

The Nameless 2201

Chapter 2201: Hunter

He had never seen himself as a hero. To him, the most important thing was his family, he didn't feel the need to care about anything else. Compared to those he loved, the lives of those strangers meant little to nothing to him.

Maybe it was due to the gradual callousness he was gaining, or maybe it was something else. But, this was his truth no matter what the reason was.

It was the two of them that kept him sane. No, maybe sane was the wrong way to put it. It was more like they kept him closer to reality or more in tune with the lives of normal people.

Dyon couldn't help but feel that this was part of Junior's intentions. But, he dismissed the thought. If it was in his intentions, wouldn't that mean that Junior would know that he would be sent to the immortal plane? If he did know, why hadn't he stopped it?

In the end, Dyon concluded that it must have been a last minute decision on Junior's part. He must have realized that his connection with Dyon was weakening as the latter was being forcibly sent to this plane, and thus to Saru and Lilith, who had been with him at the time, along.

Either way, even though Dyon knew somewhere deep inside that this couldn't have been the truth, he still felt thankful.

"No, you definitely lied to us." Lilith said stubbornly. "How do you plan on making it up to us?"

The bubble world the three of them currently walked through could be summarized in the words dark and sinister.

Howling winds that almost sounded like the cries of beasts whipped around. However, these winds weren't colorless and imperceptible to the eye as normal winds would be. Instead, they made up the fabric of the dark black fog around them, lashing out like thin, willowy whips that could lacerate even the toughest of skin.

However, the three laughed and teased as they walked through as though it was the safest place in the world. If one followed the trail of their steps, it was even possible to see a line of demonic and thoughtless beasts that had foolishly tried to interrupt their fun.

Dyon smiled bitterly. Why did Lilith always seem to be taking advantage of him? How cruel.

"What kind of repayment do you want?"

Lilith blinked innocently, her eyelashes fluttering like the delicate wings of a butterfly.

She looked suffocatingly beautiful, then. The way her white hair fluttered as the only point of light in his gaze left Dyon mesmerized, her teasing, playful smile playing with the strings of his heart like an expert composer leading its orchestra.

At that moment, while Dyon was distracted, he felt something soft and the tiniest bit wet quickly latch onto the side of his lip that left him stunned.

"Saru!" Lilith cried out in indignant exasperation. "I won the bet, I was supposed to get to go first!"

Dyon sent a shocked and confused gaze who was looking forward with a slight red tint on her cheek as though nothing had happened. Her arms, still wrapped around his own, still remained there without moving an inch. However, Dyon could see that her lips held a delicate curl to them that showed she was holding back a smile.

Just like when he had been gazing toward Lilith who had wrapped around his front to stop his steps forward and force him to accept her conditions, Dyon became lost in Saru's beauty for a moment. Whereas it had been Lilith's white hair, for Saru, it was her blue eyes, twinkling as the only light of this dark world.

Together, they were like twin shining stars. Maybe he was a little too lucky.

As Dyon was distracted, he suddenly felt a gust of wind come from his front and another pair of soft lips touched his own. But, unlike Saru, Lilith lingered for a small while, even leaping up and wrapping her arms around Dyon's neck and her legs around his waist in a completely unladylike way. She looked no different from a koala bear holding onto her favorite tree, even knocking Saru who had been wrapped around Dyon's arm away a step.

Dyon had no choice but to grab onto her waist with his free hand, irrationally worried that she might fall. At the same time, he made sure that he didn't lose his grip on Saru. He didn't want anything to happen to her just because of a few joking actions. They were still in a dangerous world, after all.

After an exaggerated smooch sound, Lilith pulled away and grinned happily, still hanging onto Dyon's body.

Dyon could only shake his head and laugh. The two of them were so innocent, their kisses were ultimately just pecks on the lips, but they were so satisfied. It was nothing if not adorable and heartwarming.

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In the Dark Flame bubble world, just as Dyon had predicted, the Immortal Hunters had swarmed. There were easily dozens that converged in just a few days, practically salivating at the prospect of capturing Dyon.

However, there were only three who managed to find the trail Dyon left behind.

One was a lanky man who stood at an incredible 8 feet tall. His muscle definition was so poor that he didn't seem capable of supporting his body, leaving him hunched over to barely 7 feet of his true height. He was known as Immortal Hunter Ivane.

The second was an old lady with a cane forged of ancient wood. She had the adorable appearance of someone one might want to help the street. She was known as Immortal Hunter Weeping Widow Alais.

The last was a woman with spine tingling beauty. She had black hair and black eyes and skin so flawless that it seemed a step away from being as reflective as a crystalline lake. However, what was the most striking were her nine black tails.

She was the Immortal Void Hunter, Kukan.

Chapter 2202: Up To

It took Dyon much less time to finish balancing the world core of the world of yin wind. There were two reasons for this. For one, the world was several levels weaker than the Dark Flame bubble world and was mostly unoccupied. As a result, there were less complexities that came from outside interferences as well.

However, this was only the first reason. The main reason was because Dyon's comprehension of fundamental runes was increasing at astonishing speeds. Despite the fact he knew nothing of yang earth energies as well, his ability to infer and deduce became more and more devastating as he learned more. His ability to draw conclusions from inferences could only become more potent that more world cores he balanced.

It took Dyon over 10 years to comprehend the desert world's core, 30 to balance the Dark Flame bubble world's core, and not even 5 to create a star of yang earth fundamental runes that turned the violent yin wind world into a gentle land.

Over time, Dyon came to understand just how far he was from that expert who balanced the desert bubble world's core.

Why was it that a world that should have been of ice because it was covered in oppressive heat and endless underground volcanoes? If the world was balanced, shouldn't it have a mild environment?

It was only after his third year in the yin wind bubble world that Dyon understood. The original blue star world core was growing old, yet the red star was still going strong... Whoever that expert was managed to create a world core more eternal than even a true world core was.

