

The Nameless 1091

Chapter 1091: Am I?

For the next few weeks, Dyon fell into a monotonous cycle of training.

His first step was to 're-cultivate' his wills from the first will level to achieve the level of control his master wanted from him. The good news was that his soul was so powerful that those steps seemed to go quickly. Still, controlling 9999 clones while exhausting his stamina was taxing, which was perfectly in line with Dyon's Master's third phase of the plan: to solidify his soul cultivation. As for the second phase, it was left to the side for now.

Dyon sweated profusely atop the golden dragon, surrounded by his clones that fought off bestial birds that tried to attack him.

His torso was bare, but brimming with power.

Suddenly, Dyon roared.

A mighty music will of the sovereign path erupted from his chest, booming outward and causing the bird beasts to tremble in fear, making them easy targets for his clones.

The scene was magical. The level of music will Dyon used, despite having comprehension to the 1st intent level, was only of the 5th will level. However, the vibrations in the air made it seem that this music will was as powerful as a 9th level will!

This was a combination of two energy manipulation techniques Dyon labored over.

The first was of the vibration path. There were many vibrational type energy manipulation techniques. Some were defensive and required the user to use the frequency of their energy to cancel out that of another, but others were like what Dyon just used: offensive.

This particular energy manipulation technique was known as [Rapid Change]. By quickly alternating between low and high frequencies of energy, the power of a strike was multiplied many times over. This

erratic form of energy was incredibly difficult to control and often caused damage to one's meridians. However, Dyon was applying it to his wills and not his conventional energy, so it was even more dangerous, putting the soul in harm's way.

Still, Dyon stacked a second type of energy manipulation technique deviating from the vibrational type known as the granular path.

The epitome of this path was being able to control one's energy to the atomic level. Obviously, Dyon was nowhere near this level. However, it was because of this granular control type technique that he was able to roar yet not effect his clones at all.

This technique was known as [Striking Chain].

[Striking Chain] was an interesting technique. Although it was of the lower common grade, it intrigued Dyon.

The concept was simple and found within the name. One was meant to use the soul as an anchor that the will extended outward from like a chain.

The goal of this technique was to give warriors the ability to control their wills at larger distances from themselves with added precision. Essentially, the portions of the will closer to the user would link with further away portions, just like a chain. The user would then treat this chain like a whip, snaking their wills through enemies for fierce and pointed strikes.

One had to remember that unlike Dyon and Clara, others had to emit their wills from within themselves. This same thing was true of their conventional energies. So, techniques like [Striking Chain] were created to mimic the ability to form wills away from one's self.

Still, since Dyon could emit wills from anywhere within his divine sense, with the range deciding the decrease in power, he technically didn't need this technique. However, he found that it had many other applications.

For example, even if he emitted a will away from himself using his divine sense, [Striking Chain] gave him surprisingly flexibility in changing the direction of the strike should targets try to move. This was

especially useful for beasts who were highly instinctual and could often sense the danger just as Dyon's wills began to form.

While Dyon trained hard, Head Arie began to like him more and more.

'Hmph. Who said my grandson is a hothead? He could have come here immediately if he wanted, but he's making us wait while he takes his time to train. I can't wait until he gives those bastards a surprise.'

If others could hear this absolute goddess' words, they'd be shocked to know she even had these words in her vocabulary. Even her two attendants that followed her around almost anywhere were shocked by their family head's change in demeanor. Although she was the light of everyone's eye, they had never seen her smile so genuinely ever since her daughter died...

"Esteemed family head." One of the attendants finally spoke after two weeks of silence. She was a shy, frail looking young girl. The tenderness of her watery white eyes, the brightness of her blinding white hair and the rosiness of her cheeks gave this small girl the absolute picture of innocence. Although she looked no more than 16 years old, she was actually almost 200 years old and had already stepped into the 10th celestial realm. "Why is he wasting so much time on such useless things?"

This innocent young girl was a Saintess of Celestial Deer Clan, meaning she was among the few candidates to become the 26th White Mother. Unfortunately, their sacred altar seemed to have not chosen any of them, forcing the clan into yet another drought.

Head Arie's second attendant also happened to be a Saintess and shared a very similar temperament to this innocent young girl. They were known as Saintess Rue and Saintess Ray.

