

The Nameless 1041

Chapter 1041: Steam

By the time Elder Bowa reacted to the oppressive aura, it was already over. The roof completely shattered, revealing the auction house below littered with corpses caused by the falling rubble.

At that moment, Elder Bowa's expression was incomparably ugly. He had made so many confident deductions in the last 5 minutes, yet each was more wrong than the last. Or so he thought...

The array was completely gone now, but it hadn't been destroyed like Elder Bowa thought. Instead, it had been transferred into a large training room within the Demon Sage Tower that was currently in its smallest state, hovering outside the barrier that protected the auction house from the vacuum of space.

Although the process seemed simple, Dyon used every bit of the information he garnered while studying the array for the last hour. One had to remember that this array had a mechanism within that could obliterate a planet to ashes, let alone an asteroid.

The concept of obliterating a planet versus reducing it to ashes were so vastly different from one another that they might as well be unrelated. To reduce anything to ashes took an inconceivably and exponentially larger amount of energy than what was required to just destroy it.

Simply put, it could kill Dyon without leaving even a corpse to bury. For this reason, the array was built with durability comparable to that of a treasured weapon of the Spiritual level. Even if Dyon was a hundred times more powerful, he wouldn't be able to shatter a Spiritual weapon. Even breaking a grandmaster level weapon would push him to his absolute limits, even then, he might still fail.

The good news was that Elder Bowa understood none of this. He just believed that the array was more brittle than he assumed, but that just made him angrier.

His attendants panicked when they thought the protective shield was gone, stumbling in the air and almost falling despite being saints themselves. It was only afterward that they managed to recollect themselves.

It might seem odd that they were worried considering saints could survive in space as well, however, it followed the same concept as flying. Essence gatherers could fly, but they had severe limits in terms of speed and stamina. This was why most battles are still fought on the ground at that level.

In this same way, saints can survive in space, but it was a heavy burden to them. Considering how far they were from Planet Cathedral, it would take months of flying at top speed for even a celestial to make it back, maybe years. How could they as saints make it? That kind of journey would kill them, while for a celestial, it would push them to their absolute limits.

This was yet another thing Dyon was betting on. Dyon was certain that Elder Bowa wouldn't dare to destroy the protection around the asteroid, so this was why Dyon had his master slightly modify the protection to block communication and foreign energies.

The Demon Sage Tower was floating outside of this protection so that even if Elder Bowa wanted to trigger the fail safe, the newly modified barrier would interfere with the signal and disallow it. This also accounted for the possibility of the barrier interfering with teleportation as well. Dyon had thought of everything.

Now, Dyon could fight to his heart's content. All he had to do was stall, as long as he lasted long enough for all of the soul slaves to be teleported, he would win.

'Dyon, you need to be careful,' The 25th White Mother suddenly spoke. 'In order to modify the barrier, I used a combination of the defensive and concealment arrays you held in your red plaques, but that has its own downsides.

'For one, although the defensive array was created to block the attacks of a first-grade celestial for ten minutes before collapsing, that was reliant on it keeping a small scale. Now that it's been expanded to cover an entire asteroid, even though your opponent is a fifth-grade celestial, it wouldn't survive more than five to ten attacks.

'Secondly, the concealment array was originally meant to last three days, but that was also based on scale as well. It will last a few hours at most now.

'Also, don't underestimate your opponents. From what I can tell, there are more than 300 saints at this location, they wouldn't have died from a simple collapsed roof.'

Dyon took in a sharp breath. '300? Plus a fifth grade celestial? They really didn't want to make this easy on me... I have to protect the barrier from taking blows too? Fuck me.'

The concealment array was another problem. Dyon only had 10 plaques to begin with... He used two during his fight in the valley, he had used another when he escaped his cage, now he had given two more to his master. That meant there were only five left. One of them were attack arrays he couldn't bring himself to use because it was only useful for a single attack. Two were defensive arrays and the last two were concealment arrays.

The problem was that the signal blocking array would only work with the combination of both concealment and defensive arrays. This was because the signal blocking array was formed with the core symbols of both arrays.

'Master, how long would it take you to draw a signal blocking array from scratch, without the red plaques?'

'To cover an entire asteroid? It would take weeks.'

Dyon sighed. He had expected this, but hearing it still pained him. For obvious reasons, drawing a signal blocking array around the Demon Sage Tower was a no go, or else teleportation wouldn't work.

At that moment, Dyon appeared before the stunned eyes of Elder Bowa, his battle intent piercing through the skies.

'Master, prepare a small scale signal blocking array to cover the Demon Sage Tower. The moment anything goes wrong or the teleportations are complete, activate it.'

'It's time I blow off some steam.' For the humiliation he faced just a few days prior, he'd make sure to pay them back in full.

"You..." Elder Bowa looked stunned when he saw Dyon not because of any spectacular reason, but purely because he not only did not know who this young man was, he also sensed that Dyon was a mere 1st stage essence gatherer. He didn't even know how to properly react to this information.

It wasn't a surprise that he didn't recognize Dyon, after all, he was at Soul Market when the central bell was rung. Plus, although The Cathedral had a meeting pertaining to Dyon and his reveal as a member of the Jafari family, he hadn't taken part in that either.

That was when a sudden realization came over Elder Bowa. 'He must be one of the Lower Blossom stage innate soul, soul slaves?'

He questioned this thought, though, mostly because Dyon was dressed too oddly.

Since the day he was taken in, Dyon's clothes hadn't changed. In fact, the massive stain of blood around his crotch was still there along with the numerous knife wounds. If his eyes weren't so sharp and his aura wasn't so imposing, many might think that he was half dead.

'Wait, those are Soul Rending Peak disciple robes!' Elder Bowa's eyes widened. He almost didn't recognize them because of the state they were in, but when he realized this, he became completely certain.

"You're Dyon Jafari." Elder Bowa regained his calm as rubble began to roll below. Those who survived were slowly beginning to dig their way up.

"It's good you know so there's no confusion when I'm venting my rage."

Elder Bowa, a usually stoic and silent man couldn't help but burst into laughter when he heard this. "Do you believe that you've accomplished something? What does destroying the teleportation do for you? Even if you somehow manage to kill me by some stroke of luck, everything will continue as though you've done nothing." His laughter grew. "The best part is that you know that you have no chance of killing me."

He patted his chest, trying to catch his breath.

Dyon sneered. "You're confident because you believe that I don't know about the smaller scale teleportation formation here? Well let me ask you something, how did I get here without you detecting it?"

Elder Bowa's smile froze.

By now, numerous saints and essence gatherers were pulling themselves out of the rubble. Due to the violent fall of the roof, only the relatively stronger essence gatherers were in good shape while the others were either severely injured or dead. The saints, however, were completely fine.

Dyon calmly watching as the numbers began to steadily grow, taking in the hundreds of gazes filled with hostility.

"Kill him!" Elder Bowa roared.

The various attendants who had been preparing the auction house surged forward, looking to take Dyon out in the shortest time possible.

Dyon stretched out, sending a piercing gaze forward, prepared to shatter their battle spirit with his Presence. Let alone a few hundred enemies, the only reason Dyon survived the third trial was because he could completely collapse the battle will of thousand of beasts at once. What a joke it was for these people to attack him like this when he could incapacitate them in an instant.

However, Dyon stopped just as he was about to do so. 'If I end this battle too quickly, I won't be able to stall for time... No, it doesn't matter. If I kill them all, then I'll have no worries to begin with.'

'Don't do it.' Dyon's master's voice suddenly rung in his ears.

Chapter 1042: Selfless

'Huh?' Dyon asked in confusion.

'Your training is too poor, I'm unsatisfied.'

Dyon couldn't help but smile widely. He wasn't offended at all. This was the first opportunity he had to seek his master's guidance, how could he not accept it happily?

'Don't be happy too quickly.' The 25th White Mother continued, trying to maintain her stern expression despite a sweet smile and feeling creeping up on her lips. 'When you hear what I want you to do, you might start hating me.'

'Hate you?' Dyon grinned. 'Never.'

He dodged a punch, swinging a leg to send an essence gatherer crashing down below.

A battle erupted, a single man weaving and bobbing through hundreds of fists and kicks, completely unperturbed. Even Elder Bowa couldn't help but let a slight look of admiration slip onto his old, wrinkled features.

"A core disciple is truly special." He said in approval. But, his admiration still gave way to a cold expression. The more outstanding Dyon was, the more eager he was to kill him.

'Although I can't pass on our sect's core teachings to you, what I can do for you is prepare you for the day that you'll receive them.' Dyon's master continued seriously. 'Don't ask why or for any other explanations. I'm restricted from telling you too much because of the Sect Master's seal. Just know that I'm doing this for your benefit.'

Dyon nodded. He was becoming very much used to this... He was numb to the curiosity by now. Luckily, at least he could speculate without dying this time. However, his master's next words almost made him fall out of the sky.

