

## The Nameless 2191

### Chapter 2191: Well

Their rival, the Violet Meteor bubble world, had of course come with their group of three geniuses, escorted by an elder of their Clan. It was already a slap in the face enough that they only sent a mere elder as though this service was owed to them, but to also come with a Tier 3 General of the Void Army to conscript his daughter away was a level even more shameless than anything he could have possibly expected.

While it was true that conscriptions in times of hazard were not uncommon, how was it possible for a Surge to be coming without him, the Patriarch of the Nightwell Clan, not being informed about it? And on top of that, there were several unwritten rules when it came to conscriptions, one of which most definitely protected a Clan genius on the level of Crystella.

Youths would serve in the Void Army, but their locations would be carefully selected by their families so that they could enter a branch network already outfitted with much of their Clan. That way, a path of succession would be clear and if any deaths did occur, they wouldn't be avoidable deaths like being sent to the frontline as cannon fodder.

The idea that a Tier 3 General would descend to conscript his daughter personally was beyond ridiculous, especially with the reasonings that were being used.

For context, a Star Segment was defined as a network of bubble worlds that had a semi-collaborative ecosystem between them. It wasn't as defined as a quadrant having 100 universes, for example. Instead, it was loosely defined as a self-sufficient region of the Immortal Plane. Even if they were cut off from everything else, they could not only survive, but also maintain their current level of power and strength for several generations.

To put this in even greater view, a Star Segment being larger than the entire mortal plane, even back when its universes were too numerous to count, wasn't a rare sight at all!

Yet, a single Surge could completely wipe out a Star Segment. This was what kind of disaster it represented. The idea that he as one of the rulers of this Star Segment would have no idea about this event left him brewing in a rage.

"Father-in-law, there's really no need to be so angry. General Tovas has been a loyal member of our Clan's Void Army Succession Path for a long while now. It will be no different from Little Crystella marrying into her future family. This is a good thing."

"... Boy. I suggest you watch your tongue when you're before me."

Patriarch Nightwell fumed, his oppressive aura nearly choking the handsome young man in violet robes who had spoken.

Tovas clapped his palm over the young man's back, alleviating the pressure he had been feeling.

"I suggest that you stay your hand." He said, turning to Patriarch Nightwell. "You know well that I have no ability to force a conscription without proper cause. Whether you believe it or not is irrelevant, I have the order right here."

Patriarch Nightwell's jaw set. His wife gripped the arms of her throne so tightly the microscopic thread-like cracks began to run through them.

At that moment, a sudden burst rushed through the door. A frantic messenger rushed into the throne room. Judging by his erratic qi and his profuse sweat, it was no doubt that he had given his everything to get here as quickly as possible.

"Patriarch! Mistress!"

The messenger skid to his knees, having tried to kneel down so quickly that they forgot to stop their forward momentum. However, even with this being the case, and even as he continued to slide forward, he never stopped speaking even more a moment.

"The warning bells have been sounded! A Void Surge has been detected. In as little as three years, a tide of Void Beasts will pass through our Star Segment!"

Mistress Nightwell's arm rests shattered, falling into a sprinkle of precious gems and metals off to her sides. Her ample chest rose and fell as face reddened with rage. If her eyes could spit fire, it would be exactly what they were doing now.

"Now that these things have been confirmed, you realize how time sensitive this matter is." The elder of the boy's Vio Clan finally spoke, having remained silent this entire time.

He looked even older than the retired patriarch, no different from a walking corpse. But, he still had a power to him that couldn't be underestimated. The fact he was just a mere elder made the Nightwell Clan pair even more apprehensive.

"The faster you can allow young master Conan and his companions to see your world core, the better. We do not have time to waste."

Conan touched his throat, coughing slightly as he sent a murderous glare toward Patriarch Nightwell.

"I'll treat your daughter well." He said with a sneer.

Just when Mistress Nightwell had had enough and raised a hand to kill the boy without thought for the consequences, a violent earthquake suddenly surged through their world.

Several heads snapped toward the direction of its source, shocked to find that that very direction was the very world core that the Vio Clan scions had come here to use.

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The underground world shook. It was the kind of sudden change that jarred the soul so completely and suddenly that a frozen shock seemed to be the only appropriate reaction.

However, just as suddenly, the quacking vanished only to be replaced by its complete polar opposite.

A wave of soothing calm gripped the bubble world. It felt as though a cool winter's breeze had swept through their souls, alleviating their worries and calming their hearts.

The whole of the Nightwell Clan rushed out, surging toward the entrance of the world core like moths to a flame. This core was something they had spent several years of bloody torture to maintain control of for the next ten million years. If something happened to it, everything to now would have been for nothing!

What they found, however, left them completely stunned.

Dyon walked out from the what was seemingly thin air yawning and stretching out his limbs.

Chapter 2192: Pale

He looked cut a sorry figure. Aside from the disheveled pants that covered his lower regions, his body was completely bare, even of skin in most cases.

He looked like a walking zombie. Patches of peeling skin, pink muscle and dripping blood fell from his body. He was more like a monster than the handsome man he had entered as.

However, if one looked closely, it was possible to see that his skin was slowly coming back together once more, His muscle fibers were wiggling in place, latching onto themselves an growing stronger and fiercer than before.

Soon, he began to look more like the man he had entered as. Tall, powerful, robust, and carrying a smirk that held an uncomfortable amount of arrogance to it.

"Oh, I didn't expect so many people to be here." Dyon stretches one final time as the last of the dead skin fell from his body, revealing a bronze sheen that looked more like a shined metallic surface than the organ it was meant to be.

"BOY!"

Dyon looked up to find a familiar old man looking toward him with a blazing, fiery gaze.

"Old pervert, why are you screaming so loudly? Did you miss me that badly? It's not like I went very far, if you had wanted to see me, you should have just stepped into the world core. I didn't exactly hide."

As Dyon was speaking, the shadows of Patriarch Nightwell and his wife zoomed into view, expressions of incredulity on their faces. It can't be that he had been here the whole time... right?

