

The Nameless 1081

Chapter 1081: Limited

He was slightly bitter that Dyon hadn't called his name, even to be a working disciple. After all, no matter what happened between them, he was still the former number one core disciple. That counted for something, no?

Even Violet gained a position as a working disciple of Soul Rending Peak.

However, he didn't say anything. If he angered Dyon again, he might die without a corpse. Still, he couldn't help but feel bitter because he was quickly approaching the age limit for the saint floors.

The middle-aged family head stepped forward, curious about why Dyon had called him.

"Do you understand the original role of the Jafari and Caedes family in this quadrant?" Dyon suddenly asked.

"This..." The family head had mixed feelings facing the killer of his eldest son. But, after learning what his son said, even he believed Olaf deserved death. It was clear he loved Donari's mother much more than Olaf's. "The original families were pillars of their respective sub peaks. The Caedes family supported Slaughter Peak while the Jafari family supported Unseen Peak."

Dyon nodded. "So, you understand where your family's Peak Heaven technique comes from, correct?"

Meeting Dyon's pointed gaze, the family head couldn't help but slightly tremble.

In the end, he sighed. "Our Peak Heaven technique was originally a portion of the core teachings of Slaughter Peak. If you would like us to return it, we will do our duty. However, we swear that we have no idea where the other portions of Slaughter Peak's core teachings lie."

Surprisingly, Dyon shook his head. "I don't want you to return it. The technique is yours originally. I am not a thief. However, your family must once more take its position as a pillar family of Slaughter Peak. As

a reward, I will fully awaken your son's constitution and give you the remaining lost portions of Slaughter Peak's core teachings, thus completing your family's legacy."

The family head trembled. Could it be he had heard wrongly? His family was instrumental in the destruction of the Jafari family... He had even backstabbed his long-time friend, Zabia's father, for the sake of preserving his own family. Now... He was being rewarded for it? How could he have ever guessed that something like this would happen?

"I..." The family head didn't know what to say. This was really too good to be true. He almost felt like it was a test.

Dyon shook his head and explained. "There's no need to be confused. Isn't it your family that said that your Peak Heaven technique couldn't be used by anyone without your bloodline?"

"This..." The family head burst into a cold sweat because this wasn't entirely the truth. He didn't know whether he should tell Dyon the reality or not.

However, Dyon only chuckled. "I know that this isn't the whole truth. The reality of the matter is that your Caedes family and anyone else can use these core teachings. It's just that your family has the highest affinity for these techniques due to your special manifestation, the blood heart."

Of course, Dyon didn't magically come to know these things. He had his master with him right now who was originally from this quadrant, of course she would know these things.

"The truth is that the best candidates to become the next Master of Slaughter Peak come from your Caedes family. No other family can help this peak to reach its full potential.

"By that same token, only the Jafari family's expert use of time and darkness will can fully realize the core teachings of Unseen Peak.

"The Caedes family of Slaughter Peak. The Jafari family of Unseen Peak. The Sanctus family of Holy Peak. The Stivus family of Blooming Peak. The Lapsu family of Gliding Peak. This was the original structure of the sub peaks.

"However, during the war, three of these five powerful families were completely eradicated while your Caedes and Jafari families were terribly crippled. In fact, I'm impressed that you've somehow managed to become a third-grade celestial. It's clear that your family still has some remaining heritage hidden that helped you along."

"If this is the role you've chosen for me, I humbly accept." The Caedes family head lowered his head in a deep bow.

Dyon nodded. "Don't misunderstand. I'm not choosing you to be master of Slaughter Peak. However, I do hope that one day one of your descendants will qualify. That said, you are qualified to become an outer elder of Slaughter Peak. Normally, you would be too weak, but advancement in the sub peaks is also heavily reliant of affinity and master of their core teachings.

"Disciples won't be allowed to learn core teachings until they become core disciples, but you've clearly skipped this step. So, you'll be granted a position as outer elder."

The family head nodded, not showing a hint of dissatisfaction. It was clear he felt that this was more than he deserved.

"For the sub peaks," Dyon continued, "Working disciple elders will receive 5 top-grade celestial condensing pills and 5 saint stones a month plus one grandmaster weapon. In addition, you'll receive 10 hours of mediation in the Mystical World per month."

The hearts of the former core elders warmed. Ten hours of mediation in the Mystical World may seem like nothing on the surface, but the reality was that to them, elders who were already nearing the end of their lives, this was more valuable than any of the other treasures combined.

The life energy in the Mystical World so dense that it could even heal the lands outside of it with just the energy that happened to leak out. If they mediated within for a few hours a month, it could extend their lives by precious decades. The gift of life was far more than they could have wished for.

The four elders fell to their knees, tears in their eyes. Others didn't understand the value of the gift Dyon was giving them, but they did.

Dyon waved his hands, sending out an invisible wind will to help them up. "There's no need to kneel to me. As long as you treat me well, I will treat you well."

The four elders still profusely thanked Dyon for re-entering the crowd. They couldn't help but wonder how their dead friend would have reacted to this news.

"You elders will also receive free reign of common level techniques and the right to rent three earth grade techniques at a time.

"Outer elders of the sub peaks will receive one 4th stage grandmaster weapon. In addition, they'll receive 5 saint stones, but 10 top-grade celestial condensing pills a month. Elders of this rank will have the ability to browse core teachings, however this will be limited to the heaven grade core teachings. In addition, this browsing is limited to a three-day period per month, occurring within Soul Rending Peak. This is a temporary measure for now until the appropriate hierarchy is formed."

The crowd trembled. What did Dyon mean "limited to the heaven grade core teachings"? Could it be that those core teachings included divine grade techniques?! Did that mean if they became inner elders they could practice techniques of that legendary grade?!

Dyon smiled. "The potential of our peaks is far beyond your imagination. We have a mighty history that I plan to rebuild. Others may believe that the soul path is weak, but we'll show them the truth. There'll come a day when Soul Rend Quadrant will become synonymous with the rulers of the cosmos, and you all here, along with me, are the foundations of this future.

"As long as you all work hard and display your loyalty, I can hand the world to you. I promise that there is no one who can bring you to greater height.

"Soul Rend Quadrant will rise again."

Chapter 1082: Fooled

The blood of the disciples and elders alike boiled. This was True God Sacharro before them, promising to hand them the future. His presence, his determination, his absolute confidence... It couldn't help but infuse them with the same level of belief.

"The remaining elders and those of the up and coming families can step forward now." Dyon said with a smile.

"Unfortunately, you elders do not qualify to be disciples or working disciple elders. In addition, you families do not have the blood of those three lost families within you, so you cannot become pillars of the sub peaks. However, I will not neglect you all either."

Dyon's words made them sigh a breath of relief. There really would be no place for them if Dyon didn't help.

"I want to establish 18 academies, three to each planet. You all will become the pillars and instructors of these academies.

"Foundation and meridian formation stage warriors are too weak for the environment of a sect. Your roles will entail laying the foundation of the younger generation.

"The fees of these academies will all be handled by me. Anyone, regardless of talent, social status or financial situation, will be allowed to attend.

"Over the next few months, I'll be giving very strict instruction on the foundation and meridian formation realms. Unless you meet my requirements in understanding, you won't be allowed to become instructors and as such will not be allowed to partake in the benefits.

"After those who qualify take up their positions, I will evaluate you based on my own understanding and the review of your students every three months. If you receive bad reviews, your monthly rewards will be cut. In the worst cases, you will be killed."

A slight killing intent radiated from Dyon. He was very serious, he wouldn't allow the future prospects of the younger generation to be toyed with. If these instructors showed any signs of harming them, Dyon really would directly kill them.

The former elders and up and coming family heads shivered, but they nodded seriously. Dyon was giving them a chance to prosper in their own lanes, but if they ruined that opportunity, it would be their faults.

"For now, there will be no age limitations for the academy. Anyone who wants to join can join. However, in three years, this will change.

"Those older than the age of 19 will graduate after this time frame. Those who show adequate potential on a grading system I will introduce later will be admitted into sub peaks as working disciples with a chance to improve. Those who show outstanding potential will be admitted to Soul Rending Peak as working disciples.

"From then onward, the age of admittance will be 10 years old. In addition, the graduation day will be either 19 years old, or the day they become essence gatherers.

"The cultivation techniques of these academies will be of the Peak Common Level. This grade will increase in the coming years as the universe's situation stabilizes.

"Special instructors will visit these academies once a month as well. They will evaluate those children with the potential to be raised as Demon Generals. Should consent of the child and parent be given, they will join a special legion of warriors I will personally cultivate.

"For now, the headmasters of these academies will be left vacant. These positions will be evaluated in three months. Those with the best performance will be chosen.

"As instructors, you'll be given a salary of 50 profound stones and 1 top-grade saint condensing pill a month.

"C grade students will receive 5 top-grade foundation setting pills a month. B grade students will receive 10 top-grade foundation setting pills a month. A grade student will receive 20 top-grade foundation setting pills a month. And S grade students can choose between either becoming a Demon General Jr, or directly becoming core disciples of Soul Rending Peak."

