shoving Junior further into the wall. Maybe if he still had his eyes, they would be blazing with fury.

"If you were going to come and could even take two with you, why didn't you take them all?! What are you playing at?!"

Junior hardly reacted to Dyon's rage. In fact, all he did was sigh and shook his head.

"... Was I always so brash in my youth...?" Junior mumbled.

Lilith turned her head to avoid rolling her eyes. This same Junior obliterated a solar system before her just a few years back in a fit of rage. What did he mean by "in my youth"? He was clearly still just as brash.

"What did you just say?" Dyon frowned.

"Nothing. It doesn't matter. All you need to know is that I'm here to help you."

"Junior, even if I call you brother, there's a limit to everything. Even if I don't have the heart to kill you, don't think I won't shove you in a cell for a few thousand years if you keep pissing me off. Since when did I need your help?!"

"I'm here to give you my Death God Body." Junior said plainly.

"..."

Dyon's grip involuntarily loosened.

"What did you just say?"

Junior didn't respond, slapping Dyon's hand away.

"Stop saying stupid things." Dyon's frown deepened. "I've already decided to sever my path from the Heavens. Adding another constitution tied to it will be of no help to me. I also have no intention of accepting such a thing even if it wasn't like this."

"You're wrong." Junior said calmly. "The bones of a Death God are exactly the last piece you need."

"You... What are you talking about?"

Maybe these were the most questions Dyon had ever asked in his lifetime. He wasn't used to being confused or having others lead him by the nose. Even those far more powerful than him usually danced on his palms to his own rhythm.

"Titan Diamond Body for your flesh. Silver Mirror Constitution for your meridians. Eternity's Balance for your soul. Death God Body for your bones."

Junior poked Dyon's chest and forehead with every line he spoke as though reminding Dyon just what part of his body was where. He didn't seem to notice that Dyon froze completely.

"Wha..."

"Before you speak, put on some damn clothes. There are two innocent fairies here."

Dyon looked down at himself, seemingly only now realizing that he hadn't actually bothered to wear much of anything in the last ten years. But, considering his personality, he wasn't exactly embarrassed by the fact. He only casually conjured some sweatpants up for the sake of Saru and Lilith's blushing faces.

Dyon had too many questions. Why was it that they were here? Even if this was Junior's reason, what was the point of bringing Saru and Lilith? Also, why did the two women seem to weather the suppression of the Immortal Plane just as easily as he did? Saru being an Overlord would make things a bit easier, but Lilith was still at the Peak Dao Realm.

However, he didn't ask about any of these things because what Junior had just said was too shocking.

"What is that supposed to mean? What is the purpose of these things if they're all connected to the Heavens one way or another?"

"Obviously it's so that you can fuse them into one, creating a new constitution that's not under the control of the Heavens at all."

"Create a new constitution? Are you insane? I just spent ten years creating a one meter wide world that amounts to nothing more than a big rock. I pass out every single time I try to observe my own body with the highest detail. How the hell am I supposed to create a new constitution?"

"Tough luck, it's your only choice. No matter how much you want to tear yourself away from the Heavens, talent ultimately matters. It's the cruel truth. If you really did something as foolish as stripping your constitutions away from yourself, you'd become even more of an ant than you already are to this place

"In truth, you've already partially done it. You technically have two Titan Diamond Body constitutions, three Eternity's Balance constitutions and ten Silver Mirror constitutions. They're already mutated versions of themselves, which by extension weakens the control the Heavens have over them.

"However, I only have this singular Death God Body. After we fuse, if you don't take that opportunity to accelerate your evolution into something new, then the grip the Heavens have on you will actually tighten."

#### Chapter 2127: Diamonds

"You're not making any sense. Every constitution is fundamentally created with the same runes. If I combine them, no matter how many, the fundamental runes aren't going to change. They'll just rearrange themselves differently."

"You're an idiot. How can fundamental runes work by means of normal common sense? In the mind of a mortal, ice and water have the same chemical structure and are therefore the same substance at different temperature points. But, if you observed the fundamental runes of each, you'd realize that they were drastically different.

"It's the same concept as quantum physics. On a macro level, everything works by means of normal logic. However, when you observe things on the smallest of levels, you suddenly have substances acting as both particles and waves, all while they can randomly leap and switch places as they please.

"Fundamental runes act on an even smaller scale than what quantum physics encompasses. What are you doing wasting your time applying normal reason to it?"

Dyon froze for the second time in such a short period.

His mind began to work through things at warp speed. A lot of the questions he had were suddenly solved in an instant.