"Where is Amethyst." Berolt's body stood seething, one could practically see the air surrounding him begin to steam.

Dyon grimaced. "Yikes. Don't you think that you're a bit too old for her? Aren't you embarrassed?"

Before Dyon could react, he found a fist slamming right into his chest.

Blood flew from Dyon's lips, his eyes almost popping from their sockets. He soared through the floating runes of the world core's entrance and smashing into a tall pillar on the open space's opposite side.

The wind was completely knocked out of Dyon. It felt as though his lungs had completely lost the ability to breathe at all.

"... Oof..." Dyon coughed. "... That hurt."

Berolt's furious gaze narrowed. Even in his anger he had held back. However, he was confident that Dyon should have been half dead beneath his strike. At the very least, there should have been a deep cavity in his chest. Yet all he did was cough up a bit of blood?

"Nice hit old pervert. But I still think it was a bit excessive."

At that moment, those from the Vio Clan made it in time to see the interaction between Dyon and Berolt. They could only be left stunned by the result... An mortal survived the enraged assault of an Immortal on the verge of the Immortal Law Realm? How was this possible?

"You should be thanking me." Dyon stood, dusting himself off. "Not only did I remove a temptation that was impeding your cultivation for you, but I also fixed your world core up. But I guess I should expect this kind of shamelessness from an old pervert like you."

Suddenly, Conan began to laugh.

"Is this what the Nightwell Clan has fallen to? A mere mortal can speak to one of your most respected Ancestors in this way?"

He shook his head as though lamenting a tragedy.

"As the Nightwell Clan's son-in-law, I don't mind taking out the trash for you all."

He crossed the formation with confidence, apparently not noticing the weird gazes of his two parents-in-law.

Dyon, who had been entirely focused on Berolt had actually still never taken his eyes off of him. As for this son-in-law? He couldn't be bothered to care.

"Just die."

Conan casually waved a hand, causing a line of violet qi to be drawn across the open space and toward Dyon's head.

Dyon raised an eyebrow, swatting the back of his palm toward the line of qi.

"Piss off."

The line of qi shattered, the might of Dyon's palm strike shaking the air and flying Conan without pause.

At first, the latter was disdainful, but he very quickly became shocked and then fearful.

"No!"

Conan called out in horror, but it was already too late. The palm shattered his chest into a rain of blood and bone, sending him flying several hundred meters backward. His momentum was only stopped by his pale-faced elder, but his life and death was completely unknown.

Elder Vio stood stunned. It was his task to protect Conan but he really hadn't expected that it would be necessary in that moment. Who would ever think that a mortal could do such a thing to an Immortal genius like Conan?

"That's your son-in-law?" Dyon cringed, his eyes never leaving the old pervert's. "How embarrassing."

The short tempered Patriarch and his wife had just been feeling a little bit of appreciation for Dyon when they heard these words and nearly coughed up blood. Was it even possible for him to go a small moment without pissing them off?

"Where. Is. Amethyst." Berolt growled.

"How do you know that that strike of yours didn't just kill her? Who asked you to be so reckless?"

Berolt couldn't imagine a time where he had been anymore enraged. He also couldn't understand why Dyon continued to anger him despite the fact it was obvious that there was a large disparity between them. Was it simple pride? Or was he really that confident in his ability. Or... Was he relying on the Dark Tower Guild?

The old pervert's sneer deepened. If that was the source of Dyon's confidence, he was in for a rude awakening. That level of naivete was what he expected from a youth, wet behind the ears and drunk with his own power.

"Honestly I have no interest in battling you old man. I've wasted too much energy in the last 30 years. What are the odds you just let me go, hm?"

"Return Amethyst to me."

Chapter 2193: Target

"You're too old to be acting like an angst-y teen. Get with the times old pervert. She doesn't feel the same way about you."

"... It seems that you're intent on dying..."

"Listen..." Dyon's demeanor changed, an oppressive aura that blanketed the underground world billowing from his body. "... Don't mistake my kindness or my smile for patience or benevolence. If you want your head to hang from your family mansion's gates... keep testing me."

A frigid cold wafted from Dyon. For a moment, it even seemed like his gaze had become a fluorescent blue.

Winds that could turn worlds into blocks of ice viciously whipped about, forcing even the old pervert to brace himself.

'This cold is ... no, it's just extremely close... if there was a half level between a dao and a law... this would be it...'

These were thoughts of not just Berolt, but elder Vio, who had been tending to Conan, trying his best to preserve his life. They both felt the incredulity of the situation.

In the distance, Crystella looked on with a complicated gaze. Of course she had rushed here when she heard the commotion. However, this was the last thing she had expected to witness. Her grandfather was a hero, respected by all. Even the Vio Clan didn't dare to disrespect him directly...

But this... This was something she had never seen before...



"Mortal! According to the laws of the Void Coalition Army, non-immortals with adequate strength are to be conscripted to act as frontline fighters. For the act of attacking the scion of a power of this Star Segment, you could already be sentence to death – I suggest that you come with me before the situation –"

"Didn't you already hear that I'm not in a good mood?"

A surge of qi erupted from Dyon. Before anyone could react, the Tier 3 General's head imploded into a rain of ash and ice.

Elder Vio, who hadn't been far from him, felt his body uncontrollably trembling.

In that small instant of time, Dyon had somehow super-heated the general's brain and supercooled the skull surrounding it. In the end, that caused his brain to violently expand outward while his skull shrunk inward, resulting in his head violently exploding right before all of their eyes.

"... You... do you not understand the consequences of killing a Tier 3 General?!" Elder Vio couldn't help but call out in fear.

"... Do you not understand the consequences of trying to conscript a Golden Leaf Venerable?"

Elder Vio froze. It couldn't be... They had gotten intelligence of a golden leaf venerable representing the Nightwell Clan and had even heard that it was the very mortal that ranked third in the most recent shifting of the certification rankings. But, how could he ever assume that this same boy had such high combat prowess?