Dyon paused, scanning the crowd calmly before nodding in satisfaction. Ruling a universe was expensive, but Dyon had no choice. For now, Clara's profits should be just enough to sustain this until Soul Rending Peak began making money of its own.

With a smile, Dyon continued. "Now, I'll hand out rewards to those qualified to become outer and inner disciples. Consider this to be part of the reward for advancing."

Dyon's hands flashed, causing three pristine robes to appear in the skies. They had the very same golden color Soul Rending Peak was known for, but they were very clearly no longer made of normal fabrics.

The robes gave off the aura of master level treasures, making the crowd tremble with envy as they floated into the hands of Sophia, Donari and Kernick.

"These will be the new robes of our peaks, following the same previous color scheme. Each will be given this defensive treasure with a life-saving teleportation feature. In addition, there is a jade within that will act as your disciple identification badge. When you've learned to utilize your soul appropriately, leave a mark within. With it, even if you die, I will know who did it and seek revenge for you even if it costs me my life."

Dyon looked seriously at the three outer disciples. His meaning was clear, even as outer disciples, your lives were valued by him. He wouldn't allow anyone to bully his disciples.

With a wave of his hand, another robe appeared. It looked almost identical to the former three, but this time, it radiated out with the aura of a grandmaster level treasure, making their status difference clear.

"The words I spoke to them count for you as well. Within two months, I will also save your wife." Dyon said seriously, giving the robes to Marco.

With a heavy nod, Marco's eyes glistened. It was clear that Dyon had won them over.

"With that done, there is only one final thing to do." Dyon said with a smile. "Those with injured souls, come forward. I will heal you all."

Over the next few days, Dyon healed thousands of disciples.

In total, the six peaks only had about a hundred thousand disciples in total. Usually, this number would be in the millions, however, because of the corruption of the universe and The Cathedral, only those from relatively well-off families could even think about joining.

Those from "poor" families who managed to make it were all overwhelming talents like that girl who was forcibly taken away during the trials.

That girl was still unconscious, but Dyon already had plans to reunite her with her family once she woke up to fulfill his promise.

The soul slaves would likely become the true backbone of Soul Rending Peak. If Dyon was lucky, he might be able to find some with bloodlines from those three families so they could take the helm for Gliding, Blooming and Holy Peak.

After their healing, Dyon learned that there were many others who met the requirements for Soul Rending Peak, but, he didn't change their rankings. He would patiently wait to see if they would meet their true potential.

The good news was that many of them had already chosen to re-cultivate the meridian formation stage in order to become outer disciples.

Days later, Dyon laid in bed with Clara by his side. His face was still pale, however he was taking his time to recover.

Unfortunately, he had been very busy so he hadn't had much time to spend with Clara.

"Are you sure about the direction?" Clara suddenly asked, clinging to Dyon's chest as though he would disappear.

Dyon sighed. "I don't want to rule a kingdom where my subjects are nothing but glorified slaves. But, I also don't want the truth of Soul Rending Peak to leak early."

"I'm not too worried though. To combat this, I had Donari block off everyone's access to the tower. Even if they wanted to sell this information, they wouldn't be able to."

This was an ability of the key wielder. It was because of this ability that the kitsune didn't dare to attack Snow Palace, or else Saru would follow through on her threat to ban them.

Clara giggled. "And here you even fooled me into thinking you trusted them."

"How could I? Human hearts are deceitful and disgusting. Until Soul Rend Quadrant is strong enough, I need to keep a tight rein on it." Dyon shook his head. "Forget this, how is Ri doing?"

Dyon still felt horrible. Although it wasn't his fault in the strictest sense, he still felt responsible for Ri's near cultivation deviation.

This was the trouble of the soul connecting necklaces. If his wives knew whenever his soul was in danger, they'd worry far too much.

"She's doing fine, don't worry. Her soul took a small hit, but dual cultivating with you has made all of our souls more resilient. She won't even need pills or the Soul Tome to heal as long as she takes her time. In fact, her soul will become stronger from this." Clara comforted Dyon. "But, the kitsune are getting restless. They even surrounded Snow Palace a few days ago. They only left after they realized Ri wasn't there."

Dyon's gaze turned cold. The three kitsune heirs were still locked up in his tower's dungeon. Dyon didn't plan on dealing with them for a while, but his soul being unlocked made it possible for him to execute his plans sooner.

"Let them stew a bit longer. They should count themselves lucky that I haven't slaughtered them all."

It wasn't just the three heirs Dyon had, after all. He also had Aki's younger sister and the rest of her team that Ri froze.

"Other than that, the Emperor Giant Clan seems to want to provide help to the kitsune because a few of them were present with they surrounded Snow Palace."

Dyon sneered. "With my soul unsealed, I don't mind teaching that Anak character a real lesson."

Before, Dyon had a 1% chance of beating Anak and could only use tricks that left him severely injured. But now? Dyon had a 100% certainty of crushing him. If Anak dared to continue along this path, Dyon didn't mind slaughtering every Emperor Giant on the saint floors.

He couldn't help but think about what the consequences could have been had Ri not gone to their corner to awaken her Pseudo-Domain. If anything happened to her... Dyon would have started a massacre.

"They can consider themselves lucky." Dyon said coldly.

Since Saru was still in her trials, the kitsune couldn't be punished for now. But, that didn't mean Dyon couldn't personally do something.

"Alright, alright. That's enough." Clara climbed on top of Dyon. "Weren't you bragging all this time about blowing my mind with when your soul unsealed? Plus, your master told me that you've been being annoying about dual cultivation. Wouldn't dual cultivating with us make us stronger too? Stop being stupid and teach me."

Chapter 1083: Awaken

Dyon bitterly chuckled. "So that's why you dragged me in here even after I told you I had things to do?"

Clara rolled her eyes. "We could have healed your soul forever ago. Do I look like a prude to you? If you keep leaving me sexually frustrated I'll –"

Dyon grinned, flipping Clara below him. "You'll what?"

Looking into Dyon's piercing hazel eyes, Clara fell into a trance. She had been truly worried about him for the past few days, not to mention missing him dearly. Although she had been with Ri just a few weeks ago, she hadn't seen Dyon in months.

Dyon's eyes slightly glowed as a gentle aurora flame appeared to coat his fingers.

He trailed Clara's jaw, causing her hips to involuntarily tremble.

Dyon's lips sealed hers, flooding her body with a comforting feeling just as The Seal blocked off the view of the spirits in his mind's eye.

With gentle movements, Dyon slowly removed Clara's robes and clothing. It wasn't long before much of her beautiful caramel skin was exposed without a single flaw to be found.

Dyon grinned, lightly grasping Clara's ass. "These hips would really go to waste if I don't put a baby in you."

Clara's face was flush. The aurora flames pouring into her were so comforting that her muscles went completely limp. She couldn't even reply back with a witty comment. In fact, she almost subconsciously nodded as though that was exactly what she wanted Dyon to do.

If she didn't believe Dyon's bragging before, she definitely believed it now. It was almost to the point of it being unfair how aroused she was at that moment.

Dyon slowly removed Clara's undergarments, revealing a breathtaking scene.

His hands slid over her glistening skin, pinching her soft thighs and squeezing her plump breasts.

Clara's breath turned ragged, but her gaze was resentful, as though she despised Dyon for teasing her like he was.

"Imagine threatening your husband," Dyon whispered into Clara's ear as his hand slid between her legs, "Shouldn't you be a little more obedient?"

Dyon's blood boiled. The longer she spent teasing Clara, the more his Demon Sage blood threatened to sear his skin to ash.

The heat in the room doubled, then tripled. If it wasn't for the fact both he and Clara had powerful bodies, it would be highly uncomfortable. Instead, they did, making the atmosphere incredibly comfortable.

Clara's hips pulsed to the rhythm of Dyon's hand as she held onto his neck, fiercely pressing her lips against his.

Dyon cradled his wife gently in his arms, focusing his everything on pleasing her.

Originally, Dyon didn't want to take Clara as his third wife. It wasn't because he didn't have feelings for her, but rather because he thought she deserved a man who would be able to give her his everything. He hated not being able to spend every moment of everyday with his wives... He didn't want them to feel abandoned or neglected.

Maybe it was because Dyon felt that he was alone much of his life. He knew how painful that empty feeling was and didn't want those beside him to ever experience it.

Yet, at the same time, he knew that without power he could never keep them by his side. That was why he decisively left the three women he loved most in the world for almost 15 years.

What pained him was that even though he was back now, he still didn't feel that he was powerful enough to walk across the world with them.

It seemed as though challenge after challenge kept weighing down on him, forcing his dreams further and further from him.

Dyon often thought about simply joining a high-profile sect and becoming their Legatee. With such a strong umbrella of protection, wouldn't he be able to live out his life peacefully? Become an arrogant young master without a worry in the world? With his talent, what sect or clan wouldn't drool over the prospect of recruiting him?

Of course, Dyon shared this thought with his wives. They could ignore all responsibility. Maybe if they were lucky, they'd die peacefully before the entity even awoke and leave the problem for someone else to deal with.