Junior said nothing, simply waiting silently. Even though Dyon inexplicably remained in this state for half a year, Junior, Saru and Lilith didn't even so much as breathe too heavily.

"... I understand."

Dyon hadn't cultivated in this time, but the three of them could feel that he was much more powerful than he had been just half a year ago. If he were to battle a fully healthy Emytheus now, the battle wouldn't last more than a handful of exchanges.

"About damn time."

"My face really is too annoying, put that smirk away."

"Many people hate me because I was born too handsome, I didn't think my own self would fall into such a category too."

"Self hate and self awareness come hand in – wait, what did you just say? "My own sel –"."

Junior's palm pressed itself flush against Dyon's chest.

"Tsk, too smart for our own good. Just be sure to not fuck this up. There aren't any other versions of us to sacrifice. Be sure to call our new constitution something cool and flashy."

Junior turned his head and winked toward Saru and Lilith.

In the next moment, he turned into numerous motes of black light, swirling around and eventually into Dyon's body.

Even though the two women knew they were one in the same... They couldn't help but feel a sense of loss.

Dyon didn't know what to say for a moment.

Maybe to Saru and Lilith, Junior was just him with a few extra memories. However, to Dyon himself, Junior was a brother he had come to know for over a hundred years. Watching him disappear just like that for the sake of perfecting his body left Dyon at such a loss that he didn't react immediately to the change.

It was only after a moment, when the barriers to Junior's mind almost perfectly fused with his own, did he understand that Junior had never been another person to begin with. But, had always been him...

Still, the bitter taste in his mouth remained.

Dyon didn't spend much time philosophizing. However he couldn't help but think... was every version of him really the same person? Was it different to get to know a ten year old version of himself versus a hundred year old version of himself? What about if this version of himself had more than a hundred years worth of memories and experiences that were completely separate to his own?

Unfortunately, Dyon didn't have a chance to brood on this matter for very long, because he could immediately feel that his skeleton was being reforged by a dense black qi.

Death God Body had always been one of the top three defensive constitutions. However, unlike Titan Diamond Body which relied on flesh and diamond skin, or the Silver Mirror Constitution which relied on qi, the Death God Body reforged the bone into a deep black that made steel seem comparatively malleable.

This was precisely the reason why Orcus' skeleton remained even so many trillions of years beyond his death, and why it was the perfect catalyst for Junior's birth.

Now that Dyon's body was changing once more, he had to take hold of this opportunity. Ironically, he would be using the Heaven's help to break away from its existence.

In a state of awakening like this, Dyon's body broke down into its most elementary pieces. It was now that his chance became the most optimal. It was simply impossible for him to continue thinking of Junior in such a state. If he wanted to honor Junior's memory... Then he could only maximize this gift he left behind.

During this past half month, Dyon's comprehension of fundamental runes had reached an astronomical level. He already believed that he could perfectly control every fundamental rune that constructed the mortal plane. In fact, if he had the time, he could rebuild a much better Inner World for himself.

However, at this moment, he turned all of that knowledge toward himself. What he wanted wasn't the perfect refined body. That was impossible with his current strength and knowledge. But, what he could do was lay a malleable foundation that he could build upon in the future.

Dyon already had the perfect blue print: [Inner World: Sanctuary].

What made this the best technique of their world wasn't only its great qi reserves or even its godly domain. Rather, it was its ability to improve a foundation one had already laid!

Dyon latched onto his small one-meter world, undergoing countless calculations a second.

Junior's words hadn't fallen on deaf ears. He had a constitution for his soul, his qi, and two for his body. At the same time, his mortal body was the perfect fusion of the three paths.

Thinking to this point, Dyon didn't hesitate to make his Sovereign Flame infused Perfect Fusion Meridians as the foundation of it all.

## Chapter 2128: Body

He realized that his Titan Diamond Body was powerful, but it lacked versatility. Aside from crude power, it didn't provide much else. However, Dyon remembered that before he reclaimed his energy cultivation talent, his Titan Diamond Body had been able to improve the robustness of his meridians. It was only after Luna helped him take back his talent that this effect disappeared. What if he combined his energy cultivation talent with the great defense of his Titan Diamond Body?

Dyon quickly broke down the fundamental runes, taking hold of his meridians and reconstructing them cell by cell to the point they shimmered like diamonds.



In these moments, Dyon inadvertently broke into the Fate Silk Realm. But, he was so focused on his task that he didn't notice this subtle shift, nor the fact that when his body was once again fully constructed, that he would regain his normal appearance...