'You're no longer allowed to use any techniques above the lower common level. In addition, before you're allowed to learn any techniques of the middle common level, you must master 100 lower common level fist techniques, 100 kicking techniques, 100 of each of the nine central weapons, 100 movement techniques, 100 defensive techniques, and 100 energy manipulation techniques. And by master, I don't mean to the completion stage, I mean to the One with Self realm.'

Dyon was so distracted by his master's words that he accidentally let a fist slam into his chest. Although he didn't move an inch due to the punch, he was still so pissed by it that he slapped the essence gatherer's head who hit him into a mist of blood.

It also didn't help that Dyon's master giggled like a little girl when she saw her treasured disciple's reaction. No matter how many years she had lived, this incarnation of her was from her youth, she didn't have the same mature air she had when she first met Dyon, despite having all of the same memories.

To begin with, that was 1400 techniques! Plus, considering his master's phrasing, he assumed that she would want him to redo this feat with middle common level techniques, then high, then peak. 5600 techniques before he could even touch an Earth level technique? This wasn't training, it was torture!

Even this wasn't the worst part.

To enter the 'completion stage' meant to enter the peak level of a technique. For example, for Dyon's Demon Emperor's Will, this would mean reaching the third stage of the third act.

However, to enter the One with Self realm meant to make the technique your own, to master it to such an extent that it surpassed the original intent of the creator. Even for a common level technique, a genius might take decades to reach such a level. And that was just for one technique!

Dyon vented his frustration on the poor souls stupid enough to attack him, sweeping through effortlessly as though they weren't there at all. Before even a minute had passed, the saints realized that essence gatherers weren't a match for Dyon. It was as though they were sending ants to stop a behemoth. They had no choice but to step in themselves.

'Does the Celestial Deer Sect Library even have that many low-level techniques?' Dyon suddenly asked.

'Of course. I just assume you ignored them all for our heaven level techniques. I doubt you even touched the earth level ones.'

Dyon coughed in slight embarrassment because of how right his master was. He didn't even bother to look at low level techniques. This entire time, he had been using the best of the best.

'That's no good.' The 25th White Mother continued to lovingly berate Dyon. 'Techniques are the means by which many come to understand the martial world. Leaping to the highest-level techniques, unless they're specifically cultivation type techniques, can be more of a detriment than a help.

'Also, you're not yet powerful enough to make full use of even an earth technique, let alone a heaven one. I wasn't there to guide you, so I take responsibility, but you have to listen to me from now on.

'Earth level techniques cannot be fully mastered until the peak of sainthood. Heaven level techniques cannot be fully mastered until the peak of the celestial stage. Divine level techniques cannot be fully mastered until the half-step transcendent realm. There are always exceptions, but this is the framework.

'You are a 1st stage essence gatherer, what business do you have using heaven and divine level techniques as freely as you do? You're wasting energy when you could be optimizing your stamina.

'I promise that if you master even one lower common level technique to the One with Self stage, it'll become more powerful than any technique you've ever used.

'If you master ten, you'll be more powerful than you've ever been. You could sweep across those of your generation with ease. If you master 5600? When our core teachings are within your possession, you'll be unmatched.'

Hearing this, Dyon's eyes blazed. His previous dissatisfaction disappeared.

So what if it was normally as difficult as ascending the heavens to reach the One with Self level of a technique? So what if doing so with 5600 was a fool's dream? So what if his future opponents laughed at him for using such seemingly simple techniques? If his master said so, he'd do it.

What Dyon's master didn't tell him was that normally, this was far above the pale. The core teaching she was preparing him for required only 10 common level techniques. That was right, 10, usually two to each discipline someone practiced, making for 40 total at the common level. However, the 25th White Mother scaled it upward considerably for Dyon.

Not only this, but the technique only required to learn to the completion level, nowhere does it ask for the One with Self level. This was yet another upscale.

However, the 25th White Mother was accounting for other things. One was her disciples otherworldly comprehension and the other was his Weapon's Master will.

The nine core weapons in the martial world were the sword, the saber, the rod, the spear, the bow, the halberd, the glaive, the battle axe and the knife. Even though the Weapon's Master will was heaven defying, allowing Dyon to pick up any weapon and immediately master it to the 9th will level despite still being at the 1st will level, the ironic part was that unless Dyon master many weapons, it was impossible to improve. It worked hand in hand.

Taking this into account, the 25th White Mother chose to make Dyon master 100 techniques for each weapon. Should he succeed, his Weapon's Master will would improve by leaps and bounds.

'Since your cultivation is still partly sealed, you're limited in what techniques you can use. The good news is that certain lower common level techniques don't require wills, thus why they're ranked so low. It is difficult to perfectly integrate wills into techniques.

'Begin with [Overbearing Mountain Bear Fists], [Whipping Wind, Galloping Steps] and [Sweeping the Clouds with One Leg].'

The moment the 25th White Mother's delicate voice finished sounding out, Dyon found the relevant techniques within her memories and fell into a selfless state. His mind went blank and his intentions became pure, there was nothing else in his thoughts aside from these techniques, his focus reaching a level that most could only dream of.

When Dyon's master saw this, her eyes blinked in surprise before they beamed with pride. Since when was achieving a selfless state of cultivation so easy? Especially in the midst of being bombarded by hundreds of enemies? This was simply too amazing.

Chapter 1043: Jeers

Dyon had long since known that the root of comprehension was the soul. This was why beasts had to rely on their bloodline inheritances, to make up for their lack of comprehension abilities. With the amount of talent Dyon's soul had, who in the martial world could be his match in comprehension?!

It was far too rare for Dyon to actively cultivate techniques, so even he didn't take good note of how good his comprehension was. However, he should have known.

Dyon's weakest technique to date was his divine level movement technique [Celestial Wind Steps]. Despite having poor affinity for both wind and celestial will, Dyon still learned it to the second stage of its first act. Think about it, a technique only meant to be used by dao formation experts, comprehended by a young man who hadn't even begun to energy cultivate, at the time, to such a level.

If Dyon's comprehension wasn't demon-like, then whose was?

Dyon's eyes dulled before they suddenly shone with an unnatural light. Their warm hazel became a blinding gold as if he could suddenly see through the world.

Within Dyon's Mind's Eye, waves of energy began roll through, involuntarily awakening the rest of the spirits. Before any of the 13 of them could react, they suddenly felt a wave of oppressive energy.

Their heads snapped toward the center of Dyon's Mind's Eye, landing on the still suckling baby. Although they had all seen it before, they had made a tacit agreement to never talk about it again. But, now that very baby struggled slightly against its chains, rolling over in its sleep and gurgling with a happy smile on its face.

Such an unbearably cute action actually managed to send waves of fear through the 13 spirits, as though just a single wave of one of its chubby little fingers could obliterate them all.

At that moment, Dyon dodged to one side, circulating [Whipping Wind, Galloping Steps].

Unlike his divine levels techniques, usually split into nine stages, each of which had their own levels of completion, common level techniques were far simpler.

Without any prior reflection, Dyon immediately stepped into the first stage: initial success.

His feet glided across the air, syncing with the reflection of the technique in his mind.

The technique was reliant on the words whipping and galloping. There was nothing elegant about it, instead, it relied on strong legs to push off, leaving destruction in your wake.

Dyon's speed suddenly gained a massive boost. At that moment, he did something inconceivable: he put his wings away.

With his wills and energies sealed, it was impossible for Dyon to fly without his wings. Yet, he disregarded them without hesitation.

BOOM!

Dyon's foot slammed against the air, falling into a deeper state of comprehension as he flashed around the battlefield, not throwing even a single technique.

If one listened closely, every one of Dyon's steps sounded like a herd of galloping gazelles. His legs whipped downward so violently that the currents of air kept him in the sky.

At first, it was only the high-level essence gatherers that could keep up with him, but in the next moment, it became difficult for even saints to do so.

Dyon's body flashed, entering the small success stage in a matter of seconds.

The galloping herd became clearer and Dyon's speed increased once again.

If one looked closely, during the initial success stage, Dyon's foot slammed downward once per step. However, as he improved, one step became two, the two became three, by the time he broke into the small success stage, each single step of his was the equivalent of five steps.

His steps layered on each other, giving him the equivalent burst of five steps for his every one, increasing his speed to inconceivable levels.

If someone was observing, they'd be able to understand that this was a mere lower common level technique. However, they'd be incomparably shocked by its effectiveness. Even for the worst of techniques, how could the former number one sect in the cosmos accept mediocre techniques?

Elder Bowa watched this scene with a twitching lip. Was this young man using them to train? Or was he truly having trouble dealing with so many numbers?

"Is the communication still not working?" He asked his attendants.

"No, we don't know what's wrong!" One of the attendants shifted nervously. "We even tried using the smaller scale array like you asked, but it didn't work either, we don't understand what's going on."