"Oh?" Head Arie smiled mysteriously, looking toward the two young girls who always followed her.

Although Saintess Rue tried to hide it, how long had she been by Head Arie's side? The family head could easily see that these two young girls who didn't know much of the outside world were intrigued by her brash grandson.

Head Arie couldn't help but giggle to herself like a proud grandmother. 'Of course they would be intrigued, my grandson is so handsome after all.'

Saintess Ray remained quiet, but her watery eyes betrayed the fact that she agreed with Saintess Rue. Why spend so much time mastering such weak techniques?

Truth be told, they were absolutely shocked. By now, in these two weeks, Dyon had mastered 882 techniques to the One with Self realm. That wasn't even mentioning the progression of the control he had over his wills. He hadn't even rested for a moment! It was to the point where they had become numb to it all.

But, One with Self realm or not, they were still lower common grade techniques. They felt that Dyon was wasting his genius.

Head Arie continued to smile. "Isn't he just a 12th stage essence gatherer? You cannot master Earth grade techniques fully until you enter the saint stage, is it not appropriate for him to focus on common grade techniques?"

"This..." Saintess Rue stuttered. In all of her shock, she had completely forgotten Dyon's cultivation level. "Isn't this even more of a reason? He should focus more on his energy cultivation. With his genius, he doesn't deserve to be evaluated the way Head Todu analyzed him, but he's holding himself back."

Despite her words, Head Arie's mysterious smile didn't fade. "I see. How old do you believe he is then?"

Saintess Rue blinked. "To cultivate to the peak of the celestial realm with one's soul? Even the best of geniuses would need many centuries. I believe the quickest that I'm aware of was Saintess Esmeralda who did so in less than 300 years. Considering his talent, I believe that Head Todu was a bit biased in her assessment of thousands of years. He is likely about 400 years old."

Knowing the age of a person without using special means was incredibly difficult. The situation within Dyon's body made it especially difficult for others to do so with him.

Why? For one, he has integrated with 32% of the blood essence of a being who was hundreds of thousands of years old before he died. Secondly, his soul was very strange... Its form wasn't even meant to appear in the mortal world. Thirdly, Luna forcibly added about 40,000 years of lifespan to Dyon, something even he wasn't aware of just yet.

Knowing all of this, it was difficult for even Head Arie who was a master of the soul path to tell, let alone Head Todu and Saintess Rue.

"Why?" Saintess Rue asked. "Am I wrong?"

Chapter 1092: Too Weak

"I have no idea." Head Ari said unashamedly.

This response left the two innocent saintesses completely speechless, but there was nothing they could do.

Head Arie smiled thoughtfully. Usually the only way to be absolutely certain of someone's age was to use an Age Stone similar to the one Soul Rending Peak used for their assessments. However, when one was powerful enough and meeting someone far weaker, they could usually make solid guesses.

What intrigued Head Arie was that even she wasn't certain of Dyon's age. The facets of Dyon's body were far too strange. In the end, she only asked Saintess Rue to see what her thoughts on the matter were and to tease the little girl a bit.

"I guess we'll have to wait until he comes to find out. As for your question about if he's wasting his time... If he's doing what I think he's doing... As long as he's given enough time to grow... He'll be undefeatable."

The two Saintesses were shocked by the words of their family head, but they couldn't help but look back at Dyon's shirtless image once more. Of course, they weren't embarrassed by the image, the young men of the Tigris and Simia clans didn't even know the meaning of the word 'shirt'. Instead, they were intrigued by this young man, eager to see if his future really would be like what Head Arie said.

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Dyon was oblivious to this conversation. Although he could see and hear everything in the Mystical World, the requirement was his focus.

In these last two weeks, his meridians had finally broken through to the 6th grade. In addition, his master had cleared his mind about something else.

Since ancient constitutions couldn't be awoken using normal means, that meant that the restriction on three constitution awakening pills was meaningless. Basically, Dyon could awaken three constitutions, then use the higher-level pill necessary to awaken an ancient constitution later on. Since they'd be of drastically different potencies, it should be fine.

Although Dyon wasn't sure of which other two constitutions he wanted, his first choice was one he was certain about: Eternity's Balance!