That reality was so unfathomable to Dyon that he found it hard to wrap his head around it. If one was growing old, why were they so balanced still? How can a core both be stronger and capable of maintaining balance at the same time?

It was a classic case of more knowledge leading to more questions. Was it even possible to understand all things perfectly?

Dyon was certain that the current world cores he could create would manage to last a few million years with ease. However, what would happen after this point was difficult to tell. What he did know was that this eternal characteristic this mysterious expert seemed to be able to tap into was far beyond his current self.

The good news was that this wouldn't affect his foundation. Dyon was incredibly limited in the energies he could absorb and couldn't hold down even a single percent of what the world core stored. As a result, it was no problem for him at all. If there ever came a day where he could absorb an entire world core, then he would worry about it then. For now it was most important to focus on slowly improving himself. Aiming to take too large of a step would only be a detriment to him.

One might wonder at this point that if Dyon couldn't absorb so much energy, how was it that he was creating a world core that housed so much in the first place?

This was actually a question Dyon had had to ask himself as well. However, obviously due to the fact he had succeeded, he had found the correct answer: let the Heavens do all the work.

Instead of trying to draw all of the fundamental runes from scratch, Dyon simply manipulated and changed those that already existed. After all, fundamental runes didn't represent much in particular on their own. Depending on their arrangements, the same runes could lead to drastically different results. It was for this reason Junior's analogy to quantum physics was so apropos.

By using this method, completing a world core essentially became a massive large scale puzzle that required computing power that would fry the most powerful quantum computers.

Dyon's task was to rearrange the fundamental runes of the existing core both without disrupting its strength and instigating the creation of another. It was almost like creating mass from thin air or insulting the laws of thermodynamics by creating energy.

This was why Dyon's speed was increasing so quickly. The more he understood about rearranging fundamental runes, the better he could implement these tricks across all manner of end goals. There would ultimately come a day where several years would no longer be needed for these weak worlds.

There was only one more target world on Dyon's radar. Yin earth and yang wind seemed to be quite rare, so he had yet to find it, unfortunately. However Dyon was certain that with enough time, he would. With so many bubble worlds in existence, he didn't believe that one of these worlds didn't exist.

Another unfortunate thing was that Dyon hadn't been able to easily find immortal grade type qi stones to study. They would definitely result in his strength reaching another level entirely. But, they seemed impossible to get without interacting with the Failed Immortal Clans.

Though Dyon could treat the failed clans of the mortal plane's ancient battlefield like a joke, he obviously couldn't do the same here.

The immortal Ancient Battlefield had more systematic organization to them, and they were far less primitive. From what Dyon could tell, they split the key resources amongst themselves and took their type qi stone mines very seriously for obvious reasons.

The weakest clans who could claim such a mine all had Immortal Laws experts in their ranks, Dyon couldn't make moves of them casually. That would have to wait until he perfectly laid his foundation.

Once he finished that, he could create miniature and perfectly balanced world cores in his inner world, and then the real fun could begin.

If it was up to Dyon, he would begin forming those world cores in his inner world now. However, he knew that if he did so the handicap to his soul would only become that much worse. It was best to wait until the cores could mutually restrict each other.

Chapter 2203: Ghastly

However, disappointment aside, Dyon really looked forward to the day he could do so. He was eager to see just how much his power would increase.

"This yin wind had quite good corrosive properties, almost as potent as death of the same grade. Might be interesting to combine them" He mumbled to himself.

Dyon opened his eyes amid the now calm world core. His body was decomposed in several places, but the absorption of energy quickly healed him at a pace visible to the naked eye.

His body, despite its seemingly half dead state, was brimming with vitality and power. He was like the center of a sun or the core of a nuclear reactor, overflowing with untold energy and strength.

Soon, his body was back to its pinnacle condition, pulsing with a faint light. There was something about him that seemed beyond humanity, but it was difficult to explain in any sort of tangible way.

"You already finished?" Saru's voice drifted into Dyon's years.

"You could say that I'm a little bit of a genius." Dyon said with a grin.

Saru and Lilith looked at each other, shaking their heads while they giggled.

"Come, let's go."

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The void battlefield was maybe exactly like one might expect deep space to be like. The only difference here was that instead of planets, there were what looked like snow globes, housing countless bubble worlds that could both be frequent and infrequent depending on where in the void battlefield you were.

The military bases of the void battlefield were housed on rock formations that looked no different from asteroids, floating around in irregular orbits that were impossible to predict without certain extraordinarily expensive tools. Of course, it was theoretically possible to complete the necessary calculations in one's mind, but it would require secrets these military bases kept very close to their hearts.

On the mortal plane, asteroids could be formed in all sorts of ways, but there was only one way they appeared on the Immortal Plane: the death of a bubble world.

Void surges were cataclysmic events. To put things into perspective, the actions of the Dark Phoenixes left an erasable blight on the mortal plane. However, a single void surge could eradicate one or in more severe cases, multiple star segments. Just one star segment was comparable to the original mortal plane in size!

This essentially meant that the immortal plane faced world ending events of that scale a few times a millennium.

Of course, not all of these void surges would end in the destruction of a star segment, but they would all leave devastating effects regardless of the ultimate outcome.

In the end, the destruction of a few bubble worlds was inevitable. These asteroids that floated around without rhyme or reason were the remnants of these bubble worlds, acting a graveyard of times passed. And maybe somewhat appropriately, they were titled as such rather than being known as military bases.

The location where Dyon, Saru and Lilith were approaching now was known as the Agit Graveyard and was controlled by the Agit Clan line of succession.

As described previously, the coalition army wasn't controlled by any one clan, sect or power. However these so-called Lines of Succession were what could represent the power of any one clan.

Depending on a power's influence, the number of lines of succession under their control and the number of 'roots' these lines of succession had could vary.

