

The Nameless 2131

Chapter 2131: Complete and Incomplete

?Dyon could faintly feel that the abilities of Hell's Right Eye had come back to him, but he didn't understand why. Hell's Right Eye was a treasure... How could he reconstruct something so powerful by instinct?

Did that perhaps mean that his left eye already emulated Heaven's Left Eye? If so, what were their true abilities when paired?

Unfortunately, Dyon didn't have time to see through any abilities beyond his 'jumping' sky vision. He knew that if he stalled any longer, he would lose the ability to properly reconstruct his skin. If that happened, he would be walking around like a freak.

Still, there was one thing Dyon had to do first, it was something he had been partially dreading: his nervous system. But now with his eyes, he suddenly felt that mysteries that had been alluding him before were clear, as though he could see through to the root of things with ease.

Dyon had planned on taking at least a century to reform his brain and nervous system network, but in the end, it only took him a year.

Powerful lightning circulated around Dyon with every step closer he took.

Everyone knew the nervous system worked via means of electrical currents, but it was ultimately a chemical process. Dyon did away with the chemical process entirely. It was simply too slow.

Just like he had done with his digestive system and heart, he gave full control of everything to his soul. His nerves became a third layered network. One were his meridians, the other were his blood vessels, and the final were his nerves.

In his youth and even till now, Dyon had an infuriating issue to deal with. His soul was able to react to almost everything, but his body was too weak to keep up.

Over time, he learned to compensate for this. And, eventually, his strength grew great enough that it was no longer such a pressing problem. But, now that he was on the Immortal Plane, it would no doubt become a massive problem once more.

But like this, with his soul directly controlling his nervous system, though a lag would still exist as he tried to remain within the limits of what his body could handle without imploding, it would be far less than it had been in the past!

Dyon finally turned his attention to his skin, reforming it with the best defenses he could and finally regaining his formerly handsome, albeit bald, appearance. However, since he was now in control of every aspect of his body, with a single thought, his hair had grown back rapidly.

When Dyon finally homed in on his soul, it being the final part to completing his evolution... He realized that he simply didn't have the qualifications to reconstruct anything about it...

Like this, Dyon's nameless constitution became both complete and incomplete.

Dyon looked down at his hands, a light smile playing his features. He had finally gone back to his original body.

Every step forward in Titan Diamond Body was a great boost to his strength, but it always gave him a pretty boy look he wasn't very fond of. Was there really a need for his skin to glow like diamond all the time?

However, now that he had stepped into the Fate Silk realm, he reclaimed his true appearance. The same hazel-green eyes. The same caramel tanned skin. And the same short, brownish- gold hair with the slightest tints of red when the sunlight hit it just right.

There was something comforting about the idea that his parents would actually recognize him as their own if they were still alive today. For a moment, it brought a smile to his face despite the long road ahead of him.

With a thought, a comfortable pair of black sweatpants and a crisp white T covered Dyon's body.

He stretched his limbs out, getting used to his body's new functions.

The reconstruction of his muscles had not only left him with more power, but also far more flexibility than he had once had. The stiffness that had come with his Titan Diamond Body was a thing of the past.

Dyon suddenly sent a fist forward.

A sharp whistle of air sounded as Dyon suddenly found his arm embedded elbow deep into his cave den's wall.

With a slight lag, a loud boom shook the earth. The sound was so loud that Dyon knew a normal Dao expert would feel their brain turn to mush if they had stood too close to him.

Dyon blinked. He had expected a decent result, but definitely not to the point where his arm was comedically stuck in such a place.

After some effort, Dyon managed to pull his arm out. But the reverberating impact sent waves of power through the cave, causing the wall before Dyon to crack and crumble, collapsing outward.

"Oh...?"

Dyon looked toward the collapsed wall with an... interesting expression. Though, that look on his face didn't last very long before it came with a flash of happiness.

Behind the wall, countless energy stones poured outward. Some had been damaged by Dyon's strike, causing a dense, swarming qi to fill the air. Though there were a few celestial grade stones mixed in, the vast majority were of the dao grade!

With quick movements, Dyon casually drew a modified star grade concealment array capable of hiding the quickly becoming violent energy fluctuations.

The sound of footsteps caught Dyon's attention. With a turn of his head, he noticed Saru and Lilith's figures flash into view.

Maybe it was due to Junior's fusion with him, but Dyon felt his inhibitions toward these two had subtly lowered. In the past, he purposely locked away his feelings and didn't confront them, both because he found them inexplicable and also because he owed his wives too much. However, it seemed to have suddenly gotten much harder to do this.

Luckily, the side effect of heavy lust his Titan Diamond Body gave him had been expunged. Since he could amplify the good, why couldn't he expel the bad?

Chapter 2132: Inner World

But, it was ironically this very thing that lowered Dyon's inhibitions all the more. He had always been worried that he was subconsciously lusting after these two, confusing what was a disgusting primal want with the love they desired. However, with it now gone, why exactly did he still feel this way?

Seeing their haggard appearances, Dyon's heart twitched painfully. Both wore what amounted to nothing more than rags. Torn fabrics formed short mid-thigh length skirts and strapless bras on them, their delicate skin covered in dirt, cuts and bruises.

A single long sword with a thin 7-foot-long blade was strapped across Lilith's back. Her white hair was seemingly the only part of her that managed to remain unscathed. As for Saru, brass knuckles wrapped around her small hands.

She was much shorter than Lilith, but her body brimmed with power. The faint outline of a strong core became more pronounced every time she drew a heavy breath. Though she wasn't as chiseled as Dyon and managed to maintain a mouthwatering feminine aesthetic, the power of her body was obvious.

Dyon felt like kicking himself. Just because he found the Ancient Battlefield to be no big deal, that didn't mean it was the case for the two of them. Who knew how much they had struggled in the last 50 years?

It might be fine if the overlord of this region didn't appear for a year or two, maybe even ten years. But, what if they didn't appear for half a century? Wouldn't the beasts of other overlapping regions grow restless?