This was the very same God constitution Evelyn had. It was for this constitution that Prince Belmont became engaged with her and it was because of this constitution that he succeeded in doing something even his father failed to do even with a dao formation expert as a master: fuse his red and blue flames into the legendary violet flames that made Amethyst so powerful.

Although King Belmont was able to succeed in doing this for a short time with the help of his pseudo-domain, Prince Belmont could last tens of times longer and that was simply because he had Evelyn's Primordial Yin. If he had the constitution itself, he could do so almost indefinitely!

The only reason this constitution wasn't ranked within the top 3 like his wives' was because it was a support constitution. It had no affinity to itself, it simply helped to balance whatever affinities you might have to the fullest.

Dyon was certain that he wanted this constitution for two main reason.

The first was because of the clear yin and yang characteristics his bloodlines and manifestations took. It had to be remembered that if it wasn't for Dyon's master integrating the first 5% of her and Dyon's martial uncle's blood essence personally, Dyon would have imploded.

The second was because of his wills. Dyon had always been restricted in his will fusions, often lowering their level on purpose to fuse them. However, this problem would be non-existent with Eternity's Balance. Now, with some practice, even fusing directly opposite wills wouldn't be entirely impossible!

Dyon's blood boiled when he thought of the possibilities. All he had to do now was make a trip to Sapientia Quadrant to buy the pill ingredients. Until then, he would focus on raising his comprehension so he could make full use of the constitution.

Of course, there was another reason Dyon had to go there as well. Before, he and Clara didn't have enough capital to buy the ingredients for the pill that would heal Ri's mother. But, now they did.

As for his remaining two constitutions, Dyon wanted to think about it some more.

Due to his slow pace and his focus on training, it took Dyon a full two weeks to reach the entrance to the second tier. But, as expected, moving forward wasn't so simple.

Before a grand pearly white staircase, a large white tiger lay, sleeping soundly as though it had not a care in the world.

It was just about three meters in length, but even its breath radiated with a powerful, murderous aura.

At that moment, Dyon made his clones disappear. He wanted to fight personally.

'Just a projection?' Dyon raised an eyebrow. 'No, not a projection. But, an elaborate array. To think it would be so life-like.'

Dyon's fanaticism with array alchemy couldn't help but shine through. It was clear that this was a master work of the Celestial Deer, it was likely that without the Celestial Deer, this Mystical World wouldn't even exist.

With a light jump, Dyon glided through the air, seamlessly using his galloping steps.

Loud booms came with the flick of his ankles causing fierce indents in the ground just before he landed a mere meter away from the slumbering white tiger.

Surprisingly, the loud noises didn't even shake this creature. However, the moment Dyon feet landed on the ground, its piercing, murderous eyes opened, training their killing intent on the human before it.

"You're too weak. Leave and stop disrupting me."

As soon the tiger's eyes opened, they closed once more, ignoring Dyon completely.

"Ah, I get it." Dyon circled around the tiger as though he hadn't heard a word. "The reason you're so life-like is because there's an actual strand of a soul within you. Meaning if I kill you here, your main body would definitely suffer for your arrogance, don't you think?"

Although Dyon was saying this because the tiger has already pissed him off, he was legitimately intrigued by this concept. If he could make use of it, wouldn't he be able to give the spirits bodies? Even if they would be nowhere near as powerful as their peak, it would still give them some independence. Plus, they could help Dyon out.

For example, this tiger gave off the aura of a Pseudo-Celestial. To Dyon's current pitiful forces, that kind of power couldn't be ignored. He didn't believe that any of his demon generals could defeat this tiger right now.

Of course, that was because the demon generals had to recultivate using the inner world technique. That and the fact this tiger was 'programmed' to be able to match God level battle prowess. Meaning, if this tiger took the tower trials, he would succeed in becoming a God. However, he fell well short of True God status, though.

Still, had his demon generals had the same pseudo-celestial cultivation, Dyon was certain that the 10 vice commanders could defeat this tiger, and about 50% certain that another hundred or so of the Kings could defeat him. This was because one had to remember that just like Dyon, the Demon Generals also took their trials with their cultivations sealed. But, unlike Dyon, they didn't have Demon Sage blood essence within them to give them a strong body, they could only rely on themselves.

The fact they could become Kings and Emperors in that situation more than proved the talent of the Demon Generals.