The Agit Clan controlled three lines of succession, each of which had 5 roots at a minimum and with its best controlling 7.

In layman's terms, this meant that they controlled a stream of military professionals capable of producing up to the 7th Tier General title, with its lesser two lines of succession being able to produce two 5th Tier Generals.

Lines of succession were completely independent from each other. So, this meant the Agit Clan could have 6 5th Tier Generals, 2 6th Tier and a 7th Tier all at once.

These lines of succession both acted as a reward for clans with outstanding achievements, but also acted as a cap so that no one clan could have too much power. Since each line of succession could work mostly independently, it was hard, in theory, for a more powerful line of succession to influence another. However, in practice it was another matter entirely... Nothing was perfect or incorruptible.

This aside, the Agit Clan was quite powerful being able to control so many lines of succession and even being allowed to raise a 7th Tier General. It should be noted that only Hegemon level powers could produce Tier 8 and 9 Generals!

Of course, there was still a massive gap between this Clan and existences of that level. A true Hegemon controlled at least 10 lines of succession, for one. And, secondly... the story behind how the Agit Clan managed to earn a Tier 7 line of succession was quite a dubious one...

That said, Dyon hadn't come here for any such reasons, he had only wanted to come and take a look and see what these void beasts he had been hearing about were like. After all, where there was danger, there was opportunity.

And as expected, the void surge was in its full, violent swing.

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"Work faster you fools! You call yourselves immortals yet you can't even load a crystal energy canon properly?! Put your backs into it!"

A Tier 3 General roared at his subordinates, looking toward a looming beast with a hint of graveness in his eyes.

Void beasts came in all sorts of shapes and sizes. However, if they were to be described in a word, it would be: ghastly.

For lack of a better descriptor, the creature before the Agit Graveyard 455 was like a chaotic tentacle monster. Its center was a massive blob of black fog that would be almost indistinguishable from the void battlefield's darkness had it not been for the several stars in the distance. Its arms, countless in number, wiggled about seemingly aimlessly, but still managed to cause unending horror and destruction. As if this wasn't bad enough, its smell was particularly terrible. It was like a mixture of sulfur, sewage, and puss filled bacterial growths come together to form a stomach churning odor.

Chapter 2204: Never mind

Void beasts were broken into tiers of their own that matched the general rankings. In fact, their existence is where the general rankings came from. A Tier 1 General could battle a Tier 1 void beast with 50-50 odds of victory. Of course, this calculation included the warriors under the general's charge as well. This was most definitely not meant to be a one on one battle. Stories of soloing void beasts were few, rare and exceptionally far between.

A Tier 1 General was allowed a million subordinates, ten Junior Generals, a hundred Captains and ten thousand Junior Captains.

A Junior Captain was at worst an Immortal Saint, however Junior Generals were at worst Immortal Celestials. True Generals varied in their ability though they were also Immortal Celestials at a minimum. But, not all of them were powerhouses with outstanding individual strength.

Some of them were great weapon's smith adept at forging war weapons. Some were great tactical minds. Others were figureheads with no ability at all.

This said, there was still a good portion who rose to the rank using their fists.

Tier 2 Generals were allowed a factor of ten increase in subordinates along with the subjugation of two Tier 1 Generals. A Tier 3 General was allowed another factor of ten increase along with two Tier 2 Generals and the benefits they received as well.

This pattern continued up to the Tier 8 rank where things changed. These generals were incredibly valuable, so the benefits they received were manyfold greater than those below them in rank. But, just

as well, the difficulty in earning enough merits to form a Tier 8 Line of Succession was obscene, let alone the highest Tier 9 one.

One can imagine then just how powerful void beasts were to require this many immortals to face just one of them, let alone the thousands that appeared during a void surge.

Agit Graveyard 455 was in the process of facing a Tier 3 void beast. They could only consider themselves lucky that this void beast was of the monster category, or else if they had to face one of the elemental category, or heaven forbid the ethereal category, they'd be truly screwed.

In truth, though the rankings of the generals were organized as such, only a foolish commander would ever enter a battle of 50-50 odds unless they absolutely had to. Most generals would target void beasts a tier below them unless left with no other choice.

In addition to this, the Agit Clan was not from this star segment. They had used Graveyard – or more accurately asteroid – controlling technology to move some of their territory into that of the Vio and Dark Flame bubble world's so that they could gain military merit.

However, they hadn't had the intention of actually putting their lives on the line like this. This could just be considered their bad luck. Their radars hadn't picked up on this monster category Tier 3 void beast in time.

"So that's a void beast?" Dyon muttered to himself.

"How gross." Lilith cringed, her little nose wrinkling.

Dyon had put up a barrier so they didn't have to deal with the smell, but she still subconsciously thought back to the initial stench that assaulted them. She was almost scared to have to smell it again.

Currently, the trio were standing on the Dragon King's head. Normally, those below the Immortal Saint realm wouldn't be able to survive on the void battlefield without special armors, but Dyon had a decent comprehension of the void thanks to his wife, Ri. As a result, he was able to skirt around these limitations with ease.

That said, it wasn't as though he was a normal mortal to begin with. He was mostly using this comprehension to protect Saru and Lilith.

"So should we help them?" Saru asked.

"I'm not even sure there's much I could do." Dyon didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the expectant gazes of the two beauties by his side. Did they think he was invincible? How could he alone have more strength than a Tier 3 Legion?

That said, Dyon wouldn't mind scrounging up some benefits if there were any. The real question was there any to be found? Did void beasts have some hidden benefits he wasn't aware of? He wasn't certain...

However, the reason he had come here was because the theories behind how void beasts were birthed intrigued him. If his deductions were correct, it just might be worth it to take a few risks.

The tentacle monster type void beast lashed its boneless limbs against the Graveyard, sending cracks racing across its built-

in windows.

Graveyards were the ideal movement ships of the void battlefield. Only the remnant pieces of a world could produce long lasting cover in the depths of the void. As a result, all 'ships' were actually just modified asteroids from remnant worlds.