One could imagine how that conversation went. Even the calm, goddess-like Madeleine became angry with Dyon, berating him for being too selfish.

It was funny. Technically, the reason Dyon thought of taking this path was for a completely selfless reason. He simply wanted them to never have to miss him again.

Yet, their thinking was the complete opposite. They knew Dyon's personality. How could he be satisfied with lying under someone else's protection? To be restricted by someone else's means? For his life and death to be in the hands of someone other than himself?

In the same way Dyon didn't want his wives to want for anything, it was the same way they didn't want him to. It was truly a twist of fate.

Dyon lowered himself on top of Clara, stroking her cheeks that glowed with a post-climax shine. He smiled genuinely, his eyes filled with care and love.

His tip slowly glided into Clara's pink folds, delicately separating them.

Clara's legs wrapped around Dyon tightly, unwilling to let him go as her soft lips met his.

At that moment, a flood of information connected their minds' eye. For the next few days, if one paid close attention to the Master's Peak, they could faintly see the illusion of a Dragon and Phoenix mating in the skies.

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A few days later, Dyon sat in bed meditating. His skin was glowing with an indescribable strength. His handsome features even seemed slightly sharper and more perfect.

In an adjacent room, one could faintly see a beauty washing herself in an elegant tub. If Dyon opened his eyes, he'd be able to see her alluring curves cling to the soapy water and a beautiful bird hanging off to the side.

Within Dyon's inner world, he could see the faint outline of 33 more seals forming, giving his Primordial Yang a total of 63, 66 if one included the 3 he shattered before.

It seemed the rules of the dual cultivation technique slightly changed when Dyon gained a second partner. It should have been impossible for Clara to form the first 33 seals until she had the cultivation of a Half-Step Transcendent according to what Dyon understood.

As the Dragon King explained, there were a total of 99 seals available per person. The first 33 represented the mortal plane, while the latter 66 represented portions of the technique the Dragon King didn't have.

If Dyon broke all 33 seals, he would be able to cultivate to the peak dao formation layer. However, he would need 8 more sets of these 33 mortal plane seals to reach the half-step transcendent realm.

According to the technique, a husband and wife are meant to work together to form the seals, and although it was possible for the male to break the seals alone, it was much easier to do so together while dual cultivating.

Clara's seals were able to feed off of Evangeline's already formed 33, making their formation vastly easier. However, because they were built upon such a solid foundation, the first of Clara's seal was even more difficult to break than the last of Evangeline's.

In addition, Clara's seals only contained half the aspects Evangeline's did.

Essentially a seal not only increased cultivation, but also talent. This was why battle prowess was a factor in breaking them.

While Clara's seals had the ability to call down the heavens to infuse both her and Dyon with added talent, her cultivation was too weak to provide the seals with the necessary energy.

From Dyon's understanding, it was this process of filling the seals with energy that improved the female's cultivation.

Dyon and Clara would work together to fill the seals. Clara would receive a boost on the front end, while Dyon would receive his boost when he shattered the seal.

This may seem odd, but it was this rule that balanced the technique. If it wasn't like this, the man would receive too many benefits while the women would hardly receive anything.

Obviously, Evangeline didn't need Dyon to help her infuse energy because she was already a half-step transcendent. This was why her seals were perfect while Clara's were only half complete.

As of now, he and Clara had completed the first three seals partially.

Simply put, among the 33 seals, 11 were for the body, 11 were for the soul, and the last 11 were for energy of whatever path you chose – whether that be conventional, devil or whichever else.

Clara and Dyon only managed to fill less than 1% of the first energy seal. However, they closed in on about 5% of the body seal. As for the soul seal, Dyon's soul talent was very beneficial to Clara, helping her to fill it to 100%. If it wasn't because Clara couldn't take any more because her body was lagging behind her soul, Dyon believed he could fill a percent or so of the second soul seal as well.

However, it was because Clara could manage to withstand filling the first to 100% that had Dyon intrigued by constitutions.

Currently, Clara's soul was mere moments away from breaking into the Celestial stage. In fact, it could do so at any moment. If it wasn't for Dyon using The Seal at a critical time to stop the rest of the energy from overwhelming Clara, it would have happened.

Why did he stop Clara's break through? Because Clara only had a saint body, yet a celestial soul.

When Dyon's soul had to break into the celestial realm, his body almost fell apart. If it wasn't because he had Amphorae with him who also helped his body break into the celestial realm, he would have collapsed into a ball of bloody meat.

So, the question was, how could Clara sustain a celestial soul with a saint body? But Dyon couldn't?

There were two reasons for this that Dyon deduced after speaking with his master.

The first was that Dyon's soul wasn't normal. Nevermind the fact it somehow took the form of a baby, his divine sense alone was enough to shock anyone.

Dyon's divine sense covered an entire half of a planet while still being in the celestial realm! In fact, according to his master, he could double this range without having to break into the dao formation realms. Reason being because he reached the peak celestial level due to outside sources, so his foundation wasn't stable. If he recultivated with his Soul Rend Divine grade technique as he was meant to, his soul would become even more powerful without needing to breakthrough.

This aside, this sort of range should have been impossible for a celestial. For context, Clara's range was only about 10km! Although now it had increased to about 100km, Dyon's was 20 000km!

The difference was too clear. Dyon's soul was special, it was a miracle that it could even be contained in the first place.

The second reason was something that Dyon had been thinking about a lot in recent days: constitutions!

Clara had awakened three constitutions, and although one of them was a heaven grade one, the other two were God grade constitutions. This clearly gave her body more leeway than that of others...

If Dyon wanted to seek these advantages, he'd have to awaken his own.

Chapter 1084: Choose

There were just too many choices. Much of the reason Dyon hadn't already done this was precisely because he couldn't decide.

One had to remember that the reason Dyon was limited to three was because the effectiveness of pills diminished the more you took. The more heaven defying a pill was, the less of it you could benefit from. This was why you could use a energy condensing pill thousands of times without any noticeable drop off, but couldn't do the same with many other pills.

A constitution awakening was exactly that: heaven defying. The original rules of the universe didn't allow for this sort of outside resource. If one was born with a constitution, it should have been up to luck and fortune, not to mention hard work and perseverance, before you could accept the full benefits.

However, the founder of array alchemy and Dyon's grand teacher's first disciple, found the heavens to be stupid. When he created array alchemy using his master's aurora, he also created thousands of heaven defying pill formulas, including the constitution awakening pill.

That said, Dyon bet he never thought that someone would have so many hidden constitutions within them like Dyon and Clara did. The fact it could even work three times was a testament to the genius of Dyon's senior brother.

"What do you think, master?" Dyon suddenly asked.

A giggle sounded in Dyon's mind. "When are you going to let them out? Those poor souls, you've caged them like animals."

Other than his master, Princess of the Skies, Ice Princess, Princess of Strategy, Princess of Beauty and Princess of Melody, the rest of the spirits were still sealed away by Dyon. After all, Clara was still here and she was taking a bath, how could he allow them to see?

Dyon smiled but didn't say anything.

"I believe that you should try and find research pertaining to the ancient constitutions. Fair warning though, regular constitution awakening pills aren't enough to fully awaken them." Dyon's master said thoughtfully.

"Dyon, I think I'd like to follow Little Clara." Just as Dyon was thinking, a familiar voice sounded in his mind.

With a thought, Dyon focused his senses on his Mind's Eye to appear before a group of women. Although they were spirits, they looked almost human because of the overwhelming amount of energy Dyon's soul could provide them.

Now that Dyon's soul was unsealed, they no longer needed to worry about slowing down his unsealing process. So, they could be awake all day.

Dyon's gaze focused on an elegant female with hair that was such a pale green that it almost looked grey. She had a sharp aura to her, but it had nothing to do with swordsmanship, it was more about the way the air seemed to behave around her.

This was none other than the Princess of the Skies.

"Ah, you asked before I could." Another woman spoke. She looked like an adorable little Lolita. She was barely 5 feet tall and her dress dragged behind her since it was clearly too long. However, her large brown eyes twinkled with an unprecedented intelligence.

This was none other than the Princess of Strategy.

"Don't fight me over this one." A delicate but shy voice called out. She had beauty just as breathtaking as the first two, but it seemed refined with an elegant and noble air as though she was a born empress.

Everything about her seemed elegant to an extreme, making even her gait seem like a work of art.

This was the Princess of Beauty.

Dyon was surprised at first, but then he chuckled. Although these princesses followed him and they knew that if Dyon accepted their legacies seriously, he was more than talented enough to learn them to their utmost extreme, they still felt like they wanted a true disciple.

When the three of them saw Clara for the first time, their eyes lit up.

The Princess of the Skies saw that Clara's affinity for wind was even more overwhelming than her own. Plus, with a beast partner like the three-tailed silver back falcon, she would be able to dominate the skies and take up her mantle.

The Princess of Strategy fell in love with Clara's intelligence almost immediately. She felt like Clara was the perfect candidate to become an esteemed general of the heavens. She wanted nothing more than to pass on her teachings to Clara.