'It doesn't matter who you are.. no, it's precisely because you are who you are that you are most certainly the very last person who could afford to do what you just did...'

As though on cue, a strong soul qi surged over the fallen general's corpse.

[Tier 3 General Tovias deceased. Analyzing battle record and awarding merits]

[General in question was not assigned to a battlefield, beginning untimely death protocols. Reason for death found]

The soul qi flashed red, training itself onto Dyon's body.

In that moment, the stiff voice seemed to want to continue speaking, but it paused after the light hit Dyon.

[Target found. Status too high... transferring...]

The lights began to form up, slowly gaining more substance as time passed. By the 3rd second, a robed old man in white robes had manifested to the point it seemed that he was here in physical form.

The old man swept a gaze over his surroundings, seemingly finding it difficult to hide his disdain. However, none of them to say anything ... not even Berolt...

The emblem on his lapel was too eye catching... The nine golden leaves of an Alchemy God!

"You are Dyon Sacharro?"

Finally, the eyes of the old man landed on Dyon, piercing through the air as though to put a hole in Dyon's heart.

Dyon silently observed the Alchemy God before him, a look of curiosity on his features. This was a man who stood at the top of the world and who was likely very much used to looking down on all things from above, and maybe rightfully so.

Dyon smirked. "That would be me, in the flesh."

The elder's gaze narrowed. No matter how he imagined this first interaction would go, he could have never predicted Dyon's nonchalance.

"I'm sure you're already aware what I'm here for. The coalition army represents the efforts of the whole of the Immortal Plane. As such, those of high enough standing are afforded certain protections. You've crossed a line."

Weird expressions covered the faces of those around them – though, they did their best to quickly hide them. They didn't have Dyon's ability to remain calm and cool in such a situation, most of them didn't dare even to breathe.

Still, there were multiple weird points in this interaction. For one, they had never heard of a person so powerful speaking so many words to someone so much weaker than them, let alone a mortal. And...

"... Is it common practice for an Immortal God to oversee the wellbeing of an ant like that?" Dyon asked with a hardly hidden smirk.

"Whether it is or not isn't your concern any longer. The coalition army has issued a joint arrest warrant for you. The penalty for killing a Tier 3 General is 3 000 000 years of frontline duty for the Void Coalition Army. Come with me. I'll be taking you to where you'll be serving your time."

"... Oh, interesting. Sorry, but I have no intention of wasting my time for such a reason. I'm sure you can find some more patriotic people to take my place."

The atmosphere seemed to freeze over once more.

An imposing aura blossomed from the Immortal God. At this point, even Berolt fell heavily to his knees, a rain of cold sweat falling from his body in a torrent.

However, just when they expected Dyon to follow suit and collapse, his sneer only deepened.

"Wanting to pressure me with a mere projection? You're overestimating yourself."

A surge of golden flames blossomed from Dyon's body. It coagulated into a torrential stream, shooting into the air like a heavenly pillar.

Golden wings bloomed from back, creating a sort of cognitive dissonance that was near impossible to resolve. How was it that he could look so imposing, so mighty... all while he wore the clothes of a beggar?

The golden pillar of flames pierced through the canopy of tree roots above before spreading outward as though to engulf the whole world.

In that instant, the roar of a dragon blasted down from above, shattering the Immortal God's imposing momentum into the whimper of a child.

The nine leaf Alchemy God frowned deeply. Despite the fact his body wasn't here, he could feel Dyon's momentum... He knew that let alone a mortal, even an Immortal God shouldn't have been able to have such imposing might...

What was that golden flame? And... was that the roar of a dragon he had just heard?

There was simply nothing he could do. If his true body was here, pushing back this might wouldn't have been a problem. Unfortunately, unlike the mortal plane, there was no single array that existed on the Immortal Plane that allowed one to travel from one place to any other place without restriction. In fact, before the mortal plane lost much of its size due to the dark phoenixes, it too didn't have such an array.

The Immortal God's steely gaze met Dyon's. If it was up to him, he would simply kill this boy where he stood now. However, he had been told that he couldn't do such a thing. Even as a mere projection, it was still well within his power to do so. But the restrictions on him were far more than just surface deep.

"... issuing an official call to action. Venerable Dyon Sacharro has been served a Tier 5 arrest warrant. Wanted alive."

Dyon all but burst into a fit of laughter. "This has to be some sort of circus act. I'll be leaving now. Good luck catching me... I wonder how many immortals I'll get to kill before they no longer dare to come?"

Dyon's laughter was carried through the wind as he rose into the air, walking upon it into the distance as though it was flat ground. The true comedy of the order became almost immediately apparent. There was not a single person in this world who could fly without the help of a treasure, yet Dyon was doing so casually without a hint of effort. And... it seemed that no one dared to charge after him.

His laughter was almost grating on the ears, one could tell just how much he was enjoying himself. Maybe his only regret was that a Tier 5 arrest warrant wasn't high enough. The thought of being chased by the whole of the immortal plane filled him with a childish joy that almost made the Immortal God regret issuing the order in the first place. He didn't even realize until Dyon had almost disappeared over the horizon that the reason no one could chase after him was because no one but Dyon could move under the imposing might of an Immortal God in this world!

'... He won't live forever... and when he does die, it'll be your turn soon after!'

In a huff, the Alchemy God disappeared, finally allowing those of the Dark Flame bubble world to breathe.

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The brooding Immortal God opened his eyes to find himself back in a familiar place. However, his mood wasn't made any better by this reality. Dyon hadn't even done anything particularly disrespectful to him, but he still found it to be completely unacceptable.

He walked out from a cultivation room with plain grey walls and into a hallway that was equally as plain. Often times the higher you traveled in Immortal Plane society, the less material things seemed to matter. However, though this was the case, it wasn't exactly true either as odd, as that may sound.

The reason was simple. Though this place seemed minimalistic, everything in sight was worth an obscene number of energy crystals.

