

## **The Nameless 2151**

### Chapter 2151: Surprise

In an instant, the surroundings fell deathly still. Only the sounds of the battle in the distance were still raging onward.

"As you all know, our alchemy guild is the largest of our world. However, the south, north, east and west guilds are always seeking to usurp us. As apprentices we allow to use the land of our alchemy guild, it's your turn to lend a helping hand.

"Each Venerable will be taking on two assistants. You will help with any miscellaneous tasks we Venerables have and also will be the line of communication between us and the Runners. Form up!"

Quickly scanning, Gunter pointed toward two apprentices. "You two, come with me. The rest of you pick as you see fit."

It was then that something the Venerables never thought would happen occurred.

Dyon, who had been passively watching the changes was suddenly swarmed.

"Pick me!"

"No, pick me!"

"Please, Venerable, pick me! I may be getting older, but I'm willing to do anything! I have experience those two young birds can't possibly have!"

Dyon's lip twitched. He had to admit that the mature aesthetic that the middle-aged woman carried wasn't bad, but...

Two baleful auras erupted from Dyon's side. Lilith all but drew her sword.

As Immortals, none of them ever thought they'd feel such pressure from two little girls. But many of them couldn't help but take a step back.

Lilith glared at Dyon. "You're only allowed to pick men."

'...' Dyon was speechless. 'What happened to my smiling, carefree Lilith? Plus, does she think that I'm some sort of sex fiend?'

He looked toward Saru for help, but she seemed to not notice his gaze. She looked off into the distance as though finding the skyline's rising sun very interesting.

Dyon scratched the back of his head. "Alright, only men then."

Quickly scanning, Dyon's Immortal Sense easily saw through them all. In truth, he didn't need assistants. They would only slow him down. But, when he heard that he could use them to communicate with the Runners, he decided against rejecting them.

Something told him that interacting with these Runners as a 'mortal' would make it very hard for him not to come out of this with his hands bloody. It was better for them all if he experienced the least number of annoyances possible.

Since these apprentices had already experienced his alchemy prowess when he put that hook-nosed old lady in her place, he, of course, didn't have to worry about their dissent.

The other Venerables, completely oblivious to what had happened, sat completely stunned. What had Dyon done in such a short amount of time to gain this level of fanaticism? Even Deputy Gunter, who hadn't gone very far with his two assistants, stood frozen.

He spared a glance toward them, only to see a very well-

hidden reluctance in their eyes. His assistants would actually rather go with Dyon? What the hell was going on?

Venerable Taline clenched her jaw tightly, chanting to herself inwardly in an attempt to calm down.

'The brighter he is, the easier he'll fall... the brighter he is, the easier he'll fall...'

Maybe what those watching were all equally surprised about was just how much control the women by Dyon's side seemed to have on him. They had never heard of a powerful man bowing to his lovers in such a fashion... Especially not in public, maybe they'd only make a few concessions in private...

Finally, Dyon chose two. A middle-aged man by the name of Emery, and another who seemed to have a foot in the grave by the name of Belin. Following this, he made his way to the 'barracks' of the alchemists.

The city walls were very thick. Built of brown stones, there was a five-meter diameter from front to back.

The alchemists were each given a section of the wall to control. As a member of the strongest guild, Dyon controlled a five-mile radius of the northern wall. Since there were only battles of a few thousand to each wall, though, he was only responsible for about 100 people.

For a mortal war, something like only having 100 people to a ten mile diameter was bordering on ridiculous. However, for a war of cultivators, and especially immortals, such a density could actually be considered quite high.

Still, it was basically child's play to Dyon.

What was more annoying to deal with than anything else was the strong reaction his 'Runners' had to realizing they were working for a mortal. It seemed the greatness of his certification exam despite being watched by so many went over the heads of those too stupid to understand what had happened.

To make matters worse, unlike other alchemists and experts who immediately understood how special his robes and badge were, to these so very intelligent 'Runners', it just 'proved' he was a fraud.

Dyon's 'Runners' were two burly men who seemed to have carved their own bodies out of gravel. They had a rustic and especially tanned appearance that made it obvious their skin tone was definitely several shades lighter than it was showing now.

They were a pair of twins known as the Rock brothers. Dyon really hoped they didn't choose this moniker themselves as they'd be able to give his daughter a run for her money in a competition of terrible naming.

But Dyon wouldn't put it past these two. He could almost see the pebbles that made up their brains rolling behind the reflections of their eyes.

"Deal with them." Dyon said to Emery and Belin. "I'd rather not have these annoyances flying around."

Hearing these words, the Rock brothers exploded with rage. They had yet to say a single word, yet Dyon dismissed them off-handedly.

To Dyon, however, he had seen everything that needed to be seen. He could already sense their disdain and displeasure, their mouths were quirked as though there were words they were waiting to say on the tips of their tongues. Why would he give them the time of day?

"Yes, Venerable!"

Chapter 2152: Snicker

Emery and Belin surprised the two brothers by following Dyon's words without a hint of hesitation.

"Please." Emery showed the Rock brother's out. "Deliver us the list of needed pills and we will return the completed order to you once they are done. The Venerable is busy."

Hearing Emery describe Dyon as 'busy' while he was very clearly just a few feet from them smiling and chatting with Saru and Lilith practically made steam come out from their ears.

However, though these pair of brothers dared to disrespect Dyon due to their overblown biases, what they didn't dare to do was slight an alchemist. They had no concept of the difference between Venerables and apprentices. They could barely afford the pills of apprentices every once in a while, so how could they dare to disrespect Emery and Belin?

They could only glare in Dyon's direction and be shut out of the camp.

Dyon himself had long since thrown them to the back of his mind. He was instead focusing on the battle situation, occasionally saying a few words to Saru and Lilith.

It seemed that this gang was going all out, clashing with the armored guards of Zaneta City. The battle itself was completely disorganized. Dyon couldn't be bothered to count how many times they randomly swapped opponents, he couldn't even find where the line of defense was supposed to be or even where it actually was.