"Are you trying to anger me?" The tiger once more opened its eyes to stare at Dyon with murderous intentions.

"I heard that Celestial Tigers were supposed to be the embodiment of slaughter. Who knew that one of their own would run away from a fight like this?" Dyon chuckled lightly, his eyes still shining gold as he made use of his innate aurora to understand the properties of the tiger.

'This level of array alchemy... It's beyond me right now. My head is going to split apart if I keep analyzing it.' Dyon shook his head with a sigh. How could forming such a work of art be easy?

To many, the true beginning of the study of array alchemy was the comet realm. To masters, Dyon was just a beginner.

'What I do understand though is that the only reason this soul strand can survive is because of the ridiculous amounts of life energy in the air... In the outside world, it would begin to slowly degrade... Unless? Unless I used Life Stones from a spiritual vein.'

Although Dyon received a spiritual vein as a reward for his trials and it was currently in his inner world, he wasn't sure if such low-grade life stones would work... And even if they did, how long could they last?

Chapter 1093: Intent

Plus, Dyon wasn't even sure if his spiritual vein had such life stones. It might be too low level.

Dyon's eyes shone at that moment. 'I'm an idiot. The perfect combination in this world is a spiritual vein plus the Energy Core. That's why the Angel Clan's spiritual vein broke the normal allowed limits.

'If I stimulate the Energy Core while in a world filled with so much abundant life energy, even if it didn't have life stones before, it would form them now!'

Just as Dyon was lost in thought, a vicious claw closed in on his head, seeking to turn him into nothing but a bloody shower of blood in an instant.

Dyon frowned, not because of the attack, but because the aura of the tiger had grown from the pseudo-celestial realm to the peak 1st celestial stage. That leap was massive, easily more than a 10x increase in strength.

With a flash, Dyon dodged the attack, leaping just out of its range using his galloping steps.

Unfortunately, he had been solely focused on weapon type techniques over the past two weeks. So, of the 882 techniques he mastered, they were all related to the 9 primary weapons. Meaning, Dyon was only 18 away from being able to move forward to mid common grade weapon techniques.

As a testament to his hard work, his weapon's master will had grown from the 1st will level, to the 2nd. Although this seemed like a small change, this was proof to the difficulty of the will. Still, this meant that Dyon could instantly master any weapon, even if he had never touched it before, to the 2nd intent level. Such benefits made the slow progress very much worth it.

"I angered you, so you decided to cheat?" Dyon sneered. "The slaughter path seems pretty pathetic. I'm glad I don't follow it."

The tiger roared in anger.

Its call was so fierce that the world seemed to freeze over, losing its color and falling into a bleak reality.

"Ignorance!" The tiger viciously growled. "You have 6 life forces hidden with you, did you think I wouldn't notice?! You dare to call me a cheat?! I'll kill you!"

After hearing this, Dyon felt kind of bad. He had become so used to being cheated that he just expected it now. But, the Tiger was right. In his Demon Sage Tower, after he laid the soul slaves to rest in another place, he still had Clara, Bella, Mia, and the three kitsune with him. So, he was facing the trial for 7 people.

Unfortunately, Dyon didn't get the chance to apologize as the tiger struck forward once more with fierce murderous intent.

Dyon leaped to the side, narrowly dodging a four clawed attack.

The flat plain couldn't handle the strike, causing four separate valleys to form along the ground. Even Dyon couldn't help but be surprised at the power behind the attack, it was almost as though the claws of the white tiger carried some odd weapon will similar to the saber.

Four fissures separated the once green and lush ground, piercing into the earth more than hundred meters each as four streaks of white light continued into the distance.

With a wave of his hand, a seven-foot-long staff appeared with Dyon, whipping forward to slam into the white tiger's still extended paw.

Dyon's aura changed completely. His arrogant demeanor seemed to diminish as he became like a lone monk on tall mountain, seeking the truths of life. His stance was sturdy and fundamental, fusing with the essence of the staff seamlessly.

Esmeralda nodded silently as she watched her disciple. She knew that Dyon rarely got to fight enemies that were his equal. They were either so weak that the battle was meaningless, or so powerful that Dyon had to rely on his intelligence instead of his battle prowess to win. This trial was a good chance for him to grow.