The grey walls were actually made of blessed void stone, a precious resource of the Void Planes that cost several million Law grade crystals per gram. To build an entire network of cultivation rooms with nothing but it was extravagant beyond compare, to say the least.

The Immortal God walked unhurriedly down the hall, his steps even and his gait almost inhumanly balanced as though he was a machine tasked with this one duty.

Despite his seemingly slow pace he made it to his destination in not even a minute, crossing hundreds of kilometers in barely a few breaths.

"You acted quite fast, Nazaire. I had actually wanted to go myself, but you took hold of the qi line before I could. Who would have guessed that the boy would deliver himself on a silver platter like this for us. Now we don't have to worry about what he will think."

Nazaire entered a small garden with nothing but a table of crystal etched with a chess board and its pieces. Aside from this there were only two old men sitting across from one another, deliberating over their next moves. It was impossible to tell whose turn it was, maybe because other than to speak the words one of them had just spoken, neither had moved an inch in years.

"You should speak the truth. In reality you just wanted an excuse to leave this game that's bound to be your loss. I knew I should have insisted on a timer before we began." The other elder snarled.

"You say this, but isn't it your turn? It's already been ten years since my last move. What's taking you so long?"

The elder in question didn't respond, likely focusing on his own thoughts once more.

"A Tier 3 General was it? That's worth a death sentence for anyone below the general rank. But you probably gave him the frontline fighter penalty, right? Definitely the smartest choice. He'd be very easy to control in this way, less of a headache..."

Chapter 2195: Reckless

The voice of the chess playing elder trailed off when he looked up to Nazaire's dark expression.

"...what happened? Did he interfere?"

"... No. The boy is just more difficult to deal with than we thought."

"How difficult could a boy be to handle?"

By now, both chess playing elders had looked up, observing the Alchemy God with weird expressions.

After listening to his story, the two elders sent a frowning gaze toward each other. It was difficult to tell what they were thinking. In the end, they decided that this wasn't necessarily a bad thing. Not only did they avoid the embarrassment their friend had to suffer through, but now they had a more legitimate reason to target Dyon.

"This is good, this is one less headache. If he dies because he broke our laws and was taken down by an Immortal Hunter, we don't have to take any responsibility for it. If it wouldn't be too obvious what we were doing, it would be even better if we put a Tier 9 arrest warrant out for him."

"That would be far too much, even a Tier 7 warrant hasn't been issued in several billion years. We can only barely get away with passing down a Tier 5 warrant due to the fact he controls a 3rd ranked Golden Cauldron."

The coalition laws didn't work in cohesion with hegemon laws. In order for each hegemon to maintain and protect its autonomy, the coalition laws were forged such that they didn't directly contradict hegemon laws, especially when it came to laws elicited under Heavenly Oaths like Pill Sword Mountains obligation to treat mortals fairly.

As a result, despite the fact there was now a warrant out for Dyon's arrest, since it was issued under the coalition laws, his golden cauldron hadn't lost any power.

However, this wasn't all good either. Only under coalition laws could such a wide spreading arrest warrant be disseminated. Instead of being wanted in just one or a few star segments... Dyon was wanted in them all!

There was no bounty in existence an Immortal Hunter wanted to claim more than one issued by the coalition. And... when they learned of the fact that the target was a 'mere' mortal, which of them wouldn't be chomping at the bit?

The only one who wasn't fond of this turn of events was Nazaire himself...

As for why they wanted Dyon to fall, was it even possible to see through the thoughts of these old monsters who had lived for billions of years?

However, if one wanted an inkling... it had far more to do with Abraxus than it ever had to do with Dyon. Since he wanted Dyon to live, they wanted the opposite.

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"Why are you always so reckless? You said you wanted to check out the void battlefield anyway, you could have just gone with him for now and left a clone behind when you wanted to leave. This was completely unnecessary."

Dyon smiled as he listened to Saru's nagging. Was she right...? Maybe so. But he didn't like listening to the orders of others, he didn't have the patience for it. If he was going to go to that battlefield, he would do it on his own terms.

Plus, this arrest warrant sounded interesting. What was even more interesting was the fact that that Immortal God still called him a Venerable despite the circumstances, that revealed something to Dyon that the Immortal God hadn't thought he had revealed. Whatever this arrest warrant was, it likely didn't impact his status as a golden leaf alchemist. And, even more importantly, his golden cauldron might come in handy.

"Oh, it seems like that idiot finally realized that he was the reason no one could chase after me. Took him long enough." Dyon laughed, soaring through the air without a care in the world. However, his speed increased severalfold in that very instant, becoming a streak of power surging through the air.

Saru and Lilith felt the need to strangle Dyon after hearing his 'response'.

"Hey freeloader, mind telling me what a Tier 5 arrest warrant is?" Dyon suddenly asked.

"..."



Amethyst sat in Dyon's inner world alongside Saru and Lilith, her expression cold. Of course, she didn't have such an expression for the two women by her side, but rather for Dyon in specific.

This man should have been her savior, but the truth was that he had snatched her up and sent her into this small world where she had remained the last 30 years. She had practically gone from one prison to another, and now she was in the same boat as a wanted criminal.

However, she would be lying if she said she hated it. Having actual people to talk to, knowing that she wasn't truly in a birdcage anymore, and the fact 30 years was no different from a blink of an eye to her most definitely helped as well.

That said, she could do without being called a freeloader, especially when she never asked to be saved. Why had her inheritor married this womanizing prick?

"... A Tier 5 arrest warrant denotes threat level and bounty amount. It's reserved for a Tier 5 level threat which is essentially the equivalent of a lower to middle Immortal Celestial. However, it isn't that simple. The most accepted definition is a battalion of lower to middle Immortal Celestials. Essentially, you're labeled as more threatening than a million plus such experts."

Dyon's lip twitched, stifling back a laugh. Was this some sort of joke? What had he done to earn such high praise?

"The reward for your head is likewise in immortal celestial grade crystals and can be anywhere from a hundred million to a hundred billion depending on how long you manage to survive from now to the point of your death.