'They're not taking advantage of the fact they're the defending party at all, how ridiculous. On the bright side though, maybe in only such a battle could the concept of 'Runners' actually work.'

"Venerable Sacharro, the first order is in. This one isn't from our border, but it's rather from a station a few ways down asking for support. They need 20 half-immortal essence gathering pills and 10 half-immortal bone mending pills."

"Half-immortal? So we won't be concocting Venerable pills?"

Belin smiled politely. "For a talent like Venerable Sacharro, it's possible. But the battle could be finished before anyone else succeeded in refining just one Venerable pill. Plus, Venerable pills are far too precious, and the herbs they're concocted from far too rare, to be used like this."

"Alright." Dyon nodded, this made sense. It seemed he brought out Chibi for no reason, then. "We can get started then."

"Uh..."

Seeing Belin and Emery hesitating, Dyon looked over with a curious eye.

"... Something seems to be wrong with this order." Emery finally said. "... The battle is too young for other posts to be swamped already. And..."

Emery placed down a box that contained the ingredients Dyon was meant to use. However, without even opening the lid, Dyon could already smell the rancid odor.

...

In a pill concoction station about 20 miles away, the sounds of snicker and laughter could be heard. One would think that instead of being at war, they were all in the middle of a cocktail party.

This station was controlled by a member of the northern guild, a woman who went by the name of Venerable Greene.

"For me to share a wall with a mortal? What a joke the central guild has become." She snorted, her high-bridged nose surprisingly arcing somewhat elegantly.

Her two assistants and Runners fawned over her like lap dogs. They didn't particularly care about the consequences of their actions as long as they could please her. Plus, it wasn't like Zaneta City would really fall, right? The City Lord was too powerful.

"A brilliant move, Venerable Greene." An apprentice bowed. If one looked closely, it was almost possible to see her tongue hanging out just like any other dog's would. "That mortal rat is unaware that the herb resources of this northern wall is provided by our northern guild. He can forget about meeting his quotas."

Venerable Greene smiled to herself, feeling quite pleased.

"Passing off an official request for help was especially brilliant! Once he fails, he'll have to answer to the City Lord himself. At that time, his status as an alchemist won't protect him in the slightest. And as a mere mortal, his leash is especially short."

"Greene!"

At that moment, another voice came from the outside. It obviously hadn't come from the five of them, so they all simultaneously turned to the source.

Seeing that it was another Venerable, the two apprentices and the two Runners lowered their heads respectfully.

"What are you doing at my post, Vargas?" Greene replied emotionlessly.

"Do you think I wouldn't be able to find out what you did? Why did you order the servants to gather up the disposed herbs and deliver them to you? Are you trying to provoke the central guild?"

"Do you think that the central guild would fight it out with us over a mortal?! The difference between us isn't so large!"

"No, they won't fight it out with you."

Before Greene could complacently smile at these words, Vargas continued.

"But, that doesn't mean he won't."

Greene was stunned before she burst into a fit of laughter. "You want me to be afraid of a mortal rat? Is that what you travelled all this way to tell me?"

"That sense of superiority is exactly why you'll never enter the Immortal Saint realm. For those without much talent like us, we should be reserved and humble. Unlike you who disdained to do so, I personally watched the recording of his certification exam. He's better than us by a large margin. And Pill Sword Mountain will reward him as such.

"Not to mention you, he doesn't have to fear even the City Lord because his standing has been recognized by a Hegemon.

"You know nothing of the outside world because it hurts your pride too much to step out of this small bubble. But I know well what kind of impact his performance has had on the whole Immortal Plane. There are Immortal Gods who know the name Dyon Sacharro right now. How many know the name of Venerable Greene?!"

Greene's face shifted through all sorts of shades. Blacks, whites, even greens and reds. Vargas' words enraged her so much that she felt her throat swelling.

Eventually, she took several deep breaths, calming herself.

#### Chapter 2153: Shiver

"You think I know nothing of the outside world, but I know plenty. I know enough to know that this attention of his you think is oh so great is actually nothing but a death sentence. I know that the City Lord is even more aware of this than I am. And I also know that for the slight of insulting sister Taline in front of so many eyes, this is the smallest punishment he deser --."

The next moments happened in a flash. It all happened so quickly that even Vargas was stunned silent, let Greene who was the one directly affected.

It started as a small shadow in the skies that quickly grew bigger. After a moment, it became obvious that it wasn't a single object, but rather a bundle of them falling in unison. However, whatever image they portrayed was completely overwhelmed by the terrible stench they exuded.

The dome of protection around Greene's camp was shattered into motes of sparkling light, allowing the pile of objects falling through the skies to continue on completely unimpeded.

Greene couldn't react before she was completely buried by them. Her elegant appearance, her refined aura, her arrogant air... It was all washed away by a steaming pile of garbage.



In the next moment, a few jade bottles gently fell from the air, landing neatly on an untouched table before the eyes of them all.

By them, there was a neatly folded note that read.

'Glad I could be of help.'

It was obvious that these were the very same 30 pills Greene had asked for not even ten minutes ago. And that chicken scratch of an excuse for handwriting, could only have been done by Dyon Sacharro.

Greene looked down at her trash covered body in a moment of silence before a screech that crossed the city and battlefield left her lips.

Greene shivered from head to toe, heavenly herbs leaking foul liquids and growing terrible molds falling across her figure and to the floor.

Vargas sighed, shaking his head.

Out of curiosity, he picked up one of the jade bottles Dyon had sent over. Opening the lid, he smiled bitterly. Not an ounce of fragrance was leaked. Most definitely 100% pure top-grade pills.

He didn't know how Dyon concocted them without ingredients, but this was enough for him to be beyond impressed. The highest grade pill he had ever concocted in his lifetime was of the high-grade, just barely above 70%. He had never sniffed the top-grade, let alone 100% purity.

If he had known that Dyon manifested these pills from thin air, creating even his own herbs, maybe he would faint from shock.

In truth, Dyon could have used even those rancid herbs to the same affect. However, he clearly felt he had a much better use for them.