Shipwrights were a branch of weapon smiths who specialized in this craft. The skill of a shipwright could often make or break the life and death of millions.

Judging by how many strikes Agit Graveyard 455 had survived, it was clear that their shipwright had some skill. But whether the asteroid could survive to the end of the battle was still up in the air.

Dyon watched on silently, trying to get a gauge of the strength of this void beast. The more he observed, though, the fiercer his heart shook.

Was this really a living creature? How could it be so powerful?

It was taking on the assault of canons, warriors and experts that would be enough to obliterate hundreds of universes of the mortal plane with absolute ease, yet it was barely suffering any damage. Maybe the most eerie part of the beast was that even when one of its thinner tentacles was cut off, or when a beam from a canon pierced its outer fog and shell to cause a rain of foul blood, it didn't make a single sound.

There were no screams of agony or roars of rage... The only sound that came from it were the slimy, grotesque movements of its boneless limbs.

'This is just a tier 3 one? What kind of monster is one at Tier 4? What about Tier 9?'

The issue wasn't just its power, but also its outrageous size. It was, without exaggeration, as large as a medium sized moon of the mortal plane. Every one of its tentacles stretched for hundred of kilometers, whipping about with insane forces behind it.

"Nevermind..." Saru muttered. "... No need to help them..."

Chapter 2205: Never

Dyon laughed. Though they seemed 'close', they were easily the distance between planets away. This wasn't so that they could remain hidden from the warriors, but rather to stay out of the path of rampage this void beast was on. Dyon didn't believe this tier 3 legion had anyone capable of finding him if he didn't want to be found.

"It seems I was a bit too rash." Dyon said. "Hunting these beasts can't be done alone. Or, more accurately, I'll at least need to build a graveyard ship of my own first..."

"Is it really still worth it... I think we should just let them deal with it all." Lilith said slowly, with a less assuredness.

The last thing Dyon's women were, were cowards. When it came to critical times, it could even be argued that they were braver than he was. Dyon never really considered failure, but his wives were different in this regard. They did... But they pushed past it regardless.

So, the reason Lilith was saying this wasn't out of fear, but rather because she wanted to protect Dyon. She saw how hard he worked everyday and didn't want him to take unnecessary risks. It was impossible to tell what was happening on the mortal plane right now, but rushing here wouldn't make things any better. In fact, it very well might make things worse.

Dyon was about to answer when his pupils suddenly constricted into pinholes.

Without hesitation, he urged the dragon king's corpse to surge to the side, shooting into the distance. It wasn't until they had moved several hundred thousand kilometers away that Dyon finally felt it was alright to slow down a bit, his gaze still narrowed.

Movement on the void battlefield could both be considered more difficult and contradictorily easy. There was less friction from the elements, so even Immortal Essence realm cultivators could cover the length of a universe in just a few seconds, doing what mortals thought was absolutely impossible. But, on the other side of the coin, navigation, even for Spiritual Sages, was obscenely difficult and getting lost was the number one cause of death in this place.

However, Dyon was lucky. Not only was he an elite Spiritual Sage, but he had a comprehension of void supporting him. By combining the two, he could mitigate the void's weird impact on the senses and common sense and pierce through the veil, so to speak.

What he saw this time, though, left him feeling a bit of pity for the tier 3 legion. It seemed that expecting to face just one void beast at a time during void surge was nothing but a failed dream.

At that moment, not just an additional one, but two more monster category void beasts were traveling toward the battlefield. Their movement speed through the void was so outrageously fast that they had almost slipped by Dyon's detection entirely.

"They're screwed..." Dyon muttered under his breath.

Did he feel a bit bad? Yes. But did he have any intention of helping? Not even an inkling.

"Let's go." Dyon said with a still narrowed gaze, a flicker of fighting intent laced within his pupils. "We aren't ready for this yet. I need to prepare some things first."

Dyon turned a complicated gaze away from the graveyard that was now being assaulted by 3 void beasts.

As he was about to urge the Dragon King away, he paused once more.

'Why don't they fight each other...?'

Dyon never got the answer to his question. The screams of the Agit Clan warriors seemed to drown everything out.

This entire time, Dyon had subconsciously thought of void beasts like a different, more powerful version of infernal beasts. Or, more accurately, embryonic infernal beasts who had no real consciousness of their own.

Dyon wasn't sure if the immortal plane had embryonic infernal beasts, but what he did know was that their kin on the mortal plane would never work together to eliminate an enemy. As many attacks as they sent toward the graveyard, they might send twice as many toward their own kind.

They were ultimately meant to be mindless beasts. This was what embryonic infernal beasts were, and what Dyon had assumed void beasts were. But...

On the outside, it looked like a coincidence. The void beasts were chaotically fighting and some of their strikes even landed on one another. However, Dyon's keen senses almost found this act insulting.

In reality, it was very much possible that it wasn't an act. Maybe void beasts had an aversion to their own kind, but felt even more strongly about taking out those that weren't of their species.

Regardless of what the truth was, Dyon learned a valuable lesson he buried deep within his mind. If he had chosen to treat the void beasts like mindless animals, he would have most definitely suffered for it.

Finally, after casting one last glance, Dyon turned to leave. His destination was a nearby bubble world that was known as Segment 232. Sometimes, bubble worlds would be known by a generic number like this if they were merchant hubs rather than territories of notable clans.

Segment 232 perfectly fell into this category as it was a well known center of commerce.

Dyon tapped into Jade's primordial yin, becoming a handsome man with long flowing gold hair and opal eyes that looked like two shining nebulas. His ears grew pointed and his features became sharper. Not long after, he looked no different from an elven highborn prince.

Before, Jade's primordial yin had been chained up by his manifestation due to the fact it had been too powerful for him to manage. But, the Dyon of now had long since surpassed the Jade of back then by several times, so it hadn't been a problem in a long while.

