

## The Nameless 2161

### Chapter 2161: Ego

Of course, Dyon planned to reject her, but he was a bit too soft hearted to do it in front of so many people. Why couldn't she have just been as rude as the first guy?

Dyon could only send Saru and Lilith apologetic smiles, but they seemed unbothered, maybe because they were aware of the oddity of the situation. Plus, it was to their benefit to see exactly what the goal of these young scions was. If it was enough for them to come here, then it was likely not normal in the slightest.

They knew Dyon's goal was to grow as powerful as possible as quickly as possible so that he could return to the mortal plane. In that case, they wouldn't let some baseless jealousy get in the way of that.

Though Dyon wasn't a normal mortal by any stretch, battling three Peak Immortal Saints at once was definitely beyond him.

If they made a fuss, Dyon would definitely take their side. But this would be to his detriment, something they wouldn't be willing to live with.

Seeing their stances, Dyon's discomfort disappeared and he smiled lightly.

"Alright. I don't mind."

Crystella nodded, satisfied with Dyon's response. Even if her husband was weaker than her, she could accept it. Dyon's talent in alchemy more than made up for it. But, what she couldn't accept was if he was a coward even in his weakness.

She had taken interest in Dyon after she saw how easily he rejected Kywen's proposal. And, after learning his identity, she felt very comfortable with her choice. Now, she felt even better about it.

"Do you need help travelling?"

Dyon shook his head, causing sneers to color the faces of Kywen and the other young man, Tedric. However, their smiles could only freeze when the small cauldron on Dyon's shoulder expanded explosively.

Little Chibi's adorable figure leapt into Dyon's arms. She seemed like a normal chubby little girl, in fact. Her form had gained much more substance after coming to the Immortal Plane. But, anyone with a sharp eye could see that she was a treasure spirit.

Dyon, Saru and Lilith leapt up, landing on its large lid.

Crystella's gaze glowed with a curious light, but she only nodded in the end.

"Then follow us."

Crystella turned away, shifting her gaze to the Immortal Saints.

"Those of you in the Immortal Saint Realm can follow as well. After all, this is your world, and we aren't tyrants. We will take a majority of the treasures, but there will be other opportunities for you all. Try to keep up."

The flying disk shot off into the distance with Crystella, Kywen and Tedric.

Dyon leisurely followed behind. Chibi wasn't exactly a movement treasure. But, she had great control of the surroundings which resulted in the gravitational abilities Dyon had used in the past. When used to improve speed, though, the results were quite excellent, albeit still a fraction slower than Crystella's disk.

Dyon had other methods to increase his speed further, but sensing Tedric and Kywen's hostile gazes, not to mention Skull who seemed to be looking at him with a curious light in his eyes, Dyon sneered inwardly and decided against it.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Lilith said when she was certain the only two who could hear her were Dyon and Saru.

"Me?" Dyon blinked innocently.

"Of course. Such a beautiful virgin girl laying her maidenhood on the line in front of so many people for you. It must stroke your ego."

Lilith smiled sweetly, little dimple dipping into her soft cheeks.

By now, Dyon realized that Lilith's jealousy was just her means of teasing and having fun with him. She seemed to enjoy flustering him. But, even if he was aware of this, he didn't dare to ignore her, or else maybe this teasing would become something more real. He didn't want to have to deal with her tears again. That had shaved at least a decade off of his life.

"Never. I am a man of integrity and morality. Plus, even if I wasn't, how could she compare to you two?"

Dyon grinned a cheesy grin and gave the two beauties a thumbs up, feeling he had succeeded when he got a giggle out of it.

Though Kywen and Tedric couldn't hear what the three of them were talking about, just seeing Dyon dare to continue to entertain other women after Crystella's words filled them with rage. Even if Crystella personally told them that she was okay with them having other women, would they dare to act on such thoughts? Of course not!

Yet, a mere mortal dared to act so casually, laughing with and teasing other women even when Crystella was right there.

Crystella, however, didn't seem to care. In fact, she didn't spare a glance backward, not feeling the need to.

In her mind, Dyon simply checked off all the boxes she needed in a husband. He was a generational talent, he was more than handsome enough, and though his lineage was lacking, helping him enter the Immortal realms wouldn't be a problem.

Topping this with the fact he had some backbone and he met her standards. Nothing more, nothing less.

Though she had many suitors from higher level bubble worlds, those men only treated her like a prize to add to their collection. If she truly married them, her Nightwell family would simply become a pawn. This wasn't something she wanted.

However, if she had such a genius alchemist for a husband, the rise of her Nightwell family was only a matter of time. In such a case, who cared if he indulged other women? It wasn't as though she loved him.

Once he entered the Immortal Celestial world, he would help her conceive a child and the rest of their relationship could be platonic for all she cared.

On the ground below, madly chasing after the two flying treasures, the Immortal Saints of the bubble world in the midst of Armageddon ran. Zabel, who believed he had made an enemy of Dyon, was especially gloomy. He had even left Zaneta City without a word to Taline. She could very well die in this catastrophe, yet he turned his back on her without hesitation.

#### Chapter 2162: Careful

In such an environment, only Immortal Saints could protect themselves with some measure of success. Immortal Essence cultivators could only hope that an eruption didn't happen near them.

"Careful." Dyon suddenly said. "An eruption is about to occur over there in just about 3 more seconds."

After saying these words, Dyon didn't stand on ceremony and swerved Chibi's cauldron. Crystella's ears perked up and swerved as well.

There wasn't much of a chance to doubt Dyon's words because mere few ticks later, the ground blasted apart.

A pillar of fiery red and gold, holding out with a diameter of 50 meters shot into the skies, piercing through the smoggy blue above. In this kind of atmosphere, the clouds couldn't even last, leaving nothing but a greyish blue all around.

Droplets of molten lava became the only rain they knew, falling from the skies to be accompanied by the screams of pain the Immortal Saints behind them left.