As for the Princess of Beauty, although she didn't sense an affinity for music within Clara, she felt that Clara's disposition was perfect for calligraphy, painting and becoming an undefeatable goddess of Go.

Dyon smiled. "I'll accept two of you following her, but not a third."

The beauties frowned, unsure of how to proceed.

"It's not that I don't want you three to follow her, it's just that my wife's mind's eye can only sustain the life of two of you with suffering any ill effects. A Third would bring problems."

The princesses sighed. They knew that Dyon was correct.

"How about this. Princess of the Skies, Princess of Strategy, you two perfectly match Clara's disposition. If she accepts you, you can follow her."

The Princess of Beauty began visibly saddened, but she knew that this was the right choice.

"Don't be disappointed." Dyon looked toward the Princess of Beauty. "My first wife, Madeleine, is even more suited for you since her affinity for music is very high. Also," Dyon looked toward the Princess of Melody and Ice. "My first wife can also accept you, Princess of Melody. And my second wife is perfect for you, Ice Princess."

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In the end, Dyon didn't end up deciding on any constitutions. His master's words about the ancient constitutions intrigued him, but there was next to no information about them.

Theoretically, those constitutions might not even be within Dyon. After all, the reason he had so many constitutions within himself was because they were taken from the billions of talents that should have been born on Earth but had their cultivations sealed.

Simply put, there was no guarantee that someone had been born with constitution and thus had it transferred to Dyon.

The only method Dyon had available to him was to meditate on the truths of his body. Since there was no information on ancient constitutions, he had to delve into his own body to see what secrets it was hiding.

To do this, he had to gain more control of his body. It was similar to the way one had to forge their own path with their manifestations. Unfortunately, Dyon's understanding of his body was too low. The good news was that the treasures the Demon Sage hid might be the key to solving this issue.

The next morning, Dyon stood on the peak watching the sun rise with Clara in his arms.

"You really want to come?"

Clara gave Dyon a sideways glance. "What? Am I only good enough to be a working disciple too?"

Dyon laughed. "Fine, fine. Let's go then."

With a simple push of wind will, Dyon soared into the skies with Clara still in his arms, her silver robes fluttering under the morning wind.

After dual cultivating with Clara, not only had his injuries healed, he even felt slightly stronger.

Soon, the husband-wife pair made their way to the back of Soul Rending Peak. The atmosphere could only be described as being filled with fengshui.

Numerous small streams poured into just as many small lakes. The trees were so thick that it would take more than twenty adults to wrap around them fully. Even the air seemed far sweeter here... It was no wonder it was an area restricted for the Master of the sect.

The dawn's light seemed to give the small area more character, filling those who saw it with a sense of calm.

At that moment, Dyon was thankful for the Life Stone. If it hadn't repaired this area after the war, he would have never seen such a beautiful scene.

"When we get married, let's get married here." Dyon suddenly said. It was as though he couldn't control his words, but he clearly meant what he said. "Let's raise our children here too."

A smile bloomed on Clara's delicate lips. She didn't trust her voice, so she just nodded, falling further into Dyon's embrace. She had thought for a moment that Dyon had forgotten that she, Ri and Madeleine still wanted a wedding, but this clearly proved otherwise. Although their souls were connected, Clara, Ri and Madeleine didn't want to let go of their childish dreams.

Of course, Dyon would fulfill their wishes.

**

There were two entrances to the Mystical Realm.

One was set on a timer, meant to open once every ten years in order to test disciples. This entrance was meant to be opened a few days ago, but it never opened. This was because the array had the ability to sense danger. Knowing that Soul Rending Peak was suffering an assault and also sensing many unfamiliar auras, it remained closed.

The second entrance was only able to be opened by the Master Symbol. Unless you were accepted by the ancestors of Soul Rending Peak, it was impossible to use this entrance. Trying to forcibly take control of the Master Symbol would result in your soul being obliterated.

Luckily, this was no problem for Dyon. It wasn't even worth mentioning.

That aside, it was because of this entrance that Dyon could promise the former core elders a chance to use the Mystical World once a month for ten hours.

Clara played with the hamster twins and Little Wind in her hands as Dyon scanned the area. Now that they had tethered themselves to Dyon's timeline, it was much easier for them to appear and disappear at will.

Soon, Dyon found what he was looking for. A small fountain in an equally small clearing appeared in his vision.

It was made of an ancient grey stone and was inscribed with a language Dyon didn't recognize.

Dyon's hand lightly brushed the ancient stone. "This water..."

'It seems that this water is only a few decades away from becoming Holy Water. You're lucky those greedy bastards couldn't come back here with the control of the Master Symbol, or else this would long be gone. The true Holy Water was used up in the war though...'

A thoughtful expression appeared on Dyon's features. He remembered that according to what he knew about the Life Stone, the active ability was known, but the passive ability was lost in time. He wondered if this Holy Water was related or not.

'In order to open the gates to the Mystical World, you have to speak the words on the fountain while also having control of the Master Symbol. It goes like ...'

Dyon's voice grew hoarse trying to pronounce the words as his master dictated to him. By the time he finished the first phrase, he could already feel his vocal cords sheering apart. In the end, although he finished, he was violently coughing up blood.

Luckily, the fountain accepted his words as passable and began to slightly vibrate.

Unlike what Dyon expected, there was no grandiose ceremony. As he was slowly healing his throat, a calm blue portal appeared before the fountain, inviting him in.

Chapter 1085: Reject

Dyon and Clara entered a flat fielded area where green grass and dandelions stretched for tens of miles.

Dyon's master frowned. 'The Master Symbol is supposed to have direct access to the 18th tier...'

Before, the 25th White Mother had warned Dyon of the dangers of the Mystical World because she hadn't thought that Dyon would become the Master of Soul Rending Peak so soon. Originally, Dyon's plan was to enter along with the disciples and undergo this venture as a trial. But, the Master Symbol should have negated the need to do that.

Yet... This plane was very clearly the first tier.

'Someone shifted the portal entrance...' Her frown deepened, not liking the meaning behind such a matter at all.

"It's no big deal master," Dyon smiled, but there was a clear strand of killing intent within them. Clearly someone was trying to disrespect his status and he didn't take too kindly to it. "With the Master Symbol, although it would take a lot out of me, I can shift the portal again. But, since we're here, why don't I take this opportunity to train a bit? I don't have any pressing matters for now. My clone will handle things while I'm away."

Whoever did this was clearly looking down on Dyon's abilities. With the abilities of the Master Symbol, undoing something like this was relatively simple, yet, they did so anyway. There were only two explanations for that: either they believed he was too stupid to know he could, or they wanted to draw a line between him and them so whether or not he knew didn't matter.

'Be careful Dyon. The top tier is only made for core disciples to reach. According to normal standards, only those at the peak of the celestial realm would attempt this trek.'

Dyon nodded. "I only plan on climbing eight or so tiers. Afterward, I'll directly teleport to the top tier using the Master Symbol."

This didn't calm the 25th White Mother at all. In all these years, none of the supposed "core disciples" of the new Soul Rending Peak had even cleared the first tier.

Of course, Dyon was much more powerful than they were, but thinking that he could clear the first tier simply because of that was foolish. All of these tiers were designed for first grade, absolute genius, celestials. Even the first tier was difficult beyond imagination for those of the outside world.

However, in the end, the 25th White Mother didn't say anything, only sighing. She hesitated in whether she should lift Dyon's ban on high level techniques and weapons, but she felt that that would just insult Dyon who was clearly already angered.

Although Clara couldn't hear the conversation between Dyon and his master, she clearly felt the shift in her husband's mood, so she guessed some things.

Dyon squeezed her hand. "We'll give them a good show. You sit back and watch while your husband vents some anger."

Clara rolled her eyes, but chose not to say anything in the end.

Taking a deep breath, Dyon did something completely unnecessary.

His eyes glowed with a vicious golden light just as a massive defensive array appeared around him and Clara.

The golden light began to slowly change form, snaking through the skies as a fierce creature began to take form.

Moments later, a majestic, golden scaled dragon that covered hundreds of meters appeared before a piercing roar shook the entire first tier.

Dyon stood calmly on the head of this dragon, holding onto his wife's hand lightly, his rage boiling.

His eyes glowed once more, causing tens of beautiful white lilies to appear in the skies.

Ten became a hundred... a hundred became a thousand... and a thousand became nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine.

They each bloomed, releasing a perfect replica of Dyon out of each and every one.

Dyon's manifestation appeared in the skies, radiating outward with a ferocious, unbridled aura. The bright world seemed to dim under its presence.

The six black-gold haloes hovering behind it rotated, allowing a weapon's pagoda spilling over with killing intent to roll to the top.

The halo expanded, first to two times its size, then ten. Eventually, the pagoda lorded over the skies, standing more than a hundred meters tall.

The world trembled as its doors creaked open slowly, allowing thousands of beams of light to shoot outward, each heading for one of the clones.

In a mere moment, every clone became equipped with what looked like illusory battle armor and weapons, yet, each and every one of them radiated with an aura of a peak Spiritual weapon!