Though Dyon's vajra body had been a deterrence, it hadn't been manifested the whole time. Dyon took a deep breath, restraining his wandering eyes from greedily taking in the details of their exposed skin. "Dyon! You succeeded?" Neither Saru and Lilith seemed to mind Dyon's gaze though he, himself was embarrassed.

Though, if it was someone else, they likely would have drawn their weapons by now. They didn't wear these clothes out of choice, but rather necessity. They hadn't been able to bring anything with them on this trip.

Lilith's sword was actually crudely forged of a few tree branches while Saru's 'brass' knuckles were just a few tough rocks bound by string. Dyon took a deep breath. "Come in and wait for me for a moment. I'm going to re-build my Inner World's foundation, then we can talk." ...

Dyon didn't spend very long reconstructing his Inner World, it was much less complicated than manipulating so many constitutions at once. Dyon's Inner World quickly expanded to ten meters. After Dyon's comprehension of fundamental runes increased explosively thanks to Junior's timely advice, he had the ability to build a world even larger than this, several hundred meters in diameter, in fact.

The reason he did not was because he wanted to focus on quality and not quantity. In addition, he didn't want Saru and Lilith waiting for too long on their own any longer. Though they could withstand the suppression, that didn't mean it was comfortable to do so.

Dyon felt more assured if he stayed by their sides. Soon, Dyon's cracked and dry lands became lush and green once more. In addition, with the connection to the Heavens, Dyon's vajra body and primordial yang no longer floated within his Inner World.

Instead, they had relocated to his Mind's Eye. His nascent soul sat silently meditating with a crystalline chain wrapped across its body. Behind it, the large, looming form of his vajra body stood to its back, a sea of gold beneath the both of them.

Once he finished, Dyon began to greedily absorb the dense dao grade energies that swarmed him. He didn't cultivate. Rather, he poured them into his Inner World directly.

In this way, he could segregate the qi from the Heavens and fuse them as part of his own world. Like this, his qi could become separate from the Heavens entirely. After comprehending the fundamental runes of the mortal plane perfectly, something like breaking down the creation and formation of dao grade energies was as easy as breathing for Dyon.

Making these energies his own was a simple matter. Just half a day later, Dyon expelled a deep breath, waking up to a body brimming with power. Not only had his stock pile of bold type, light type, and holy type energy reached astronomic levels.

But now, he could completely deconstruct their fundamental runes. This meant that doing something like converting conventional qi into their forms was no longer a problem. Simply put, Dyon no longer needed to return to the Ancient Battlefield to gain these special qis as he had had to do in the past.

As long as he had enough conventional qi and enough time, he could do it himself.

Dyon finally turned his attention to Saru and Lilith who were both patiently waiting for him. "... Before anything." Dyon's soul quickly got to work.

Based on his memories of Saru and Lilith's preferred styles, he constructed several hundred sets of clothes for them. Of course, many of these clothes were just exact copies of things they had worn before, so it didn't take too much creativity on his part. After he did this, he sealed off a portion of the cave and built a hot spring for them.

Considering how dangerous the waters of the Ancient Battlefield were, it wasn't a surprise the two hadn't had a good bath in a long while. Considering they had qi, it wasn't strictly necessary, and they still had a light fragrance to them. But, there were some things that were better done the old fashioned way.

Seeing how emotional the two got just by these two simple actions that took no effort on his part, Dyon's guilt deepened. He allowed them all the time they needed to groom themselves. Since they had waited so patiently for him, how could he not do the same for them? "... Um, Dyon?"

Chapter 2133: Beauties

Behind a foggy screen, Dyon heard Saru's voice. Without even needing her to finish, he smacked his own forehead with a palm. Working quickly, he created numerous sets of undergarments for the two of them.

Lilith's assets were comparatively fuller, almost comparable to Madeleine. In fact, she was almost 6 feet tall, a height that outstripped his first wife completely. As for Saru, she was much more like Ri in stature, having a petite build and frame. 'I don't remember Lilith being so tall...' Dyon thought absentmindedly.

But, he didn't think much of it. He really hadn't paid much attention to Lilith at all in the last century. "Take these as well." Dyon casually created a few half-immortal pills. Now that he had fully comprehended the fundamental runes of the mortal plane, he was no longer restricted to creating grandmaster grade herbs as he had been in the past.

Even creating star grade herbs was no problem. So, conjuring half-immortal pills from thin air was a simple affair. Since he didn't want to bother with a pill tribulation currently, he purposely lowered his skill to refine them to just the top grade.

Words of thanks Dyon waved off soon after sounded. Though taking a bath was great, removing dirt from themselves was an easy affair. What Saru and Lilith were really worried about were the accumulated scars on their bodies.

It made sense for them to worry about such things. Even if Dyon had yet to acknowledge them, in their minds, he was already their husband. How could they not want to appear at their best?

Still, they couldn't help but feel shocked at the majesty of Dyon's pills. As for Dyon, his own shock came when the two beauties finally came into view a few hours later. ... Both women wore traditional Chinese kung fu skirts, a style Dyon was neither used to or expecting.

Of course, he had been the one to create these for them, but he had done so absentmindedly. He didn't even quite remember creating them, nor did he understand why he had. But, something about their current outfits made his heart pound.

Both had tight bindings around their torsos and waists, ending just below their chests and accentuating their curves. Delicate embroidered flowers danced across their neck line, the folds of their skirts

wrapping around their legs as they stepped forward. Lilith's dress had a red top and black skirt, her binding a blemishless white.

As for Saru, though her bindings were also white, her dress was a sky blue that matched her deep eyes. Dyon didn't know what the odds were that he'd randomly create such a dress and that they would both choose to wear them, but he was far too lost in their beauty to think too deeply. "How beautiful." Dyon said with a smile. "Are you two feeling better?" Saru and Lilith blushed lightly. They hadn't shared much intimacy with Junior, if any at all.