Elder Bowa's features darkened. 'He really did damn us all! It'll take me years to fly back to Planet Cathedral... But if you were banking on that to die along with me, you'll be sorely disappointed. If I refine all of you into pills here, I'll have more than enough energy for the trip!'

His old wrinkled face became sinister. He disdained to step in personally against a mere essence gatherer, but he was more than happy to play with Dyon to death!

BOOM!

Dyon's steps became like loud cacophonous bombs going off underneath his feet as he broke through to the large success stage in what seemed like a blink of an eye...

Unfortunately for the enemies attacking him, he suddenly felt like it was time to try out another technique as his fists cocked backward...

Dyon's blood seemed to roar, causing Fist King's eyes to light up.

He looked like the king of a mountain, looking down on the world with just his fists to rely on.

A brown essence coated Dyon's fists as it slammed into his nearest enemy.

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The eerie sound of human life becoming a fountain of blood filled the crumbled auction house.

'This is how a man should be!' The Fist King spoke silently to himself. 'Ruling the world with nothing but the fists he was born with!'

If those of the Fist King's life knew that he was praising a junior using a mere lower common level technique, they might die in shock. But, despite the fact Dyon had only just stepped into the initial stage, his bearing was comparable to a man who wanted to rule the world with his fists, immediately gaining the Fist King's respect.

The truth was that Dyon wasn't so passionate about fist techniques, or any techniques, for that matter. There was only one thing he had in mind: to arrogantly stare down at the world from the heavens, no matter what technique it was that used.

His eyes continued to shine a blinding gold as his leg swung forward.

A cloud of wispy smoke trailed Dyon's kick as yet another head burst into a gory shower of blood.

Dyon body burst through the skies, disappearing and appearing at will...

Every disappearance dodged seemingly impossible to escape situations while every appearance resulted in a death.

[Sweeping the Clouds with One Leg] was a kicking technique with only a single form, a high kick sweeping forward with the majesty of the skies. However, Dyon delved right into the essence of it immediately as his mind comprehended more and more.

'What does it mean to sweep the clouds... It means being able to destroy something weightless with a thought, to make the formless bend to your will, to shatter what shouldn't be shattered...'

Dyon's thought were becoming more profound than even what the creator intended even as his movement technique seamlessly stepped into the completion stage, shocking his master to no end.

[Overbearing Mountain Bear Fists] was yet another technique that took its title very seriously. To be overbearing, to rule over a mountain, to have the power of a Bear.

Dyon's fists shattered through the initial success stage, climbing to the small success stage as the mighty roar of a Bear broke through the skies.

Fists and kicks rained downward, switching from one to another with ease.

The brown essence coating Dyon's fists became more refined, growing in luster and gaining an added sheen.

Dyon became a devilish nightmare for the essence gatherers, however he continued to use the saints to circulate and improve his movement technique.

To others though, it looked as though he wasn't confident in defeating them, so he avoided them, picking on the weak.

This caused constant jeers to sound from the enemy saints, however, even if Dyon could hear them, he wouldn't care. In the end, all those saints could do was rush after Dyon, trying their best to surround him.

Chapter 1044: Anger

However, one death still became ten, and ten became a hundred, and a hundred became two hundred.

The lives of essence gatherers were reaped with such ease that even Elder Bowa felt a shiver creep up his spine. This was because he could tell that Dyon wasn't using strength that surpassed the normal realms of an essence gatherer!

Despite having a celestial body, Dyon purposely held his strength back, relying solely on his comprehension of the techniques to power him. At that moment, he was a true early stage essence gatherer, yet he reaped the lives of those at his cultivation level so easily... This was the power of having techniques to rely on!

During his whole journey thus far, Dyon had never had any attack techniques to speak of. Yet, as he climbed deeper and deeper into his comprehension, he suddenly realized how stupid he had been to ignore this facet of cultivation for so long. If he wasn't so focused, he'd be tilting his head back, laughing at the heavens.

As for the spirits, they had never seen such quick breakthroughs in their lives. Of course, for them, as dao formation experts, they could learn a common level technique in the blink of an eye. However, Dyon wasn't a dao formation expert! Just what level would his comprehension reach when he was at their level?!

BOOM!

An illusory bear matted with golden-brown fur seemed to swing its fists in unison with Dyon's. It stood on its hind legs, roaring into the skies as though to remind the world that it was King. At that moment, there was no doubt that Dyon had reached the completion stage... Every life he reaped no longer left a rain of blood because even the drops of crimson were completely obliterated!

Dyon's legs whipped forward at blinding speeds. The air bent to his will, the clouds dispersed at his whim, and his power bore down on the world, uncaring for the cries and pleas of mercy. In this world, there was only him and his leg, sweeping through the skies.

Mist began to surround Dyon as his legs disappeared into a blur.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Dyon's fists and legs could no longer be contained by the body of one. The air currents ripped through the skies, reaping two lives at once, then three. Eventually, a single sweep of his leg or even a single raging fist took ten lives at once!

From the beginning of the fight until now, a mere ten minutes had passed, yet Dyon had learned three techniques to the peak level their creators intended.

In one moment, he was a herd of gazelles galloping at ridiculous speeds, in another he was king of a mountain, roaring into the skies with disdain for the world, and in the next, his legs could cause destruction to even the air itself.

The most shocking part was that with every movement he took, with every fist he threw out, with every leg that swept through the skies, he became more and more powerful, as though he was still seeking a new level, as though it still wasn't enough!

Elder Bowa's expression could only become worse and worse. Eventually, he grit his teeth. "Ready the formation!"

There were many fail safes implemented into the Soul Market, but not all of them involved destroying everything in sight. One of them involved a kill array that once protected Soul Rending Peak at the height of its powers...

Elder Bowa was unwilling to use it because unlike the teleportation array, its power consumption relied on the energy stones of today, something that made his heart bleed.

However, he only asked for the array to be prepared as a precautionary measure. As far as he was concerned, the moment he personally acted, this would all be over.

"Come and die!" He roared, charging into the skies after Dyon's flashing body with a speed that put Dyon's movement technique to shame.

Despite an elder of the celestial level rushing toward Dyon, brimming with killing intent, Dyon still didn't fall out of his selfless state. It seemed as though the state itself was created for him, as though it was only natural that he could accomplish a feat others spent their whole lives chasing as easily as breathing his next breath.

However, no matter how calm he was, he had no chance of avoiding the attack of a celestial while capping himself at the essence gatherer level.

'Flaws...' Everything seemed to slow down to the extreme for Dyon. Normal lower common level techniques would be rife with flaws, even potentially harmful ones. However, this wasn't the case for the techniques of the Celestial Deer Sect.

For sects at that level, they understood the importance of foundation. Therefore, they knew that even their best geniuses should begin with low level techniques. In that case, how could they leave the possibility of harming their younger generation?

Therefore, the techniques were carefully selected and were all the very best of their level category and often times were more powerful than normal techniques ranked higher than them.

So, the flaws Dyon was referring to weren't harmful, but rather, limitations in the creator's comprehension... A disconnect in conveying a clear image, or the projection of a flawed image.

'[Whipping Wing, Galloping Steps] is powerful and provides explosive, short term speed, however it's too predictable and lacks flexibility...'

Dyon's eyes shone as Elder Bowa rapidly approached him. In that moment, his foot seemed to blur.

A rapid series of galloping steps resounded through the air. The sound barrier shattered, causing rings of violent wind currents to project below Dyon's feet.

However, the sound no longer felt as though it was coming from one direction.

A confusing cognitive dissonance overwhelmed Elder Bowa. His eyes told him that Dyon was right in front of him, but his senses as a warrior told him that Dyon was behind him... no, to the side of him... no, above him... no, below!

By the time Elder Bowa oriented himself, swinging a palm toward Dyon, he could only watch wide eyed as he realized he had misjudged his strike, causing him to barely miss Dyon's body.

At that moment, the glow in Dyon's eyes sharpened as his figure seem to meld into the world. If they had been on a planet, auspicious signs would shine down, filling Dyon with Heaven's Blessings. However, a mere asteroid didn't have access to such things.

'I've underestimated him...' Dyon's Master lamented. The value of being blessed by heaven shouldn't be underestimated. In fact, it was something that many wouldn't experience in their entire lifetimes. However, she had actually caused her precious disciple to miss out on such an opportunity, how could she not feel guilty?

Space was devoid of energy, which was why it was so dangerous even for a celestial. Now that Dyon had broken into the One with Self stage in such a place, he couldn't take part in the benefits of doing so.

In the history of those who achieved such a level, this was probably the first time it was so anti-climactic.

Even a dao formation expert wouldn't guarantee that they could raise a common level technique to the One with Self level... Let alone do so in less than 20 minutes... It was too inconceivable!

Dyon's body swayed in the air, avoiding Elder Bowa's strikes by a hair every time. It was only now he understood the majesty of the One with Self realm. It was as though the technique was created by him, causing it to exhibit a strength far surpassing its usual cap.