In the distance, the once empty plains began to quake as beasts surged toward the source of the draconic roar, bearing down on Dyon and Clara with vicious expressions.

Roaring tigers, majestic deer, vicious wolves, deathly vultures... Creatures of all kinds bared their bestial intent.

Standing on the Dragon's head, Dyon sneered, his mind perfectly controlling each one of his clones.

They were perfectly split into nine legions, each legion controlling a different one of the nine primary weapons, and each brimming with battle intent.

At that moment, Dyon inexplicably looked upward, his eyes filled with disdain and disgust.

"To think that cowards who've been hiding with their tail between their legs believe that they have the right to test me? In the future, even if you drop to your knees and beg to be a part of my kingdom, I'll reject you."

...

17 tiers above Dyon, 12 men and women sat silently, watching a projection of what was occurring. Whether it be Dyon's mannerisms, his arrogance or his speech, they heard and saw it all.

The set-up of the room was fairly odd. Unlike many other council rooms, the 12 elders sat on beasts skins that lined the floor. In addition, none seemed to have a higher rank than the others as they were seemingly equals except for 4 individuals who seemed to lead 2 others each.

The first of the four leaders was a man who gave off a mischievous aura. His chest was completely bare and only a short beast cloth covered his important regions.

His hair was an almost blinding white, and considering most of his face was covered by this hair, he could light up a dark night with his mere presence. His side-burns were just as outrageous as his beard, giving his face an almost perfectly square proportion.

As if that wasn't enough hair already, his chest was covered as well. Even still, those hairs were white as well and just as bright as the ones that covered his face.

This was the current leader of the Simia family.

The second of the four leaders looked much older than the others. While they were middle aged at most, this elder woman looked as though she had one foot in the grave. Her wrinkles were so layered that her murky white eyes could barely be seen behind her sparse white hair.

Her back was hunched, but she strapped what look like a scaled turtle shell on it. Despite her weak appearance, the other leaders didn't dare to look down on her knowing very well that the shell on her back weighed nearly a billion jin.

This old woman was the picture of wisdom, radiating outward with an ancient, aged aura that commanded respect.

This was the current leader of the Tudo family.

The third of the four leaders was just as scantily clad as the leader of the Simia family, however, he much less hairy.

That said, the hair on his head was a fierce white as well and could almost be mistaken for the mane of an ancient, slumbering beast.

He radiated outward with a fierce killing intent that made the space around him tremble in fear. Even his breath seemed tinted with a bloody red.

Without his physique being hidden by ridiculous amounts of hair, he seemed carved out of stone.... As though each and every bracket of his muscles was meticulously crafted by a God.

If the man chose to relinquish the title of War God, no one would dare take it in his place.

This was the current leader of the Tigris family.

The fourth of the four leaders was the youngest and also without a doubt the most beautiful. She had such a holy and pure aura that one would find it impossible to have dirty thoughts about her... She was simply an angel fallen from the skies.

Chapter 1086: Families

Just like the other three leaders, her hair was also completely white. However, unlike them, her eyes also shared this color, making it seem as though she could pierce through everything with her gaze.

This was the current leader of the Arie family.

The mischievous leader of the Simia family erupted into laughter upon hearing Dyon's speech.

"Arrogant! How fun!" He grinned wildly, his sideburns bristling under his hot breath.

"He should be slaughtered where he stands." The leader of the Tigris family was short and concise.

In response to his words, one of the young men who followed him here took it as an order, completely prepared to leave and execute his leader's orders.

"Don't be impulsive." A sweet voice filled with care wafted over the room. Yet, despite its tone, the young man couldn't help but shiver, freezing in place.

Killing intent rose off in a blood red aura as the leader of the Tigris family turned his piercing gaze toward the young woman of the Arie family.

"You dare command my people?"

"He radiates with the aura of a Celestial Deer. I can sense a sort of familiarity with him and I'm well aware that you sensed it too. Isn't your tacitly agreeing to his death the same as a strike on my Arie family? Should I take that as an act of war?"

Those in the room were shocked. They didn't think that this goddess-like figure would have such a fierce side to her. In their years of seclusion, there was never much need for conflict... But in recent times....

Despite her voice sounding just as sweet as it did in the beginning, there was a clear underlying threat in her words. She was clearly unafraid of the Tigris leader's aura.

The tension in the room swelled. Other than the four leaders, the eight who followed them found it difficult to breathe.

Suddenly, the leader of the Simia family cut through the tension again. "Haha! What's the need to get angry? It's just a few words. Letting a child stir you up like this, someone might begin to think him calling you a coward was correct."

The Tigris leader's gaze shifted its murderous intent. It really seemed as though he was willing to pounce at any moment.

Everyone was clear on why the leader of the Simia family didn't care about Dyon's insults.

During the war, his family along with the Tudo family hadn't been here. So, technically the cowards Dyon was referring to weren't them, but the Arie and Tigris families. Knowing that, why would he care?

...

The Simia family leader shrugged at the Tigris family head's answer. "It wasn't mine nor that old bat's intention to ever partner with humans. It was your Tigris and Arie families that decided to establish a sect and degrade yourselves to the level of becoming guardian beasts.

"While we celestial beasts duck and hide in the Mystical World, the infernal beasts stalk around with their chests puffs out. I know you all sensed that auras of those children, yet none of you brought it up. It's no wonder a human boy dares to call you cowards."

The infernal beasts were always the natural antithesis of celestial beasts. When the universe creates a yin, it must also create a yang. This was especially true for beasts who became embodiments of important laws in the universe.

The children the Simia family leader referred to were three youngsters within the devil cultivators. Remember, the five clans sent by the devil clans included the Dark Elf Clan, the Fulgur clan, the Eclipse sect, Nightmare Palace, and finally, the Infernal Beast clan.

Of course, the three children sent by the Infernal Beast clan didn't make much of an impact because they were much too young. And, since they were children, despite being their enemy, Dyon's master ignored them.

Clearly, the existence of these children didn't escape the attention of these esteemed elders.

"My Tigris family has never acted as a guardian beast for anyone. It's best you watch your mouth lest I rip your tongue out, monkey." The Tigris family head growled.

"Yes, yes." Head Simia waved his hand, clearly uncaring about Head Tigris' threats. "You've never become a guardian beast, but you're perfectly content to hide in this cage. What a mighty man you are."

"Are you forgetting that you're here as well?" Head Arie suddenly spoke in her sweet, pleasant voice.

"Do you know why my Celestial Ape clan ignored your clans even when the Celestial Deer Sect was established?"

"Does it matter?" Head Arie responded calmly. "No one in the outside world knew where your clans were located either, which means that even if you weren't hiding here, you were hiding elsewhere. My Celestial Deer clan took a courageous step forward, guardian beast or not."

Head Simia finally lost his mischievous aura as he sneered. "Hiding? We were fighting a war while your endeavors were being wasted away by enemies your human masters provoked. While we were working for the celestial beast cause, you were fighting and losing for humans. You dare to say that we were hiding?"

"You can spin it however you'd like. But, we're both aware that you weren't doing much fighting or else you wouldn't be here." Head Arie replied just as sweetly. "And, in case you're still not aware after so many millennia, that so-called "enemy" our "masters" provoked will lead to end of all of our lives. Do not pretend to be ignorant simply for the sake of winning a war of words."

The Arie family head was very clear on the enemy they faced, as were the rest of the celestial beasts. If the entity succeeded, life as they knew it would cease to be.

The reason the Celestial Deer Sect was destroyed by the entity wasn't simply because they occupied the universe he wanted to make use of. It was also because their ideology and mastery of array alchemy posed a major threat to his plans and the chaos path.

As for the enemy of the celestial beasts, as far as Head Arie was concerned, they were far less of a threat than the entity. So, how could she not be angry about Head Simia downplaying the former, but raising up the latter?

"Can you even consider yourself a celestial beast?" Head Simia sneered.

Head Arie's gentle eyes sharpened. "Do you even remember why you fight on that ancient battlefield? Tell me, what is the reason for your anger, your rage? Do you even remember?"

Seeing that Head Simia didn't have an answer, Head Arie shook her head. "Blind anger. You fight because your father fought. And your father fought because your grandfather fought. And your grandfather fought because your ancestors fought. You've long since lost the true reason if that reason ever existed to begin with.

"The most ironic part about all of this is that you fight beside humans on that ancient battlefield too, don't you? But, you see it as okay then. Why? Because you profit from it? Because you line your pockets?"

"That's enough." A calm and ancient voice filled the room with the vestiges of time.

Hearing these words, everyone couldn't help but look toward the old, hunchbacked Head of the Tudo family.

"The matter of the ancient battlefield can be dealt with later, for now, we have the matter of this young man chosen by whom I assume is your daughter.

"Regardless of our actions and how they may or may not be perceived, this young man cannot lead.