Still, this was actually the first time he had ever made use of it, causing Saru and Lilith to send a knowing glance and smile toward each. Though, neither said a word.

Chapter 2206: Elf

The momentum of Dyon's qi accelerated and shot to another level. In an instant, Dyon no longer gave off the aura of a mortal, and neither did Saru or Lilith. In fact, their presences as immortals were so suffocating that after touching down on Segment 232, many gave them a wide berth.

"This is nice." Lilith said with a smile hidden behind a veil. "Being looked down on for being mortal was getting annoying."

If the bazaars of the mortal plane's ancient battlefield were clean of dust and replaced with better dressed merchants, it would be the identical queen of this place. Furious shouts over bartering, cheap men and women looking to sell themselves, and even the occasional fist fight were all present.

At this time, tensions were incredibly high. Who knew when the next void surge tide would hit them and it would be this bubble world's turn to join the graveyard? It was simply impossible to know.

Due to this, Segment 232 might look classier on the surface than the mortal ancient battlefield's bazaars, but it was arguably even more rowdy and primitive.

It wasn't much of a surprise then that Dyon's royal presence along with Saru and Lilith's hardly veiled beauty became a center of attention.

Of course, the words they spoke were protected by Dyon so no one could hear their words but them no matter how much attention was paid to them.

Dyon smiled bitterly at Lilith's words. He knew that this was her way of telling him that he should be more flexible. Since he knew he could hide his fluctuations as a mortal, he should do so and stop being so stubborn. It was just that Dyon didn't like that idea much.

That said, being the center of attention in this way wasn't so bad. It would help him in what he needed to do the most right now: make money.

If he wanted to make a graveyard capable of contending with void beasts alone, while he definitely had the knowledge to do so, what he didn't have was the funds.

But what he did know was that elves might have been nearly extinct on the mortal plane, but they were a mighty hegemon on the immortal plane. Impersonating one of them wouldn't be so bad. At the very least, for once, Dyon wouldn't be targeted for his identity, or rather, lack thereof.

That said... Dyon should have known by now that he wasn't ever allowed to have a moment of peace.

"... A high elf with a perfect Eostre Clan bloodline?... Here...? How is that possible?"

In a distant tower, a man eating at a high rise restaurant turned a sharp gaze of curiosity over. What he saw left him baffled, causing his own sharp ears to twitch slightly.

He hadn't expected to find another elf here...

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"The highest quality talismans and pills of this bubble world can be found here."

Lilith's words were astonishingly simple and carried none of the air of a proper saleswoman. What it did have was a shockingly sharp qi behind it that tore through the air, carrying her voice for hundreds of kilometers.

Dyon didn't know whether to laugh or cry at her words. She was clearly stirring trouble again. Dyon hadn't had any intention of advertising, he was going to simply sit in place until others came to him. But the hyperactive Lilith didn't seem to have this patience in her.

Dyon could only shake his head, his eyes flashing with a golden light as he formed a stall of precious star grade Soothing Root. In line with the fondness of nature elves had, the root weaved to life like a gorgeous work of art, making it stand out.

Star grade materials might have been more frequently seen on the immortal plane, but that didn't change the fact it was quite expensive for a star segment of this level.

That said, this wasn't the reason why it was all so shocking... what shook them to the core was that Dyon was capable of forming this expensive material... from thin air!

"Innate aurora!"

The words shook the bazaar unlike anything before had.

'What a troublesome girl...' Dyon thought to himself bitterly. '... Now I'll probably have to deal with all those protocols earlier than I wanted to. If not for that, I probably could have lasted a while first.'

It was only common sense that not just anyone could set up a stall and do business here. There was paperwork to fill out, taxes to pay, vetting processes to pass through...

'It's fine, I'll just be a spoiled young master for once. I'd like to see them try to make a prince of the elven clans follow rules.'

Dyon calmly sat behind his stall and closed his eyes in meditation, Saru and Lilith to his left and right sides, the latter of which was clearly trying to hide a happy giggle.

"Good sir, I would like to buy a few talismans, might I ask about the prices?"

Dyon nodded faintly, his eyes still closed. He seemed to have slipped into his role as a young master far too easily to claim to be someone who had never acted like this before. It was all suspiciously natural, causing Lilith to have an even harder time holding back her laughs.

"My prices are exactly ten times normal market value. I will create any talisman or pill you have needs for below the higher empyrean grade. The materials must be provided by you. Those are the rules."

The man sucked in a cold breath, as did many others. Maybe if this young man wasn't an elf and hadn't exposed the legendary innate aurora, he would have been laughed off of Segment 232 entirely.

Still, as a few seconds ticked by with the man still struggling to decide, his face continuously grew redder.

"... Please don't take offense, high elf. It's only that I don't have much money. Is it possible to see a sample of your work first...?"

Chapter 2207: High Elf

It seemed to take the man all of the energy he had to eek out these words. He was nothing but a normal warrior of a Tier 1 legion. He had been conscripted like many others here as this star segment was his home. Running meant death for not only him, but his family as well.

If he could buy a talisman and a few pills from this high elf, it would be worth it if he could preserve his life. But if he was scammed... who was he to seek reparations from an offspring of a hegemon?

Dyon slowly opened his eyes, causing his aura to multiply many times over. In that moment, the bustling bazaar became eerily quiet. Some even looked toward the man with eyes of pity. Who asked to say something so foolish?

Dyon smirked. 'High elf, is it...?'

High elf wasn't a term used on the mortal plane since the elves had declined. As a result, there was little use to separating high and low elves. However, things were different on the immortal plane. The elves were flourishing so there was a stricter hierarchy between them. High Elves were the noblest of elves and had the most powerful bloodlines.

Since Jade had perfected her Eostre bloodline, allowing her silver hair to become golden, her primordial yin of course gave Dyon the aura of a High Elf.