Greene's assistants looked toward the pills as well, their bodies shivering from head to toe. Even if they weren't true alchemists yet, there was no doubt that they could recognize a top-grade pill when they saw one.

"I'M GOING TO KILL HIM!"

A surge of immortal essence shuttled through the air violently, incinerating the herbs and garbage around her.

Under her violent heaving, her relatively flat chest showed some substance, undulating like a low ocean tide.

"And what are you going to do exactly? Go an attack him? Vargas said blandly. "While even if your scheme succeeded he would still have a chance to live, if you really attacked one of our own in the middle of a battle like that, even Venerable Taline's man couldn't save you. The City Lord would put your head on the chopping block without hesitation. And you know that I definitely would have no method of saving you."

Greene trembled before clenching her teeth.

"... I'm going to clean myself."

"But your station...!" Vargas called out.

"Since you want to pretend to be a good brother at times like these, you cover my quota for me. Plus, it isn't like your illegitimate mortal son didn't just completely fulfill what I needed for today."

"Illegitimate mortal son...? Really?" Vargas looked toward his sister's back and felt a headache coming on. It was like she had learned nothing.

\*\*

"V-Venerable... How did you do that?" Emery stood speechless.

"Do what? Cover an annoyance in garbage? I think that's pretty self-explanatory."

"N-no... I mean how did you form those pills from... from nothing..."

Belin was also incredibly shocked. He felt that his old heart might stop beating any moment now.

"Oh, that? It's not really something I can teach you. Just pay attention to the process. Assuming that my concoctions start with the herbs already broken down into their most important parts and it will be easier to understand."

"But..."

In the end, Emery shut his mouth. He could feel that Dyon was much nicer than other Venerables. If he had made the mistake of asking such a thing to anyone else, he might already be a corpse by now. He shouldn't push his luck like this.

"Don't worry, if we ever manage to get any actual heavenly herbs delivered to us, I'll slow down so you two can gain something out of this."

Dyon patted their shoulders with a light smile.

Though he knew these two were only acting like this because they had seen his ability, he also knew that those who believed they were above others wouldn't be able to humble themselves so easily. Just look at Greene, she should already be aware of his level, yet did she humble herself like they did?

Regardless, it wasn't easy to do what they did, so Dyon didn't mind completing a cycle of karma with them. It wasn't like he had anything better to do anyway.

As Dyon was about to recline and relax, another guest came by. This time, it was surprisingly a Venerable with a shipment of good quality heavenly herbs.

"I've come on behalf of my sister and the northern guild to apologize. My name is Vargas, I hope that Venerable Sacharro will accept this apology."

#### Chapter 2154: Curious

Dyon raised an eyebrow. It was normal for his assistants to call him Venerable Sacharro, but usually peers of the same level or higher would call their lesser counterpart by their name. At best, he was expecting to be called Venerable Dyon.

Another humble immortal? And this time it was a Higher Venerable? How rare.

Only lower Venerables like Dyon received quotas for half-immortal pills. Higher Venerables were kept in reserve in case a Lower Venerable pill needed to be concocted.

What was even rarer was that this Higher Venerable before him was just a sliver away from entering the Immortal Saint Realm as well. Unlike Taline, he was a true Higher Venerable.

Curious. Definitely curious.

Dyon reached out a hand to shake Vargas' own, his demeanor showing that it wasn't at all a big deal.

As the two settled their disputes, the rumbling of the city grew fiercer. It seemed the Immortal Saints had come out to battle as well.

The larger the battle became, the deeper Dyon's internal thoughts sank. Every battle had to serve a purpose. Territory, resources... Something to this effect. Not only did it have to serve a purpose, but the gains couldn't lose out to the losses, or else it would be meaningless.

But this gang was putting so much on the line due to the death of one person? Dyon probably wasn't the best person to be thinking such a thought considering how he'd react if one of his own died at the hands of an unknown enemy. But... Something made it obvious that this wasn't what Skull cared about.

So what was going on?

\*\*

"Old Bear died?"

A baleful aura filled the underground base. A man with a towering presence sat on a throne forged of beast bone and covered in their furs.

"... Yes, Commander. We found their corpses strewn in the Wasteland..."

"And the sand serpents?"

"... Dead."

A skull Commander clutched in his hand shattered, a gloomy expression practically coagulating. He didn't need to ask to know that the shipments were also stolen. But, he really couldn't think of who could have done this. He had hush deals with Blazen and Metodei City.

Of course, there were some who weren't fond of these deals, but they shouldn't have dared to act so brazenly. Especially not with his temper.

"Comm –"

"Call me Skull."

The subordinate giving the report shuddered. There was only one particular circumstance their commander asked to be called by this moniker.

"Commander Skull... I don't think this enemy is simple. The remains show that there was only one of them, but no one lasted more than a single strike. Even a Middle Immortal Essence expert wouldn't be able to do this, they would have to be at least of the Higher Immortal Essence realm."

"..." Skull looked toward his subordinate dully. "Gather up the men. The target is Zaneta City. It seems that those on the sidelines have forgotten how dangerous I am."

Just as the subordinate feared, those words came. Launching an assault on a city as a mere gang was something only a madman would do. Yet, whenever Commander insisted on being called Skull, this was precisely what happened. It's just unfortunate that Dyon didn't have enough mental energy to check the situation underground, or else he would have realized that though Zaneta was a puppet state just as he deduced... There were still three centers of power in this place.

"... B-but Commander Skull..."

"Do you want to die? Go and execute my commands."

The subordinate gritted his teeth and managed to stop himself from falling face first into the ground for but a moment before his cheek was firmly plastered to the coarse floor.

"I.... I don't mean to refute Commander Skull... I only want to remind Sir Skull that the next shipment will be due soon. If Zaneta's economy is halted, it may not be possible to recover the quota. If we fail even once, there won't be anyone to protect us from the Void Creatures for another hundred years..."

"You know nothing. piss off and go prepare."

With a wave of his hand, Skull's subordinate had half his body destroyed into a bloody pulp.

"Trying to lecture me. I've been around since before you were born, how can you know things that I do not. The tributes will soon be obsolete. Mount Volare is about to erupt."