"In addition to this, you won't just be hunted by normal individuals who are infatuated with the price on your head and hope to gain notoriety or quick wealth, the most dangerous individuals who will be coming after you will be the Immortal Hunters."

"Immortal Hunters, hm? Interesting."

"BOY!"

## Chapter 2196: Stunned

Dyon looked over his shoulder to see Berolt barreling after him.

"How annoying, and here I thought he had lost the nerve to come after me. Is this freeloader really so important to him? What exactly did you do to turn him into this kind of man?"

Amethyst's expression darkened. "I did nothing wrong. I only had the bad luck of forming my Immortal Body in this world because my Faith wasn't attached to the Phoenix Clan. As a result, I didn't ascend into one of their star segments and was instead randomly sent here..."

Dyon had almost forgotten. He had come here as a mortal, but for others, they would shed their mortal bodies and reform themselves as Immortals. For a talent like Amethyst, even if she didn't manage to perfect her mortal body, the momentum of forming her Immortal Body would have been completely impossible to miss.

To a small clan like the Nightwell family, finding a beast like Amethyst was probably a great boon, Dyon wouldn't be surprised if she was partly responsible for how powerful they had become and how much power they had managed to maintain in that time.

Though Dyon didn't say so, Amethyst was very lucky that the old pervert seemed to genuinely love her, or else her ending would have been even more tragic and who held her mortal primordial yin would have been the least of her worries.

"I'll be seeing you, old pervert. Next time we meet, I'll be sure to return that punch a hundredfold."

Taking out a talisman he had already prepared, Dyon crushed it and began forming its lines in the air as he walked through it, ignoring Berolt's roars to his bag as the retired Patriarch rushed toward him on a flying disk similar to Crystella's but clearly much more powerful.

"Oh, and you're welcome again for your world core. You'll be thanking me greatly quite soon."

"Venerable Sacharro! We've come to assist you! Berolt, that's enough! The Venerable is under the Dark Flame Tower's protection!"

From Dyon's front Emphyrean Baron surged forward on his own flying device.

Dyon smiled. "Oh, Emphyrean Baron, good timing. Thanks for the help."

Berolt slowed as Baron smiled warmly, approaching Dyon at a pace not too fast and not too slow.

However, the instant he entered a 50 meter radius of Dyon, his smile turned cold and his speed accelerated. At the same time, Berolt who had seemingly slowed in apprehension also accelerated, cold glints lighting his eyes.

That said.. by the time they realized Dyon's smirk hadn't faded, it was already too late.

"Idiots. As if I would trust you. Thanks for slowing down, though... Gave me just enough time. Oh, and Old Fart Baron, I'll be sure to report your actions well."

Dyon's body flashed and faded, leaving two stunned old men behind.

After a moment of silence, Berolt roared out in indignance. He looked no different from a madman who had finally reached his final breaking point.

From the very beginning, he had never considered the possibility that Dyon could leave without using one of their teleportation arrays. In fact, when he was eliminating possibilities for where Dyon could be, he had directly thrown out that idea entirely.

It wasn't that he hadn't considered talismans. It was just that he ultimately threw out that possibility as well. Talismans of that caliber were too rare, and in order to draw them, one had to be an Emphyrean at worst. In addition to this, his granddaughter had told him that Dyon had to rely on their talismans in order to leave that desert bubble world despite calling them crude.

After considering all of this, he had made the conclusion that Dyon couldn't possibly have something like this in his possession because the selling of talismans of that caliber in their Dark Flame bubble world was far too tightly regulated.

Yet, Dyon's actions had spat in the face of his so-called intelligence, completely flipping the world he had thought that he understood on its head.

Even putting Berolt's rage to the side, Baron's expression was likely the ugliest of the two. The former might have lost a woman he thought of as the love of his life, but Amethyst had never really been his to begin with, he was only living in a fantasy. However, Baron's actions might truly lead to the end of his life.

The crime of disobeying a golden cauldron was bad enough, but actively trying to harm the was completely unforgivable. Pill Sword Mountain wouldn't directly act against Berolt, but they would most definitely punish him severely.

Baron's face shifted through all sorts of unnatural colors, the heavy weight on his heart growing. His only chance to survive was if Dyon died before being able to report his folly.

At that moment, a third streak of light cut through the air. It was obvious to the two old men very quickly that this man was their third accomplice, the Guild Head for the formation guild.

"ODELIA, HOW DARE YOU SELL A TELEPORTATION TALISMAN TO THAT BOY?!"

The two roared practically as one, turning vicious attacks toward their friend of many years. Caught completely off guard by the turn of events, Odelia barely reacted, only managing to put up some thin defenses before getting blasted into the ground and coughing up several mouthfuls of blood.

He wasn't a match for Berolt alone to begin with, let alone the fact he now had to deal with a second attack that, though weaker, still came from a powerful Immortal Celestial. He was just a formation specialist, what was he supposed to do in this situation exactly?

"What the hell are you two talking about?!"

Maybe it was the level of indignance in his voice, or maybe it was the fact he should have been more on guard against their attacks if he knew he had betrayed them, but the two enraged old men decided not to levy a follow up. However, in their current states, they still didn't offer an apology, nor did they make any attempts to help the latter.

Odelia could only swallow his anger. "... Just what happened here..."

Finding out the truth through their mouths was like pulling teeth, but when Odelia finally caught a faint glimpse of the truth, his expression was ugly too.

"... And here I thought there would only be good news today..." He muttered.

#### Chapter 2197: News

"Good news? Good news?" Berolt was so enraged that repeated himself, a dark laughter falling out from his mouth and sinking into the ground below.

"Believe it or not, there is still some good news. Remember, according to our original plan, it was my job to make sure he couldn't use any of the teleportation formations to leave our sphere of influence. If it wasn't for something extremely good, or extremely bad, do you think I would leave my station and come here?"

Berolt and Baron frowned, waiting for the answer Odelia seemed to be teasing.