"He is too weak. He's likely spent thousands of years cultivating his soul, yet he's only reached the peak celestial realm. On top of that, his control of the Florence family technique is pitiful as he can only mass produce clones at the 10% level in addition to the fact I can hardly sense any Elvin blood within him. From what I can tell, he has the Primordial Yin of an Elvin royal within him which is likely the only reason he's able to forcibly use such an ancient technique to such a pitiful level." Head Tudo's cold analysis continued smoothly as though she was speaking to herself.

"His energy cultivation is only at the 12th essence gathering stage, either because he's spent all of his time on his soul, or because his talent is truly that poor. Considering the fact I sense a mere 7th grade talent within his meridians, it's likely a combination of both.

"Although his body also seems to have reached the celestial level, I can sense that the power is not his own. The likely reason you sense Celestial Deer blood within him is because your daughter gave him her blood essence, yet he's integrated it pitifully, I can't even sense any mastery of our blood manipulation techniques.

"All of this doesn't even mention the gross aura that surrounds him. His soul is marred with blood, rage and murder. He is more apt to be the Legatee of an Infernal Beast than one of our clans.

"You need look no further than his manifestation. Despite being such a pitiful talent, he's insufferably arrogant.

"The matter of his character problem doesn't end here either. Despite knowing that we don't approve of him, he dares to provoke those so much more powerful than himself. This kind of muscle headed fool would lead our clans down the path of destruction only for us to be used as meat shields in the end.

"He has no idea what our temperaments are, yet he's so certain that we won't kill him for his words? I've never seen a larger case of blissful ignorance in my long life.

"Aside from having good karma from what I assume is his past life, this young man has no redeeming qualities.

"Out of respect for the Arie Clan, this old lady won't kill him. But, if he makes it up here and dares to strut around, I will cripple his cultivation and send him out myself."

Chapter 1087: BOOM

As Head Todu was making her analysis of Dyon, the man in question had begun silently meditating as his clones trained.

Suddenly he sneered, secretly feeling the Master Symbol hang from his chest.

Even Dyon had underestimated how much control of this Mystical World the Master Symbol gave him.... he had heard every single word of their conversation!

Clara raised an eyebrow when she saw Dyon's expression, but didn't say anything. Instead, she reclined leisurely in Dyon's arms, watching his clones fight. What intrigued her the most was the fact Dyon's clones had weapons that exuded such a powerful aura... How did it work? They couldn't actually be peak Spiritual weapons... Right?

Ever since Dyon awakened his manifestation, he knew that he had the ability to call upon the essence of weapons at a level dependant on his soul. When he had an essence gatherer's soul, he could manifest

Master level weapons. At the saint soul level? He could manifest Grandmaster level weapons. Now that his soul had climbed to the very peak of the celestial stage, he could manifest Spiritual level weapons.

The only restriction to this ability was the fact only Dyon and extensions of himself could use these weapons. If others tried, the weapon would dissipate. Of course, there was also the matter of Dyon's soul stamina.

However, to Dyon, creating 9999 10% clones was as easy as breathing. The only reason he didn't create more was because his training efficiency would fall instead of increasing due to the limitations of his split mind's technique. This meant he could focus his all into sustaining those weapons.

Suddenly, Dyon's master threw cold water on his parade. "You're cheating. You're not allowed to use weapons greater than the common level. Don't make me come out there."

"But..." Dyon's domineering aura was halved. He was technically using his own abilities, how was this cheating? He wanted to cry but he had no tears to give.

"No buts." The 25th White Mother replied firmly.

Dyon sighed. With a wave of his hand, the majestic armor and weapons of his clones disappeared. In their place, Dyon concentrated only creating numerous common level weapons. He had the most trouble creating bows and arrows, but in the end, he still completed the task before the horde of beasts could reach them.

Clara giggled, finding the whole process funny.

However, the four family heads took this scene completely differently. Even when the 25th White Mother's mother wanted to defend Dyon, she couldn't help but shake her head at this scene. They all thought that Dyon had tried to show off but used up too much of his soul's stamina and was forced to take a step back.

The mischievous Simia family head erupted into laughter, grabbing onto his toned, hairy belly as though he had just seen the funniest thing in the world.

The Tudo family head only shook her head, closing her eyes and leaving along with the still laughing Head Simia and the killing intent filled Head Tigris.

That said, after a moment, Head Arie's eyes glowed with a realization. The others might not understand the soul path as beasts, but she did. In addition, her sensory abilities far outstripped the three others combined.

The Tudo family head's analysis was so off exactly because of this. She believed she could easily see through a junior despite having poor sensory abilities because she thought the difference between her and Dyon was far enough. Unfortunately, she was wrong.

But, Head Arie didn't have this issue. Her eyes grew brighter and brighter as she watched Dyon's clones fight.

'He's a genius! No... Genius isn't enough to describe him! I'll see if you old fogies dare to touch a hair on my grandson's head.'

Head Arie had already felt an intimate connection with Dyon. She was absolutely certain that he was a genius chosen by her beloved daughter and as such, she saw Dyon no differently than she would her own grandson. Who cared if he was a little arrogant? Grandparents would always cover for the flaws of their kin.

Dyon's clones worked like their own army, utilizing Dyon's personal tactics all while practicing new techniques.

1111 archers stood at the very back, split into 11 groups of 101 each. Every group practices a different lower common level technique.

8888 warriors separated into teams grouped up on beasts together. 1111 staff wielders, 1111 sword wielders, 1111 knife wielders, 1111 saber wielders, 1111 spear wielders, 1111 halberd wielders, 1111 glaive wielders, 1111 battle axe wielders and 1111 knife wielders... Each separated into 11 groups of 101 with each group practicing their own unique technique.

Only Head Arie and her attendants saw through this. Dyon who was meditating leisurely with his wife in his arms was actually practicing 99 techniques at once! And they were all progressing at a mind-numbing pace!

Each clone fed off each other. It was as though 101 minds came together, each picking out each other's flaws and improving step by step. It seemed that there wasn't a single ten-minute span that could pass without a breakthrough occurring.

On a small scale, this was a much slower pace than when Dyon entered his selfless state. But... When that slower pace was multiplied by so many clones... It was far grander than anyone could imagine!

Every time a clone died, a white lily would immediately appear in its place and yet another Dyon would step in its place.

And maybe the scariest part? With every death Dyon experienced, his level of understanding toward his most fearsome will advanced at its own fear inducing pace...

...

Clara's eyes sparkled as she looked at Dyon. By all rights, she should feel uncomfortable due to the death aura radiating off of him, but she somehow felt very comfortable.

Dyon's hair inexplicably grew from its short length before it began flickering in and out of a bland white state... This white was nothing like the blinding holy white of the celestial beasts. Instead, it was almost grey, even giving off a faint black fog.

The transformation seemed incomplete, but it also seemed to be the birth of something new.

When Dyon fought the copycat in his fourth trial, that copycat had made full use of his death will. His hair grew long and white, his caramel skin paled to an ice like consistency, and he even grew almost an entire foot in height.

Dyon didn't truly understand these changes. Wills were supposed to be external sources of power, no? They were meant to call down on the heavens, using the soul as the mediator, to implement power to your attacks. The stronger your comprehension, the stronger your connection with the heavens, and thus the stronger your will would be.

What did that have to do with changes to the body?...

However, Dyon also remembered something else at that point.

When Ri used her void will, her hair turned from its silver-blue to a jet-black. When Madeleine's celestial will upgraded to the supreme law level, she was bathed in a pure aura that added a golden sheen to her purple hair. When Alidor used his Ethereal Permeation, his brown hair became a blazing gold.

All of these events had one thing in common: they were all caused by supreme laws.

One with mind... One with heart... This second level intent was Dyon's current understanding of death will. But... One with body was next... To embody death with his own body, was he truly meant to die?

It couldn't be, Dyon had experienced death thousands of times by now. Whether it be the first time he learned death with, his fifth trials, or even as his clones died right now, he had experienced it too much.

'No. Accepting death isn't my path. Allowing my clones to die and comprehending the feeling isn't my path. My path is the sovereign path! I lord over death! My clones die, yet like a God I can revive them and form a new one! Death means nothing before me!'

BOOM!

A vulgar, black fog erupted from Dyon's body. Yet, it didn't harm Clara in the least. Dyon saw himself as the lord of death, he would never let death take a hold of his wife's fortune.

'To comprehend a new level of death will in a place filled with such high levels of life qi...' Dyon's master shook her head as the same moment her mother did while watching Dyon above. This young man was truly too impressive.

Chapter 1088: My Name

One had to remember that this Mystical World had the Life Stone at its center. Yet, Dyon was meditating about death without a care in the world.

Ironically, this was exactly what helped Dyon. He could feel such a strong tether to life here that it was easier to envision himself lording over death. It felt like no matter what grasped at the straws of his life, he would be able to subdue it and force it to kneel.

Dyon had no reaction to the white hair that hung from his shoulders although Clara couldn't help but lose her train of thought looking at him. The dangerous aura Dyon was giving off somehow made him much more handsome than normal.

It was a good thing Dyon was still meditating, because although he loved long hair on his wives, he hated it on himself. He'd probably cut it off immediately, taking Clara out of her fantasy.