Skull coldly glanced at his subordinate crawling out in a trail of his own organs.

"Shadows." Skull suddenly spoke. "Go make sure they're preparing properly. I want to be laying siege to Zaneta by tonight."

\*\*

"What's the matter, Taline? Why are you in such a state?"

Taline actually looked just as refined and arrogant as she usually did. As the vice deputy, she was used to her lofty status, so of course she wouldn't allow herself to sink too deeply.

However, what this unknown man was referring to was the gloomy expression on her face and the deeper frown lines that now made it difficult to hide her true age.

"Hubby, you're sitting here without a care in the world while your woman is having her face slapped in public by a mortal rat. Are you very comfortable?"

"What?"

This man was obviously the Head of the alchemy guild, Venerable Zabel, a lofty Immortal Saint. With his status, there was no need for him to personally oversee a certification exam. He spent most of his time in seclusion, refining his craft. Occasionally, he would indulge in some woman like vice deputy Taline.

After hearing Taline's story Zabel was both enraged and apprehensive. It was only after a long while that he spoke again.

"... Don't provoke him again. In fact, it would be for the best if you could make amends." His tone was serious and brooked no path for refusal.

Taline was stunned. A moment later, a deep grievance welled up in her heart and she began to cry. It didn't seem fake, but actually seemed to be her true feelings.

## Chapter 2155: The Line

"It's all your fault." She said between choked sobs. "I've waited by your side for millions of years, tending to your every need, yet you've never taken me as your wife. Now a mortal rat all but calls me a whore to my face and you sit here and do nothing."

Zabel felt a strong headache coming on. "Have I not treated you well? Is there anything you ever want for? Any resources you're ever lacking? There's no need for this, please stop crying."

"So you think I'm a whore too, right?" Taline gasped for air, her throat choking up. "These resources, this money, you think that's enough to shut me up, right?"

Zabel squeezed his forehead beneath a palm. "Silence!"

A torrent of energy strangled Taline's sobs to a complete halt, leaving her stunned. Despite the disparity in their strength, Zabel had never actually raised a hand to her, nor had he ever oppressed her. This was the very first time he crossed that line.

A strong wind pulled Taline to Zabel's lap. He seemed to have no intention of apologizing, only allowing her to curl up like a kitten, laying her head on his chest.

"I've told you many times before. If you can reach the Immortal Saint Realm, I will take you as my wife and meld our souls as one. You spend the most time with me, have you ever seen me touch another woman?"

"Many know of our relationship, but have I ever disrespected you in that way? They are all very aware that you are my one and only woman. We are Immortals. My hesitancy is something we all understand. Why are you allowing the words of a mortal with no perspective on such things to bother you?"

Taline didn't respond, only meekly lying there and listening.

"You have to put your anger aside. The fact he's so skilled likely means he's already seen through the fact that you can't possibly be a Higher Venerable."



Taline shuddered, biting her lip.

"It seems I don't have to say much more. Spend more of your time using the resources your status as a Higher Venerable net you. That knowledge will one day help you become worthy of your status, so don't take it for granted.

"There's also no need to bury your anger too deeply, either. If his performance is really as you said it was, neither you or I will need to take personal action. You're unaware of this, but there is a leader board for the certification exam. This was why I had you pass the initial exam yourself before helping you reach the Higher Venerable title. If you have cheated on the first, it would have been too obvious.

"This boy likely entered at least the top 1000. He's also probably the only mortal in that range. Even if there's no one who comes to snatch his Innate Aurora, there are many more who would want to take him down a peg."

Though Zabel was more informed than Taline, it was clear that even he didn't know much. He knew Dyon's performance was good, but in his mind, there was no way a mortal could crush immortals to such an extreme. As a result, despite knowing Dyon's test results, he just assumed that other immortal geniuses could do what he could too.

But even with this being the case, he was still correct. It was just that Dyon had no idea.

Truth be told, even if Dyon was aware, he'd only be pissed that he didn't know earlier. Not because he was scared of the coming backlash, but rather because he couldn't stand the idea of placing third. If he was going to be targeted anyway, why would he suffer through such a thing for a measly third place.

"Will he really face those consequences in this place?" Taline finally spoke in a soft voice. "Even I've escaped scrutiny by staying in this small world. How will they know he's here?"

As a small sliver of protection, if it could even be considered that, the location in which the certification exam took place was hidden. This was why no one was able to verify that the reason Dyon chose such poor pills was because of the restrictions of the land he was in.

"They will. Mount Volare will be erupting soon."

Taline froze. "What?!"

"In all likelihood, our Overseers will be making their way here to reap the rewards. With the arrogance of that boy, we won't have to do much of anything before he exposes his fangs. Even if he's smarter than we give him credit for, a few well-timed sentences will be enough for them to connect the dots. Once the world realizes that he's the Dyon Sacharro mortal who appeared on the leader board, there won't be any bottling it up anymore."

"But... shouldn't we tell the people? No one is preparing for this."

"There's nothing that can be done. When that devil erupts, half of this world will be covered in a sea of lava. It's not possible to move so many people. And, without a Spiritual Sage with enough prowess to scan deep under ground, it's impossible to tell where exactly it will erupt from until just moments before."

Mount Volare was just a single mountain peak. However, it was a deep interconnected network of underground volcanic activity. When it erupted, it didn't just spell disaster for its main peak's vicinity, but also for whichever lived around the volcanic nodes that were unable to bear the pressure.

This bubble world was nameless, but if it were to be given one, it wouldn't be a world of desert... But rather a world of lava.

The last time Mount Volare erupted was several million years ago. But it seemed that its next eruption was rapidly approaching.

However, with this eruption came opportunity. The two main resources of this land, Volcanic Ore and Mist Glass, were easy to ignore for higher level worlds. But, it was a different matter when Mount Volare erupted.

## Chapter 2156: Doomsday

The resources buried too deep to reach by normal means would bubble up and shoot the surface. Those even deeper than that would finally come up enough for reaching them to be viable.