Saru especially spent much more time with the real Dyon than with Junior. "Yes.." Their shy replies made Dyon feel heated for a moment, but he directly tempered down the feeling. It seemed that his male instincts were still riding high. In the last century, before he entered this place, he never spent too long without the company of at least one of his wives, barring the four horsemen trial.

Now, it had already been 60 years since he touched a woman, coupled with his inexplicable feelings toward these two, and it was a recipe for disaster. However, Dyon wasn't an animal. Just because he had these wants, didn't mean he couldn't control himself. "Dyon... If you want to... I don't mind." Saru's voice was as light as the fluttering of a butterfly's wings.

But, Dyon could still very clearly hear her, his cultivation was too deep. Dyon sighed. "Saru –" "You don't need to say so much." Saru cut Dyon off. "Whether you like it or not, Lilith's husband sacrificed himself for your sake. I left my family and waited for you for 60 years.

"We already see you as our husband." Dyon choked on air, gazing dazedly toward Saru. The Saru he knew would never say these words. If it was Clara or Ri, he wouldn't be so surprised.

But Saru was like neither of them. Lilith was even more likely to say such a thing than Saru, but even Lilith felt like finding a rock to hide under currently. Saru herself felt her heart fluttering wildly even though she tried to boldly meet Dyon's gaze.

The truth was that these weren't her words at all. Rather, they were the words that Junior told her to say. Originally she hadn't wanted to, but Junior was right.

If she didn't say this, Dyon would never accept them. Even if he didn't drop down and say yes right here and now, the seed was already planted. It would nag and gnaw at the back of his mind until they finally moved his heart.

Dyon's expression flickered several times. She was right. Lilith's husband was now gone because of him, could he have her stay a widow for the rest of her life? 'Wait... Why is Lilith still a virgin...?' Dyon was speechless.

Could it be that Junior had planned to sacrifice himself for so long that he had chosen this path? The conflict made Dyon feel as though his chest would explode. Seeing him struggle like this, Saru immediately regretted her words, kicking herself inwardly.

To Saru, she had at least hoped this would be an easy choice. She was certain that Dyon's wives would accept both her and Lilith. When the truth of their past lives was known to them all, it would be even easier than it was now.

But she had neglected the fact that Dyon was completely unaware of this truth. And, even if he knew that his wives would be okay with it, he was still ridden with guilt. He felt that every time he made such a selfish decision, his wives accepted only because they couldn't bear to leave him.

This wasn't something he wanted to lean on. What kind of husband would he be if he did?

Chapter 2134: Nine Times

Maybe one day he would really push it too far and they would finally choose to leave his side. Such a possibility tore Dyon from the inside out. It was a pain even his powerful Dao Heart didn't seem to be able to handle.

This was the reality. His resistance toward women like Lilith... Saru... Jade... never had anything to do with his own feelings. He felt that he had made it about himself enough.

If Dyon knew that there were only 9 of them, that these incomprehensible feelings would stop if he just brought them all to his side, then he wouldn't feel like this. But looking at it from Dyon's perspective, it almost felt like as long as the women reached a certain level of beauty, he was likely to fall for her.

Such a thought made him feel disgusted with himself. Since he had no idea what this number was, it had already become too many for him.

Now it was Saru and Lilith, and maybe one day he would fall to Jade as well. That already made 8. What if there were more after? When would it stop? 10? 20? 30? More? He was only nearing 300 years old with a lifetime millions of times that. Who knew how many he would run into that stirred his heart?

No matter how tolerant his wives were, how could they stand such a thing? How could he allow them to do so even if they were willing?

Suddenly, Dyon felt two soft touches wrap around him. He almost subconsciously hugged back, only to see that it was both Lilith and Saru who couldn't hold back any longer. They nearly broke down into a pool of their own tears seeing Dyon in such a state.

"Nine. Just nine." Lilith gripped Dyon and spoke between her sobs.

She knew that Dyon hated himself because he thought he was too fickle. But only she and Saru were aware that his wives were women he had met across the course of trillions of years. How many women could have been born in that time? How many world toppling beauties? Yet his heart was only touched nine times. In addition, it was only after each of them died and left him... It was they who should feel guilty for being too weak to stay by his side, not Dyon...

Dyon froze, suddenly remembering the time after he slaughtered centaurs. What had he said back then?

'Nine times... nine times...'

Dyon couldn't understand why, but his worry all but vanished, his grip around their waists tightening.

...

Dyon didn't end up doing much with Saru or Lilith, he didn't even so much as kiss them. Still, there was a subtle change in their relationship that left the two women feeling content.

There were certain things that couldn't be changed with just a single conversation or moment. But it was enough for them to know that they were at the very least in his heart.

Dyon was surprised to see that cold, emotionless Lilith he had come to know was actually quite cheerful and carefree. A smile seemed to perpetually hang from her lips and her every motion held a certain ease that could only come from a free spirit.

Considering the first time Dyon met Lilith, she had tried to kill him, it was no wonder such a thing was a surprise to him. He would never guess that her Immortal Dao path was contingent upon this very carefree nature.

Dyon could only sit there stunned when Lilith wrapped both her arms around his, leaning her head to his shoulder with a bright smile that could topple cities.

On his other side, Saru shyly gripped his hand. It was as though she didn't want to lose out, but didn't have Lilith's forthcoming personality. If it wasn't for him actively enveloping her small hand in his, hers would have already slipped out considering how weakly she had initially acted.

It seemed that Saru had changed too. The Saru Dyon knew always had a calm and pleasing demeanor. Dyon had never thought that she could be so shy. Maybe this was less of a change and more so a hidden trait that only came out in certain situations. Being by the side of the man she loved seemed to meet this criteria.

Dyon honestly found himself in quite an awkward spot. The three of them still stood in the same cave den, but they held onto him like he was leading them somewhere.

In the end, he laughed. Since he was done wasting his time overthinking things, he tapped his foot lightly to the ground, causing a surge of soul qi to spill out from him.

The ground creaked and groaned, slowly morphing this underground cave under Dyon's prowess.