A Pseudo-Celestial would have been a challenge, but not enough to push Dyon to his limits. It was better this way.

"[Isolated Peak: Solid]."

At first, the white tiger snorted at Dyon's attack, not sensing any strength behind it. But, the moment before the staff struck his paw, he suddenly felt as though he facing a sturdy mountain, impossible to climb.

Its expression turned serious, coating its paw with a bloody red mist just as Dyon's attack landed.

BOOM!

The white tiger was sent flying. If human expressions could come through clearly on its large face, it would definitely show shock. However, the widening of its ink black eyes was more than enough to convey the message.

At that moment, Dyon had sunk into his first phase selfless state. Without emotion, he stably stepped toward the white tiger.

Dyon's aura changed once more. He suddenly became wild and unrestrained with a slight mischievous aura as he swung his staff with increased flexibility.

"[Monkey Stance: Wild Abandon]."

Dyon's staff lost its predictability. He became like a wild animal who just so happened to pick of a stick fallen off a tree long dead.

The White Tiger was shocked by the change, causing him to be completely unable to react as four wild strikes landed on its large head.

A roar of rage erupted from the prideful tiger as it surged toward Dyon once more.

However, Dyon's aura changed again. He became a prideful man, a man with something to protect. It was as though nothing would ever surpass him... as though the things he protected with his strikes were more important than his life itself.

"[Iron Will: First Strike]."

The grey staff swung with an indomitable aura. Dyon's own Presence seemed to seamlessly incorporate itself into the technique, freezing the attacking White Tiger in place.

Dyon did so completely unconsciously. He had no intention of using his Presence because it would make the battle too easy, yet it seemed that his One with Self realm of this technique seamlessly incorporated the Martial Art, making Dyon seem completely undefeatable.

There was no question that this single strike would have obliterated the white tiger. It was a mere remnant soul, how could it defend against Peak King Presence?

BOOM!

Just when the white tiger was waiting for its ill fate, Dyon staff stopped just before slamming into its forehead. Yet, the wind pressure was so fierce that the white tiger's head was sent crashing into the ground, shattering its jaw and burying its head into the dirt.

Dyon frowned. "Boring. Heal yourself and let's go again."

With a thought, Dyon's weapon changed from a staff to the battle axe.

Dyon held two of them in his hands as his aura changed once again. He became like an unmatched general lording over a bloody battlefield, ready to take the helm of his army and charge forward fearlessly.

"Stand!" Dyon roared.

The white tiger struggled up, staggering as life energy surged toward him, quickly healing its injuries.

It felt absolute rage watching Dyon stand before it with such an arrogant aura.

Dyon, however, didn't care. He had a feeling that this white tiger could give him a better battle than that. However, it seemed a peak first stage celestial was too weak in front of his selfless state, even if he relegated himself to the first form of it.

Another battle ensued.

Dyon's constant stance changes consistently caught the white tiger off guard. Even without his selfless state, although the changes were less fluid, it seemed like Dyon was bullying the poor tiger.

The number of fatal blows the tiger took only for Dyon to allow it to heal before he switched to another weapon soon became innumerable. In fact, it seemed to be becoming easier and easier over time as the slaughter intent of the white tiger continued to diminish with each passing injury.

The white tiger began to see Dyon as nothing more than a monster. However, its main body was trembling with rage, half wondering why it ever accepted this task and half wanting to tear Dyon apart for putting it through this.

Finally, Dyon seemed completely done with the white tiger. His spear pierced forward rapidly, looking like the numerous stars in the sky.

"[Starry Intent: Constellation Strike]!"

The white tiger was completely obliterated as bloody holes far larger than the tip of Dyon's spear destroyed its body.

In the end, its last view was of Dyon shaking its head in disappointment as he began to climb the pearly white steps.

Chapter 1094: Odd

'Your selfless state makes your battle stances much easier and more fluid in terms of the seamless change between them. But, it's good that you are also gaining practice without them.

'Your integration of energy manipulation techniques into your techniques is impressive as well. Adding [Rapid Change] to the Monkey Stance was clever, but the addition of [Striking Chain] to make its movements more erratic, yet still within your control, was a master stroke.

'However, maybe the most impressive part of your battle was integrating Presence into your strike.'