The most shocking part was that to dodge Elder Bowa's advances, Dyon had only raised his power output to the peak saint stage. Even though Elder Bowa was only a fifth-grade celestial, such a feat was mind boggling!

One couldn't forget that these techniques weren't body cultivation techniques. They were meant to be used alongside energy. Yet, Dyon had raised them to such a level even with his energy cultivation sealed. Currently, Dyon was imitating the flow of energy by using his blood. After all, Meridians were just another facet of the circulatory system. However, that didn't change just how shocking such a feat was.

It could only be imagined how effective they'd be when used in their truest form.

Elder Bowa's anger grew fiercer. He had been attacking Dyon for half a minute already, yet he, as an esteemed celestial, couldn't kill a mere essence gatherer? The slap to his face was so resounding that his cheeks visibly reddened.

The most anger inducing part was that he could tell that Dyon was slowly, but surely, decreasing his power output, trying to rely on his comprehension to enhance his speed.

From the beginning, Elder Bowa hadn't used any techniques. He had already stooped low enough to attack an essence gatherer, how could he stoop any further? However, the anger got to him and he no longer cared about his face.

At that moment, Elder Bowa's speed erupted as he too circulated his own movement technique. Unlike Dyon's, it was at the Peak Common Level!

Dyon immediately detected the change in speed. He realized that he could no longer toy around, if he treated a celestial lightly, he would be the one to suffer.

His fist flew forward, following roar of a majestic bear. However, there was no suspense when he met Elder Bowa's fist.

Dyon was blasted hundreds of meters backward, causing him to lose control of his movement technique and fall from the skies and into a heap of rubble.

Chapter 1045: Chosen

Dyon didn't have time to think. It was clear that his selfless state wouldn't do him any good here.

Of course, he had confidence in meeting Elder Bowa head on if he used his Demon Emperor's Will. However, he had promised his master he wouldn't. After all, Demon Emperor's will wasn't just a Divine level technique, it was among the best divine level techniques that existed, period. There was a reason that it was the staple technique of the Demon Sage. If Dyon didn't have the Demon Sage's blood essence, he wouldn't have any business using the technique at all.

Before Elder Bowa could gloat, Dyon burst out of the rubble. For better or worse, he still had a celestial level body even though he didn't practice any defensive techniques.

'I've solved the predictability [Whipping Wind, Galloping Steps] to a certain extent, but it still lacks flexibility.'

Dyon threw himself into the air, dodging an assault from converging saints and circulating the technique once more. However, he felt a significant drop in his focus and mental energy. It seemed that entering the selfless state wasn't without a price.

He couldn't help but sigh when he realized this. 'If only I was a Crystal Dragon...'

'Dyon,' Dyon's master felt oddly thankful that Dyon's selfless state had ended. She would feel too useless as a master if Dyon could just figure everything out on his own. 'Don't mind the selfless state too much. The best way to increase mental energy is by constantly exhausting it. This time, you lasted about 12 minutes. You likely would have lasted 15 had you not been forcibly knocked out of it.'

Dyon nodded, listening intently to his master. There were simply too few resources capable of increasing mental energy. But, if what his grand teacher said was correct, the Crystal Dragon Clan had a method to do so...

'In terms of notes on your battle, you've underestimated celestials a bit too much. It was too reckless to try and forcibly push the level of your fist technique by meeting him head on.'

'You have to remember that before going on to the next realm, one tempers their body with energy they'll be proceeding into. It's almost akin to repeating the foundation and meridian formation stage for every step forward. Although geniuses do this to a much more thorough extent, regular cultivators will do this as well, do you understand?'

'You're trying to say that although he's not a body cultivator, his body isn't weak either.'

'Exactly. If you want an analogy, consider the grades of cultivation. Depending on number of meridians filled, you're given a higher grade.'

'Essentially, the body tempering provided by energy cultivation is akin to 'filling less meridians', making the grade of your body lower.

'A true celestial body cultivator would be likened to a third, second or first grade warrior, the very highest orders.

'However, a celestial of energy cultivation would be more like a seventh or sixth grade body cultivation warrior.

'No one has parsed these differences perfectly because body cultivating is so rare, however, it's quite easy to get a general guess when you begin fighting your opponent.

'Right now, you're only able to emit the power of a body cultivator at around the 4th grade because you don't have enough supplementary techniques such as defensive and blood manipulation techniques. Elder Bowa, is far weaker. Likely akin to the lowest 9th grade with just his body.

'However, the reason he can blast you away is because he has two more aspects to his strength.'

Dyon took a deep breath. 'His celestial energy and his wills.' He completely lost his leisurely appearance, focusing intently on the battle at hand.

Elder Bowa was only a fifth-grade celestial. But, coupling that with what seemed to be a ninth-grade body and intent level wills... Simply put, he was trouble for Dyon.

Seeing Dyon's serious expression, The 25th White Mother smiled.

At that moment, an array appeared before Dyon. It swirled with an unmatched excellence, delicately forming common level plants Dyon immediately recognized.

'Master will teach you a special use for celestial blood. After the pill is formed, cut open a wound and force out a drop of your blood onto it.'

Dyon's eyes flashed with curiosity. He had never seen a pill that used blood, this was because beast parts, such as blood and organs, would only be used in runic vein theory. So, although he understood what these plants were, he had no idea what they could be combined into. His master was even using a grafting and splicing technique that was far too complex for his mind to wrap around.

However, he prepared to do as he was told, no longer holding back his celestial body and avoiding Elder Bowa to the best of his abilities while periodically killing essence gatherers.

The arrays continued to swirl. In less than 5 minutes, a pure white pill had formed, but it was clearly about to collapse at any moment.

'Now!'

The moment Dyon heard his master's voice, he bit open a cut on his finger and dripped it onto the pill.

Dyon only had 5% of his master's blood essence within him, however, since his master said it would work, he believed her.

In the end, Dyon wasn't disappointed.

The pill began to give off waves of light, bathing Dyon in a calming light. At that moment, Dyon wanted to do nothing more than to eat this pill...

Ignoring the odd looks of those pursuing him, he did exactly that. But, the moment he did, his eyes widened with shock.

Dyon's fatigue seemed to be wiped away in an instant, filling him with brimming amounts of mental energy.

'This...!' It should have been impossible. A mental energy recovery pill was within the dao of array alchemy, but it was classified as a Moon Level pill. For it to be ranked so highly even within the pages of the that book, it could only be imagined how difficult the materials were to procure, not to mention the difficulty of concocting it.

But, his master had just weaved together some simple common level plants that were completely and chemically unstable. Yet, a single drop of blood had stabilized it, causing heaven defying effects.

The 25th White Mother giggled. 'Your master is amazing, no?'

Dyon's eyes glowed. 'Absolutely!' He said sincerely.

Hearing this, Dyon's master smiled so sweetly that honey seemed to drip from her lips. She was truly happy.

'Go fight to your heart's content, my precious disciple. Don't worry about how I did this, I'll explain it to you in time. When you feel your mental energy running out, I will concoct another pill for you. Treat this as training.'

Dyon nodded, eager to slip back into his selfless state. The last thing he heard were a few more words from his master.

'You cannot defeat him easily without the help of a weapon. However, I do not want you to use the Dragon King either. You once forewent the Dragon King for a common level weapon, but you switched too quickly. Until your weapon's master will breaks into the 2nd intent level, you're only allowed to use common level weapons.'

'I'll only allow you to break these rules I've set for you if you're facing someone too far beyond your cultivation level. Other than that, don't come pouting to me.'

Dyon groaned slightly, but still acquiesced to his master's commands. The 2nd intent level didn't seem to bad, but one had to remember that his weapon's master will was at the 1st will level right now. Yet, he could learn any weapon he picked up to the 9th will level, and with a little practice, the 1st intent level.

What did that mean? It meant that the weapon's master will allowed him an entire large cultivation realm advantage. Meaning if he reached the 2nd intent stage, any weapon he picked up would enter the

1st dao stage immediately, and the 2nd with practice. Knowing this, it was obvious how difficult it was to reach that level.

The 25th White Mother giggled. 'Good. The techniques I've chosen for you are [3 Forms Blade], [Piercing Through the Earth], and [Chaotic Halberd].'

As Dyon's master spoke, three arrays whirled behind Dyon's back, forming three weapons. A sword, a spear and a halberd. Knowing that Dyon didn't have his life ring, and thus didn't have access to the Celestial Deer Sect's weapon's room, this was the best choice.

Chapter 1046: Completion

The weapons were incredibly simple, however they were very sturdy. There was nothing flashy about them, even their color was a dull grey.

However, when Dyon grabbed for the halberd, flashing the other two weapons into his spatial ring, he realized just how heavy it was. His broad sword was 700 000 jin, but this halberd was more than double that!

Dyon could no longer remain in the skies by circulating his movement technique. He immediately crashed into the ground, conveniently dodging yet another sweep of techniques.