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Saru and Lilith watched on in interest, their beautiful eyes sparkling.

This was clearly no normal creation array. Dyon was actively changing the geography rather than creating a new landscape. This was fundamentally more difficult, especially considering the tough lands of the Immortal Plane, and the Immortal Ancient Battlefield especially.

This was, in fact, an Immortal Creation array of the lower venerable grade. Dyon's soul had yet to break into the immortal realms, yet it was already capable of implementing arrays of such strength. It could only be said that Dyon was not only a monster, but also that immortal arrays worked more like magic than mortal ones did.

The truth was that Dyon's soul hadn't been quite powerful this powerful 50 years ago. However, the constant calculations and pressure his soul had to be under while he reconstructed his body, all to keep his consciousness together and stop the Heavens from taking control, he had improved by leaps and bounds. It was quite odd that he still hadn't broken through.

Soon, the underground cave had become more like an Immortal Cave.

Before Lilith and Saru, several precious materials hidden deep under ground were pulled up. Including energy stones, there were several ores the two of them had never seen before. But, considering their vibrant and sometimes oppressive auras, they couldn't have been normal.

Other than the Dragon King, Reaper and the Soul Tome, Dyon didn't have any other treasures on him.

Chapter 2135: Smith

?He left the Aurora Steps to his Mortal Empire in order to easily fully awaken more auroras. In addition, he had thrown The Seal and Hell's Right Eye away from himself, so they obviously weren't with him either.

Dyon was an Emperor, why would he carry about energy stones or treasures and the like? He left these things in a treasury to be used by his Empire when they were needed. Unfortunately, that left him the

poorest he had been in a long while. Not that mortal plane treasures were worth much on the Immortal Plane anyway.

This aside, this Immortal Cave could be considered his first property here. He likely wouldn't stay long, but since he planned on exploring the desert bubble world for the next few years, it would be more convenient to have a place here.

He created a few things for luxury and comfort before drawing arrays to light up the place and laying a few defensive and concealment arrays so those wild beasts didn't come poking around.

After he was done, he looked toward Lilith's wooden sword and Saru's rock knuckle busters with a sigh.

"I'm not a weapon's smith, but I can definitely forge something better than this..."

Saru wasn't much of a problem, but Dyon knew how much Lilith loved her sword, it was about the only thing he knew about her. It hadn't been of exceptionally high grade, only of the comet grade, yet despite having married the obviously wealthy Junior, she never changed it.

Dyon didn't try to overwhelm her by creating the greatest sword ever. Not to mention he didn't have the skill, he felt it was best for Lilith to slowly find another sword she had such a strong connection to.

In as little as ten minutes, Dyon formed a pair of black gloves for Saru and a long 7-foot bladed sword for Lilith which blazed a fiery red that matched Lilith's eyes when she used her devil qi.

Still, despite the short time it took, they were both half-immortal grade weapons. Though this was mostly due to the high-level materials Dyon dug up from the ground beneath them, the two women still couldn't help but shake their heads.

Was this really 'not being a weapon's smith'?

...

"You know you two could just stay in my inner world, right? It's a bit too oppressive here..."

Dyon walked through the desert, his bare feet gliding across its harsh glass-filled sands. This place no longer bothered him at all, but he was still worried for Lilith and Saru, both of whom claimed either his left or right side as though they were scared he would flee from them.

In truth, he found it quite hard to gauge their strength, something that was definitely a weird feeling for him. With his Immortal Sense, and now his mutated eyes, there wasn't much he couldn't see through. He couldn't help but think this was related to why Junior sent them here.

That said, Dyon already believed he knew why they were sent. If it wasn't for a situation like this, would he ever have accepted them? Though he hadn't said so verbally, Dyon had already reached a point where he had no ability to reject them any longer.

One might think this logic was flawed. After all, why didn't Junior send Jade as well then? But to Dyon, it made perfect sense. The only two women Junior ever mentioned to him was Saru and Lilith. So, obviously, after his sacrifice, Junior would want Dyon to care for them both.

What Dyon didn't know is that Junior already felt Jade was a done deal. Dyon had already crossed a line with Jade that was impossible to step back from. There would come a day he would have no choice but to take responsibility.

"We're fine."

The two replied quickly, cutting off Dyon's means of responding. After getting a small glint of happiness from being by Dyon's side, it wasn't a feeling they wanted to give up too quickly. Plus, it wasn't like they spent 50 years idling.

In truth, 50 years was nothing more than a blink of an eye to a Dao Formation expert, and especially an Overlord like Saru. There wasn't much improvement a normal individual could make in that time. But, not only were neither Saru nor Lilith normal, but they had been in a great training environment.

Dyon smiled helplessly. 'It's fine, I'll just protect them in case anything goes wrong. It isn't too bad having too beauties by my side anyway... Don't kill me, Clara...'

Dyon's steps paused. Taking a deep breath, he steadied his mind.

With a flash, his soul qi swept out, enveloping the world of sand and glass in a flash.

Every detail was greedily consumed by Dyon. Every city scape, every village settlement, every major landmark...

After a minute, Dyon's vision wavered as he grasped his head and gasped for breath.

He truly wasn't used to this. Usually perfectly memorizing the things his senses swept over were as easy as breathing, but currently, Dyon found that not only was doing such a thing here impossible, but he even found it difficult to maintain a perfect picture of things he thought he had already committed to his memories.

Truthfully, this was just Dyon's lack of experience. Though it was said that a true power couldn't claim control over a world without at least one Spiritual Sage, this didn't mean that said sage was always working. In reality, a Spiritual Sage only manifested their abilities in special cases, they acted as more of a deterrence than anything else. In addition, they learned how to selectively block certain things out when they spread their senses – lowering the resolution, so to speak. These were things that Dyon would have to learn himself.

Still, it was enough at this moment.

As Dyon expected, in a world like this, there were no others qualified to sense the spreading of his Immortal Sense. This world didn't seem to have even a single Spiritual Sage. In addition, their strongest experts were of the Immortal Saint Realm.