Head Arie couldn't help but be impressed by Dyon's poise. Was this really the same arrogant young man from before? Or was it because he was so arrogant that he didn't care about breakthrough even when it involved a supreme law? She couldn't decide which it was.

BOOM!

Just as the family head was lost in thought, another eruption caught her attention, causing her elegant demeanor to collapse as she choked on her spit.

At this point, even Dyon opened his eyes in shock, looking down at himself to see the clearly vastly improved death intent he wielded.

When his life was about to end, it took him months to crawl from the 1st intent level to the 2nd. He then had more than 14 years to meditate on the 3rd intent level. In fact, previously, he would have already broken through had it not been for the seal if he remembered correctly. So, how the hell did he break through to the 4th stage in seconds?!

No, it wasn't even seconds, it was a fraction of one. It didn't make any sense!

Even Dyon's master was stunned, along with the other spirits. If it wasn't because they were afraid of the effect death would have on their spirit bodies, they would have directly come out to check if they were still in reality. Yet, the truth was right before them!

Dyon slipped into his initial selfless state. He felt the need to comprehend what happened immediately.

Unfortunately, because he entered a selfless state, his split mind's technique fell off drastically in efficiency, causing more than half of his clones to lose much of their intelligence.

However, it once again took less than a second for Dyon to understand. While the 3rd intent level was known as One with Body... The 4th was known as One with Soul!

...

Dyon's connection with his clones resurged. However, a few hundred inevitably died due to Dyon's lapse. Still, it mattered little because in just a moment, another few hundred white lilies appeared to replace them.

In the end, Dyon couldn't help but laugh. It was a rich laughter, filled with arrogant disdain for the world.

'Master, why didn't you tell me this was a possibility? I feel like everything is in my grasp!' Dyon squeezed Clara tightly before noticing that his white hair had turned into his usual brownish red-gold color.

With a thought, sword qi cut his hair short once more.

Dyon's master smiled bitterly, starting to believe more by the day that her treasured disciple was birthed in a test tube instead of naturally.

'The first step in will comprehension is all about learning to comprehend and sense wills. Focus Lake is difficult to swim in for many because instead of understanding the will of the water, they insist on going against it.

'A large part of the reason I decided to lower the concealment array on our sect's ruins is because I saw how easily you adapted to swimming in Focus Lake despite clearly being a mortal. You understood the value of understanding the flow and natural path of things.

'However, the intent stage is different. It's no longer about simply comprehending the way of the universe and the way it wills things to be and much more about making that will your own.

'The first stage is the one with mind stage. This is about fundamental comprehension, but it's also about being clear headed in the path you pursue. Before the intent stage, it's a simple matter to flip flop between will paths, but afterwards, it becomes a massive detriment and danger to your dao heart.

'This is why the second stage is the one with heart realm. When you almost died due to Zabia's strike, your path was tested. Had you chosen to accept death, in all likelihood, with your comprehension, you would have reached the one with body realm. In that case, you would gain an undead body which would have allowed you precious hours of time to find medicine capable of healing your wound.

'However, you chose another path. By being stubborn and sticking to your sovereign path, you firmly entrenched that path within your dao heart, stepping into the one with heart realm without any hesitation. The only problem with your stubborn path is that moving forward should be akin to a slow crawl...

'It took you 14 years of accumulation and understanding, not to mention the deaths you experienced in your fifth trial, to gain enough momentum to reach the lauded one with body realm. Now, killing you should be almost impossible when you are facing enemies near your cultivation and comprehension level.

'That said, I had once believed that crossing into the 4th realm, the one with soul realm would be even more difficult for you... it seems I worried for nothing.'

Dyon listened to his master intently. He had never had the opportunity to listen to her teachings because his wills were sealed before. Now, he was willing to soak it all in without missing a word.

'The one with soul realm is a representation of an ancient concept. The dao begets one... one begets two... two begets three... three begets all things... and all things beget the dao.' Dyon's master paused. 'Do you understand?'

Dyon's eyes glowed. 'The first step in comprehension uses the soul, so, completing that cycle and returning to the root of our strength increases it.'

Dyon's master smiled. 'Exactly. You start with your soul, you entrench your comprehension in your mind, you make it firm in your heart, then you embody it with your very being. To complete this cycle, you must once more use your soul.'

'You begin with the heavens gifting your comprehension, and you end it by gifting your comprehension to the heavens.'

'For many, this is the hardest part of the 9 intent realms. Unless you have a constitution that heavily favors your will, it's quite impossible for a normal individual to master a supreme law to this stage. This is why most don't spend time comprehending supreme laws, or, even if they do, they will only learn a single one that is favored by their affinity.'

'If I had been by your side, I likely would have never allowed you to start the path of death will. Maybe if it was life will I could allow it because your first wife could help you, but it seems that all of your "mistakes" turn out to be beautiful follies.'

Dyon's master laughed. It was filled with such a genuine happiness and pride that Dyon felt his heart swell with sweetness.

'My disciple's soul is so overbearing that the heavens have no choice but to accept his comprehension of the world. I can die happily.'

Dyon shook his head. 'I won't allow you to die, master. I'll have you and martial uncle follow me to the top. Plus, how am I supposed to rule the world without my beautiful master? Who else is going to train me?'

The 25th White Mother smiled, but didn't say anything.

'Master.'

'Hm?'

'You never told me what your real name is. Isn't the 25th White Mother just a title?'

'Oh?' Dyon's Master giggled. 'It is just a title.'

Despite his master's laughter, Dyon sensed a shift of her tone... almost... sad?

'I was the first White Mother in almost three million years. I carried a lot of my clan's hopes with me before I died...'

Dyon remained silent. When the twins gave him the history of the master key arrays, they said that they were created by the 24th White Mother more than 3.5 million years ago... Considering the limit of the lifespan for a 12th stage dao formation expert is 1.2 million years, he had thought that there had to be a massive gap in time between his master and her ancestor, but for obvious reasons, he never asked.

'Never mind that. Since my little disciple wants to know my name, I'll tell you. The name my mother gave me is Esmeralda. Esmeralda Arie.'

Chapter 1089: Premonition

Dyon smiled. 'Esmeralda... That's a beautiful name master.'

'Don't try to butter me up, you still have to follow my rules.'

Dyon nodded like a pecking chicken, very much willing to listen to his master's words.

'Alright, the next realm you must conquer is the one with will realm. As you can tell by its name, this tier begins yet another cycle. Now, you are the one dictating the path.'

'The One with Soul realm was the threshold for saint cultivators, so the one with will realm can be considered to be the second step toward the celestial realm.'

'Master, for some reason I feel as though there aren't any bottlenecks in my comprehension like there were before. I feel like if I can find abyssal cores to supplement my knowledge, I can smoothly progress.'

Dyon's master nodded. 'I suspected as much. To so easily break into the one with soul level likely means that the heavens can't restrict your soul. It seems your soul is even more special than I thought. However, death will abyssal cores, especially ones as powerful as you need, will be incredibly difficult to find. Maybe if the dark phoenix lands still existed... But they don't.'

Despite the words of his master, Dyon's eyes brightened. 'Didn't the final war of the phoenixes take place in the Chaos Universe?'

Esmeralda's eyes brightened along with her disciple's, understanding Dyon's meaning. 'The death place of so many phoenixes will definitely have opportunities. But, you need to remember that that universe is the only uninhabited universe in existence for a reason. Even further, it's known as the Chaos Universe for a reason as well.'

'The laws that dictate the universe are vastly different from others. For one, there is no easily available form of energy to replenish your stamina. Secondly, there's a strong corrosive air that could instantly kill anyone below the celestial realm, there are even some areas that could instantly kill even a dao formation expert.'

Dyon sighed. 'I must go there because it's the place the Demon Sage hid the rest of his legacy. I've also promised to save his daughter as well. She's been alone for thousands of years, no one deserves that.'

'Then I won't stop you, but you must be careful. The Chaos Universe is very similar to the Primordial Era...'

Dyon took a deep breath. He had been to this so-called primordial era before and he perfectly understood what it meant.

For example, Amphorae who was without a doubt an unprecedented genius of the Angel Clan took 60 years to break into the celestial realm, and she needed to lose her virginity to Dyon in order to do so.

Did this mean that Amphorae was less talented than Lilith? Of course not. If that was the case, the name of the Angels would be a joke.

The reason it was so difficult to progress then was because energy needed to be slowly processed before it was absorbed. It seemed that this Chaos Universe had fallen back to those same standards... The question was whether this was a good or a bad thing?...

'There's another reason I have to go too master...' Dyon suddenly said.

'Oh?'

Dyon nodded firmly. His expression grew serious.

The Chaos Universe had a second identity: it was once the homeland of the Elves before their society was eradicated! This was why Chaos Universe was directly adjacent to Dyon's home universe.

'I met a member of the Mathilde family a few months ago before I went to the valley of geniuses.'

Dyon's master frowned. 'That's impossible!'

'I shouldn't be wrong.' Dyon could only shake his head. 'She used the Asura's Eye manifestation. In addition, she was a dark elf.'