"Sure, why not." Dyon suddenly said. "In fact, I will give you one talisman and one pill for free as long as you provide the materials."

The man was astonished before his face turned flush with excitement.

"Yes, yes! I would like to ask sir to please concoct a void mending pill and a void shield talisman!"

Dyon nodded, accepting the man's materials.

Both tasks were exceptionally difficult. It was clear that the man wanted to take advantage of the situation, but Dyon didn't mind. After all, he hadn't placed any restrictions on him.

A void mending pill was a special pill needed to deal with void qi related injuries. Void was incredibly difficult to dispel, so these pills were specialized concoctions targeted toward both healing injuries and dispelling said qi.

The void mending pill came in several grades, and judging by the materials this man gave him, he wanted a lower empyrean grade pill.

The void shield was a talisman that was useless outside of the void battlefield. It also had several grades within it that went by the same name. It harnessed void qi to form a shield of high potency.

It might have been useless outside the void battlefield, but on it, it was the most powerful life saving treasure one could have.

Dyon smiled and his soul qi suddenly surged. A powerful presence wafted out from his, suffocating the entire bubble world.

The crowd could only be left in awe by Dyon's level of skill. Something like seeing an alchemist or a talisman inscriptionist was absolutely impossible. These sort of experts were extremely high maintenance and were quite finicky about their work environments. Having one work in the center of such bubbling chaos was like ascending past the heavens.

Yet, this high elf, who arguably had a higher standing than many of those inscriptionists in question, was doing exactly that before them all. It was truly a shocking event.

However, maybe what was even more shocking than that was Dyon's execution.

Inscriptionists and alchemists were well known to take hours to complete their work. It was in part for this reason that their services were so expensive. With Dyon not being shy about charging ten times the normal price, they had even expected for him to take much longer. However, the truth was far outside of their expectations.

In just 30 minutes, Dyon drew a perfect grade void shield talisman. Though it wasn't reinforced, it was still better than anything this star segment had seen in countless years. Those standing around could only look toward the man with undying envy in their eyes. Why was it that they hadn't stepped forward first?

To make matters worse, the void mending pill was also the topmost of the top grade, reaching the perfect grade as well. It was simply too enviable. Maybe the most shocking thing was the fact that the creation of the pill took even less time than the talisman!

Dyon handed the man what he had asked for. "I can guarantee perfect grade products. If you'd like reinforced products, you'll have to pay extra..."

Dyon's words were faint and calm, yet they were like a massive stone falling from on high into a calm lake below.

A guarantee? It was even possible to pay for reinforced products? Wasn't that as good as guaranteeing them as well?!

It was suffice to say that Dyon's business took off. As time passed, the aversion toward Dyon's prices dropped to nearly 0. In fact, many who had been there earlier felt an undying regret for not acting sooner, because now the queue was mind numbing even for immortals who had a distorted sense of time.

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"What did you say? Someone is running amok in my territory without paying the appropriate fees?"

"Noble Earl, please hold on a moment, he's a high elf."

At that moment, a petite woman kneeled on one knee before a man so large he waddled when he walked. Unfortunately, his large size didn't remind one of a powerful, overbearing warrior. Instead... he was more akin to a marshmallow crossed with a balloon than anything else.

This large man's office was located atop a tower in the distance. He was simply known as Earl, a moniker he took both as a title and a name. He wasn't the most powerful expert on Segment 232, but he was the most intelligent and cunning. Very few on the immortal plane could make a name for themselves purely with the use of their minds, but the Earl was one of them.

That said, despite his mind being responsible for his climb to the top, he knew the value of having a large fist. Clever schemes could only get you so far on the immortal plane, and as a man born as the lowest lower immortal essence expert, he valued it even more.

Chapter 2208: Earl

In the end, this diverging disposition led to him being extraordinarily cruel to compensate for his lack of strength. One might even say that his exaggerated weight was also part of this subconscious effort on his part. Since he wasn't born eight feet tall like those freaks with war bloodlines, he would make himself more imposing in other ways...

"A high elf, you say..." Earl's steps paused. For a moment, it seemed that he might even continue walking forward, but it was just an illusion. It was simply that his belly hadn't gotten the memo that his legs had come to a stop.

The Earl's gaze flashed with a curious light that a hint of contempt was well hidden within.

"Interesting." He finally said. "Bring that man here, say that I'd like to have a meeting with him. Since it's a high elf, I'm sure that with his strength, he's long since noticed as well."

The kneeling woman nodded hurriedly and turned to leave, but was suddenly stopped by a pull of energy.

The energy was so weak that she knew that she could easily break free from it, but she quite frankly didn't dare to. A flash of despair crossed her eyes as she resigned herself to her fate, pinching off the nerves in her nose with a stealthy wave of qi.

Not long later, the petite beauty was enveloped by a mountain of fat, feigning enjoyment and enthusiasm as she wiped the blood falling from her nose along the Earl's body. Unfortunately, this was the best she could do for herself, she had no other choice.

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'He wants to see me, huh? How amusing, a little rat that lords over a nameless bubble world actually deems to summon my presence... But he does indeed have the strength to do so... Or rather, the capital...'

In a familiar high rise restaurant, a man looked toward the Earl's assistant who seemed to have just finished scrubbing ten layers of skin away with a smile.

"Earl, is it? What do you mean by calling me here exactly?"

Unlike the attendant, the man who faced the Earl this time didn't hide his wrinkled nose. Displaying his disdain rather than speaking it aloud was already the most amount of respect he could give to this so-called Earl.

Earl, though, didn't seem to care much about this. To him, the fact that this person had come to see him in the first place already proved who it was had higher standing. The fact he dared to show his disdain only meant that he was a little better than his usual subordinates, nothing more, nothing less.

If others saw through his thoughts, they would be shocked. The man standing across Earl now was a man with ethereal looks that could only come from descendants of dwarven and elven bloodlines.