'Is this what it's like to have a master?' Dyon felt another headache incoming. How could a common level weapon be so heavy?

At this point, it wasn't just his master laughing, but also the other spirits. They seemed to be enjoying watching a future genius struggle so much.

'This material is known as 'Training Iron'. Despite being at the common level, it has incredible density and very high durability comparable to that of a material of the Spiritual level, and even supreme level.'

Dyon frowned, lifting the halberd up with all of his strength and diving to one side to dodge Elder Bowa once again.

The ground he stepped on creaked and cracked. Even his bones seemed to want to collapse, but he straightened himself to block a palm from Elder Bowa with the shaft of the Halberd.

He slid backward roughly, not because he had the power to block Elder Bowa, but because the weapon was so heavy that Elder Bowa had trouble pushing it back.

A million jin was the threshold for celestials, very few saints could match it. It was no wonder a mere fifth grade celestial had trouble with it.

Seeing Dyon struggle, the spirits continued to laugh, mostly because they knew his life wasn't in danger.

'The reason this material is so great yet still of the common level is because it isn't suitable for making weapons.

'The material is too tough to inscribe intricate arrays into. And, even if you did, the material is not good for conducting energy of any kind. Usually, if a material is bad at conducting conventional energy, for instance, it might be good at conducting runic flames or soul strength and could thus be used as a weapon of that category. However, this material is unable to conduct anything.

'Therefore, it's colloquially known as 'Training Iron', but officially known as 'Dwarf's Diamond'. As for the story behind why that it's official name, you should probably focus on not dying first. Go on, master believes in you!'

Dyon understood his master's intentions, but that didn't mean he wasn't slightly annoyed. The good news was that he didn't need to worry about breaking this weapon.

Still, Dyon was in awe of his master. Creating this material shouldn't have been easy. Even if it was ranked at the common level, its abilities were more akin to a Spiritual level weapon. To use a creation array to create this weapon... His master was too impressive.

By now, Elder Bowa was erupting in anger. He could tell that Dyon had been absentminded for the past few moments. He had to watch a mere essence gatherer concoct a pill, then three weapons, right in front of his face!

"I'll kill you!" Elder Bowa raged.

'Big Brother!' Little Yin's voice sounded in Dyon's mind. 'The sixth group just teleported in. But, just like the first group, they're heavily sedated. None of them are awake.'

Dyon's expression grew serious. Almost 20 minutes had passed but only six of twenty-one groups had come in. He was definitely feeling the pressure.

However, in the next moment the feeling of warmth Dyon had been feeling under his master's guidance disappeared. After being reminded of the soul slaves, his rage began to boil once more.

These people were reaping the lives of children for the sake of profit, yet he was in a rage simply because Dyon was trying to save them? How much of a pathetic low-life did you have to be to believe that you were the one in the right here?

Dyon's dimmed eyes began to glow once more. In an instant, it was as though he couldn't feel the weight of the halberd anymore... as though there was only him and the technique... as though it was just another part of him.

Another wave of terrifying energy rippled through Dyon's Mind's Eye, causing another adorable gurgle to escape the golden baby's lips.

Two pairs of black wings erupted from Dyon's back, blocking Elder Bowa's palm as Dyon sunk into contemplation.

[Chaotic Halberd], a technique of domineering presence. There were only two stances, one was akin to a spear technique, while the second was more like a glaive.

Dyon brandished the grey halberd, stepping back fiercely as an otherworldly aura erupted from him.

Saints and essence gatherers that had been approaching were blasted backward by Dyon's momentum.

"First stance, piercing shadow."

The halberd in Dyon's hand blurred, an eerie black shadow surrounding it.

Dyon pierced forward twice, in quick succession, aiming for Elder Bowa's head both times.

But, before he could even properly execute the technique, Dyon's felt his tendons tearing as his skin burst under his bulging muscles.

Moving a weapon that was so heavy forward and backward in such quick succession was an enormous strain on Dyon. However, he immediately realized that this was only because his comprehension was too shallow. He didn't control his strength properly, causing himself to be hurt.

'Weapon wills have always been categorized oddly,' Dyon's master's voice sounded in his head, 'Although they aren't supreme laws, they're often equally if not more difficult to learn. This is because no two people will ever use a weapon identically. In addition, weapon abyssal cores are very rare to the point of being nonexistent.'

'Do you understand why the weapon's master will is so amazing, now? It's the only weapon will categorized as a supreme law for a reason.'

'Techniques will be just as difficult. To cause something to become an extension of your body is among the most difficult things to do in the martial world.'

There was no suspense, with Dyon's poor technique, Elder Bowa easily parried with his palm. Because training iron couldn't be inscribed with arrays due to its toughness, it was also very difficult to sharpen, making the weapon quite blunt.

However, Dyon didn't give up.

His eyes glowed a fiercer gold. 'Chaotic... How do I be erratic in line with the essence of the technique without harming myself?...'

"Second stance, slashing shadow." Dyon mumbled under his breath absentmindedly.

Every swing of his halberd was so fierce that even the saints could no longer approach. Many were sent flying backward, unable to approach the hundred-meter radius of Elder Bowa and Dyon.

'Why is slashing shadow easier to use?...' Dyon's mind thought as blazing speeds and he read and reacted Elder Bowa as though battling was a simple instinct to him.

Much of the time, he didn't utilize the technique. He realized that he simply didn't understand the halberd at all.

Dyon's halberd swished outward in a violent exchange.

"THAT'S ENOUGH!" Elder Bowa roared. He had already taken a hit to his pride when he was forced to utilize a movement technique against Dyon, but now his hands were growing numb and cracking at the seams. How could he stand this?!

In an instant, the shadow of Elder Bowa's palms rained down upon Dyon. "[Clawing Monkey Palms]!"

The pressure Dyon was facing more than tripled, causing him to stumble backward again and again. If it wasn't for the weight of his weapon, he would have been sent flying back more times than he could count.

Imagine a celestial using their energy to power a technique. Even if it was at the common level, it was far too much!

At a moment of danger, Dyon's eyes blazed with battle intent.

"Slashing shadow!"

Dyon's halberd swept out in a perfect arc. At that moment, the process seemed effortless and the stress on Dyon's arms seemed to disappear.

The halberd curved, sweeping across, down and up in a beautiful figure eight that left a trail of eerie black fog in its wake.

Elder Bowa's momentum was broken in an instant as Dyon's eyes widened with realization.

'Momentum... Using momentum properly... Hurting myself is due to my wasting momentum... If I attack high, beginning the attack, sweep downward, then rounding out to attack again while using the momentum of the first attack to form the second, the one who takes the damage won't be me, but him!'

Before Dyon realized it, yet another 20 minutes had passed, but he didn't feel the end of his selfless state coming. He felt like he was brimming with power, as though nothing could stop him!

"Piercing Shadow!"

Numerous clones of the tip of Dyon's halberd rained down, smashing apart Elder Bowa's palms one after another.

Two strikes... Four.... Eight.... Thirty-two!

The skies shattered under Dyon's overbearing press forward.

Almost two million jin of weight backed by Dyon's power violently smashed into Elder Bowa's chest, sending him flying hundreds of meters.

The old man violently coughed up blood, his chest caving inward as the sickening sound of his cracking ribs sounded out.

There was no doubt that Dyon had reached the completion stage of yet another technique.

Seeing Elder Bowa blasted away, Dyon didn't feel any hint of satisfaction. He learned three techniques previously, two to the completion stage and one to the One with Self realm, within 12 minutes previously. But, it took him 20 minutes to learn a single halberd technique to the completion stage?

Chapter 1047: Rage

Even worse, he never put Elder Bowa in his eyes to begin with. If it hadn't been for his master's wishes, Dyon could have directly used his Presence to slaughter all of them like chickens.

It had to be remembered the Presence was known as a Martial Art. In the martial world, a martial art was defined as a technique relying solely on the body and the self without the use of external energies.

This meant that since Dyon's body was at the celestial realm, all of his Martial Arts effected celestials without any drop off. Of course, this was limited to lower celestials since Dyon was a lower celestial in terms of body cultivation, but this was the truth nonetheless.

Aside from Violet's father and Sokzac, the celestials of the Soul Rend Quadrant could barely be considered first stage celestials, which means they would be paralyzed by Dyon's Presence just as easily as a saint would.

Of course, if anyone knew how much Dyon disdained to spend 20 minutes to master a weapon's technique to completion, they might wish a heavenly tribulation upon him for being too arrogant.

Seeing the disdain on Dyon's features, Elder Bowa coughed up blood once again, but this time, in anger.

'Big Brother, sixteen groups have been teleported. Only four more,' Little Yin said excitedly. Since she and Little Yang were manning the tower outside of the protective formation, they could only watch Dyon from afar. But, what they saw made them very happy.

'Oh, I almost forgot.' Little Yin added, scrambling to explain adorably. 'The tower spirit wanted me to say some bad words to you, but I won't! The important part is that he said 'Did you forget that you're omnipotent within the tower?''