As a result, as a subordinate world, this bubble world's Overseer would most definitely send some of their own here to take advantage of the situation.

\*\*

At that moment, Dyon was unaware of this world's coming doomsday. But it was hard to say whether he'd care much if he did know. It wasn't like it was his job to save everyone. As long as Saru and Lilith were fine, he likely wouldn't blink an eye.

Maybe in his youth it would have affected him more. But these days, he felt numb to such things, disconnected, almost.

Either way, the Dyon of now still didn't know. So he sat in his abode planning his next steps. Saru and Lilith were with him, but they were meditating, probably cultivating.

Looking toward them, Dyon could only smile bitterly. He definitely still had some complicated feelings about them. And, them cultivating around him in night gowns like this, looking so vulnerable, definitely wasn't helping.

There was a raging fire in his belly every time he failed to stop himself from glancing at the two small bumps that poked through Lilith's braless gowns and towering chest and every time he saw the defenseless Saru cross her legs without a care as though he couldn't see her panties from this angle.

The blood rushed to his head as he tried to calm himself down.

He was certain these two were doing this on purpose. He really was innocent.

In truth, Saru and Lilith were innocent too. They were only wearing what they thought they should wear to accompany their husband to bed. Seeing that Dyon wasn't resting any time soon, they began to cultivate.

In order to cultivate, one had to enter a state of emptiness. They simply weren't aware of how enticing their bodies were currently. They felt safe enough around Dyon to not mind such things. But if they were alert enough to feel his gaze, it was certain they'd be blushing profusely.

Sleep wasn't exactly strictly necessary for them, but it was still a great way to relax. It was more of a luxury than anything else. Since they knew Dyon wanted to stay here for a while, why not?

Dyon took a deep breath. Clearly having beauties around you had both its good and bad notes. His self-control wouldn't be able to take this for very much longer.

Looking into his inner world, Dyon found a few things to distract himself: the spoils he took from that gang of pirates. As far as he could tell, the vast majority of it were actually volcanic ores and mist glass.

Dyon took out a volcanic ore to study.

It was an irregularly shaped rock with a color pallet that varied from deep red to magenta. If a normal mortal was holding it in his or her hands, there was no doubt they'd lose their arm. In fact, they might not even be able to get close enough without burning to ash.

As far as Dyon could tell, the specific heat capacity of this ore was obscenely high. But he immediately dispelled this thought.

Specific heat capacity should measure how fast you can gain and lose temperature. It was a holistic measurement of both. However, this volcanic ore needed very little energy to shoot up in temperature, but could retain said temperature for a very long time even in a cold environment.

It was truly an anomaly.

'How interesting.' Dyon thought.

As far as he could tell, this ore was probably a dream for fire dao cultivators. On top of this, it was a top-quality ore for making weapon smith hammers and alchemy cauldrons.

Of course, Dyon had Chibi so he didn't need an alchemy cauldron. He also wasn't a blacksmith, so he didn't need their tools either. Plus, he didn't really consider himself a fire dao cultivator, though his flames were powerful. And, even if he did, he could tell that these ores were too weak to withstand the full brunt of his flames.

Losing interest in the volcanic ore, Dyon brought out a shard of mist glass.

It was a black glass material, similar to obsidian except even more reflective. However, despite being reflective, it oddly showed no reflection at all. It was as though the light bouncing off of it was coming from a different place entirely.

As far as Dyon could tell, no one in this world actually dealt in Mist Glass. Instead, they exported it, either because they didn't know what it did, or because they didn't have the means of making the most of it. Either way, if Dyon wanted to know what it was useful for, his simple observations wouldn't be enough.

Just as Dyon planned to focus his Immortal Sense on the small shard, a violent boom suddenly shook the city.

Saru and Lilith startled awake as Dyon's eyes narrowed. Zaneta was being attacked? He was 95% certain it was a puppet state. So who was attacking it?

Dyon swept his senses out, eventually locking onto a scene that made his eyes widen in surprise.

Zaneta City was completely surrounded. From the North, South, East and West, warriors numbering in the few thousands blocked the city gates.

In the sky, a man wearing a mask formed of bone radiated out with a pressure no Immortal Essence Realm expert could exude.

"... I'm going to start leveling this city. If the one who killed Old Bear doesn't step out, I don't mind flattening the whole of Zaneta until it's nothing but a hole in the ground!"

...

"Sure, I don't mind if you watch."

Dyon lowered his gaze from the skies above, looking toward Vargas.

Though Vargas tried to hide it, Dyon could see the skepticism in his eye. This wasn't due to his questioning Dyon's alchemy talent. He had long since been convinced of this. Rather, he wondered why Dyon would be pretending as though he could see the battle above them. Even he as an Immortal Essence expert wasn't qualified to. How could Dyon as a mortal be able to?

#### Chapter 2157: Shock

On top of that, the so-called 'battle' above them was actually the result of Immortal Saints leaping high and over the battlefield before landing and jumping once more in quick succession. Due to that, the battle was even more impossible to follow since they had no ability to fly.

Vargas didn't think too much about it though. Every youthful talent was arrogant. It wasn't a surprise that Dyon would try to appear more capable than he was to cover up for his failings. Even if he was posturing now, at the very least, his alchemy skill couldn't be faked.

Dyon didn't bother to correct Vargas. To him, not only could he see the battle, but they were moving exceptionally slow before his gaze. Even if Immortal Celestials were battling before him, he would be able to see every strike with absolute ease.

"Sure, let's begin then. What's our true quota, Emery?"

"Replying to Venerable Sacharro, we have the responsibility of exactly double the order of the help Venerable Greene placed. Forty half-immortal qi gathering pills and twenty half immortal bone mending pills."

"Alright. Then let's begin now."

Dyon tapped empty air with a single finger, his soul qi surging.

Numerous miniature arrays began to appear and form up, swirling around each other with a gentle light. In the end, even as they continued to spin, they formed and ironically formless cauldron standing at a meter tall and two wide.

'No furnace?' Vargas' eyes widened. '... So this is the Innate Aurora...'