'Not a bad starting place. I wonder if I should thank Emytheus.'

Chapter 2136: Zaneta

?That said, Dyon didn't plan to stay here for long. In fact, he would already be making plans to leave if he wasn't still waiting on the Dragon King who seemed to be taking his sweet time. 60 years and he still hadn't found this place. It humbled Dyon with the knowledge of just how vast this Immortal Plane was.

"Which city would you two like to go to?" Dyon asked with a smile. "There are three prime candidates, they seem to be rival cities considering I counted three separate military systems and uniforms.

"Zaneta City, Blazen City, Metodej City. The first has the best economy, but it seems almost like a puppet state of both Blazen and Metodej. Not only are many of its industries occupied by citizens of its two rivals, but its military is also the weakest. I suspect that it's a pawn used in order to keep a veneer of peace.

"Blazen is located near one of the two main resources of this world: volcanic ore. Metodej is near the other: mist glass. It seems that both are subordinate states of powers from another world, so they both have transportation arrays going out, but they don't seem robust enough to send living objects. So it's either I'm right, or they're importing and exporting from other worlds, something that seems far less feasible..."

Dyon had his reasons for thinking this, but he didn't say them aloud. Saru and Lilith were both intelligent enough to understand why it was more likely that these arrays were used to send tributes and not trade.

"Go toward whichever has the best alchemy guild." Saru suddenly said.

Lilith smiled in agreement. "The best choice is to make money, right? From what you said, there aren't any arrays here capable of sending humans or beasts in and out of here, so we'll need to build one ourselves. Plus, my husband can't be too poor, how will he support my lavish lifestyle?"

Dyon laughed at Lilith's joke. Something about her demeanor made him forget his worries.

"Alright, Zaneta it is."

...

Many hours later, a crude laughter entered Dyon's ears.

"Since when did mortals dare to cross the endless desert?"

Maybe it was only now Dyon felt he had forgotten something important. The segregationist tendencies of the Immortal Plane had completely slipped his mind. Dyon had become very used to standing at the top of the food chain. When did he ever spare thoughts toward being considered a second-class citizen?

They were a band of what could only be called desert pirates. There were about a dozen and a half of them, riding on large snakes that had their bodies half submerged by the sand and glass beneath their feet.

These three large brown-scaled snakes carried large cube shaped wooden containers on their backs. Those containers were likely what these band of pirates used for their living arrangements, and also likely what they stored their treasures in.

"Boss, what's the point of robbing these guys. They clearly have nothing on them."

This so-called "Boss" was a man of large stature. His skin was scorched heavily under the heavy sun of this world and he stood on the head of the largest brown snake.

Dyon had expected the beasts of the Immortal Plane to be quite large, but they were surprisingly much smaller than he expected. Dyon's own beast companions were kilometers in size already, but these brown scaled snakes were only about twenty meters in length. The largest was only thirty.

However, Dyon could still tell that they were a level above mortal creatures. His former self wouldn't be able to take any one of them on casually.

"What do you mean? A pretty boy like that would sell for quite a lot. He has quite a strong body just judging by the fact he's made it this far without collapsing. Those young noble women are hellish fiends with no moral standards. They'll pretend to be prim and proper on the surface when they've already lost count of their number of male whores.

"Plus... look at the little flowers by his sides."

An uproarious laughter shook the band of pirates.

Usually, they instinctively disdained mortals so they hadn't given the group of three a proper look. But, upon closer inspection, their eyes lit up when they saw Saru and Lilith.

In truth, the two women had suggested to Dyon that they wear veils, but Dyon fiercely rejected them. Maybe in the past before he awakened his vajra body, he might have agreed. But his current self had no patience for such nonsense.

Those who wanted to act on their beauty could just die.

"Good timing, actually." Dyon said blandly. "I was wondering how I would be able to afford the city entrance fee. I hope you're not too poor."

Before they could laugh or even be stunned by Dyon's words, his arms had already slipped out from Saru and Lilith's, appearing on the snake head the Boss stood on.

A tremendous weight descended from the skies. In that moment, gravity increased several fold, the high, arching neck of the brown-scaled snake plummeting into the ground with a vicious boom. One didn't need to check to know that it was now dead.

In the past, Dyon's weight was already oppressive, but it was enough to cause such damage. Now, though, his body mass had actually returned to normal. However, he could change it at will.

Mass and weight were two fundamentally different concepts. After entering the Fate Silk Realm, Dyon's mass remained the same, but he could change his weight at will. This subtle change in ability meant that Dyon had grasped the strength of gravity. Not only for his own body, but a limited portion of his surroundings as well.

The Boss' eyes widened. "You..."

"You probably should have stopped at calling me a pretty boy. I might have let you live then. You actually came at a pretty good time, all things considered."

"S..." The Boss caught himself from saying something embarrassing. "This serpent is the property of the Sand Serpent Battalion. Yet you've actually killed it?!"

Chapter 2137: Who Knew...

"Battalion? I think you misspoke. A band of scum could never claim to be a battalion."

The disdain on Dyon's face thickened. He didn't like the military much, mostly due to his parents' involvement in it leading to their deaths. So, he never cared much for it and only built his own armies out of necessity. And even then, he took on most of the hard tasks himself.

But hearing mere pirates try to give themselves such a holy title pissed him off only because he knew his own father would have raged the moment he heard such nonsense.

"You're courting death!"

"Just piss off."

Dyon's arm shot through the Boss' chest, coming out the other side as though he had done so with a practiced ease. A mere lower Immortal Essence expert, why would it be an issue? The only reason they called this man boss was likely because of the half-immortal weapon on his person. They were in fact all of the lower Immortal Essence realm.

'It seems that weapon's are pretty important here... I guess my first task aside from making money and waiting for the Dragon King is to fix up Reaper...'

"Commander... won't let you off..."

Dyon almost forgot for a moment that he was dealing with immortals and not mortals. A simple hand to the chest wouldn't kill so easily.