Who knows when, but the number of Immortal Saints had grown to about 12. This was probably the maximum total that could appear in this bubble world. They had likely been informed by the Immortal Saints of Zaneta City to come here. After all, the more of them there were, the more concessions they'd be able to pull from Crystella and the other two.

However, due to their ingrained biases toward mortals, many of them had snorted at Dyon's words, only to end up heavily injured.

Crystella's eyes sharpened, looking toward Dyon with a heated gaze. It was more emotion than she had ever displayed before, yet it was somehow still subdued.

"You're a Spiritual Sage?"

The eyes of those who heard this question widened. Just what kind of status did a Spiritual Sage have? Even Crystella's home world only had one, and even her grandfather had to treat him with the utmost respect.

Dyon smiled. "You could say so."

Crystella's heart quickened, as did the hearts of many others. Kywen and Tedric found it difficult to regulate their breathing. They could only console themselves, trying to hypnotize their minds into believing it had only been dumb luck.

"... You lead, then. I will point out the direction to you."

Dyon shrugged and went on ahead. The two young men were especially hoping that he would slip up, but as more time passed, it became obvious that Dyon wasn't making things up. A mortal Spiritual Sage... It really did exist!

After several careful maneuvers, the group made it to their destination half a day later.

It was a massive mountain. There wasn't a drop of lava around it unlike the pooling molten metal and rock that had slowly begun to cover half of the bubble world. However, it still glowed a furious red.

It was obvious with a glance that this wasn't the mountain's natural state. Rather... Whatever was inside of it was so hot that the mountain itself began to heat up to obscene levels, causing a terrible crimson color.

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Dyon glanced at the reddening mountain with a curious gaze. In his current position, he could tell the temperature was even higher than the entrance to the Golden Flame Mystical World. If he approached any closer, it would be higher than any mortal world star. One could only imagine the heat bubbling up within.

"Are you going to lead the way, Spiritual Sage?"

Kywen's poisonous words interrupted Dyon's thoughts, causing Crystella to frown.

"You're not very intelligent, are you?" Dyon sent a sidelong glance toward him.

"What did you just say to me?!"

"My senses are capable of blanketing an entire bubble world, why would it matter which position I enter in? Whether I'm in the front, the back, or thousands of miles from you, it won't make a difference. If you want to target me, be smarter about it. And here I used to think Immortal Saints were such lofty beings."

The sudden sound of a snort burying a laugh spread. But when everyone's head turned in the direction, Crystella had already regained her neutral expression. Everyone suddenly felt that they had imagined the noise entirely.

Kywen's expression turned steely. He didn't believe for a moment that Dyon had the backbone to say this normally. To him, he was nothing more than a coward hiding behind a woman. He had no idea that Dyon was completely uncaring about his feelings regardless of whether Crystella was here or not.

While Saru and Lilith were distracted, Dyon put his hands on their shoulders, causing them to disappear into his inner world. They'd probably be mad about it later, but it really was too dangerous for them to be here.

"You... Where..."

With how rare spatial treasures were, how much rarer were spatial treasures that could hold human lives? The longer they spent with Dyon, the more secrets they felt he kept hidden, and the stronger the greed in the eyes of many grew.

"... I'm bored of this look already..." Was Dyon's only answer.

In a flash of golden light, he was once more wearing a pair of black sweatpants rolled up to his knees. However, he wore nothing else. His bare chest and feet roasted beneath the hot winds.

As expected, no matter how much it stroked his ego to wear something else, he would always default to this level of comfort.

'... His body is too powerful...' Crystella's eyes narrowed.

"Alright, let's go."

Without waiting for anyone else, and ignoring the nagging voices of Saru and Lilith sounding in his mind, Chibi launched herself forward, a miniature version of her spirit form standing on Dyon's shoulder.

"Follow closely if you don't want to be left behind."

"Wait! It's too dangerous."

Dyon looked back and grinned toward Crystella.

There was something about his confident smile and roguish appearance that made her heart stop for a moment. Just who was this man?

She had seen too many prim and proper men in her life. But one that stripped down to the clothing of a barbarian without a care in the world... This had to be the first.

Chapter 2163: Outside...

But how could he be so handsome at the same time?

Realizing the ridiculous path her train of thought was taking, Crystella shook her head furiously, shooting after Dyon without a care for Kywen and Tedric's gazes.

Dyon appeared at the top of the mountain. As expected, it had no openings. It was precisely due to this build up pressure having nowhere to release itself that the rest of the bubble world had come to suffer.

Obviously, it was too dangerous to puncture a hole into this mountain. And, since this mountain could withstand so much pressure without collapsing or melting, it likely wasn't possible to puncture a hole to enter it even if he wanted to.

However, Dyon was sure there was a reason those three had chosen to come here instead.

It was just like Dyon to be this reckless. He had taken a dive head first into this situation without having all of the details. However, he was confident that he'd be able to figure it out...



'Oh, so it's like that.'

Dyon smirked.

Flying up to the side of the mountain, Dyon touched its scorching surface. His soul qi surged as he began to write out a very particular array.

This array was near and dear to his heart. He remembered that it had saved his life multiple times before. In fact, the very first time was against Madeleine's elder brother, Oliver. The two hadn't had much of a relationship in recent years, but that was a memory Dyon would never forget.

Though, while this array had saved his life many times, he also had fond memories of it. He had also used it on his and Madeleine's first date.

Compared to those versions, this version was leagues ahead. However, the flashbacks it brought to Dyon remained, nonetheless.

'The Spatial Transference Array... I didn't know I'd still be using you even now...'

As Dyon's array was finishing its construction, those who had lagged behind him were just barely catching up. At the foot of the mountain, the Immortal Saints were trying their best to run up its side without burning themselves to death.

"I'll take the lead just as you asked." Dyon turned back and winked toward Kywen. With that, he vanished, appearing in a world where the only light was the burning hot lava beneath his feet.

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The world Dyon entered was completely unexpected.

From the outside, one would assume from the mountain's current state that every path it could possibly have on the inside was filled to the brim with lava doing its best to burst through. But, this wasn't the case at all.