Hearing Little Yin's words sound in his mind, Dyon felt like an explosion went off as a sudden realization came over him.

When he was first explained the rules of the tower, the spirit had glossed over this point, explaining it away as teleporting at free will within the tower and levitating things, and other simple and quite useless stuff. However, the fact he brought it up now meant that there had definitely been a change.

'If this ability was so useful, why the hell didn't you tell me until now?' Dyon couldn't help but roll his eyes.

Seeing this and thinking it was aimed toward him, Elder Bowa went into another fit of rage, struggling to stand up. "Give me the formation core!" He roared.

Almost as though the spirit could hear Dyon blaming him, its voice sounded in his mind. 'You only have yourself to blame. Levels of omnipotence increases the more floors you conquer. You should thank that golden-haired woman, Mr. Jaws.

'If you reach high enough floors, manipulating the flow of time isn't impossible either. I doubt you're useful enough to do that though.

'Anyway, since the golden-haired woman said you could use her qualifications on the second floor, eliminating what ails these soul slaves will be as easy as entering the tower and thinking it. The suicide arrays in them are too weak to pose any real problem. I don't know what fool drew them.'

By the end of its spiel, the spirit just ended up muttering to itself. However, Dyon definitely detected a hint of sadness with the spirit mentioned soul slaves. It was enough for him to raise an eyebrow... Could the spirit really be following its own rules? Or was it breaking them now out of self-interest? If this really was due to Evangeline, why hadn't he explained this when Dyon asked what new abilities he had access to? Why wait until now?

Dyon didn't get too long to think about this because while he was ignoring Elder Bowa, the old man had flown off the handle.

The attendants who had lacked the ability to approach the battle between the two rushed forward, quickly handing the elder the prepared formation core. By the time Dyon snapped out of his distraction and refocused himself to the battlefield, Elder Bowa had already begun activating the formation.

Dyon turned serious. If this formation was yet another from the ancient past of this quadrant, it could become a massive problem to him.

BOOM!

The asteroid violently shook as Elder Bowa grasped the formation core.

Dyon looked up immediately, his eyes widening. 'The signal suppressing array is in danger!'

Thoughts raged through Dyon's mind. Could this formation interfere with his master's array? No, that was impossible. If such an array was laced in with the original protection array, it was impossible for his master to not have noticed it. What the hell is going on?

Before Dyon could react, the protective array around the asteroid completely shattered.

At that moment, voices started streaming in, one by one to an odd badge on Elder Bowa's lapel.

"Teleportation completed, Elder Bowa..." A string of confirmations flooded inward, shocking Elder Bowa into confusion. He couldn't even be bothered to notice that the few essence gatherers that remained started exploding one by one while the saints struggled to protect themselves from the piercing cold, causing the stench of blood to flood the asteroid.

Then, two voices that Dyon recognized began to sound out as well.

"All is well, please continue with the next batch..."

When Elder Bowa heard this, his face turned numerous unnatural shades of color, because that was when he realized that he had somehow been tricked!

Those two voices were none other than Mia and Bella!

...

The formation core in Elder Bowa's hand swirled madly, pushing forward with ever growing momentum.

'Dyon be careful!' A sudden realization came over the 25th White Mother. She recognized the formation! With Dyon's soul being sealed, it would be nearly impossible to deal with!

Dyon's eyes dimmed down. It seemed that just past 20 minutes was his new limit. But, it couldn't have come at a worse time.

An overwhelming pressure fell from the skies, shattering the air and nearly cracking the asteroid apart.

Dyon's knees sank, almost causing him to fall where he stood. The weight on his chest seemed to increase tenfold, then twenty. It was as though he had training iron weighing down on him from above.

However, he subconsciously understood that this wasn't a weight on his body, but instead, his soul!

This formation was once the key defensive array of Soul Rending Peak. For it to be the central protection of a former Emperor God Sect ranked 20th among them all, it couldn't be more obvious how ground breaking it was.

Under its presence, the shabby signal blocking array that Dyon's master had been forced to put together quickly couldn't stand for even a moment. Even if she tried to rebuild it, it was completely useless... the array would just shatter again, this time, before it was even complete!

"Good. Good. Good." Elder Bowa trembled with rage, clenching the formation core. Although Elder Bowa was surprised that a first stage essence gatherer hadn't imploded under the vacuum of space, he pushed it out of his mind due to anger.

'Master...' Dyon started to speak, but then he realized it was futile. Even if his soul was sealed, his intelligence was still off the charts. For an array strong enough to protect them against the vacuum of space to shatter just from the presence of this formation core, how could Dyon ask his master to try and concoct another pill for him?

The 25th White Mother bit her cherry lips. She knew what Dyon wanted to ask and it hurt her more than it did him that she couldn't accomplish it.

'One of the most basic functions of this killing array is that destruction of arrays ranking lower than it. It was originally created this way to make it more difficult to create counter measures for it. It also made it much more difficult to crack the array. Within this killing array's influence, it's impossible to form arrays.'

Dyon's expression grew more serious. The decoding of arrays was a mere basic function of this array? What kind of heaven defying level did it reach?

For an array to be pre-programmed to be capable of shattering all arrays below its level... Dyon could hardly imagine the intricacies hidden with. It was definitely far above his array alchemy comprehension level as of right now.

The only good news was that Elder Bowa didn't have good control over the formation core, because the moment the voices started coming in and before he could expose the lies of the twins, his communication array shattered to pieces, throwing him into yet another rage.

Chapter 1048: Destroy

Dyon breathed a sighed of relief when he saw this. As long as the teleportations continued, he had nothing to worry about except surviving.

'This array is of the 6th moon level, however its flexibility, portability and versatility is the reason it's so dangerous. Although I said that this was the legendary protective array of Soul Rending Peak, what made it dangerous was that each elder would have a formation core of their own. The fact that there's only one of this elder means that the array itself will be much weaker.

'I won't explain anymore to you. Consider this to be another test.' Dyon's master finished solemnly.

Dyon could hear how reluctant she was to give him this test, so he knew that he had to take the next few moments with the upmost seriousness.

The pressure around him seemed to multiply along with Elder Bowa's anger, but Dyon didn't miss the quickly paling face of the old man.

'Good.' Dyon thought. 'He won't hold on for long. As for the saints, they're using most of their strength to ward off the effects of space, they wouldn't be able to interfere much even if they wanted to.'

Still, Dyon didn't move forward recklessly. He felt that no matter how incompetent this Elder Bowa was, he wouldn't lose so easily after going this far.

However, against Dyon's expectations, Elder Bowa didn't move at all. Instead, he held out his hand, carefully holding the formation core out from him while staring at Dyon with a gaze that could kill.

"Die!"

Dyon was suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of danger. The hairs on his arm stood up as his eyes widened.

He instinctively wrapped himself in his wings, huddling behind them for shelter.

BOOM!

Massive palm strikes descended from the sky, accompanied by Elder Bowa's roars. Dyon was sent flying backward without suspense, even the black, metallic feathers on his wings shattered in several places, sending a wave of pain through him that reached to the depths of his soul.

It was only at that point that Dyon understood what the array did... Those palms that descended, they were from Elder Bowa's very own palm technique!

The array was actually able to work like a sphere of divine sense, not only multiplying Elder Bowa's senses and his power, but also giving him the ability to produce attacks of will at a large distance from his body.

In an instant, Elder Bowa had become a God.

Elder Bowa's pent up rage erupted as he laughed maniacally.

He didn't have to move, he knew that Dyon wouldn't recklessly step off of the asteroid. Although the protective shield was gone, the asteroid could at least provide some protection.

However, Dyon was still swatted around aimlessly. With the protection gone, the gravity severely dropped, making the weight of his halberd more and more meaningless.

To combat this and have battles in space, celestials would counteract this by using their celestial energy to artificially add weight to themselves. This was possible because celestial energy was quite special on the energy spectrum and was only behind enigmatic energy in terms of its usefulness.

The problem was that Dyon's energy was sealed. And, even if it wasn't, he would only have access to essence energy unless he utilized his soul. This was truly troublesome.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Elder Bowa's actions were so erratic and wild that he took no small number of lives among his own men. They could only miserably scream out in protest, begging for forgiveness.

But, Elder Bowa had turned into a madman. The humiliation of being so severely injured by a mere essence gatherer made him lose himself in rage.

With every sweep of his hands, the cracking in his ribs became more distinct, fueling his anger even further.

The torrent of palms rained downward, completely surpassing the abilities of a first stage celestial expert, nearly breaking into the middle levels.

From the first palm, to the hundredth, Dyon's eyes lit up with rage. His blood boiled and his eyes reddened, causing the already dark atmosphere to plummet into another ether.

However, Elder Bowa was too lost in his own world to realize that he had truly infuriated Dyon this time.