Dyon had no idea that the smoothness of this process was precisely related to the Fate stealing abilities of his Titan Diamond Body. His constitution was far from just the crude muscle brain he thought it was.

In his defense, Dyon had no idea that such a watershed moment could possibly cause such a small change. In addition, he had already shifted all of his focus to his Silver Mirror Constitution.

Not only did this constitution thicken his qi, but it also thickened the walls of his meridians.

This function may have seemed useless since Dyon already fused his Titan Diamond Body with his meridians, but this was far from the truth.

The Silver Mirror constitution required the movement of large amounts of qi in a short amount of time. By extension, thickening the walls of the meridians was only one part of what it did. Its true function was to widen the meridians.

Dyon homed in on his Titan Diamond Body to strengthen his meridians. But, in order to widen them to the extreme, only his Silver Mirror Constitution could do this.

Though Dyon's inner world could store qi, not to mention the fact it was much smaller now than it had been in the past, his meridians ultimately acted as a bottleneck. He could swap qi from his inner world into his meridians, but it was ultimately his meridians that sustained his attack strength.

As such, the thicker his meridians, the stronger his attacks would be. If his meridians were on the thinner side, it didn't matter how much qi he had in his inner world, there would be a limit to his strength.

However, there was an even deeper reason for all of this. Dyon didn't just want to widen his meridians, but he also wanted to widen his blood vessels!

Unlike qi, there was no such thing as atmospheric vital qi. All of Dyon's bodily strength came from within his body. His Titan Diamond Body helped in part, but it was called Titan Diamond Body for a reason. It was ultimately a defense constitution first and foremost.

Though this was also the case for his Silver Mirror Constitution, its widening of meridians had greater applicability as an auxiliary talent!

Like this, Dyon became to break down the fundamental runes of his Silver Mirror Constitution and apply the laws that should have only fused with his meridians to his blood vessels. He was determined to create a body that could one day surpass even those lucky bastards who were born directly into the Immortal Law Realm.

Dyon's meridians and blood vessels soon became thick, raging rivers. In the past, his blood vessels and meridian pathways were almost like thin capillaries running through his body, barely a tenth of a centimeter in width, the largest were only about two centimeters wide. Only his 117 meridians were slightly larger, having about an inch to two of diameter to them.

One can see how shocking such a thing was. Dyon was able to display so much despite their exaggeratedly small size. Just how much power would he have if they were only a small percentage point larger? What if they doubled in size?

The reason one had to improve the quality of the qi from Essence to Saint to Celestial and finally to Enigmatic was precisely because of this small size. There was a little to how much power they could produce. As such, one had no choice but to raise the grade of their energy.

Unfortunately, vital qi both couldn't be pulled from the atmosphere, and only had one level of quality to it. One can easily see, then, how body cultivation was even more limited in this regard, meaning that the widening of blood vessels would have an even more pronounced effect!

Theoretically, if one's meridians were thick enough, you could produce just as much power as a Dao expert even while within the Essence Gathering Realm!

It was here that Dyon ran into a problem. He obviously couldn't expand in meridians and blood vessels infinitely. After all, his body had limited space within it.

Even if he suffered a loss and built himself larger, he'd run into the same problems Giants did. The larger his body, the more qi and vital qi he needed to produce the same force. It was a simple principle even mortals knew about, known as the square cube law.

For every proportional size increase, volume would increase by a cube, but surface area would only advance by the square. This meant that mass increased exponentially even in relation to the surface area of a body, which meant large bodies lacked the strength to move themselves.

Giants circumvented these laws with their own special methods, but in the end, it only gave them a marginally higher average strength in comparison to normal sized humans.

Dyon's mind continued to spin, calculating madly.

Saru and Lilith, seemingly knowing that he would stay in this state for maybe even longer than the past half year, made their way to the entrance of Dyon's den. They couldn't allow anything to disturb him during this time.

Dyon's thoughts blinked away almost as soon as they appeared. He sifted through and threw out dozens of ideas in split seconds, focusing his entire mind on his task.

In a moment, he suddenly thought of his Mind's Eye.

#### Chapter 2129: Years

His Mind's Eye was where his soul qi was stored. Over time, it had evolved from a world of golden fog to one filled with a thick ocean of what looked like melted gold.

With the exception of when Dyon activated his halo, his soul didn't have bottlenecks like what his qi did with his meridians. However, this was because he directly expelled his qi from his Mind's Eye, to his surroundings, and only then manipulated it into the technique or array he wanted.