Dyon pulled his arm out and shattered the man's skull, grabbing hold of his nascent soul before it could run away and crushing it.

Following that, Dyon massacred what remained of the pirate band. In those moments, he felt a subtle brand attach to his skin that made him raise an eyebrow, but his strong Immortal Sense extinguished it.

Dyon easily found what he needed. Though it wasn't an obscene amount of wealth, it should have been enough to enter the city.

But who knew...

"Mortals must be escorted and vouched for by an Immortal to enter, and can only do so with appropriate collars and regulation leashes of no more than three meters in length. Those who attempt to break this rule will be killed on sight or sent to the slave couriers."

It felt as though the whole world was looking down on Dyon with disdain. Those behind him waiting to pay their fees, those ahead who had only just paid theirs, and the silver armored guard that blocked him from entering the city gates that stretched into the skies.

Dyon's temper flared. It seemed he would have a very hard time managing his anger in this place.

"Come again?"

The silver armored guard sneered and was already prepared to draw his weapon after hearing Dyon's words, but he suddenly found that his hand was inexplicably trembling.

Dyon stood before him, his hands in his pockets. To either of his sides, Lilith and Saru stood with their arms wrapped around his. However, the gloomy expression that pervaded Dyon's piercing gaze made it seem as though he didn't have such world class beauties by his side.

"I could have sworn for a moment that you asked me to wear a collar and a leash. I misheard, correct?"

Those who had been spectating with sneering expression filled with disdain suddenly felt their blood run ice cold.

They had seen many mortals in their lives. In fact, there were several who had even tried to fight against the tide and regain their dignity. However, they had never seen one actually succeed. Usually, they simply ended up in an even worse spot than when they started.

Dyon gaze swept over the guard who seemed to have lost the ability to respond.

Directly ignoring him, Dyon entered the city as though the rules were meaningless to him. Those around were too stunned to do much of anything about it. There maybe had never been such a result in the history of Zaneta City.

Saru maintained her calm appearance, but Lilith couldn't help but giggle. Her light laughter was the only sound for dozens of meters. It would have been incredibly pleasing to the ear, but none of them dared look on too closely to see just what kind of beauty it came from.

Dyon didn't waste time, heading directly toward the largest alchemy guild.

Though he didn't fear anyone, he would rather not have to leave this city the moment he entered. He wasn't arrogant enough to believe he could solo a legion of immortals. This wasn't the mortal plane any longer, after all. In addition, this bubble world did have a handful of Immortal Saints he had to be wary of.

Still, though Immortal Saints were ants in the grand scheme of this plane, those who stood at the top of a world, no matter how relatively weak they were, always acted proud and aloof. They wouldn't step in for matters related to a 'mere mortal'.

The group of three was hardly noticed on their walk through the city. After leaving the range of the city gates, Zaneta was packed with tourists and businessmen. The same way no one cared to notice that Dyon was a mortal while he was standing in line to enter the city, everyone just assumed he was an immortal by the mere fact he was here.

In truth, with Dyon's Immortal Sense, he could stop anyone here from seeing through his status as a mortal. It was just that, once more, he couldn't be bothered to.

A part of Dyon simply disdained the way of this plane. Another part felt that this bubble world was too weak to need such precautions. And, yet another felt that if he wanted to improve himself quickly to return back to his wives... he needed to instigate some conflict so that he could test his upper limits constantly.

Soon, having made their way through in silence, Dyon, Saru and Lilith made it to the Alchemy Guild.

It was a much smaller building than one might expect, but by extension, it had the largest empty space around it.

Chapter 2138: Dare?!

Well, "empty" wasn't exactly accurate. There were several neat and tidy stalls which long robed old men and women sat behind in silent meditation. It was a huge contrast to the bustling city. No one seemed to dare even breathe too heavily in this place.

The previous roadside stalls Dyon had seen on the way here were built shabbily. Some used splintered wood trying to cover their imperfections with ragged cloths matted with dust.

In this place, however, Dyon could see that each of these older individuals took meticulous care toward their appearance. Just the materials used were exceptionally expensive, while the jade bottles they had on display were even more so.

What was the most pressing, though, was the fact that even the weakest here was of the Higher Immortal Essence Realm. Even the guards of the city were only of the lower level.

"... What a weird place..." Lilith muttered.

It was only a soft sound, yet several heads turned toward her at once. The pressure would have been enough for her to tremble had she not had such a sturdy mountain by her side.

"Mortals dare to speak here?" A sharp-eyed old woman with skin so wrinkled that her nose drooped into a hook spoke. "We pay so many taxes, yet this city can't even look after their dogs properly."

She waved her hand as though swatting a fly, a wave of surging qi shooting forward. If they really had been normal mortals, it was no doubt that they would have been eradicated in less than a single breath with not even a drop of blood remaining.

However...

"It's a weird place, indeed." Dyon said casually, neither lowering or raising his voice. "My guess is that these old crows aren't good enough alchemists to step foot into the real guild nor gain any status, so they can only sell their dog shit out here.

"I find it even weirder that they dare to be arrogant about it though. How many millions of years of life have you lived only to still remain at this level?"

The hook-nosed lady's qi was stonewalled by an invisible force, causing strong hurricane force winds to sweep through the once quiet streets.

"How dare you?!" A shrill, echoing voice roared out.

Though the old woman was the only one who spoke, gazes of fiery rage all aimed themselves toward Dyon as though seeking to tear him apart from their seats. However, they seemed to simultaneously disdain to take action themselves.

As for the old hook-nosed woman, she hadn't used even a single percent of her strength, so why would she fear Dyon? If anything, she was only a bit surprised that a mortal could survive such a thing.

Lilith couldn't help but look up toward Dyon's side profile, her heart filled with an inexplicable feeling.

Having grown up in Nightmare Palace, she had always had to fight for herself. She had countless half brothers and sisters and only managed to rise to the top due to her talent. After her mother passed giving birth to her two little brothers, there really was no one to look after her.