Vargas gaze couldn't help but travel to the small bobbing cauldron above Dyon's shoulder. Just what level had this young man reached? If he wanted to concoct a half-immortal pill, even he had to meditate and adjust himself for a moment. At the very least, he would find a place to sit down and quiet everything around him. Yet, Dyon hadn't done any of these things...

If his pills could be so perfect even like this... What would happen if he went all out... what if he used that cauldron over his shoulder...?

With a wave of his hand, the crate of herbs Vargas had brought opened, bringing its contents out to float into the air.

"When breaking down and preparing an herb for concoction, it's important to understand its fundamental structure. The mistake most make is assuming that just because an herb shares the same species as one another, they can be broken down the same way. But this is fundamentally untrue.

"Humans are the same species as well, but are we not all different? We have different talents, bloodlines, thoughts, feelings. Every herb, even if they share the same name and family, also functions similarly. If you aren't first analyzing your heavenly herb to see the best way to approach it, you've already failed in the very first step."

At these words, even Vargas' pupils constricted into pinholes. He had never heard of such a concept. He thought that simply studying and memorizing the properties of every herb was enough.

Let alone him, the apprentices felt waves going off in their hearts.

The herbs flew into Dyon's spinning translucent gold cauldron. They were immediately sheared apart, becoming gorgeous motes of light of pure medicinal strength.

"Once the herbs are analyzed and broken down, the next steps come down to adjusting your alchemy formula. Since not every herb is the same, there are of course differences in concentrations between their medicinal efficacies.

"Think about it. If you are working from a formula, but you've gotten the measurements wrong from the very beginning, how could you succeed?"

"... How... How do you do that?" Belin trembled.

As the closest to the end of his life between them all, of course he was the most impacted by this lecture. Maybe this was his chance to continue to live.

If it was someone else in the middle of concocting, he wouldn't have dared to make even the slightest noise. But... Dyon was on an entirely different level.

"The methods are incalculable. This is where the true study of alchemy lies. The number of unique solutions to these problems and how many you can apply on a whim is what decides the skill of an alchemist.

"In this particular case, the qi gathering pill uses Cleansing Lotus Aloe. There's a medicinal agent within this heavenly herb that opens pores. When applied properly, it can decrease the density of qi within the meridians, thus resulting in qi naturally flowing quickly toward a practitioner. It's a simple concept.

"However, if this medicinal agent is too large in quantity, it has the opposite effect. Any qi you accumulate will end up leaking, making the pill near useless.

"With the batch I just created, the Cleansing Lotus Aloe had a particularly high concentration of this agent. In order to combat it, I've purposely kept some impurities within the aloe and didn't fully purge it. This weakens the agent overall and creates a more robust pill...

"... And just like that..." Dyon clapped his hands.



The formation ended in the blink of an eye, 40 perfect pills laying at the bottom of the large translucent cauldron.

The three observers went numb from shock.

Keeping impurities on purpose? What kind of backwards logic was this? Was he lying to them? He had to be, right? Or else how would his pills still be 100% pure? None of it made any sense.

Saru and Lilith looked at each other and smiled bitterly. Their man was terrible at explaining things. It was no wonder despite how large his heart was, he only took on three disciples. Aside from that, the only one he actively trained was his daughter. All four of them were all obscene level geniuses who only needed a few words to understand something.

Of course, Dyon had spread out his clones through his Mortal Empire to teach as well. But most of his students in name had been other innate aurora wielders. They were obviously high-

level geniuses too.

In truth, if it wasn't for Researcher Lind's education system, their progression wouldn't have been so fast. The talented really had no business teaching the untalented.

Chapter 2158: Vargas

"Venerable Sacharro, I don't quite understand. Keeping impurities? Aren't you purposely ruining your pills?

"I have to admit that your words are correct. The idea of treating each herb differently and thus adjusting the alchemy formula accordingly sounds so perfect to me that it can't possibly be incorrect.

"But I can't wrap my mind around the idea of keeping impurities..."

Hearing Vargas' words, Dyon frowned slightly. He thought he had explained well enough...

After thinking absentmindedly for a moment, something clicked in Dyon's mind.

"Venerable Vargas. When you concoct lower Venerable pills, are you not already capable of purging all of its herbs completely of these 'impurities'?"

Vargas blinked. "Yes. I'm sure that I am."

"And what is the best purity percentage you've reached, then?"

Vargas blushed. "... Not even 80%."

"Then what do you think the problem is? If you believe you already purged the herbs of all of its impurities, why is your pill still imperfect? Further than that, if 100% purity is considered 100% pure already, then how is it that one to nine times refined pills can exist?"

Realizing that Dyon wasn't trying to insult or embarrass him, Vargas was both surprised and curious. For a moment, he really didn't know how to answer. He had truly never thought of this. No, rather, he had just assumed that he was making mistakes later on in the process. Was this the difference between a genius and him? Or was it that he had simply not practiced enough to realize something so simple?

"When you consume a rare herb in the wild, have you ever considered its impurity?" Dyon continued. "The truth is that there is no such thing as pure and impure. An herb, created by nature, can't possibly have 'impurities'

"There are failures that can occur during the alchemy process that can introduce impurities. For example, pollutants in the air, flame or cauldron, but these impurities never come from the herb.

"What alchemists mean when they mention impurities are the parts of an herb that don't directly improve the pill being concocted. An herb can have many main and sub functions, but only a few of those are needed for a pill, and sometimes the same herb can have completely different functions in completely different pills.

"However, these so-called 'impurities' are what gives herbs the perfect balance when they appear in nature, their existence is the reason why one doesn't worry about impurities when consuming an herb in the wild.

"By the same token, they can be used to both neutralize or boost certain aspects of an herb to allow the unique proportions they naturally come in to be perfectly adjusted to the pill that needs to be concocted.

"Do you understand what I mean now?"

Vargas stared at Dyon with a gaze so heated one would have thought the latter was the most beautiful woman in existence. But after a few moments, his emotions calmed, and he smiled bitterly.