Before, Dyon had accepted humiliation for the sake of the soul slaves. They were far less fortunate than he was, so he felt like he had a duty as the Legatee of both his quadrant and his own to save them and wipe away their wrongs.

But, there was no purpose in getting beaten this time. And he wouldn't allow it to continue!

Dyon roared into the skies, whipping his wings outward with such ferocity that the massive illusory palms that were approaching him completely shattered.

Dyon's master's eyes glowed when she saw this, 'He applied the principles of [Chaotic Halberd] to his wings.... He's close to breaking through...'

Just as she finished the thought, Dyon radiated outward with an unstoppable momentum. His single pair of wings became three, and their black sheen gave way to a blinding gold that made him look like a shining sun.

Seeing this, Dyon's master along with the spirits felt their eyes widen in shock. They first thought that Dyon had broken his master's rules by using some sort of high-level enhancement technique, but they soon realized that the wings weren't a technique at all, they were part of Dyon!

The moment Dyon's golden wings appeared, the asteroid threatened to shatter completely, unable to withstand his dominance. However, Dyon's eyes were blinded with such rage that he could be bothered to notice.

What Dyon also didn't notice was that just behind his wings, the flickering of six halos flashed into and out of existence, as though they were trying to break through something.

However, despite Dyon's domineering appearance, Elder Bowa continued to rage, even further angered by his technique being obliterated so wholly.

Dyon valiantly stepped forward, steadily walking toward his enemy.

His halberd swung with such force that the gales pushed the debris left by the destroyed auction house, sending them outward as though they were deadly projectiles.

Every step he took was like another stomp to Elder Bowa's chest, and every swing was like another slap to the face.

[Chaotic Halberd] circulated to inconceivable levels, leaving a trail of misty black aura with Dyon's every attack.

Palm after palm shattered against Dyon's valiant might. Even when they became more frequent, densely filling the air with a palpable killing intent, Dyon's eyes only blazed with more fighting intent.

Piercing shadow and slicing shadow moved along interchangeably, spinning through a cycle faster and faster.

Dyon had long seen through the worst flaw in this technique. There were only two stances, but they couldn't gain momentum off of one another effectively. How was one meant to swiftly switch from piercing forward with a spear to swinging with a glaive? It placed too much pressure on the wielder.

In truth, Dyon had no idea how to solve this. But, what he did know was that the faster he forced his arms to move, the more refined his technique became, the less energy he would have to use, while also outputting the most power.

Two hundred meters.... One hundred meters... Fifty meters... Twenty-five meters... Ten meters....

Dyon's eyes bore holes into Elder Bowa's pale features. It was clear that his use of the formation core was becoming weaker and weaker. How could a pathetic celestial like this who still had an essence gathering level soul possibly manipulate this formation core for a long period of time?

"Are you very angry?" Dyon's deep and rumbling voice shook Elder Bowa awake. "Do you believe that it'll be an injustice for me to kill you?" Dyon roared, his anger raising to another level. "You don't even rank in the top ten million powerhouses I've killed!"

Dyon's words shook Elder Bowa to the core. At first he wanted to scream out that that was nonsense, that it couldn't possibly be true. But, Dyon's eyes weren't filled without any doubt or lie.

All Elder Bowa could see was pure disdain, pure disdain for having to stain his hands with Elder Bowa's blood.

When Dyon swept through Planet Moon, killing hoards of celestials with a single thought, Elder Bowa was busy pretending to be at the peak of the world while bullying children. When Dyon was fighting against a peak saint genius and killing a former dao formation expert, Elder Bowa was busy lording over toddlers.

He was not worthy to face Dyon. They weren't even on the same level!

Dyon took a final step, his halberd glowing as he raised it for a final attack.

The vacuum of space shattered, cracking the land beneath Dyon's feet.

There was something different about this swing... Something so primitive and mighty that Elder Bowa wanted to fall to his knees.

He believed it all at that point. Watching Dyon break into the One with Self realm for the second time in less than an hour, he was completely convinced... He was nothing but an ant...

Without even utilizing his Presence, Dyon completely shattered Elder Bowa's will to live, and then, took his life in their final clash.

The remaining saints could only watch on as Elder Bowa's body erupted into a bloody shower. Unfortunately, the halberd only had a blunt edge, unable to be properly forged into a sharp one. So, a once mighty celestial became nothing but minced meat.

Dyon couldn't be bothered with these saints. Leaving them here to die in the expanse of space was more a better punishment than directly killing them. Their luck for surviving was actually worthless.

Looking off into the distance, Dyon's rage didn't subside. His only goal was to completely destroy the forces of Planet Cathedral!

Chapter 1049: Heaven Level

When Dyon's master tried to ask him why he was so angered, Dyon recollected himself and hurriedly avoided the topic. He didn't want his master to feel bad for what he went through. There was no need to bother her with it.

As Dyon was trying to weasel his way out of his Master's questioning, the twins came back. Since there were no longer any fail safes to speak of because of the fact the formation core destroyed them, there was nothing to worry about anymore.

To avoid problems, Dyon directly used the tower spirit to cleanse the soul slaves of their suicide arrays. In case anything went wrong with the final three teleportations, at least these few would be safe.

'The moment anyone else teleports in, cleanse them.' Dyon said to the tower spirit.

Dyon took a deep breath. 'The distance shouldn't matter... I'll go back to Planet Cathedral now.'

The more Dyon thought about what happened, the more his anger boiled.

'Master, can you make something for me?' Dyon suddenly asked.

'Hmph, not until you tell me what happened.'

Dyon felt a headache coming on, but in the end, he sighed and agreed to let his master watch what happened using the tower. He couldn't bring himself to explain.

'This... These bastards! To think the Soul Rending Peak sect has fallen so far! If I wasn't a mere spirit I'd eradicate them all!'

The 25th White Mother fell into a fit of rage that somehow made Dyon feel much better. His master was too adorable for her frown to look menacing.

It was only after a rain of curses that Dyon's master finally asked him what he wanted.

Dyon grinned. 'I'm going into battle. I need my sweatpants.'

**

Dyon arrived at the outskirts of Soul Rending Peak quickly. Although a comet level array was needed to guarantee travel anywhere in a given universe, they were normally reserved for teleportating to another galaxy apart from your own. For teleportation within a galaxy, or namely, within a solar system, like Dyon needed, a grandmaster, or even master, level array is good enough.

To arrive here, Dyon used a red plaque inscribed with a grandmaster level array Clara drew for him. After all, the formation core Elder Bowa used shattered all of the arrays in the vicinity, including the smaller scale array.

Obviously, Dyon couldn't use the larger scale array the soul slaves were using because that would teleport him into a den of enemies.

Dyon didn't bother to hide his presence, he directly walked through the forest as though he was on a leisurely stroll.

His torso was bare, showing off his rippling and power filled core. The tattoo on his back was vibrant and full of life, shimmering with whites, blacks and golds. However, despite his imposing aura, he wore simple black sweatpants, rolled up his calves. He didn't even bother with his flip flops, choosing to walk bare foot with his hands in his pockets.

It wasn't long before Dyon made it to the gates of Soul Rending Peak, however, there weren't any guards, so he simply walked in.

The moment he stepped foot into the sect, his blood boiled as the sound of his heartbeat involuntarily boomed out from his chest.

Dyon's tan skin reddened even as the veins that coursed through him began to shine with a gold sheen.

Then, something that had only happened to Dyon twice before occurred.

The first time, he was blinded by rage, facing Ava's rapist and the shamelessness of the Big Sect families. However, there was also a helplessness... That was the day he knew he had to let Madeleine go because he was too weak to handle the anger of the Sapientia family...

The second time, was an event he would never forget. He came back from a fight to find that Ri had nearly been crippled. Confronted with the possibility that she might never give birth to a child they could call their own, he saw red.

This time, Dyon failed to control himself once more. The small percentage of Demon Qilin blood essence within him lost control, causing crystal covered black scales to phase in and out of existence on his skin.

The blood of Dyon's martial uncle rarely showed itself, but when it did, it was certain that Dyon had lost control of his temper.

Unlike many other paths, the demonic path was almost solely driven by emotion. The Demon Qilins were a special race of qilin that followed the path of rage. Strength for this race didn't only rely on technique and cultivation, but also anger.

The bloodline technique that Dyon had only involuntarily stepped into twice before was known as Blood Rage and was exactly an example of a bloodline manipulation technique Dyon's master referred to before.

The more Dyon sunk into his rage, the more he followed the path of anger and revenge, the more strength he would be fueled with. Eventually.... Nothing would be able to stand in his path.

Dyon's every step caused the ground beneath his feet to tremble. The ground cracked and shattered, forcing the ancient buildings of the outer sect to crumble where they stood.

The commotion was not small. Soul Rending Peak never had any guards because who would dare to attack them? Even beasts didn't have the guts. Yet, someone had strutted in and started such destruction? Who had such guts?