Instinctually, when she realized she shouldn't have spoken, she had prepared to fight it out. It was almost a surprise to her that Dyon took the initiative to shift all of the heat she was facing unto himself. It was a simple gesture, but her eyes almost spilled over with tears.

Dyon raised his hand from his pocket in a come here motion, completely missing Lilith's whirlwind of emotions. To him, it was only natural he become her shield.

Before the old woman could react, a jade bottle soared from her clean station and into Dyon's possession. Maybe it was only now that the old woman's rage froze over. How could a normal mortal do something like this under her nose?

Dyon's thumb flicked the cap of the jade bottle open, releasing a strong fragrance that made one feel comfortable.

"Don't ...!"

The old woman tried to stop Dyon, but it was already too late. The jade bottle was opened and her slight frame could only tremble with unwillingness and anger.

"I'll kill you!"

Her aura surged. For a moment, the atmosphere became incredibly heavy, but the old woman suddenly panicked, restraining her strength immediately as though forgetting some sort of rule.

At first, Dyon was confused. Why was she angrier about him opening the jade bottle than him actually taking it? That seemed a bit backward. But, after a moment, he understood.

"No wonder why you're so angry. Your pills are such trash that unless they're immediately consumed after leaving their jade bottle, their percentage purity will tank."

Dyon poured the pills out into his hand. Compared to his perfectly round masterpieces, these pills were so crude that his face couldn't help but twist with disdain. They looked as though they had been half chewed by a cat or dog and spit out.

Seeing this, the surrounding alchemists were shocked. They could tell that Dyon wasn't putting on an act, he really did disdain these pills that even experts of this bubble world would fight tooth and nail for.

Just who was this person?

"Are you trying to kill your customers?" Dyon asked. "These pills are of the lowest low grade, barely at 20% purity. I guess you could call them lower venerable grade pills if your face was thick enough. But if any one person ate too many of them, they might as well give up their future rode of cultivation."

The old woman's face reddened with shame. However, she fiercely fought for control over her emotions. If she had killed Dyon with one strike, it would be fine. But, if she caused too much of a commotion, even if Dyon died, it would be her who was punished.

The enforcers of the guild should already be aware of what was happening. They wouldn't allow this mortal boy to flounder around for too long.

Chapter 2139: Pathetic

However, she couldn't grip onto this saving grace of a thought for long, because a moment later, Dyon soul qi swept forth. It was so powerful that the old woman and several of the other fringe alchemists froze.

Numerous miniature arrays appeared around the five pills in Dyon's palms. They bombarded them, deconstructing them to a fine level and remolding them.

The process took all of five minutes, yet what came out were four beautiful sparkling pills. Not a single hint of fragrance leaked out, but they only needed their eyes and senses to see exactly what this mortal boy had accomplished.

No fragrance... Only the legendary top grade pills could reach such a state!

"I could only manage to salvage four top grade pills from your hatchet job. This is what a true Immortal Essence Gathering pill looks like."

Dyon tossed the pills back into the jade bottle and threw it back toward the old woman.

She was caught so off guard that she only reacted last minute, putting her hand up frantically to catch it.

Not expecting the speed or power, her forearm broke beneath the impact, her weak greying bones piercing through her sagging skin.

Still, when she shrieked out in terror, it wasn't due to her pain, but rather because the pill bottle and pills themselves shattered under the impact, falling in a rain of dust.

Like a mad woman, she scrambled, trying to pick the remnants of the pill off of the ground, completely forgetting the state her arm was in.

In that moment, it was impossible to tell who was the true mortal.

Dyon shook his head at the pathetic sight.

The truth was that he hadn't exactly tried to injure the old woman, it was just that she was so frail and close to death to begin with that without the protection of her qi, any immortal level strength could do that to her.

Dyon knew that his concoctions would be incredibly expensive. Top grade pills of any kind were fought over everywhere. That much, Dyon had long since learned on the mortal plane. However, it seemed that concocting immortal grade pills was even more difficult.

This made sense, though. The common to star grade was only foundational. Only half-immortal grade pills began to truly use techniques and could be considered the start of true alchemy.

"... He... He has an innate aurora..."

One of the long robed older alchemists trembled, waves rippling through his wrinkles. He nearly fainted under the agitation.

Had it not been for the old man's words, Dyon would have nearly forgotten that his innate aurora was most definitely not a normal thing. He had practically been surrounded by many soul path geniuses on the mortal plane, so it hadn't clicked for him that his existence was shocking to many.

'... Hm, that could be useful.'

Just as Dyon was thinking this, the heavy clinking of armor emitted from the alchemy guild. Tall double doors slid open to reveal a small squad of five guards, each covered in glistening bronze plates of armor that sizzled under the high sunlight.

Scanning the area, their gazes landed on the madly scrambling hook-nosed lady. In unison, they acted as one, marching to her side and lifting her up.

"No... No... My pills... I'm sorry... my pills... They're mine! They're mine!"

It seemed there was a reason she was too scared to make any noise. However, her madness over Dyon's pills had dulled her judgement. She was likely the closest to death in this place, so she was aware that she didn't have much time left.

In reality, for Immortals, advancing in cultivation didn't extend their lives. What it did do was give them a stronger connection to the Heavens that would allow them to deeper their comprehension. Once they did this, they could strengthen their Dao Hearts and thus live for longer.

So, even though advancing to a new realm didn't guarantee living longer, it definitely increased the chances.

The hook-nosed woman had once been a top tier beauty who stepped into the Peak Immortal Essence Realm. Yet, after being stuck there for tens of millions of years, she turned to alchemy, hoping to find a way to break through. After investing tens of millions of years more, she had barely managed to consistently concoct low grade lower venerable pills.

However, such pills had no ability to help her progress to become an Immortal Saint. For that, she would need at least higher venerable pills. But... She had no time to reach such a level.

The guards took her away, kicking and screaming.

Dyon found it odd they didn't directly kill her, but he thought nothing of it. Maybe this city killed mortals on sight, but immortals who had committed 'crimes' got a fair trial.