It was impossible to do this with normal qi because it wasn't as pure. In addition, qi techniques required very specific circulations within the body. If it was expelled first, it would be very crude. This was

because, once again, normal qi was not as pure and as such could not communicate with the heavens as easily as soul qi could.

'Wait... my halo.'

Dyon's mind grinded to a halt as he finally found a solution. He kept thinking about increasing the volume of his meridians and blood vessels. But, why not focus on increasing its surface area simultaneously?

The square cube law only applied if the same shape was maintained while size increased. But, what if Dyon didn't bother maintaining the same generic tube shapes of his meridians and blood vessels?

When Dyon managed to reach this line of thought, he acted immediately, thanking his soul halo.

He had managed to reach this conclusion in a rather roundabout way. When Dyon formed his soul halo, was he not pouring soul qi into his brain? Why was it that his people's minds could withstand soul qi, but if other species attempted, they would be essentially committing suicide?

Dyon remembered how panicked he became when his little girl poured her soul qi into her mind for the first time. He had never been so scared in his life.

It was only after he calmed down and investigated that he understood. The folds in the brains of his mortal people were far beyond that of normal humans and even the Sapientia Clan. As a result, their ability to withstand on hold qi in their minds was at an unprecedented level!

If Dyon thickened the walls of his meridians and blood vessels, widened their passageways, and manipulated their shape to increase their surface area by several fold...

The results would be beyond his wildest imaginations!

Dyon didn't hesitate. Taking inspiration from the folds of his brain and even some from his digestive tract, he remolded his meridians and blood vessels from the ground up.

By the end of it all, he had only widened the passageways of both by about ten times, reaching a single centimeter. But, the space within was as if he had expanded them to ten centimeters instead.

These matters only took a short time to describe, but it took Dyon another ten years just to lay this proper foundation down.

At the moment, where his and Junior's bodies once stood, there were only a beautiful mesh of shimmering diamond meridians and blood vessels.

In addition to maximizing their surface area and volume, in the middle, near where Dyon's belly button would be, there was a deep red ruby-like structure. With a single glance, any expert could tell you that it was a dantian.

Dantians were an existence only Immortals had. However, Dyon had technically had one for a very long time thanks to his Inner World. In fact, his Inner World was far more functionally useful in comparison to a normal dantian.

However, Dyon didn't simply want to disregard his dantian entirely. Since he was so close to perfecting his mortal body, unlocking his dantian was as easy as breathing.

Still, he wouldn't do something as useless as using it for his qi. There was simply no point. However... Why not give his dantian over to his blood vessels? Since vital qi was so limited without ability to evolve or come from the atmosphere, this was the best method Dyon could think of to fully maximize its power.

Like this, Dyon gained two dantians. One with his Inner World, and another for his body cultivation!

By this point, Dyon was finally content with this layered foundation and moved onward, starting to build up his skeleton.

The motes of light from Junior's Death God Body surged building up Dyon's now deep black bones.

Dyon didn't want to change much about his new skeleton structure and didn't particularly care that it was now black. It wouldn't shine through to the surface regardless. In addition, these bones were already perfected to the pinnacle of the mortal limits of Death God Body.

However, Dyon did want to make a small shift.

Combining his Eternity's Balance constitution's ability to equilibrate and his Silver Mirror Constitution's reflective abilities, Dyon extended his defensive abilities from just his qi.

Now, any strike that managed to land on his body was disperse through his whole skeleton. In addition, it would be reflected back by a certain percentage depending on its power. Like this, the Death God's skeleton's defense prowess raised by several folds.

Like this, a skeleton of black, standing at almost 6'10, manifested itself. The beautiful structure of meridians and blood vessels penetrated deeply within it, the rest of the mesh network hanging like a gorgeous work of art from its frame.

The colors of black, red and diamond looked particularly enticing.

With that, yet another 10 years passed.

Dyon then turned his attention to his flesh. Organs were always the most sensitive part of the body. They simply couldn't be freely turned into diamond or tough flesh as easily both because of their sensitivity and the fact they wouldn't function properly if their properties were changed too much.

The best body refinement techniques could account for both factors, changing the function of organs such that they wouldn't miss a step. This was something Dyon now had to consider for himself.

In the end, he decided on a few things.

Firstly, he increased the robustness of his digestive system. From their normal smooth muscles, he replaced them with strong, robust muscles.

## Chapter 2130: Breakthrough

?In fact, it wasn't just his digestive system. Dyon replaced all the smooth muscles in his body with ones he could actively control. For a mortal, this would be a nightmare. However, for Dyon who had such strong soul strength, it increased the efficiency of his body to godly levels.