Dyon dropped down into a winding and steep path of about three meters in diameter. Compared to the side of the mountain in question, it was even smaller by comparison to a capillary in the human body.

What Dyon realized when he was scanning was that the mountain was filled with these branching paths. Some of them were connected, some of them were independent, and there were some connected branches that were independent from other connected branches.

The eruptions happening across this nameless bubble world weren't random at all. Or rather, they were, but not in the way many thought.

There were certain portions of this mountain that were erupting, but not every vein was experiencing this.

The very same veins that started at the top of Mount Volaire branched out all across the bubble world. And, only in the locations where pressure was building up would you have an eruption.

To make a complex matter simple, Dyon had essentially entered one of the branches without much pressure built at all. As a result, instead of the vein being filled to the brim with molten lava as one might expect, it was instead barely filled to 10% capacity.

As though it was a normal river of water, Dyon surfed a defensive array down the stream of lava.

"Come on, don't be mad."

Dyon's projection tried to appease Saru and Lilith within his inner world.

"You already left them all behind. Why won't you let us out now?" Saru asked, uncharacteristically unsatisfied.

"This mountain definitely isn't normal." Dyon explained. "You can think of every bubble world in the Immortal Plane like a closed ecosystem of its own. That means that the resources you can find in one should be limited by the evolution stage or cap of the world.

"Simply put, this world shouldn't be able to produce any materials capable of withstanding this level of heat. Yet, aside from reddening, this Mount Volaire shows no signs of bending under the pressure. Its internal veins aren't even melting.

"On top of this, I've been studying the fundamental runes of this world ever since I finished restructuring my body. I'm still very far from grasping it all, not even 10%, but from my understanding, it's absolutely impossible for this world to be a desert world. It should be the exact opposite, in fact – having large planes of snow and water. So, how did we get here?

"The only explanation is that someone put this mountain here for a purpose. And, as long as I'm sure of that, I can't have you two in danger like that. There is a design to what's going on here, and it's been playing out for billions of years already. I just want to see if I can solve this little game because apparently the Dark Flame bubble world those three say they come from still haven't."

Lilith pouted. "We get it. You want to go out and have your little fun with your new wife and don't want us burdens here. That's fine, Saru and I are very close to entering the Immortal Essence Realm anyway."

Dyon was left speechless.

He had no idea that it was Lilith's sole duty to find a way to get into his pants. According to Junior, as long as she got the final ingredient of Dyon's soul to complete her own sword nascent soul, she would progress at blinding speeds.

Her words about entering the Immortal Essence Realm soon were a lie, actually. She needed Dyon, and Saru needed something her former self left behind.

Outside the mountain...

Chapter 2164: Within

Outside the mountain...

"I'm going to kill him!"

"You're going to do what?"

Crystella's gaze burned into Kywen's.

"It was you who told him to take the lead, so he did. You wanted a free ride into the mountain as well? If you hadn't opened your mouth so brazenly, maybe he would have given us all passage. But now you have the audacity to blame him for it. I'm disappointed, Kywen. This is why I would never choose you."

Crystella's stern reprimanding, coupled with her completely expressionless visage, turned Kywen's face completely red. But within, his simmering rage only grew several times higher.

'You fucking slut. I've been by your side for thousands of years, yet you see a pretty face and a decent talent, and you immediately sell yourself off without hesitation. We'll see how you fair without my family's support. The Dark Flame World isn't going to be the Nightwell Clan's forever.'

A venomous snake hid within his gaze.

Crystella ignored both Kywen and Tedric. Opening her hands, several paper talismans appeared, shifting in the air to form an array of their own.

After sensing around for a bit, they found a good location to enter and pressed down. But, their speed was incredibly slow as the mountain face below their presence slowly became transparent. At such a pace, it would take at least an hour before they could follow Dyon.

Feeling the irritated glances he was receiving, Kywen clenched his teeth and stared forward without a word, his resentment growing.

Within the mountain, Dyon, who had surfed down for a while already, entered a giant underground world of lava. There was something oddly beautiful about the reflective red and gold.

The space was inconceivably bright for an underground world and far hotter than anything one could have found on the surface.

From where he stood, Dyon could see numerous whirlpools of lava that told him there might have been several holes beneath them.

Above him, there were countless waterfalls of lava that spewed outward, constantly replenishing the lost molten rock that whirled down to what must have been a lower level.

The world was more massive than even the surface bubble world. It wasn't that it was a warp of space, but rather that it had so many levels that the surface areas couldn't even be compared.

'There's a source to all this heat hidden somewhere. If I can find it and break it down into its fundamental runes, my strength will increase by another measure. After I'm done with it, I can probably use it to enter the body facet...'

Dyon could still not currently be considered an Overlord despite the fact his strength was beyond even normal Immortal Essence Realm experts after restructuring himself. However, it simultaneously made reaching the Overlord Realm even that much more difficult for him.

That said, he did have a plan, though. Well, he didn't have much of a plan for his soul which seemed to not follow any laws of logic. However, he wasn't very worried about his soul. As things stood now, his soul was still far beyond anything his qi and body could compare to.

However, what he did have was a plan for his qi and body.

His qi was the most straight forward. He wanted to find and collect the highest grade qis in existence, slowly examine them, break them down to their fundamental runes, and take them for his own. He was already capable of doing this for all mortal grade qis, he simply had to deepen his comprehension of immortal grade qis to start slowly taking control of them.

As he added more powerful qis to his repertoire, he would naturally be able to use them at will without the consent of the Heavens, and thus grow far more powerful.

Over the last few days, he had already begun analyzing the fundamental runes of this bubble world. Comprehending Immortal grade qis was more difficult than he had thought. If he discarded the other facets of his world he had come to understand and focused just on his current comprehension of conventional Immortal Essence, he hadn't even reached 1% in his understanding.

That said... He had only been here for a little over a week. His progress was still blazing quick.