"I always thought that one would grow tired of living for so long after a certain point..." Saru said softly. "... But it seems that even immortals fear death."

Dyon remained silent for a moment. He didn't feel any pity for the hook-nosed old woman, but Saru's words still resonated with him.

"... Then I'll make sure we just don't die."

Dyon's words were simple, but they filled the hearts of the two women with a reverberating shudder. They knew things Dyon didn't, and they could also feel his undying conviction nonetheless.

The bronze armored guards hadn't even sent a glance toward Dyon, while the remaining older alchemists looked toward him like fiendish, hungry hounds.

Dyon smirked. It seemed they were all eager to capture him to either refine pills for them or were competing to see who could snatch and refine his soul first.

The mortal plane might not have had the ability to do it, but Dyon didn't underestimate the immortal plane. There were definitely individuals here who could snatch his soul in an attempt to take his Innate Aurora for themselves. The soul arts of this plane were far better than those of the mortal plane.

"Good luck." Dyon said casually.

Chapter 2140: Smirk

Seeing his smirk, they shuddered. They could only watch as Dyon ignored themselves, strolling in after the bronze armored guards as though he owned the place. Even the stone faced guards couldn't help their expression flickering.

They had ignored this little mortal because they couldn't be bothered to raise a hand against him, yet he dared disregard them like this?

Maybe in the outer city, mortals were forced to wear collars and leashes. However, in this inner city, mortals running errands for their masters were commonplace, after all, since when did the rich and powerful follow the rules? So, they hadn't put Dyon in their eyes.

However, the issue was that Dyon didn't respectfully wait for them to disappear. Instead, he strode into the guild building as though they had been there only to open the doors for him. In fact, even when they stopped in shock, he swept a glance in their direction before walking past and into the quiet lobby with just a single receptionist.

It was only then that they realized Dyon wasn't wearing a collar. Not having the leash was fine, but the collar was the bare minimum. Only this way could the owner be identified and take responsibility for any mistakes.

Dyon made his way toward the circular desk that manned the lobby, his expression indifferent. However, the female receptionist, seemingly sensing the presence of a mortal, continued to file her nails. She was actually quite decent to look at, it was just too bad her nose was practically angled above her gaze.

How one managed to look down on people while sitting in a chair was beyond even Dyon.

Unfortunately for her, Dyon didn't have much patience for her antics.

His palm slammed into the table, the reverberating impact sending a violent boom that was louder than even the old woman's shriek had been. In fact, even that same hook-nosed old woman, still hanging from the arms of the guards, snapped out of her maddened state to look at Dyon as though he was crazy.

The violent winds blew the receptionist's hair back, her hand pausing on its file as she looked up in shock to see a shallow handprint in the desk before her.

The sound of swords being pulled from sheaths sounded behind Dyon, but he hardly reacted as he stared toward the receptionist.

Dyon's expressionless gaze met that of the receptionist's. If it wasn't for the fact his palm still lay on the table, one would think he had not a thing to do with the sudden loud boom.

As if others weren't shocked enough, though, a second sudden boom followed. In fact, it was several times louder than Dyon's own palm strike. Still, even then, it was completely eclipsed by the roar of anger that came barely a split moment later.

The stunned receptionist panicked. She knew that none of this was her fault – seemingly having forgotten her rude attitude of just moments ago – yet she was fully aware that she would be blamed, nonetheless.

"Who did it?! I'll rip you limb from limb!"

Dyon's lips quirked as though to say "not bad". Of course, this had nothing to do with the voice's alchemy skill. To Dyon, screwing up a batch of pills and even causing a cauldron explosion just because of a little noise was just proof that you weren't very skilled. Had Dyon used a swarm of qi, he would have been more forgiving in his conclusion considering how precise the control of energy was needed for immortal pills. But, he obviously hadn't.

The reason for his "not bad" evaluation was because of the strength of the hidden alchemist's roar. He seemed to be of the Peak Immortal Essence Realm just like the hook-nosed old lady. But the difference was that he was clearly full of vitality and much more powerful.

Moments later, a furious black-faced and wild-haired man flashed into the lobby, his aura causing the tiles beneath his feet to shake and quiver. It was clear that he didn't feel the same need to control himself in his anger that the hook-nosed old lady had.

"V-Venerable Piers." The receptionist stuttered, her haughty expression turning an unhealthy white.

It was obvious to anyone with a keen eye that this Venerable Piers was quite a handsome middle-aged man under normal conditions. It was just too bad these weren't normal conditions. Not only had his face twisted savagely in a rage, but it was covered in dirt and soot.

There was nothing comical about his appearance. The truth was that cauldron explosions were incredibly dangerous, especially when they were unexpected. He hadn't chosen to come down here in a rage, forgetting to first clean his face. The truth was that he had truly suffered terrible burns that would definitely not heal easily.

Depending on the batch of pills you were working on, and the quality of your alchemy furnace, an explosion could very well kill you. Certain combinations of herbs at the high temperatures of a resulting explosion could be incredibly toxic and corrosive. In addition, if it was a high-quality cauldron that exploded, it would be comparatively better at protecting you, but this was only to a certain point.

Past this point, if a high-quality cauldron wasn't able to withstand most of the blast and broke down, then the results would be even more devastating.

All of this was likely the reason the alchemy guild required a strict level of quiet, but Dyon found this more amusing than anything.

In such a big city... You didn't have a single person capable of laying a silencing array? Even one of the star grade would do, it didn't have to be of the immortal grades.

What this essentially told Dyon was that these people called themselves array alchemists, yet they didn't have the faintest understanding of how the two concepts were meant to play off and build off one another.

Dyon preferred to call himself an alchemist, this much was true. But the reality was that his knowledge and skill in formation theory was no less robust and profound. He just didn't enjoy its use as much. He only used it as a means toward concocting the best pills imaginable.

It was obvious that Venerable Piers was trying to figure out just what happened here.