Whether it was the elves or the dwarves, each had impossibly high standing on the immortal plane. The idea that a bigshot of a small bubble world like this one could force one of them to display any sort of respect was shocking enough.

It was clear that this Earl was not a simple character by any stretch of the imagination. Though... it might very well be useful to know that this Segment 232 bubble world hadn't been in his ownership until very recently...

"The boy stirring up trouble in my territory, is he one of yours?"

"One of mine?" The man laughed as though he had heard a funny joke, his voice able to make even men feel uncomfortable in their preferences. "I'm but a minor low elf, how could a high elf of the Eostre Clan be one of mine?"

The Earl's pupils constricted.

The Eostre Clan? The moment he heard these words, waves were sent rolling through his heart.

On the mortal plane, the Eostre Clan was greatly respected by the elven clans due to their sacrifice. It had to be remembered that members of the Eostre Clan were the clan of elves that sacrificed their sanity in order to carry on the legacy of True Empaths.

Much like the ancient techniques of the Florence, Mathilde, and Acacia Clans, the Eostre Clan practiced a taboo technique that turned their manifestation into the moon. This moon manifestation allowed them some of the abilities of the True Empaths.

Unfortunately, the silver moon was flawed. Despite knowing this, the Eostre Clan continued to sacrifice themselves in order to maintain the dignity of the elven clan.

Of course, this problem was only apparent on the mortal plane. On the immortal plane, elves were still flourishing and they never stopped producing True Empaths. However, this didn't change the fact that they were the same clan despite being separated by a plane. As a result, the standing of the Eostre Clan was incredibly high on the immortal plane.

However, as one might expect, this story isn't as simple as it seems on the surface. With how much immortals disdained mortals, even if they shared the same root, was it really believable for mere 'respect' to carry the Eostre Clan so far?

Of course not.

The truth of the matter was that some time in the past, an Ancestor of the Eostre Clan managed to perfect her mortal body and evolve the silver moon into the golden moon. As a result of this, the 'respected' Eostre Clan suddenly became overwhelmingly powerful.

Just like that, instead of the birth of True Empaths being random, elves with identical abilities could be birthed systematically through the Eostre bloodline, making them among the top bloodlines of the high elves!

It was said that that Ancestor found her bloodline being ostracized when she elevated to the immortal plane. In retaliation, she even separated from the elven clan and built her own hegemon. It wasn't until her passing and countless years passed that the Eostre Clan descendants returned to the Elven Hegemon for one reason or another. That much was a story for another time.

But what was truly important here was just how impressive Jade's feat was. Other Eostre's relied on the legacy left behind by that Ancestor to perfect her bloodline, yet Jade was among the rare few that perfected it on her own before even transcending. It may very well be that she was only the second to ever succeed in such a fashion.

Chapter 2209: Not

It was suffice to say then that the status of the Eostre Clan was inconceivable. They were a branch of the elven hegemon, but they had once been an independent hegemon of their own, making them no less powerful than even combinations of other elven bloodlines. There were only two others that could stand toe to toe with them... the Mathilde bloodline and the Florence bloodline. As for the Acacia Bloodline, they were a step below them on the Immortal Plane.

Still, when Earl heard these words, his first reaction wasn't to back off. Instead, he turned a curious eye toward the low elven man. Why was it that he was telling him this? Wouldn't it be better for his goals if Earl accidentally offended someone he shouldn't have? What was he hiding exactly?

"It seems you've finally realized." A sinister glint passed through the low elf's gaze. "I happen to be in need of high elven blood."

The Earl's eyes widened. "Are you insane?!"

He had wanted to teach Dyon a lesson, but he had abandoned that thought almost immediately after learning his identity. As things stood now, he only wanted to leave a small reprimanding. But this was absolutely insane

"I'm not... I just want you to think for a moment how much you could sell an innate nascent aurora for... And while you're at it, what about the two women by his side? They're probably elves too, and very likely of noble blood. How much do you think high elven sex slaves go for...?"

The shock in the Earl's eyes could only waver at these words, his gaze narrowing as his mind churned.

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Outside of Dyon's expectations, an entire month passed without so much as a word from authorities. It was a truth that made his eyes narrowed into slits, wondering just what was going on.

He had partially expected those running the show in this place to be fearful of his identity, but he had never expected was for nothing to happen at all. Even if they didn't dare press him for a share, they should have at least made their faces known. By doing this, they could try to ingratiate themselves with him and gain some backend benefits through this newly formed connection.

It was either that whoever ruled this bubble world was astonishingly incompetent, or something else was going on.

Either way, in just a single month, Dyon had managed to make over ten billion immortal saint grade crystals. To say that this was a small fortune was underselling it.

This was a product of not only Dyon's obscene prices, but also the quality of his work and his ridiculous soul stamina. The amount of work he could do in a day was equivalent to a normal alchemist's output over several weeks and maybe even up to a month of time.

There was another important factor as well. All of the materials were provided by Dyon's clients, so he had no obligation to put forward any upfront costs. Matching that with the fact he didn't have to rent a property or pay taxes and he was sweeping in funds hand over fist.

To put this amount of money into perspective, a million immortal essence crystals was enough to buy a peak Venerable grade treasure. Yet, a single immortal saint crystal was worth a thousand immortal essence ones, and Dyon had ten billion of them!

With this kind of wealth, high quality lower and middle rank empyrean treasures weren't out of Dyon's price range.

In the next month, Dyon increased his prices, this time to 20 times. He made over thirty billion in that month alone.

The month following this, news of Dyon's abilities reached the ears of even elites among elites and he began taking pill orders for legions. In that month alone, he made over 100 billion immortal saint crystals.

By the end of the fourth month, Dyon's funds had grown to just over 300 billion immortal saint crystals and the next day, he was nowhere to be found at his usual stall location, leaving those who had missed out feeling a sense of loss and regret.

