

The Nameless 105

Chapter 105

'This... higher levels of this technique even require understanding domains and daos... What a high level technique, definitely divine.'

It was a body cultivation type technique called: Demon Emperor's Will. It had 3 stages split into 3 levels of understanding much like Dyon's celestial movement technique. Except, this technique allowed you to multiply the power of your body and impose your will on the space around you.

'it's so taxing on the body... but it provides a 2x physical strength increase at the first stage small success. I need to take this opportunity to learn it,' thought Dyon seriously.

The figure watched this seen with a sly smile covered by his hood, 'I appreciate your hard work. As soon as I understand which of you has the most potential, we'll know exactly who will have the privilege of ruling the worlds with me, HAHAHA.'

'How domineering...' Thought Dyon.

A demon stands above all. Laughing in the face of pain. Slaughtering in the face of peace. Raping in the face of love. Dominating in the face of oppression....

As Dyon began to read and comprehend these words, a blood thirsty aura began to cover him.

The figure's eyes widened, 'He's already taken the first step in understanding the technique?... he shouldn't have such an advantage... even if the others have only understood artificial wills, it should still help them much more... what a genius'

A grin appeared on the face of the figure, 'If I had this level of comprehension in my past life, I would have long since crushed my enemies beneath my feet... I appreciate your efforts.'

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The days passed in silence, until finally on the third...

BOOM!

Dyon felt his body expand several sizes. He felt his muscles tearing apart and his bones cracking.

“ROOOAAAARRR,” A demonic roar filled the training room.

Dyon couldn't let this continue, so he immediately stopped stimulating the technique, unwilling to continue torturing his body. He fell onto his back, breathing heavy.

“HAHAHA, it seems I've found my successor!”

The other geniuses awakened from their meditation with incredulous expressions on their faces. They knew very well how hard it was to practice that technique. They had expected to spend months here, but, in just 3 days Dyon had already broken through to small success of the first stage.

'Freak!'

The red-haired young man from the Flame Blade Sect looked on at this scene with a look of anger on his face.

Dyon chuckled, wondering how they'd feel if they knew he only took so long because he was memorizing the rest of the technique first.

'The others aren't bad talents either... I guess I'll keep them here as slaves. They can become my new demon generals.'

With a flash, they appeared in another room. It seemed completely vacant except for one coffin at the end of the room, elevated on a set of stairs.

“This is my resting place and also the most central part of this tower. You won’t be able to come here freely until you become more powerful, my successor, but, I want you to know what you have to look forward to. Come, I’ll give you my blood essence now. With it, your comprehension of demonic wills will increase by leaps and bounds.”

The geniuses clenched their fists as they watched Dyon make his way up the stairs with the figure.

They reached a black jade coffin, embroidered in what looked like demonic crystals. The figure tapped the outer layer of the coffin and a massive drop of blood came out. It was pumping with vitality and was a bright crimson red.

“Sit.”

Dyon had no choice but to comply. He crossed his legs and slowed his breathing as a searing pain invaded his body. He roared toward the ceiling, feeling as though he was being torn from the inside out.

Dyon felt his bones rearranging and becoming denser. His muscles were ripping themselves apart and reforming, stronger. His eyes were flashing black and crimson colors. His skin was becoming fairer and his features sharpened, enhancing his handsome features.

A ridiculous thought passed through Dyon’s mind, ‘If I wasn’t wearing sweatpants... wouldn’t I be naked by now.’

Unfortunately, the thought did nothing to help with the pain as his body expanded and contracted with no regard for his will. The sword on his back vibrated in excitement, which caught the attention of the figure, but he didn’t think too much about it considering it would be his sword soon.

All Dyon could think of was the fact he didn’t want to get freakishly tall, just two meters was enough. Anymore and he’d never be able to return to the human world like a normal person.

Hours later, Dyon had integrated less than 1% of the essence blood and the figure felt that that was enough for now.

Sweat covered every inch of Dyon. His skin was reddened from the strain and you could faintly see his muscles still rearranging themselves beneath his skin, giving him a more defined physique.

“I’ve done all I can for you, the rest of the blood will have to be integrated later. The final thing I will do for you, my successor, is to fuse with your soul. Open yourself up and relax. Allow the memories to flow through you.”

Dyon nodded, hiding the feeling of the cold sweat that was permeating his back deep within him, ‘This is the moment of truth...’

The geniuses looked on in envy as the figure slowly morphed into a beam, entering Dyon.

The red-head gripped his ring, ‘This is the best chance I’ll have!’

Niveus was off to the side, biting her lips, ‘Why would he bring us here...’.

Niveus tried to move but her eyes widened as she found she could no longer attempt to leave.

“What the fuck is going on!” Raged Ace.

“Ace, what’s wrong?” Questioned Elof.

“Try attacking him!”

Elof furrowed his eyebrows, but then he seemed to realize something. This was the best time to attack Dyon. The soul of the legacy was occupied, and Dyon was focused on integrating the memories. But, when he tried to attack, he shivered.

“I can’t attack!”

“It won’t let us leave either!” said the red-head through gritted teeth.

'How is this happening...' Thought Niveus. Then, she came to a sudden realization. "THE DEMONIC QI!"

The geniuses turned to look at Niveus, not understanding.

"The demonic qi is controlling our wills. Didn't you notice how the creatures were distinctly human like? And how they were filled with demonic qi? This so-called Sage of the Demon Empire had no interest in passing on a legacy, he wants slaves. It's most likely that Dyon is about to lose his body right now..."

The geniuses were in no mood to laugh at Dyon's misfortune. They were truly in a bad spot. They could only wait for endless slavery or death. How could they fight against such an expert?!