"I don't know if I can ever accomplish this even if you've now told me. The level of genius needed to do this is far beyond my means... But I will take these words of wisdom to heart. I believe they are the most valuable I've heard in my lifetime..."

In the end, Dyon managed to explain it as simply as he could. But understanding what he meant and actually executing it were two completely different concepts.

Dyon was essentially telling them that each and every pill he concocted was entirely different from the last. Not only based on the herbs he was given, but maybe even based on the person he was concocting for. To make so many split second decisions and complete so many complex calculations, all while perfectly maintaining your flame and arrays... just what kind of person could do this so easily?

Not to mention Vargas, the apprentices especially only watched blankly as Dyon completed the last batch of 20 pills. The entire process took not even a third of an hour. Despite watching it personally, they found it hard to wrap their minds around it.

This sort of situation continued for a long while. After Dyon's first explanation, they no longer asked questions, instead straining their eyes to point of fatigue trying to catch every detail of his refinement process.

For the next week, those three hardly moved an inch. Their only regret was that Dyon hadn't concocted more pills. No, maybe their other regret was that Dyon was too good and finished concocting them too quickly.

On the 8th day, Dyon finally remembered a question he had been meaning to ask.

"Venerable Vargas. What can you tell me about these?" With a light toss, he threw a piece of mist glass over.

Vargas' eyes widened. Maybe it was only at that moment that Dyon realized that maybe it wasn't such a smart idea taking the mist glass out.

"Put it away! Quickly!"

Vargas threw the glass back toward Dyon, a slightly panicked expression coloring his handsome features.

Dyon didn't understand what was going on, but he acquiesced regardless. He was certain that this mist glass was the main resource of Metodel City. How could something be both the main resource of a major city and taboo at the same time?

But when Dyon thought more deeply about it, he realized there was something he overlooked. While it was true that when his senses swept over, he had sensed many people importing and exporting this mist glass, and even discovered many both open and hidden deposits, he hadn't checked to see whether it was being distributed amongst the normal population.

In the distance, on the battlefield, the clash of Skull and a man with a dull gaze raged on.

"You've insisted on this battle for over a week already, Skull. Do you really believe that if I had what you wanted, I wouldn't have given it to you? Do you think I want to be wasting my time like this?"

The man with the dull gaze seemed to be complaining lazily, but he rebuffed Skull's attacks without much effort. It gave the illusion that he could end the battle whenever he wanted, but this was little else other than his demeanor. He had no luxury to not use his full strength against Skull.

## Chapter 2159: Deathly

"Less bullshit, Roe. Give me the man who killed Old Bear or you can sit here and watch your whole city crumble. You might not care about the people here, but I know you most definitely care about the money it makes you. How else are you going to get the resources you need to cultivate the Immortal Saint Realm without it?"

"Either you learn to take a step back, give me the life that deserves to be ended and the shipment that was stolen, and we can go our own separate ways. Or, you'll suffer greater losses."

Considering the kind of man Skull was, for him to be willing to speak so many words, it was obvious he held this Roe in high regard. And also judging by these words, this man was very likely the City Lord of Zaneta.

"I've told you already, I had nothing to do with it." Roe yawned, blocking another strike. "I would much rather be sleeping right now than battling you. Why would I antagonize you now?"

Skull sneered. "Maybe because you know there's a good chance this city is going to go up in smoke soon. If that's the case, there's no problem with you sacrificing it a bit early, now is there?"

Roe's eyes narrowed, but he didn't bother to respond, regaining his lazy appearance.

"I'll find out sooner or later what happened, Roe. Do you think I would leave such a shipment without protections and fail safes?"

Seeing Roe's face remain expressionless, Skull began to wonder if Zaneta city really had nothing to do with it. Or maybe Roe was confident in his methods enough that he wasn't worried?

No, that couldn't be it. His method could be hidden from those even with the sharpest senses. It had nothing to do with how sharp you were and everything to do with how much you knew about the characteristics of the items in question. And, Skull was certain no one knew more about mist glass than himself. As for the volcanic ore, he didn't care as much about it.

Suddenly, the expression of both men changed drastically. In a tacit understanding, they both simultaneously stopped battling and fell to a single knee, placing a fist across their hearts.

The skies trembled as space tore apart. The fluctuations of a powerful Empyrean grade treasure spread across the battlefield. But, the two Immortal Saints didn't dare feel a shred of greed.

From the void, three figures stepped out. One was a beauty that captivated the heart, the remaining two seemed to be refined gentleman, all of whom wore red robes.

The fluctuations in their energy made it obvious that all three were Immortal Saints. But, compared to the aged appearances of Roe and Skull, they were all in the prime of their youth. It was either they had an impossible amount of talent, or unlike Roe and Skull who had to work their way up from the Lower Immortal Essence Realm, these three had a lineage so robust that they were directly born as Immortal Saints!

As Skull's head was bowed, he suddenly felt a ripple go off in his heart.

'The mist glass!' His body trembled, but he didn't dare to move.

Neither Dyon nor Skull realized their sudden connection. Dyon had taken out the mist glass before, but it had been within a concealment array he personally drew. Even Skull's means couldn't penetrate it. But this time, he had done so within an array drawn by a formation master of Zaneta city. Their difference in quality was too stark.

"It's about time. Should happen any moment now..." One of the three youths spoke without bothering for the kneeling warriors all around them.

Even as his voice landed, the earthen sands filled with shards of glass began to tremble violently.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

All across the horizon, fiery pillars of red lava shot into the skies, pouring down in a deathly rain.

Dyon's gaze narrowed. It seemed he needed to deal with this lack of mental energy problem as soon as possible. For him to miss such a big brewing event was unacceptable.

'Finding a method to quickly improve mental energy is too tall a task. I need to change how I use my Immortal Sense instead.'

Dyon was too used to his senses being infallible. In truth, learning to economize one's senses was one of the first things a cultivator should learn. But, Dyon had never needed to. In fact, that day he concentrated his divine sense into a line to find out that his constitution's world was the Ancient Battlefield was the only time in his life he could remember ever doing so.