His second plan was related to his body. When he thought of using Ri's body as a furnace and concocting a pill within her, something clicked with him. He knew he could take this a step further and pioneer an unprecedented field in alchemy.

If he refined his body just as he refined a pill, reforming and improving each individual cell as he saw fit, just what kind of result would he have?

However, in order to do this, Dyon needed resources, a massive amount of them, in fact. The higher the grade, the better. And whatever it was that was turning this world of ice and snow into a fiery hell definitely fit that description.

In fact, whatever it was would be enough to shake the core of anyone who stood here. Yet, Dyon felt that it was only enough to help him reach the Overlord realm. It was clear how daunting his path was.

"Did you figure out what this place is yet?" Lilith's voice drifted into his mind.

"Weren't you ignoring me to cultivate?" Dyon teased.

"I'm bored of that." Lilith said shamelessly. "Quickly, tell me."

Saru giggled lightly, seemingly prodding Dyon along too.

"This place should have been purposely put here like I thought. The Dark Flame World has probably been coming here every time it erupts and they're probably aware that there's some kind of secret, but unfortunately for them, every time an eruption happens, a different vein is influenced, so the mapping they completed during the previous eruption might very well be useless if the new entry point doesn't overlap.

"Because this underground world is not only as large as the bubble world above us, but also has several layers of equal size, it's impossible to tell where a vein will lead you. So, they've probably been blindly coming here and mapping what they could before leaving."

Chapter 2165: Lava

"Why don't they come when there's no eruption?" Saru asked.

"From what I can tell, those empty tunnels only appear during an eruption. It's ironically both the safest and most dangerous time. During non-eruption periods, the lava is more evenly spread instead of some veins being under high pressure and others being at low. So, if one wanted to enter during them, you'd have to directly enter the lava itself."

"But what if we don't get lucky this time, then?"

Dyon grinned. "Luck? I don't need it. They don't dare enter the lava because they have no idea how hot it can get and how long they'll have to stay in it before they have to take another break. But... I don't have that problem."

Dyon's body flashed with a surge of energy. Without him even properly circulating the technique, [Titan Diamond Body] activated. If Dyon so chose, he could completely rename the technique because it was entirely his own now.

Without hesitation, he dove into the lava head first.

It wasn't until three days later he exited at his destination, finding something that made him grin wildly.

The space wasn't even remotely hot. In fact, it was could either. A gentle spring's breeze caressed Dyon's cheeks as though there wasn't an entire layered purgatory of lava above.

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A world that seemed no different from a gentle spring hidden beneath an infernal hell seemed completely ridiculous in any sort of proper perspective. But for Dyon, this was actually just about what he expected.

One might intuitively think that a place of clashing extreme cold and heat would cause an outcome of amiable temperatures. But in practice, this wasn't the case. Think of water hitting hot oil, the billowing steam, the severe agitation, and only then would you be closer to the reality.

However, Dyon knew he wasn't in his mortal world anymore. He not only had to consider that sort of basal logic, but he also had to think about what it would take for any sort of technique to be stable. Whoever caused this bubble world of ice and snow to become one of the exact opposite obviously hadn't done it for the sake of the world to implode, there had been another purpose.

What that purpose was? Dyon wasn't quite sure just yet, nor did he care if he never figured it out. All he cared about was taking advantage of it.

Before him, there sat two objects in perfect matrimony. Well, there were far more than just two objects. There were also plains of lush grasses, dense qi far beyond that of the surface, and also endless gardens of heavenly herbs that would make any cultivator beneath the Immortal Law Realm salivate, but those two objects hanging in the skies like a pair of stars was what truly caught Dyon's attention.

One was like a blazing blue star, it pulsed just like a ball of plasma and hydrogen. It had the same reflective beauty from a distance as well. Though, it was nothing but a death trap up close.

The other looked no different from a red star. In Dyon's mortal world, stars of that color were usually the coldest among their species and something even near the end of their lifespans, but this was most definitely not the case in this regard.



There was nothing lacking about this red star in the least. And, it emitted a heat restrained by the blue star that put suns of the mortal plane to shame. Let alone one star, even an entire universe of stars would be incapable of emitting as much energy as this singular star.

Still, what was maybe the most odd was that this blue 'star' wasn't like a star at all. Or rather, it didn't function as one due to the fact it didn't actually emit any heat at all. Rather, it pulsed with a biting cold that made Dyon shiver down to his bone.

Of course, this only happened when he focused his senses on the star. Much like the cold qi from Earth's oceans that almost froze him to death through his divine sense of back then, this star acted in much the same way. However, its feat was far more impressive.

Immortal Sense was far less susceptible to such things in comparison to divine sense. It was unlikely for one to be able to harm a person through their immortal sense. Yet, albeit to a very small extent, this blue star had succeeded.

Dyon sighed. At a time like this, he'd already be listening to Little Yin and Yang about just what the hell these things were. But, ever since his battle with Emytheus, they hadn't been able to speak to him.

In the end, Dyon could only slowly analyze it himself, walking around the underground world, carefully observing the stars from all angles.

'The fundamental runes of this world are far more distinct, yet also better guarded in this place...'

After a while, Dyon reached a conclusion.

'This must be the Immortal Plane's equivalent to a universe or quadrant spirit. But, in this place, instead of being the arbiter of Faith, its importance is several levels higher. A universe can survive without its spirit – though those born in it will be much weaker – but... if I somehow destroyed that blue star... this bubble world would cease to be entirely...'

It took Dyon a month to reach this conclusion. Though it was simple, it had a profound impact on him.

Of course, he hadn't entirely wasted away this month. He also took his time to swallow up most of the heavenly herbs in this place. Even the worst of them were of the Lower Venerable Grade, and he even managed to gain a few dozen Lower Emyrean Grade herbs.

Usually, Dyon wouldn't strip a land bare like this. As an alchemist, he knew the importance of propriety. If he took in moderation, this land would recover quickly. But, since he took so much, it would take billions of years for it to once more reach such a state.

#### Chapter 2166: Selfless

However, he didn't feel bad about this. He knew that his next actions would likely destroy this place anyway.