"In order to fulfill your request, I created a network array that acts as a relay station for every teleportation array in our Dark Flame bubble world. From its center, I'm able to control and sense the activity of countless places all at once. It's similar to the system lower level worlds without a Spiritual Sage might use, except more tailored and more crude as well due to the time constraint I was under. But, I was still able to sense a great shift just moments ago... You know what, it's better if I show you directly."

Picking himself up from the ground, Odelia quickly brought the two of them to a place, but they were shocked to find that it had been the very place Berolt initially confronted Dyon... the world core!

"Open it, Berolt."

Frowning, Berolt did as he was asked. The world core was a place that had the absolute highest of security, but for him, it could be opened up no differently from a door. The guards who still stood around in a daze didn't even say a single word.

What they found once the formation had been opened, however, left all of them speechless.

"... This... It can't be... Just who is this boy..."

Dyon's words resounded in their minds.

"You're welcome."

...

News that a coalition arrest warrant had been levied against the third ranked mortal on the certification ranking spread like wildfire. It was already rare enough for such a warrant to be released in the first place, the fact it was a Tier 5 one was even more shocking, but for the person in question to be such a high profile figure in addition to all of this lit a fire that the Immortal Plane hadn't seen in a very long time.

The star segment of the Vio Clan and the Dark Flame bubble might have been in a state of turmoil due to the coming Void Surge, but they were but one corner of the impossibly vast Immortal Plane. Their plight was hardly on the radar of many other places.

That said... It was as though some didn't pick up on this oddity. This was already the tenth void surge in the last century. There was no connection between them, seemingly happening in completely different corners of the plane without rhyme or reason, but it was a fact that they were occurring more often than ever now.

As a result, the Void Coalition Army's influence was likewise increasing. It was the natural cycle of their existence. In times of peace, their overseers would be at their weakest. However, in times of peril, they

would surge back up just when everyone remembered just how useful they were to maintaining the peace of the Immortal Plane and fighting off void beasts.

As a result of this, the coalition arrest warrant was at its most powerful now more than it had been in a long while. And... more powerful clans were far more likely to participate as well.

\*\*

"What do you want to do now?"

Dyon smiled at Lilith's question. "Go to the battlefield of course."

Three incredulous gazes landed on Dyon. Void battlefields were where the influence of the coalition was the fiercest, and, unlike before where it was smartest to hide in the most dangerous spot, it wasn't this time around.

The reason for this was because the void would be the first place the Immortal Hunters looked for Dyon. While it was the one place the coalition had the greatest influence, it was also practically the only place a cultivator with an arrest warrant on their heads could go.

Due to the influence of the coalition, using teleportation arrays to enter a new bubble world was nearly impossible. Not only would your qi signature be memorized, but so would your soul signature. In any world at and above the level of the Dark Flame bubble world, and even a few of slightly lower level, you would be found immediately the moment you used a teleportation array to enter.

However, Dyon had an advantage many didn't, which was another justification for his high arrest warrant tier, or so those old fogies would have others believe: he was able to travel to these worlds under his own ability and shield himself from detection with his Immortal Sense.

Yet, he didn't want to use this very obvious advantage. To make matters worse, he was going to the same place that Immortal God had wanted to bring him anyway! He could have avoided all of this!

Dyon smiled but didn't say much more.

He had wanted to go to the void battlefield from the beginning, he just hadn't been quite strong enough yet. But now he was a little bit more confident in his own strength.

Where there was the most danger, there was also the most opportunity. And void beasts in particular were an interesting avenue that Dyon was eager to pursue.

"Alright, you're free to go now. I have no idea where the phoenix clan's hegemon is, but I'm sure you'll be alright to find out on your own, right?"

At this moment, Dyon hadn't actually left the Dark Flame bubble world. Or, he had, but not really. He had simply entered the Ancient Battlefield and was currently in the abode he had built for himself, Saru and Lilith.

Though he was able to teleport to a new world with his abilities, he was also aware of enough to know that such a method could be tracked by a skilled enough formation expert. So, instead, he faked his teleportation and entered his constitution's world.

#### Chapter 2198: Innocent

Like this, when those so-called Immortal Hunters came, they'd find lingering remnants of a teleportation that took them to a world he was nowhere near.

In addition, they'd then realize that Dyon had the ability to teleport to world's himself, thus making it less likely that they would come to find him on the void battlefield.

The only flaw in this plan was that these hunters most definitely didn't share information amongst themselves, after all, they were rivals fighting after his bounty. As a result, the impact of this misdirection would be a bit lacking. However, Dyon had considered this as well...

Who would this scheme be most likely to affect? Wouldn't it be those hunters with the highest level of skill that managed to both arrive at his location before most others and managed to complete the incredibly difficult task of 'tracking' him?



If he could cause those monsters to lag behind by a few steps, believing themselves to be intelligent, then wouldn't it be worth it?

"... Yes..." Amethyst said.

She was still unaware of exactly where they were. She likely believed that this was just another bubble world with strong suppressive abilities. It wasn't as though she had ever stepped foot out of the Dark Flame bubble world.

Her words had barely come out when Dyon gave her a thumbs up and sent her out, leaving no one but the three of them.

...

"What?" Dyon blinked innocently.

Saru and Lilith could only look toward each other and then sigh. They found Dyon's actions to be a bit too abrupt and cruel, but it seemed that he still hadn't forgiven her for trying to kill him. If there was one thing Dyon definitely was aside from arrogant, it was petty.

"You didn't give us a chance to see, did you succeed with the world core?"

Dyon grinned.

\*\*

Back in the Dark Flame bubble world, three old men were seeing a sight they couldn't have ever imagined.

The once violent, gaseous space filled with skin, muscle and bone shearing energies had become as docile as a baby lamb. Not only this, but the space had suddenly become the chilliest place in the entire bubble world despite the fact it could only be considered at normal room temperature.

Never had the laws been so clean and organized. Instead of having to battle for every inch, it felt as though the truth behind their existence was welcoming them all in, seeking to invite them to a world beyond their wildest imaginations.