Now, he could at will control how fast his heart beat and how fast he digested food. Like this, he could not only use them to greater extents when he needed them, but when he didn't need them, he could completely turn them off, saving his energy from being wasted.

The last thing Dyon did to his organs was apply the very same defensive abilities he gave to his bones, allowing them to disperse attacks with greater ease without becoming injured. Finally, he shifted the place of his organs from their original locations as a minor life saving measure.

With this step complete, having taken 20 years, the beauty of Dyon's constructing body plummeted. It was hard to see the art now that his organs had been added, but there was no one around to mind as Dyon continued to build his muscle structure.

Taking inspiration from his previous deductions, Dyon already knew what he wanted to do. How much strength would increasing the surface area of his muscles give him?

He wanted to maintain his lean appearance, but he also didn't want to be too weak either. If his muscles only expanded and exploded with power in the instant he attacked, his strength would be far beyond what it was now.

In addition, with his vital qi dantian now created, he needed muscles far more robust than normal, or else he wouldn't be able to contain its power.

Fate Silk slowly spun, manifesting from what seemed like thin air to slowly coat Dyon's skeleton with a healthy reddish-pink color.

The strong filaments even an Immortal Essence expert couldn't rip apart intertwined with Dyon's meridians and blood vessels before covering his organs in a layer of impenetrable protection.

It was only in that moment that Dyon suddenly realized that there was no resistance against him reconstructing his eyes... He finally understood that he had broken through.

Dyon felt a strong pressure emitting from his eyes. No, it wasn't a pressure. Rather, it was an eagerness, as though a wait was finally over.

Dyon could feel the vacant meridians that once hid behind his right eye. After he ripped Hell's Right Eye from himself, they had been severed completely, losing the power they once held.

However, Dyon hadn't cared. He would rather harm himself than forge another connection with the Heavens. He wanted nothing more to do with it.

But in those moment, his vajra body quaked and tore through space, appearing without his consent.

Lands for thousands of miles around fell into an eerie silence, not because there were no life forms, but because those that did exist didn't dare to breathe. Even the most powerful existences in this Immortal Ancient Battlefield froze in place, hoping not to alert this absolute expert.

Dyon's vajra body was an existence of the Immortal Plane to begin with. Its power on the mortal plane was heavily suppressed and wasn't even remotely comparable to the strength it had now. In fact, the truth of the matter was that Dyon hadn't unleashed the full strength of his vajra body even during his battle with Emytheus for fear that he would be sent to the Immortal Plane.

If he had known he would be sent here anyway, he would have immediately gone all out just to make sure that Emytheus died a horrible death.

This aside, a vajra body was already a Godly existence on the Immortal Plane. Those who had strong enough Dao Hearts to manifest it were simply too few. Even those geniuses directly born into the Immortal Law Realm had to slowly build up their hearts for millions and billions of years before finally crossing this barrier.

It was no wonder no one dared to approach Dyon now. Dyon wasn't just as the Dao Monolith realm one had to enter to form a vajra body. His vajra body was far beyond the base level, having entered the Dao



Vanity Realm. It was an existence not even 20 other individuals had touched in this era. Who would dare approach a land a senior had so very obviously claimed?

Dyon's empty eye sockets began to tremble fiercely. The black-gold and flaming halos of his vajra body turned slowly, clicking into place to leave a singular lofty eye at the top of it all.

In that moment, all of Dyon's calculations stopped. It was no longer a diligent calculus, but instead, he rode the ebbs and flows of his own emotions.

Dyon had been 15 years old when he awakened this eye. Today, he was over 200 years old, having experienced more than 300 years, and only now did it finally open a door to him...

Dyon's eyes rapidly constructed themselves. Compared to the 40 years he had spent to reach this point, it only took a few days. Yet, considering the speed at which his Fate Silk spun to form them, the fact it took several days was shocking in and of itself.

With how small his eyes were, and fast the silk spun to form them... Just how complex was the structure to still take so much time?

In the end, Dyon suddenly felt that Hell's Right Eye had never left his side. His eyes gained an inexplicable link to his soul, fusing his Perception and Immortal Sense as one...

Dyon felt like his gaze could pierce through time and space, observing regions normal eyesight just couldn't reach.

Its functionality was far beyond his Immortal Sense. If Dyon wanted to gaze at a place millions of miles from himself, he had to extend his Immortal Sense that far first. Even if he manipulated its form and formed a straight line as he had done in the past, his Immortal Sense would still need to cross that whole distance.

However, his eyes seemed capable of directly leaping over that distance, as though placing an eye in the sky at the exact locations he wanted to observe.