'Whoever created this red star both has far higher attainments than me in fundamental runes and lower attainments as well...

'They were able to perfectly home in on the structure of the blue star and create a flawless counterbalance. The most direct way to do this is by creating the antithesis of its fundamental runes... But, I can tell that whoever this person is couldn't manipulate fundamental runes...

'This red star is definitely the beginning of an Origin Source, one with good potential too. But why leave it here...?'

Dyon didn't spend too much time thinking about it. The opportunity to observe two perfect counterbalanced and opposing set of fundamental runes was too rare.

His progress would leap forward by leaps and bounds.

Dyon fell into a selfless state. It was completely unlike what he had once entered as a mere Essence Gatherer because this time, it was backed by his obscenely powerful Dao Heart.

The Dao Tranquility stage already allowed its user to enter a selfless state far beyond that of the mortal plane. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that comprehension speed increased a thousandfold.

However, Dyon had long since surpassed this stage. He had entered the Dao Vanity Realm.

To put this into perspective, in order to begin constructing your own Origin Source, one only needed to enter a single step higher than tranquility, and enter the Dao Monolith Realm. Not only did this stage provide you with a vajra body, but it also stabilized your Dao Heart enough that beginning this process only Immortal Gods could touch became possible.

Yet, Dyon was two levels above this, crossing the Selfless Dao realm and firmly planting himself within the Dao Vanity Realm. Let alone currently, only a handful of people had ever reached this Dao state. In fact, a handful might still be an exaggeration...

On top of this, Dyon's Dao Heart wasn't normal either. It was one thing to reach a high Dao state with an average Dao Heart, or even one of the nine core Dao Hearts. But... just what did it mean to reach it with Dyon's?

Of course, this was just a thought experiment. An average Dao Heart would never make it so far. Only those of the nine core Dao Hearts had entered Dyon's current Realm, that was why they had gained their prestige to begin with!

But, though Dyon didn't know the name of his Dao Heart. What he was certain of was the fact that it didn't have a place among those nine.

With these sort of advantages, it was no wonder he comprehended fundamental runes so quickly. And now that he had an environment almost perfectly conducive to understanding them even though it hadn't been the creator's intention, his speed was even faster.

Saru and Lilith didn't interrupt Dyon. They only quietly made use of the heavenly herbs Dyon had gathered to strengthen their bodies.

Since they were technically still mortals, it wasn't necessary to refine them into pills. Just imagine the effect a single immortal herb would have on the mortal plane. Yet, the two of them were practically swimming in such precious resources.

Saru focused entirely on tempering her body. She seemed to have no intention of trying to reach the Overlord realm in the other three facets.

Many of the herbs, but the nature of this underground space, were fire and ice herbs. These kinds just so happened to be the perfect resource for body tempering.

When her body became used to the biting cold, she would switch to a searing heat, then back again. As time progressed, her body grew more refined and beautiful, like a flawlessly carved sculpture.

As for Lilith, her cultivation method was extremely unique. Much like how Saru tempered her body, she tempered her soul. However, if Dyon was paying attention, his eyes would widen in shock.

Lilith used the burning hot and scolding cold like a whetstone for her soul. She continuously sharpened her heart's blade in relentless pursuit of her dao. To her, nothing else was more important than her sword. With it alone, she could face the world. With it alone... She could stand by the man she loved.

Objectively speaking, Lilith's mortal soul had somehow become just as durable as a nascent or immortal soul. By extension, her soul should have technically also been in the Overlord Realm as well. Something that was exceptionally impressive considering that, unlike Dyon's other wives, she had never dual cultivated with him. She had done all of this by her own efforts.

However, her soul was somehow still in the mortal realms just like Dyon's, as though she was facing a similar problem in breaking through.

On the outside, Dyon's comprehension was increasing explosively. He realized now that if he wanted to quickly comprehend fundamental runes, doing so on the surface of a world was foolish. He had to find the core of the bubble world just like he had now.

Of course, those environments wouldn't be as perfect for comprehension as this one was, showing two perfect counterbalanced forces, however it would still be far better.

In just a single year, Dyon felt that he had perfectly grasped core theories behind both stars. The moment he had, the rest progressed with blazing speed. In just another week, he had perfectly comprehended all of their intricacies.

When Dyon succeeded in this, he found that comprehending Immortal Essence also came with a certain practiced ease to it. It seemed that grasping the laws of a world to a certain level lowered the barriers for him. Though Immortal Saint qi was still a distance from him since this was just a low level world, Immortal Essence fundamental runes flowed into his consciousness almost like they were a novel he was reading.

'... So this is conventional Immortal Essence... There's still room to improve it, but first...'

#### Chapter 2167: Naive

Dyon realized that unlike the mortal realms, there were different grades for the same level energy in the Immortal realms. This grade was dictated by purity of the energy.

The cultivation Realms, Lower to Peak Immortal Essence, were one division of strength. But, if he had comprehended the runes correctly, there was another division as well. A first level purity up to a ninth level purity...

At least this was what Dyon had extrapolated. This world had an infinitesimally small amount of the ninth level of Immortal Essence...

But even if it didn't, Dyon knew his body was still too weak to take it on right now. He had to advance into the body facet first!

'I was a bit too naïve. My body most definitely doesn't need this entire star. If I tried to take it in, I would just die.'

'However, that's actually a good thing. This means I can take pieces from both stars without them collapsing on me. Though, the instability will definitely destroy this underground space beyond recognition...'

Dyon didn't hesitate any longer.

With a roar, he slapped his palms together, sending a shock wave through the underground world.

He knew he didn't have much time to waste. Eventually, the eruption event of Mount Volaire would end. He had already spent over a year in this place. It would be a shame if he had to risk his life traveling through all that lava. Though it wouldn't exactly be impossible for him to get out, it would definitely be a hassle.

Dyon's vajra body appeared to his back, its aura so oppressive that even the blue and red star retracted though their presences as though afraid. If they acted so docilely, this would be easier than Dyon thought.