In a vast underground space filled with floating white lights that looked like fluttering fireflies, Dyon could be found standing at the center of it all with a smirk on his face.

This land was no longer on Segment 232. It was located on the desolate yin wind bubble world that Dyon had forged his yin wind and yang earth energies with. And, this underground space was at the location of that very world core. The difference was that instead of being violent, it was incredibly docile and gentle.

On one side there was a dark skin star-like formation, and on the other there was a brown gold star, radiating with a gentle pulsing light.

Dyon found this scene quite amusing. It had nothing to do with the underground space, but rather the inaction of the Earl and his accomplice.

Of course, Dyon didn't know about the Earl's plan or that he had a low elven accomplice. He only felt that there was something wrong with their lack of action and found it funny that they allowed him to leave completely undetected. Whatever plan they had had, it would have to wait until he decided to appear again. They had clearly underestimated his ability too much.

'This bubble world is pretty much uninhabited, and even if I blow it up, it won't cause a stir because most will assume that the void surge is at fault... this is good. Creating a graveyard needs a vast amount of energy and there's no place better than this.

'This yang earth qi will give this graveyard near impossible to handle defenses, and the yin wind will give it almost impossible to contend with speed and attacking ability. This is perfect.'

The reason graveyards were the main fighting vessel of the void battlefield was because only the remnants of bubble worlds had the greatest resistances to the void. It wasn't a coincidence that bubble worlds could build up atmospheres and birth civilizations within the void.

Chapter 2210: Certain

In certain respects, it could be said that the void itself was the immortal plane while the bubble worlds were the invaders as opposed to that being said of the void beasts.

Either way, with a bubble world right here, Dyon didn't need to go out and search for the perfect asteroid. In addition, since this world wasn't destroyed, the sturdiest parts of it – around the world core – were still intact.

In other cases, when the bubble world imploded, the world core would be the first to go, so the precious ores around it would suffer the greatest. In fact, what Dyon was doing now – targeting a healthy world – was exactly what those who created the most powerful of graveyards did.

However, compared to them, Dyon was a level better. Who had ever heard of a world core being so peaceful...? And even further, who had ever heard of using a world core's energy to forge a graveyard?

'I guess for the next few months, I will have to become a weapon's smith.' Dyon smiled a confident smile.

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The most fundamental technique Dyon would need for this build was the immortal grade creation array. Just like the abode he built on the immortal ancient battlefield, he would need it to create the basic structure of the graveyard.

The immortal grade creation array was a level higher than the mortal master grade version. It had the ability to seep in the atmosphere and change the structure of its fundamental elements to its controller's liking.

As an aside, Dyon also realized that the amount of soul strength needed to create venerable grade and higher heavenly herbs was obscene. It would likely be necessary to use concepts from the immortal creation array in order to cross that barrier.

Thanks to this, Dyon had actually had a lot of practice with this method. Back when he was still on the Dark Flame bubble world, he had used his funds to buy up every venerable grade herb he could find. He had done this not only to solidify his foundation as an alchemist, but also to look into what it would take to create them.

The first thing Dyon had decided was what kind of design he had wanted. Following this, he used all of his capital to buy supplementary ores and precious materials he needed.

Dyon knew that he wouldn't have a massive crew like other graveyards did. However, he also knew that he could create a massive crew using his clones if he truly wished to do so.

So, the first choice he made was deciding whether he should go all out and create a massive graveyard, matching those that could even dwarf a small planet in size. Or, if he should minimize his graveyard's size and emphasize maneuverability and speed.

After some thought, Dyon rejected the idea of building a small graveyard. Logically, if such a thing was to anyone's benefit, a single legion would split themselves up into multiple smaller squads that each manned their own graveyards. If this method was used, then not only would they gain more agility and speed as a unit, but it would also become easier to mass produce graveyards. Yet, no one made this choice.

The answer to why was obvious. The main purpose of graveyards was to concentrate the power of its crew and cause damage to void beasts. How could it be possible to mount the massive weapons needed for such a goal in a small graveyard? In this case... bigger really was better.

That said, at the same time, there was no need for Dyon to build a planet sized graveyard either. Since he didn't have to manage a massive crew, he could cut out much of the space used for lounging, leisure, and living quarters.

The ultimate design he landed on was a graveyard that would be about 1000 kilometers in diameter. It wouldn't be as large as a planet, but it wouldn't be small either.

The biggest problem many legions faced was their inability to adapt to different void beasts. Not only were there three main categories, but there was also great variation even within said categories. The tentacle monstrosity Dyon saw was of the monster category, but it could have just as easily taken the form of a slime glob capable of swallowing moons, or even a ghastly vulture.

For ethereal and elemental void beasts, the variation was even greater. Ethereal void beasts were a wild card almost impossible to contend with, while elemental void beasts could produce qi attacks from countless wide ranging paths of cultivation. How could it be possible to be ready for them all?

However, Dyon wanted a design that had this sort of flexibility while also having an escape ability many other graveyards didn't have.

It was simply impossible to fit all of these wishes into one graveyard under normal circumstances. It would simply end up being average at all things and a master at none. However, it was a different matter entirely if a graveyard was able to change its form depending on the situation.

Creating a graveyard capable of changing form was very obviously several times more difficult. However, with how much Dyon had put his mind through in recent times, he almost felt that this was a break from his usual hectic life.

The last and most important thing Dyon wanted his graveyard to be able to do was to effectively make use of his power. Or, even better, to do an excellent job at amplifying it.

He wanted his vajra body to act as a central hub. Dyon had been hesitant to use his manifestation ever since coming to the immortal plane despite knowing how much more powerful it would make him. However, under the protective cover of his graveyard, without anyone being able to see its true form, it would be the perfect place for him to unleash his full strength.

Aside from those truly important things, the hidden wish Dyon had was to turn his graveyard into a factory.