But, before anyone could fly into a rage... Dyon was recognized.

No one dared to stop Dyon's forward momentum. Although Dyon hadn't fought on that faithful day, they all saw the video of him knocking away the previous first ranked core disciple with such ease.

Even the half the crowd that had been outspoken about what Dyon's punishment should be said absolutely nothing. After all, they were cowards. Without the backing of the sect elders, they didn't dare to say anything to Dyon.

As for those on that day that were smart enough to understand that not everything was so simple, they were thrown into a fit of confusion. How did Dyon come back? Or, more importantly, was he really back for revenge? It had only been a week or so since that day, what the hell happened? It was impossible for someone to get powerful enough to change anything in that short amount of time. That meant if Dyon had to power to now, he should have had the power to then. So why did he allow what happened to happen?

By the time Dyon made it to the barrier bridge connecting the outer sect to the inner sect, it could be considered that the entire population of the outer sect had made their way to his back. Even the guards to the inner sect didn't dare put on the airs of the Punishment Faction, directly moving out of Dyon's way as well.

His aura... It was simply far too dangerous...

When Dyon's foot landed on the bridge, it completely shattered, unable to withstand his steps.

In the past, this would have been impossible. How could such a high-ranking sect possibly have such a feeble bridge? However, after the war, many things in the sect had to be rebuilt, including this bridge.

Despite the bridge collapsing, though, Dyon's foot didn't slip even an inch downward. It was only at that moment that everyone noticed that this entire time, Dyon's feet had never touched the ground!

With simple flicks of his ankle, he seemed to be able to send tens of thousands of jin of force downward, causing the ground, and now even the air, to shatter.

Dyon's [Whipping Wing, Galloping Steps] had been pushed to yet another level. The first variation didn't have enough flexibility because the movement of slamming your foot downward was far too exaggerated. So, Dyon changed it again. The first aspect of the technique was an induced cognitive dissonance, and the second? It concentrated the power of the technique into his ankles, hardly requiring the movement of his knees and hips.

In an instant, Dyon had glided across the chasm leading to the inner sect.

"What kind of movement technique is that?" The breathing of the outer sect disciples grew heavy, even the elders couldn't help but rub their eyes, double and triple checking their senses.

"That has to be a legendary earth level technique, no?" A younger disciple gasped.

"Maybe it's even of the heaven level!"

Chapter 1050: Come Out.

The discussion grew so fierce that they didn't even notice when Dyon disappeared over the horizon and into the mountain rise.

Normally, cultivators could tell in an instant what level a technique was purely based on experience. For them to not be able to tell there were only explanations: either they had never used a technique of such a level, or it had broken out of the normal rankings through the One with Self realm!

The instant Dyon's foot landed in the inner sect, it was as though an earthquake raged through.

The commotion stormed through the inner sect, causing yet another crowd to form in an instant.

At this very moment, the three disciples who testified against Dyon were enjoying the spoils of their labor. Very soon, the mystical world would be opening, and it was quite an important event for the sect. If they could grow powerful enough and could get a few chances, they could ascend the heavens in a single step.

Although the world opening was a trial for trial disciples, official disciples were also allowed to enter and temper themselves. This was why the three of them were so excited about the gifts Violet gave them.

They each got ten or so red pills that filled their bodies with strength and vitality, along with what looked like a blob of light.

The best part was that a few days after they testified against Dyon, Arthurian also came to bribe them, giving them even more benefits to ensure that Violet would never turn against him.

It could be said that they became rich overnight.

"Haha! Junior Brothers, we've really struck it rich this time!"

One of the three shook his head. "That Dyon is truly too pitiful. What do you think he did to anger Senior Sister like that?"

"I really can't be bothered to care." The last of the three stepped in to answer. "His sacrifice is our good fortune? Who cares?"

The three looked at each other before falling into a fit of laughter. Feeling very pleased with themselves.

BOOM!

A shocking explosion raged through the inner sect, causing the three of them to frown and float into the air, following along with everyone else toward the source of the sound.

Considering they were powerful enough to join Violet's faction along with Dyon, they were ranked quite highly among inner disciples, and as such, were among the first few to reach the sight of Dyon.

The three of them froze in the air, feeling as though they had seen a ghost.

A deep cold sweat permeated their backs, but they would never get the chance to run away.

Dyon's eyes immediately locked onto the three of them. However, unlike the outer sect elders who were far too scared to challenge Dyon, the inner sect elders were a different matter entirely. Many of them used to be core disciples and some were even a hair away from becoming core elders, how could they allow a disciple to run around rampantly here?

"Don't even think about it!" A roar that could bring down the skies erupted as several golden robed elders appeared.

"You sure have some guts, defaming the prestige of the sect first and now coming back to destroy its foundation? Who gave you such boldness?!"

Dyon didn't bother to respond. This elder had some resemblances to the supervising elder of the assessments. It didn't take much for Dyon to understand that he was angered by Dyon embarrassing his relative.

With a tap of his foot, the ground beneath Dyon's feet directly collapsed. He disappeared in an instant, flashing by the several dozen elders and appearing before the three inner disciples.

The three didn't know how to react when they saw Dyon in front of them. They had slightly relaxed and even begun to gloat on the inside when they noticed the appearance of the elders, but who would know that Dyon could directly bypass them so easily.

They stumbled backward, their eyes widening in shock.

"Don't!" They called out. But, all of their words were futile.

Dyon's Presence bore down on them with such force that they fell from the skies, crashing headfirst into the ground.

Under everyone's eyes, Dyon morphed the Dragon King into a cold, dark blade. Then, he sliced their clothing apart while smashing their faces into the dirt with his foot.

"No!"

"Don't!"

"Please!"

"We'll tell everyone the truth, please, we had no choice!"

The words of the disciples called out, but Dyon didn't seem to hear them. His crystalline scales phased in and out of existence. Even his eyes suddenly reddened before darkening again. His body was in a completely unstable state, yet brimming with so much power.

"Stop!" The elders roared. But, none of them dared to come forward. Dyon's speed told them one thing: they didn't stand a chance.

When the crowd of inner disciples heard the words of the inner disciples, even the more stupid individuals suddenly understood that the three of them had lied to defame Dyon's character.

However, those who still claimed to be "more intelligent than the rest" thought that they were only pleading and saying whatever they could to save their lives.

Dyon picked up one of the disciples by the ankle, dangling for all to see.

The women turned away, blushing at the sight of a naked man. However, when they heard the blood curdling screams, they couldn't help but turn back and shriek at the sight they saw.

Dyon had directly castrated him!

Blood flowed like the river, sending shivers down everyone's spines... especially when they realized that Dyon picked up the second... and the third.... All to repeat the process once again...

Just when everyone thought Dyon had vented, the screams that had faded to whimpers raged again.

A golden flame erupted from Dyon's palm, raging through the body of the three. They could only scream as their hundreds of years of cultivation was wiped away by Dyon.

In the martial world, the 'dantian' was a legendary pool of energy that rested just below the belly button and was something only half-step transcendents could form. For those below this level, all of their energy was housed within their meridians....

For Dyon to cripple them, he sent his flame to destroy each and every one of their meridians... One by one... The pain could hardly be described...

In an instant, they became old men. If it wasn't for the fact their bodies still had essence energy in their organs and such, they would have directly died... The worst part was that unless they committed suicide, they would still live out another few hundred years... Suffering for their greed...

At this point, everyone thought that Dyon would turn and run. Even if he could get revenge on these three, it was impossible to get revenge on Violet now... her father was too powerful... The core elders were too powerful... the means of Soul Rending Peak were too powerful...

Yet, Dyon tossed the three of their bodies aside and directly walked toward the core sect.

"The sect won't let you off!" The very same elder roared.

Dyon's foot steps paused as he sent a sharp gaze backward, startling the elder.

The elder couldn't help but blink to steady himself, but when he opened his eyes once more, he saw a fist wrapped in a golden light headed toward his chest.

At that moment, the skies seemed to sing, shining down on Dyon with a pulsing vigor.

The roar of a bear shook the sect, collapsing buildings and causing the weak to fall from the skies.

Heaven's blessings rained down, fueling Dyon's power to new heights.

As though it had been backed up, the Heaven's Blessings tripled, purifying not only Dyon's [Overbearing Mountain Bear], but also his galloping steps and chaotic halberd.

PU!

The elder was vaporized in an instant... leaving the world with a shocked expression of helplessness on his face. Why did he provoke such a demon?

Dyon turned, disappearing as though none of this had anything to do with him.

The moment everyone thought all of this was over, the Central Bell suddenly resounded through the planet, shaking it to its core.

No one could grasp what the change was. Even though the Central Bell had been strong before, it was definitely not to this extent! Many even directly coughed up blood. The closest individuals felt their bones shatter, causing them to fall to the ground in a heap.

"COME OUT AND MEET YOUR DEATH!" Dyon's roar resounded, shattering the air and trembling Soul Rending Peak.