'The first step is to infuse every cell of my body with energy...'

Dyon realized he had been too ambitious in the past. Wanting to reconstruct and mutate every cell to some perfect idealized version was beyond him. He didn't have the mental energy to succeed, it was a foolish endeavor.

However, Junior's actions were like a saving grace to him. Since his body had now been reconstructed already, there was no need for him to take this step to break away from the heavens because he already had!

Instead, now all he had to focus on was building the energy of his body, allowing it to grow powerful enough to tap into the stronger fundamental runes of his constitutions, powerful runes he couldn't use yet due to his limited strength.

As God Constitutions, Dyon didn't believe that his current level was the limit. It was just that he hadn't unleashed their full potential yet. And, there was no better way to do that than to empower his body to do so.

Usually, such a thing would be impossible. Any layman who tried to replicate Dyon's feat would just end up trying to swallow the energy with their meridians and blood vessels and end up destroying themselves.

What Dyon was doing was a level far beyond this. He was targeting his individual cells, raising each one of their limits by an impossibly small increment.

When just one cell was targeted, the result was impossible to detect. But, what if this process was repeated with each and every cell? If it was raised by the hundreds of trillions of cells in the mortal body? What about the thousands of times that a body like Dyon's had...?

Dyon's vajra body raised its palms in prayer before a mighty strength burst from it. The two stars were seized by this energy like roosters being held by their necks. They groaned pathetically, but their qi was snatched away from them without regard regardless.

Two wisps of cold blue and hot red energy no thicker than a tenth of a centimeter were pulled in by the manifestation and palmed with violent force into Dyon's body.

A spray of blood left Dyon's lips, but his jaw remained set, his mind clear and his heart resolute.

There was one thing about his body that Dyon only noticed after the fact... He had ignored his Sovereign Flame throughout the entire reconstruction process, but it had not forgotten about him. In fact, his Sovereign Flame had somehow ingrained itself even deeper into his body.

Before, it had fused with body, qi and soul. But, compared to now, it had only done so artificially.

Dyon's current Sovereign Flame wrapped around every cell of his body. If he didn't show restraint, even his simplest actions would bear imposing Presence, crushing weaker Immortal Essence experts with a single glance.

Another spray of blood left Dyon's lips. However, the energies within his body could only be directly subdued.

If it wasn't obvious before, Dyon was certain now that the Sovereign Flame was not a mortal grade treasure. It was impossible for it to be.

He had expected this refinement process to take decades, but with its suppressive effects, the energies that entered his body were directly subdued, leaving the damage they left too limited to impact him. When it was paired with the Crown of Dyon's vajra body, the speed of refinement increased by more than a hundredfold.

The years ticked by. One year... Two years... And on the third year...

BOOM!

Dyon's body lit with a golden flame that licked across his skin uncontrollably.

For the very first time, it seemed that the Sovereign Flame had evolved. Ever since Dyon snatched it from the Golden Flame Mystical World, it hadn't shown any movement of its own... Until now.

For a moment, Dyon's hair became a sea of gold that spread for hundreds of meters. His brows, his eyes, even his skin shimmered in the color.

He roared into the skies, the land beneath him collapsing into a crater that stretched for kilometers.

His body had finally stepped into the Overlord Realm.

Dyon took a deep breath, slowly descending from the air.

Not only did he feel more powerful than he ever had before, but he also realized that when his vajra body appeared, he had no problem flying through the air. Like this, an ability that was exclusive to Immortal Law experts had suddenly become his own. Or, more accurately, it had always been. He just hadn't been aware until now.

'I've been neglecting the sovereign flame a bit too much...'

Chapter 2168: Run Into



Dyon had almost forgotten to now that his overwhelming battle prowess wasn't just due to his fusion of qi and body. But, the fusion of his Presence into his every action also played a large role. This was the main reason why despite his daughter's fusion abilities being just as great as his own, her battle prowess was still several levels beneath his own despite already being a Supreme.

'I guess it's time to also become an Overlord in qi... With this kind of power, it doesn't matter if I stay here past the eruption stage...'

Without much more fanfare, Dyon sat down and began to meditate on the separations of qi purity.

Dyon had made great progress in comprehending Immortal Essence. In fact, he had 'technically' already become an Overlord of the qi facet. It's just that he wasn't satisfied due to the fact he had only grasped it to its first level of purity.

As stated previously, what separates Immortals isn't their meridians like the mortal plane. This is because Immortals had dantians, allowing the possibility of bridging this gap through various means. The size of a dantian dwarfs that of meridians so greatly that the advantage of one or two meridians become negligible.

Instead, what separated Immortals is the purity of their qi.

Immortal qi is much more fickle than mortal qi. One might notice that the names of Immortal level qi perfectly mirrored that of mortal qi, and there was a reason for this. Immortal qi was precisely the very same mortal qi that Dyon had come to master, the difference was in their purity.

Purity had always been an important part of cultivation. In the foundation stage, one purged their bodies of mortal impurity. In the meridian formation stage, one cleansed their meridians of these impurities. In every subsequent stage, it was impurity that barred many from filling more meridians.

On the Immortal Plane, this concept became even more important. Qi was considered the energy of the Heavens, the purer and less bogged down by mortality qi was, the closer to the Heavens' ideal image of qi you could wield, and thus, the more powerful you were.

Just the first level purity of Immortal Essence was so much more powerful than normal essence qi that a number couldn't be fathomed. A single speck of the weakest Immortal Essence, not even the width of a single atom, could destroy a Supreme in body and soul.

Dyon exhaled a month later. '... Second Level Immortal Essence...'

Half a year later, his aura grew once more. '... Third Level Immortal Essence...'

However, this was where he stopped. It was no longer an effective use of his time to stay here.

The qi in this world was too sparse. Dyon could vaguely feel some Ninth Level Immortal Essence floating around, but it was a single part in a trillion trillion. Even setting that aside, just the Fourth Level would take him almost ten years to properly sense and comprehend. It just wasn't worth it.

