

The Nameless 2215

Chapter 2215 Clone

"It's a ga --." Seeing that Lilith wasn't going to get it even if he explained, Dyon shook his head and laughed. "Never mind. The important point is that if I can study enough void beasts to find out what these special characteristics are, then it will be much easier to 'plug and play' with bodies I create and souls I snatch.

"If I couple these new findings with my Death God Body, then I can create corpse puppets unlike anything anyone has ever seen before, and the burden on my soul will substantially lessen."

Dyon found the fact that corpse puppets were made of all bone to be too limiting. There were many techniques he could use to compensate for this, most of which he received from Junior's memories – memories he had no idea he had access to only a portion of – but he found them to be too lacking.

Each of these methods required too much stamina to control. It would limit Dyon to barely a few hundred thousand corpse puppets at best. This might sound like a lot, but for what Dyon wanted to do on the immortal plane, this number was far too lacking.

His soul wasn't infallible. And this was especially so with him being in states where much of its strength was spent suppressing the imbalanced energies in his body.

But, if he had an army of corpse puppets who had faint soul wisps of their own... Then the burden would no longer fall on his shoulders any longer. If Dyon could accomplish this... The immortal plane would surely be in for quite the tailspin.

However, this was still a big if. Dyon's talent in his master's path of alchemy was nothing compared to his talent in traditional array alchemy. It wouldn't come as easily to him as array alchemy did.

That said, Dyon had a solid foundation and an endless number of void beasts to study. And, he also had one last thing he hadn't quite realized yet.

The blood sprite would be a great help in accomplishing this goal. However... That also meant that those responsible for creating it just might be one step ahead of Dyon already. In fact, just a single step might not do the truth justice.

**

It was several years before the legions of this star segment began to realize that something was off. Numerous reports of floating void beast corpses of the 1st and 2nd Tiers were becoming more and more frequent, however no one had come forward to claim merits for them. And, what was maybe even more shocking was the fact that many of these void beasts were taken down with just a single strike!

This culmination of events shocking made this void surge one of the calmest in history. Of course, there were several tragic tales of bubble worlds collapsing, but it was impossible to survive a void surge without these occurrences.

In addition, in such a weak star segment, the appearance of Tier 3 void beasts was already rare enough. For so many lower tier void beasts to inexplicably die, it was like delivering a saving grace to trillions.

At that moment, a clone of Dyon's, carrying wings of white flames on his back, descended onto Segment 232 once more. Much like on the mortal plane, as long as his white flames were present, the distance limitation of his clones was nullified completely.

He had run out of resources so he felt it was about time that he gathered some more. But this time, he came alone and didn't hesitate to shroud the entire bubble world in his immortal sense, locking onto the exact scene he wanted to see.

"He's back. That bastard's finally back." A vicious glint rippled through the Earl's gaze.

...

Dyon's clone descended, landing on the ground like an angel from on high. The combination of his flowing golden hair, piercing opal eyes, and wide, fiery white wings painted a picture of elegance that was almost impossible to match.

His entrance was so grand that it was impossible that a world filled with immortals wouldn't notice his arrival.

As expected, numerous excited gazes turned themselves toward him and many more began to enthusiastically chat about him.

None of them knew Dyon's name as no one had dared to ever ask for it, but they were all aware of his legend by now. He was easily crowned as the best alchemist of this star segment, a title that even the surprisingly arrogant group of old men hadn't dared to refute.

Although Dyon only refined lower empyrean grade talismans and pills at best, it had to be remembered that the middle empyrean level was already the ceiling of Immortal Celestials. For a star segment like this one, where would they find Immortal Law experts who were capable of breaking through that limit? As a result, despite the fact Dyon had never displayed skill higher than that level, there was no one with high enough skill in the first place to look down on him.

However, after the first wave of excitement, the expressions of those looking on toward Dyon dulled. They suddenly remembered that Dyon had stopped selling to normal people a long time ago and now only dealt with large legions able to buy in bulk.

As expected, Dyon had barely touched down to the clean roads of Segment 232 when a group of strong auras made their way toward him, led by an almost obnoxiously fat man who had the weakest aura of them all. That said, those around him didn't seem to dare to hold demeanors that displayed this truth.

Their heads remained slightly lowered and their steps were a measure behind as well, following the man's lead.

Dyon indifferently watched on as the Earl made his way toward him, his demeanor striking a resounding dichotomy between himself and the fat man's followers.

The Earl's features remained cordial and there wasn't so much as a flicker in his gaze, but his heart was already rolling over with anger. He had gotten quite good at hiding his true emotions in his lifetime. As a person who had been looked down upon for so long and even to this day still, he knew how to bury those emotions and bide his time.