To say that Dyon had given not just the Nightwell Clan, but the entire bubble world the greatest gift they had ever stumbled upon was the underestimation of ages. Just from being in this place for a small while made Berolt feel as though a bottleneck that hadn't moved in millions of years for him loosen just the smallest bit. It filled him with a feeling that made his previous rage completely collapse.

"Shut the entrance! Now!" Berolt roared to the guards.

Not daring to delay for even a small moment, the loyal guards of the Nightwell Clan immediately jumped into action, surging forward with their nascent soul qi and turning the transparent gears and runes that floated in the air.

At this point, Berolt's expression was unsightly. He couldn't decide whether he should be thanking Dyon, or strangling him to death for leaving such a ticking timebomb with him without a single word of explanation. The value of such a thing could not be explained even if he had all of eternity to do so!

Unfortunately, there were too many around who had witnessed this. The members of the Vio Clan were still loitering around the entrance, tending to the half-dead Conan. At the same time, even if they weren't here, the cat would be out of the bag simply by virtue of the fact Baron and Odelia had been with him during the opening.

He himself hadn't entered the world core personally in countless years, so had it not been for Odelia, he wouldn't have even known about it to begin with. Now his only chance was the fact he was the most powerful of them all and the most keenly aware of the changes.

After barely a split moment of thought, he made a decision.

"Die."

Elder Vio, caught completely off guard, could do nothing as a flaming palm burnt him and the barely holding on Conan to death. To say that those around were shocked was an understatement. Even his own son and daughter-in-law seemed frozen in time.

However, the old pervert turned toward his friends of old.

"Do you two understand?"

These were the only words he said. He didn't try to give any context, nor did he try to explain himself. He simply let them hang in the air without a word. However, in his mind, he had already resolved himself to attack if they showed even the slightest bit of hesitancy.

But, it seemed like he was right about these two friends of his.

On the Immortal Plane, the Immortal Law Realm was a massive watershed. For every million Immortal Celestials, there was only a small chance that one Immortal Law expert might appear. The difficulty in crossing this last hurdle was far too difficult to many.

At the same time, while it was difficult, the rewards were simply too great. The difference in treatment between the two realms was like night and day. In fact, it wasn't just about the individual either. This bubble world would undergo a great evolution the moment its first Immortal Law expert was born, allowing their next generations to experience a meteoric growth.

This was why Berolt made such a decision. The Vio Clan was more powerful than them, but this was only because they had two on his level rather than the single one their Nightwell Clan had. Even they didn't have a single Immortal Law expert.

The moment he broke through... This star segment would be his!

If this wasn't such an important opportunity, how could Baron dare take the risk of falling out with Pill Sword Mountain?

## Chapter 2199: Fool

"Send news back to the Vio Clan and tell them that their people have been killed by the same Venerable Sacharro who the Tier 5 arrest warrant was sounded for. Close off all news related to what happened here today except for the appearance of the Alchemy God and Venerable Sacharro's involvement."

Berolt didn't know if Dyon was a fool, or simply overconfident. But, laying out a path for him to reach that esteemed realm would be the last regret of his life. The Nightwell Clan would surpass the Well Clan of old.

What he didn't know was that Dyon was simply too soft hearted. If he could balance the world core, he could also just as easily agitate it after he was finished and cause the bubble world to implode. However, he hadn't done so due to how many innocent lives would be lost under such a thing.

That said... Dyon was no one's fool. Berolt should have learned this by now.

...

Dyon entered a state of meditation in a quiet room on the ancient battlefield. He had left the world core as soon as he had succeeded because he was well aware that it wouldn't have remained a secret for much longer even if he had stayed. And, though he hadn't been present for it, the arrival of Odelia made his assumptions correct.

If Dyon had to rate his accomplishment, though, he still felt that it was a few levels below the individual who succeeded with the desert world despite the fact the world core he was dealing with was objectively more difficult to handle.

This might sound backward, but Dyon was certain of this truth.

For one, Dyon didn't believe that his world could produce the Emyrean grade herbs the desert world's world core had. It lacked the substance of a world.

As Dyon thought about it, he realized that this sort of natural world environment, the kind that made one feel as though they had entered a place created by the heavens instead of one created by man, was exactly the reason he had concluded that the expert in question knew nothing about fundamental runes. Ironically, it was precisely because this person's understanding was so far above his own that he had come to this so clearly wrong conclusion.

That sort of casual, natural air was something that Dyon's own creations were still lacking. In fact, if he thought back to the overly complicated Origin Source of The Entity, it lacked it as well...

This was the main reason why Dyon felt he was lacking. Had he had the luxury, he would have most definitely spent more time perfecting his craft, but he was aware that he was running out of it. Though he had spent the last 30 years almost entirely focused on his cultivation, thanks to his Immortal Sense he had also been able to continue paying attention to the outside world from time to time, so he was well aware that others were in the process of preparing to enter the world core.

Because he lacked that natural flare, he had fallen short of comprehending a Law.

Truth be told, had Dyon not abolished his own comprehensions, severing himself from the heavens, he would have already comprehended not just one, but even multiple laws. With such strength, even if his foundational strength was that of an Immortal Essence realm expert, he would still be undefeatable to most of the immortal celestial realms. Laws were simply this powerful. They were why the legend of Overlords had reached the ears of even the likes of Berolt.

However, Dyon was now relying on himself and no one else, making the hurdle far higher to jump over than it had been in the past.

That said, this didn't mean that he was completely without benefits.

Firstly, the stamina it required of him to call down daos increased, but in exchange he received more control and fluidity to his attacks. Secondly, His degrees of freedom that he received from [Soul Aid] were that much more imposing. And lastly, he was no longer restricted by 'paths'. His daos reached beyond the chains of paths and encompassed them all, making them more than just one level more powerful than daos comprehended by normal means.

Even if there were no such advantages, Dyon didn't feel worried. He was confident in his abilities. He had accomplished so much in just 30 years. Such a time frame was the blink of an eye to Immortals who could go into seclusions for sometimes upwards of millions of years.