'But...' Esmeralda paused. 'According the history of the elves, they were forced to leave their homes because a prophecy dictated that they would die if they stayed. But, according to that same prophecy,

only one of the three ancient families could leave in order for their race to survive. So, how could two ancient families survive?'

'I don't know... But maybe Chaos Universe has clues left from that era.'

Esmeralda's frown deepened. The Celestial Deer Sect was great allies with the elves, after all, they were once neighbors. This sort of conspiracy left her ill at ease.

'Leave it be for now.' She sighed. 'Since you've learned something new about yourself, you should focus on improving all of your wills to the 4th intent level so that your journey forward will be smooth. Tell me about what you've mastered until now so I can make a plan.'

Dyon nodded. 'I've master fire will to the 9th will level. Wind will to the 8th will level. Demonic Will to the 1st intent level. Weapon's Master will to the 1st will level. Celestial will to the 8th will level. Time will to the 3rd will level. Space will to the 6th will level.

Speaking these words aloud, Dyon felt quite embarrassed. Normally he fused his wills together, making them far more powerful, so he hadn't noticed how weak they were individually. This was truly too sad.

'So many?' Still, Dyon's master was shocked. At Dyon's age, understanding three wills was already impressive enough, let alone eight, on top of them being so difficult to learn.

This made Dyon feel slightly better, so his reddened expression shifted to a smile. 'I believe the Demon Sage Tower has many will training rooms as well. But, they're only for simple elemental rules, there aren't any rooms for supreme laws or high level wills like demonic and space will.'

Since Dyon's clones couldn't use soul techniques, they were cut off from his wills as well. Essentially, they just reflected his body and energy cultivation prowess. So, Dyon couldn't use them to learn wills, he'd have to do that personally.

In addition, when techniques began to require understanding of wills, Dyon wouldn't be able to use them either.

'Good, then I'll incorporate them into the plan as well. Since you're in no rush, let's take our time.'

Dyon suddenly shivered, feeling a bad premonition coming on.

Chapter 1090: Worthy

Dyon's master began to construct a training plan for Dyon, arbitrarily choosing an eight-month time frame. There was no real rush to do anything, and since Dyon insisted on entering Chaos Universe, this was the best environment to train him.

'We have three main goals for these months.' Dyon's Master began. 'The first is to increase all of your wills to the 1st intent level. The second is to solidify your energy cultivation. The third is to solidify your soul cultivation.'

'The first will be the second easiest. Because your soul is at the peak celestial level, comprehending such low-level wills with the assistance training rooms will be a simple matter. However, what will be difficult to bringing your control to the level of a peak celestial. Although I can forgive your comprehension being at the 1st intent level, I won't accept your control being at that level.' Esmeralda said firmly. 'Essentially, we will use two months to bring your control to an adequate level.'

Dyon nodded, understanding his master's intentions.

A 1st level intent, or one with mind, is the threshold of understanding a low-level essence gatherer should have. However, Dyon's master wanted to increase Dyon's control to the point where, from the outside looking in, he looked like a high-level expert purposefully using a lower level of intent.

It was the same way Dyon lowered his will level in order to fuse his wills. Except, in this case, he would be using his highest level of comprehension.

Because of Dyon's soul level, it would be difficult, but not impossible, to reach this level of control in two months. Especially with his master's guidance.

'I'll teach you a few techniques to achieve this. The first step requires familiarizing yourself with energy manipulation techniques. Remember when I told you that you weren't allowed to learn any middle grade common techniques unless you mastered 100 energy manipulation techniques?'

Dyon nodded.

'Good. Energy manipulation techniques are exactly what they sound like. They are methods of utilizing qi that can often decide the difference between two masters on the same level.

'Under normal circumstances, these energy manipulation techniques are reliant on energy cultivation. They can be used to do anything from controlling the body of lower level cultivators to increasing the strength of your strikes or the nimbleness of your body.

'However, the term 'qi' is an umbrella term. Qi can refer to both the energy that powers wills as well as conventional energy. Therefore, the methods of manipulation you learn for conventional energy can be applied to wills as well although it takes an added degree of difficulty.

'Before we continue, I have to understand something about you. Exactly how does the Dragon King help your energy cultivation?'

After a moment of thought Dyon answered. 'As long as I have the connection with the Dragon King, I gain his talent in sensing and absorbing energy. However, because my meridian grade is low, I'm limited in the amount of energy I can absorb. So, even though I can technically energy cultivate at near or similar pace as compared to the Dragon King in his prime, my meridians would sheer apart if I tried.'

'That's good.' Esmeralda smiled, confusing Dyon.

How was this good? Wasn't it like having a treasure you couldn't take full advantage of?

'Think about it. Since you have his ability to sense energy, even though you can't take advantage of this to cultivate, you can take advantage of it to practice energy manipulation techniques. However...' A devious smile appeared on the 25th White Mother's beautiful face.

Dyon sighed. 'That would break one of your rules... I got it... I got it...'

Esmeralda giggled. 'Don't be so disappointed. Think about it this way. When you're in enough danger that ignoring my rules is justifiable, the Dragon King will provide a great boost to your energy manipulation abilities.'

'So you only asked to confiscate the Dragon King from me?' Dyon asked bitterly.

'You know me so well.' Esmeralda smiled.

Dyon could only sigh as he placed the Dragon King within his spatial ring. The moment he did, it felt like the world became considerably less bright. Although he could still sense the overwhelming soul energy in the air, it felt like half the world was taken from him in an instant, making it seem bland and colorless.

Seeing Dyon's bitter expression, Clara, who was still in his arms, understood that his master was likely training him.

With a giggle, she kissed him on the cheek and entered the Demon Sage Tower. The twins were in there, so Clara decided that instead of sitting around doing nothing, she might as well spend some time with them. She had grown fond of those little girls over the past few days, especially when Dyon told her their story.

Dyon almost didn't notice that Clara left because the moment the Dragon King was no longer with him, he realized what his master must have.

His clones that were still fighting hard against the beast horde didn't show any drop off in power. That meant that the Dragon King didn't have any effect on their strength.

'This must be something that was holding me back from better understanding the Florence family technique. I was viewing my clones on a pedestal they didn't deserve while trying to manipulate them as though they had the same senses as the Dragon King. If it wasn't for the fact they had 10% of the strength of my body, they wouldn't anywhere near this strong. I've been blind!'

Even though Dyon planned on listening to his master no matter what from the beginning, this only reaffirmed his decision. He finally felt that the door to progressing the Florence family technique was opened to him.

How could one expect to improve a copy of himself if he didn't fully understand himself first? Removing all external factors was the best way for Dyon to gain a clear view of himself.

Dyon's master smiled. Although she could have told Dyon personally about her reasons for all of this, it was much more impactful if he came to understand for himself.

The Florence family technique was only the first step too.

Others might believe that Esmeralda was only bullying her disciple so that Dyon would be prepared for a day where he might not have access to his treasures. But, that was only one of the reasons. The Florence family technique was a great example of the benefits to come.

'Good. Good.' Esmeralda felt reassured seeing her treasured disciple enlightened. 'This way, your training in energy manipulation will become much more meaningful. Unless you take the most difficult path, you'll have no chance of solving the only flaw in the Florence family technique.'

'You mean the fact my clones can't use soul related abilities?'

'Mm. The divine grade cloning technique you received from that gentleman may not be more valuable than the Florence family technique, but it is definitely the superior cloning method because it has no flaws. The only restrictions on the technique are the materials used to create your clone. The better the materials, the more potential your clone has.'

'However, one could obviously see that if the Florence family technique was ever perfected, it would lord over all cloning techniques in existence. Still, its value even while flawed is easily comparable to a mystic grade technique simply because of the other facets of its abilities.'

'You must remember that the only thing that separates the Florence family technique from other manifestations is the length of time it has existed. Because so many generations of Florence clan members have meditated upon the truths of this manifestation, it's reached the level you see today.'

'That said, just like other manifestations, it is up to wielder to seek out the path of perfection. This is your first step. I dare to say that if you ever leap over this hurdle, you'll become a one-man army.'

Dyon's eyes glowed as he listened to his master. It really did feel much better this way, instead of stumbling around alone.

'Now, the matter of energy manipulation...'

Dyon's master explained the aspects of energy manipulation meticulously for more than half a day.

In that time, Dyon had progressed less than 10% of the way through the first tier. Luckily, because he had the Energy Core and the fact this Mystical world was filled with such a dense concentration of soul energy, he felt just as refreshed as he had when he first stepped in.

During this half day, Dyon was forced to replace the clone he left in the outside world many times. But, he could tell that he was about to leave his range soon, so he had no choice but to give over command to Violet's father.

He also told the former Master that his two-month promise would have to be extended to one year. But, he was very understanding after Dyon explained his reasons why.

As a side note, it seemed that Marco's long-time friend, Aldo, and his son were still in Soul Rend Quadrant, staying with the former Master. Dyon wasn't too worried about them since he had forced them all to sign contracts, but he did think that that was worthy of note.