If he went to another, stronger world, they would be in greater quantity and quality. So, doing so was a far better use of his time.

'Is that Old Lizard here yet?' Dyon sent his thoughts toward the Dragon King.

'He has been for a year already... Waiting for you to come out.'

Dyon grinned. 'It's about damn time. Only made me wait almost 70 years.'

'What are you planning on doing to my main body, anyway?' The Dragon King asked.

He didn't seem to care exactly what happened, he was only curious. Dyon wasn't very surprised by this. The two halves of the Dragon King's soul had been separated for countless millions of years, it was no wonder they had diverged.

Dyon's appearance only made them grow even further apart, allowing this treasure version of the Dragon King to become completely independent from its original.

In a lot of ways, their relationship mirrored his and Junior's, except Junior chose to sacrifice himself. While, the Dragon King made no such choice.

'I've been very interested in Dragon Souls for a long time...' Dyon said absentmindedly. '... I originally just wanted to use him as a convenient mount, but I've forgotten that I'm a necromancer now. How sad is that, a necromancer without a single corpse puppet.'

'Since that old lizard wants to lock me away and use me as he pleases, I'm sure he won't mind the tables being reversed.'

Dyon hadn't thought much about Dragon Souls in recent years, but the evolution of his Sovereign Flame brought a certain curiosity back.

Humans had Presence. Dragons had Dragon Souls. In that case, could the Sovereign Flame work for Dragon Souls as well? If so, how was it all related? What was the line that threaded them all together? Dyon wanted to know.

So, he turned and left. But who knew he would run into Skull and Roe barely a few minutes later?

...

"Run into" was maybe a bit inaccurate. It seemed to imply that it was an accident. But, the truth was that Dyon could never be caught off guard by these people. He 'ran' into them because he couldn't be bothered to avoid them.

Mount Volaire rumbled and groaned. It seemed that despite Dyon's uncaring attitude, he had still managed to exit just before the mountain stabilized itself once more and flooded its veins with molten rock.

"You... You're still alive?" Skull's pupils constricted.

It had already been several years since they entered, but no one had seen a sign of Dyon. They had all thought that he had overestimated himself and ended up dying. But who knew that he would appear before them like this?

Roe's usual lazy appearance looked slightly sharp for a moment before relaxing. He believed that their harvest in the last almost decade was quite good, there was no need to antagonize this young man even if he was a mortal. Plus, he had the backing of Crystella. Even if he was an Immortal Saint as well, he knew he couldn't hold a candle to her.

#### Chapter 2169: Killed

Dyon might have been meditating near the true treasure of this world, but that didn't mean he was the only one who had made gains. In fact, if one subtracted his cultivation gains, he might not have necessarily made the greatest profit either. A surprising truth considering he had gained several dozen Emyrean heavenly herbs.

One mustn't forget that aside from looking for the source that caused Mount Volaire's creation, the main reason most weathered the danger of this mountain was in order to find higher quality volcanic ore and mist glass. Judging by Roe's attitude, it was clear he was quite happy with his harvest.

However, Skull's thoughts were completely different. After his surprise faded, his gaze sharpened. The fact Dyon really had survived so long, and alone at that, told him that his guess of all those years ago really might be correct.

"You're the one who killed Old Bear?" Skull's jaw set.

Roe immediately frowned at this line of questioning. "Skull, don't ask questions you don't want the answer to. He's backed by Crystella and he obviously isn't simple. Don't be stupid. The eruption event is ending soon, we need to get out of here. We might even be rewarded if we help him go out."

"Shut up!" Skull scowled.

Dyon walked across the lava surface as though walking on water, his hands in the pockets of his sweats and his chest bare. He seemed to not even notice the two men before him, nor the heat around him.

As for Roe and Skull, they were using special treasures to protect their feet, obviously unable to withstand the heat as easily as Dyon. But, they foolishly believed that Dyon had used a special formation to do this, rather than grasping the reality that he was simply using his own flesh and bone.

"Speak up! I asked you a question!" Skull roared.

"... Why are idiots always so noisy?"

Dyon flashed forward. Before Skull could even react, Dyon's arm was through his chest, clutching his heart through the bloodied mess.

"I hear that immortals are very good at surviving fatal damage. I wonder how long you'd last if I crushed your heart right now?"

Skull trembled in fear. As for Roe, his lazy appearance completely disappeared as he accelerated backward, the shock and trembling anxiety clear in his gaze.

"Sorry, that's impolite. You asked me a question first, right? If Old Bear is that pirate who tried to rob me and my women in the desert plains, then yea, I killed him. I think he said something about wanting to sell me off as a slave, don't tell me that's what you want to do too?"

Skull trembled and tried to open his mouth to speak, but all that came out was a gurgle as he vomited up mouthfuls of blood.

"... Is this what you wanted out of me?" Dyon took out a piece of mist glass with his free hand, flicking it up and allowing it to land in his palm. "... Just what is so special about this thing? Care to tell me?"

Skull tried to speak again, but he was simply unable to. In grabbing his heart, Dyon had used too much strength and caused a miniature explosion to go off in his body. At the same time, almost like a toxin, Skull's body was shutting down in the presence of Dyon's own. It was as though it was rejecting the idea of being allowed to exist in the same space as Dyon.

It was truly unfortunate for Skull. The combination of Dyon's Death God Body and the Sovereign Flame was too potent. Its breath of death fused with his Presence, tapping into a new ability of the Constitution... The Breath of Death.

Dyon hadn't even consciously activated it. One could imagine its potency if he had.

"Forget it." Dyon said impatiently. "I'll just take what I want."

Dyon's arm came out of Skull's chest and buried a hole into his head, snatching his nascent soul.

"[Devour]."

Dyon stood for a moment motionlessly. Devouring an Immortal was several times more difficult. He had to sort through tens of millions of years of memories.

"Oh? So that's what it is? And you've even found a source in Mount Volaire that you've been keeping hidden all to yourself, huh? In that case, I'll take it for myself."