His only concern was that he wasn't fast enough. He needed to try harder, to do more... He had no way of knowing what was going on down on the Mortal Plane. Though 30 years was the blink of an eye to those of the Immortal Plane, it was long enough for a lot of things to happen on the plane of mortals.

Dyon settled down his breathing, restraining the ferocious aura that was threatening to leave his body. After a moment, he began to calmly compile the improvements to his strength.

Now, he had firmly grasped 9th level immortal essence and 7th level immortal saint qi. If he had ignored their quality, he could have likely comprehended 1st level immortal celestial qi since much of his time was spent slowly building up toward higher level qis, but he had decided against it.

With this alone, he could already give Berolt a great battle. However, Dyon hadn't done so for two reasons: first, Berolt wasn't alone. If this started to go badly, and Dyon was sure that they would for Berolt, there were too many trump cards he could pull from in his own family mansion. And, the second reason was because now those coming after him would be severely underestimating his strength.

Dyon hadn't always been a fan of hiding his power, it wasn't his style. But he had decided to do so for the sake of Saru and Lilith who would tag team him again if he hadn't done so.

However, arguably the greatest advancement Dyon had made was in comprehending several half-laws. In fact, his own half-

laws were more powerful than even some weaker laws that were in the control of Immortal Law experts.

The limitation Dyon was facing, unfortunately, was his body.

The only unfortunate part, and the reason Dyon wasn't able to quickly defeat Berolt despite this truth, was that the Dark Flame world and the desert world were two sides of the same coin. Dyon had already said that he shouldn't absorb the same types of energies, yet he had been faced with yet another fire/ice world core.

Knowing that he couldn't, Dyon had no ability to improve the strength of his body. Due to his constitutions, his body was the most foundational part of his strength. As a result, despite control half-laws more powerful than even some laws, he still had to be cautious.

His main goal now would be to find another source of energy so he could balance out his body with more energies.

This sort of process would be extremely complex and required a level of alchemic skill that made one's head spin. Though Dyon seemed to be walking around normally, the truth was that his body was currently in a state of limbo with most of his soul strength being diverted toward maintaining its balance.

If he compared his body to a pill, he was essentially in a constant state of keeping himself stable. The good news was that this was an excellent way to train his mental energy. The bad news was that this put an artificial cap on both his soul strength and his battle prowess.

In order to get out of this rut, he needed to perfectly balance the yin and yang qis within his body. But, this wasn't as simple as fire and water. If it was, then Dyon wouldn't have a problem now.

Luckily, this was where the good news finally started.

What Dyon needed wasn't just yang fire and yin water, he needed both yin and yang fire in addition to yin and yang water. This was an in depth level of feng shui that didn't even exist on the mortal plane and was a theory that Dyon himself only theorized after he saw how unstable his body was after absorbing the energy of the desert bubble world's world core.

This was where the Dark Flame bubble world finally gave him some benefits.

The desert world's fire could have been considered primarily yang. As a result, the balancing of the blue star was mostly yin. This covered yang fire and yin water. However, the Dark Flame world was different. Dark Flames didn't necessarily have to be yang!

Though much of the energies were yang, the dark violet flames of the Darkwell Clan were actually yin. As a result, in order to balance it, Dyon had to forge an opposing core of yang water and ice.

This was why Dyon had such a hard time. Bright water and ice wills were opposing to his entire cultivation journey to now.

That said, Dyon was ultimately a genius. In the end, his body's strength hadn't actually increased since he couldn't absorb more energy however...

Dyon's soul qi surged, multiplying in strength several times over. He thought that he would finally break into the immortal realms with his soul, but what actually happened was inexplicable. Dyon felt the bottleneck to the next level actually move. It didn't loosen... but it physically moved, pushing itself back as though making more room for Dyon to grow more powerful within the mortal realms.

It made so little sense that Dyon's meditative state faltered as he made a weird face.

There was simply no explanation he could think of for this, but now, he felt more comfortable than he had in a long time.

His body's strength hadn't improved, but he had purged half of the yang fire and yin water attributed energies in his body for the energies of the Dark Flame bubble world.

Not only had his effective strength increased as a result, but his soul's burden was alleviated, causing its strength to reach a new level.

Dyon smirked. 'You're going to love that qi I left behind very much.'

Dyon's yang fire and yin water qi had to go somewhere after he expelled it. As for where it went, maybe he was the only one who knew the answer to that.



It took Dyon's body a few weeks to reach the equilibrium he sought. He hadn't had the time to do so within the world core, but now his strength had reached a new level.

Dyon stood up with a calm smile.

'The next world I should find needs to be one of earth and wind. It will definitely be more difficult to find yang and yin attributes of both... yin wind is particularly dangerous and yin earth by my estimations should be exceptionally rare.

'These eight energies will lay a perfect foundation for me. Yin and yang fire, water, earth and wind are a perfect start. Afterward, I will need to more specially tailor the balancing act toward my constitutions... bubble worlds made of those special energies are mostly extremely high level and monopolized by hegemony though.. but that will be fine, I plan to give them hell regardless.'

The benefit of spending time in the Dark Flame bubble world was that Dyon now had a detailed map of this star segment and rough estimations of adjacent star segments now. He had already found a world of yin wind to go to.

Of course, that was his first destination. He had only spoken of going directly to the void battlefield first because he hadn't fully trusted Amethyst. Even if she didn't plan to harm him, would she still be so staunch if someone caught her? Who knew.

'I should see if I can find any immortal essence level type qi stones here first, though...'

..

"So you lied to us?" Lilith asked with a pout.

"No... I lied to Amethyst." Dyon corrected righteously.

Dyon found that he was appreciating the company of Saru and Lilith more and more everyday. The truth was that he had thought of blowing up the Dark Flame bubble world's world core and had even almost done it. The only reason he hadn't was because he felt that Saru and Lilith wouldn't like it if he had.