"Saru, Lilith."

Without hesitation, the two closed in on Dyon, finding a place by his sides.

"What's going on here exactly, Vargas?"

Vargas' face was even paler than when he had had his hands on Dyon's mist glass.

"... It... It erupted... This bubble world is finished..."

Dyon ignored Vargas. Clearly he had lost his cool, trying to get any information out of him now would only waste his time.

'Oh?' Dyon's senses locked onto the three youths in red robes, observing curiously.

A deep sneer coated his features when he saw all the kneeling A deep sneer coated his features when he saw all the kneeling warriors. Regardless of the side they had fought on, they put down their weapons without hesitation.

'Someone's trying to lock onto me? Good luck with that.'

Dyon sensed Skull trying to find him. But compared to Dyon, he was far too clumsy. An Immortal Saint still locked into using Divine Sense would never have a chance at finding him if he didn't want to be found.

Due to the fact soul cultivation split into two path after entering the Immortal Realms, even the alchemists of Venerable grade and even many of the Empyrean Grade, couldn't be considered Spiritual Sages.

One of these days, Vargas would realize that what was truly limiting him in seeing heavenly herbs and analyzing them the way Dyon did were his weak senses. Then, he'd be even more shocked to realize that the man he knew as a mortal was actually already a Spiritual Sage.

#### Chapter 2160: Main Wife

"It seems things are getting interesting." Dyon smiled to the two women by his side. "I wonder if the old lizard will get here in time for the fun..."

Saru and Lilith felt incredibly comfortable by Dyon's sides, but others were sweating to the point of drenching their clothing. It wasn't just because they were scared, but also because the heat was skyrocketing to obscene levels. Soon, it would be impossible for even Dao Realm mortals to survive in it.

"Venerable Sacharro, you can't stay here! I can bring you away. Someone like you can't die so young."

Seeing his other assistant and Vargas nod along with Belin, Dyon found them to be quite adorable. It seemed they were so panicked they didn't realize that he was the most relaxed of them all.

Dyon tapped each one of their shoulders once, a faint glow of gold covering them.

The temperature of their bodies immediately regulated, falling back down to normal levels. They could only look toward Dyon in shock.

"Oh? A mortal with such attainments in formation theory?"



Dyon didn't need to look to know that the one who spoke was one of the three red robed youths.

"Why don't you become one of my servants? You'll live a good life. I can line up endless immortal women for you."

Dyon sent a glance up. The three of them stood on a silver disk which had a rotating edge. On the ground chasing after them like loyal dogs, there was Skull and Roe.

"Not interested." Dyon replied dully.

Vargas, Emery and Belin held their breath, finding it difficult to breathe. Just standing around normal Immortal Saints was difficult, let alone those born as Immortal Saints. Their air was fundamentally different and they were far more beloved by the Heavens.

The thought of rejecting their 'offer' never crossed their minds. It was an untold truth that the only option was saying yes and the other path was death.

In the distance, rushing toward the city wall, one could see various individuals who had sensed the spatial fluctuations, including Zabel and Taline. Having heard the exchange through the loud booming of lava, Taline found it hard to hide her excitement. It seemed that Zabel had been correct.

The young man who spoke frowned, but before he could speak, the young woman cut him off.

"Your robes are white and your alchemist badge is gold. Could it be you've entered... What is your name?"

The Rock brothers were the most excited by this line of questioning. Exposing the arrogant mortal for his fraudulence had been their dream for the past week. But, for some reason Venerable Vargas had said nothing about it, leaving them depressed.

"His name is Dyon Sacharro. Please excuse his rudeness, esteemed ones." Venerable Zabel spoke up for Dyon as though he was scared he'd give the wrong name.

Dyon raised an eyebrow, his internal sneer deepening.

"... So it really is you..." The young woman's gaze narrowed, looking Dyon up and down. "You'll come back with me. I've yet to take a husband and I'm also a virgin so I won't be disrespecting you. You more than meet my requirements."

The faces of the two young men who came with her suddenly twisted even as Dyon's lip twitched.

What was wrong with these Immortals? Were they all so flippant and shameless?

"If you're worried about your other women, I don't particularly care about this either. You can keep them if you wish, but I will of course be the main wife."

Dyon was speechless.

It wasn't only him, but Taline and Zabel, not to mention the Rock Brothers, who had hoped this would go a much different way could only stand in shock.

Zabel would probably have been better off letting Dyon report his own name because he initially had no interest in doing so. She hadn't even bothered to report her own name before interrogating him as though he owed her something.

As for the young man who offered Dyon immortal women in exchange for becoming his servant, his face was all but green. How could the women he had planned to hand over compare to this young lady?

"Miss Nightwell, this isn't really the time to figure these things out. If you like this man, why not observe him for a while. We'll be going to that place soon, just take him along. If he can't protect himself in such a weak world, he wouldn't really be worthy of his reputation, right?"

"Your words have merit." Miss Nightwell replied emotionlessly. "You can come with us, but it truthfully doesn't matter much how well you perform. I've already made up my mind."

By now, the faces of both the young men were green, but they couldn't say much else.

While they had been born Lower Immortal Saints, this Miss Nightwell was the foremost genius of their Dark Flame bubble world, having been born a Peak Immortal Saint. Even in their long history, no such genius had been birthed before. Even they, who were the two best geniuses of their collective generation, were too far behind.

Over time, they had caught up to her cultivation, leaving them all as Peak Immortal Saints, but this was only due to the difficulty in entering the Immortal Celestial Realm. She was still a large measure better than them and was only a step away from entering that Realm.

"My name is Crystella Nightwell. It's nice to meet you, Venerable Dyon."

Crystella's tone was slightly warmer, as though she really was already thinking of Dyon as her husband. Though, 'warmer' in her case was more like neutral to anyone else.

Dyon could only scratch his head awkwardly.

It was easy to reject people when they were being demanding and controlling, but Crystella wasn't being like that. Maybe another woman who wanted to take him as her husband would have tried to slaughter Saru and Lilith where they stood, yet she hadn't demanded anything other than being first wife.