Gazing at Skull's corpse barely hanging to his wrist, Dyon thought for a moment before throwing him into his inner world. He didn't feel like turning such a weak body into his corpse puppet. But, it could be useful in other ways.

Then, Dyon turned toward Roe, a dull expression hanging from his handsome face.

"... Please spare me. You heard my words just now, I had no intention of attacking you." Roe said after taking a deep breath.

How did he have such bad luck? How could there be a mortal who was so powerful?

Recognizing a mortal wasn't just about strength. If that was so, then no one could ever look down upon Dyon.

Mortals simply had a different presence. It was one that lacked harmony with the Heavens. They were almost like an impurity on the Immortal Plane. The way the wind, the earth, and energy flowed around them was just fundamentally different, as though the Heavens wanted nothing to do with them, like they were an untouchable stain. An Immortal could instinctually tell when they ran into a mortal.

But, it was clear and obvious that if they wanted to use this to underestimate Dyon, it would only mean their deaths.

"... Who are you exactly?" Dyon asked out of curiosity, giving her an intent gaze.

Roe's lip twitched. "... I am the City Lord of Vaneta City... I'm nothing but a puppet, really..."

He had hoped his answer and humility would give him a greater chance at life. But his heart sank when he saw Dyon's darkened expression.

"How many mortal slave markets do you think there are in Vaneta City?"

Chapter 2170: Reaper

Hearing this, Roe already knew his life was finished. Without hesitation, he turned and ran. But before he could take a second step, he found a hand clutching his throat.

"How many mortals do you think died in this eruption, abandoned by you, their supposed City Lord?"

Roe wanted to scream. Who cared about mortals? Plus, you hypocrite! With your power, couldn't you have saved them?! Why are you blaming me?!

Unfortunately for Roe, Dyon didn't consider himself to be some lofty hero. He couldn't save everyone, nor did he have the time or power to. The main reason he wanted to defeat The Entity wasn't for the sake of the people of the mortal plane, it was to eliminate a threat on his family. Nothing more, nothing less.

Now, Roe and people like him wanted to block his path back to his family simply due to the fact he was a mortal. There was one type of person Dyon would never have mercy on... It was a person who wanted to take him away from the people he loved.

All those years ago, he imprisoned and tortured Lilianna, a gorgeous woman and holy princess for daring to do this. If he could do such a thing to a dainty fairy, why would he ever spare Roe?

"[Devour]."

Roe's nascent soul scattered.

'... I really was right... It was incredibly small, but when I devoured them, my mental energy went up...'  
Dyon's gaze blazed.

He had reached the One with Self realm of [Devour] a long time ago. But he never expected it for it to experience this sort of mutation.

It was no wonder he never realized this on the mortal plane. His soul was so much more powerful than everyone else's so only other nascent souls could barely make his own budge. But, how could he have possibly found such a thing on the mortal plane?

'... Good. This is good.'

Dyon snatched the massive bags the two Immortal Saints had brought with them, throwing them into his Inner World.

"It seems we're going to have a good harvest today." Dyon grinned, sending his words to Saru and Lilith.

"What did you find?"



"There's a mist glass vein hidden deep within Mount Volaire that Skull was lucky enough to find five eruptions ago. Unfortunately for him, the last four eruptions didn't clear that area, so he wasn't able to find it. He came to try again this time, but failed to find it again.

"However, what they found this time was an equivalent volcanic ore vein. I can only say that this Skull is incredibly lucky. At least, that's what I would say had I not known how this mist glass works..."

Dyon went on to explain his findings to the two women as he headed toward the volcanic ore vein. Though the two of them had gotten to it first, they hadn't been powerful enough to head too deeply into it. Volcanic ore hadn't been very useful to Dyon in the past, but he suddenly realized something.

If he used high quality volcanic ore to refine the Dragon King's corpse... Just what kind of effect would it have?

As for mist glass, its fundamental ability was to raise awareness and comprehension ability. However, it was the way in which it did this that interested Dyon.

Like its name suggested, it reflected the mist over one's heart, helping one to meditate over their weaknesses and fix them. It was a way of forcing one to face their inner demons and strengthen their Dao Heart. Such a treasure was invaluable.

Skull had used this ability to strengthen his senses for a short time and thus find the volcanic ore vein.

However, obviously, Dyon had no need of it. His Dao Heart was already too strong and by extension, his comprehension was maybe the best on the Immortal Plane. No... he was certain it was.

What Dyon realized was that this mist glass was perfect for Reaper.

Being able to force a person to face their inner demons... If this wasn't the perfect ability for a Scythe, Dyon didn't know what was. With high enough quality mist glass, Dyon was confident in repairing Reaper to be even stronger than it had been in the past.

...

Finding the volcanic ore vein wasn't difficult for Dyon. Retracing Skull and Roe's memories, it took him a fraction of the time it would take them, especially since he didn't have to be as cautious as they did.

The vein was located in a sea of molten rock. Its existence was about the only solid foundation in the entire space.

Looking at it, Dyon understood why the two Immortal Saints were only able to take such a small fraction of it. They simply didn't have the ability to protect themselves for very long down there. They could only dive for as long as their qi lasted, then come back up to recover. They ended up repeating this process several times, but only ended up with about half a cauldron's worth.

Considering the size of their bags, being of not even a meter in diameter, it was clear just how dense this volcanic ore was. Yet, there was much more still buried deep.

Suddenly, Chibi popped out of Dyon's forehead, finding a seat on his shoulders and pulling his hair excitedly.

"I want it, I want it!" Her adorable voice called out with excitement.

At this point, Dyon all but slapped his own forehead. He had already recognized the value of volcanic ore for creating high quality alchemy furnaces. But, he had dismissed the resource entirely because the first portions of it he had run into were too low quality. He hadn't even considered giving them over to Chibi because of that.

The good news was that Dyon decided to come here anyway instead of just jetting off to look around for the mist glass ore instead. He thought that it might be worth looking into, and it seemed that he was right.