Dyon listened to his master's analysis of his battle as he walked up the steps.

The stairs themselves seemed to be a test of the soul considering there was a clear pressure within the depths of his Mind's Eye. But, to Dyon, it felt like the stairs was sending him a light and comfortable breeze.

What a joke. Trying to pressure his soul? This Mystical World was a test for Peak Celestials. Even without the Master Symbol Dyon could climb to the 18th tier, let alone from the 1st to 2nd.

'Since [Iron Will] in particular focused on the users presence, it will be easier to integrate with it compared to other techniques. However, you've taken a solid first step. Layering your attacks with Presence will bring your battle prowess to a whole other level.'

Dyon was surprised to hear this. Honestly, he thought Presence was more about showing off than anything else. Considering so many had protective measure against it, he didn't expect it to be too useful.

'Can you tell me more about Presence, master?'

Esmeralda giggled. 'To have such a high level of Presence yet not know much about it. You're too talented, my little disciple.'

'Presence is a Martial Art just like Perception. Unlike other techniques, this means it relies solely on the body. However, it's because of this that it can be applied to almost any technique.'

'If I integrate my Presence into my strikes, what effect would have against opponents with protective treasures?'

'They will still be protected, however, don't be so quick to believe that this practice will be useless because of that. There are some level of Presences that no regular treasure could defend against.'

'For example, your Presence is only at the Peak King Level right now, but that's already the limit for many geniuses. Only those with the best backgrounds from the highest-level clans and sects would have treasure that could protect against Emperor Level Presence. And God level Presence? There is no treasure in existence that could block it except for the legendary 33 weapons.'

Dyon's eyes shone.

'Now for the bad.' Esmeralda smiled evilly. 'Your use of wills left much to be desired in your battle. You're still not able to use them seamlessly in battle. In fact, I didn't notice you use your wills even once during that battle. That said, I expected as much considering your clones cannot use wills to battle, so the experience you gained from them is useless in this regard.'

'Although common level techniques cannot integrate wills, it is still possible to use wills to supplement them. This will also help improve your control that has slowed recently.'

Dyon nodded seriously. He had reached a bottle neck in his control abilities. At the moment, he could control 5th level wills just as precisely as a peak celestial could. However, he still found it difficult to rein in 6th level wills. It seemed to get harder the higher he climbed.

'In addition, in two weeks, you've only learned two energy manipulation techniques to the completion stage. Because you've focused so much on will comprehension, you've neglected the techniques. Truth be told, according to the standards of others, this is quite fast. But, according to your standards, it's too slow.'

Dyon didn't disagree with his master. It was just that his energy cultivating and sensing talent was too poor. The fact he even learned two to the completion stage in only two weeks was already a miracle to him.

Unfortunately, his master wanted him to learn 100 lower common grade ones, or 400 common grade ones in total. If it wasn't for his meridians improving to the 6th grade, Dyon doubted he would even be this quick. However, it seemed almost impossible to step into the One with Self stage with energy manipulation techniques.

Esmeralda thought for a bit. 'We're going to change our approach. For now, only summon 999 clones to battle. This will slow your technique comprehension slightly, but the trade off will be worth it. This is the plan...'

Dyon's master laid out a new plan for him. He would only summon 999 clones to fight because he would need as much soul strength as possible to solidify his soul's foundation.

When his soul was solidified to perfection, Dyon's master estimated that her disciple's split mind technique would be able to improve from ten thousand to a hundred thousand. This may seem like a large change, but in reality, it was only right.

Dyon could split his mind ten thousand ways the moment his soul barely stepped into the celestial stage. Now that it had improved to the peak celestial stage, how could it not improve?

After Dyon achieved this, he would be able to use his clones to practice energy manipulation techniques while also advancing. Luckily, clones could utilize conventional energy although they couldn't use wills.

The moment Dyon stepped into the second tier, he fell into another training rhythm.

Still, his advancing pace drastically slowed. Not only were the beasts more powerful, he had access to only a tenth of clones. In fact, because of the danger, Clara began to stay by Dyon's side more often as he practiced his Soul Rend technique. Whenever a beast approached too closely, she would exhibit fierce archery abilities, stunning the beast so that Dyon's clones could swarm it. Even Little Wind who had now grown to have a meter-long wingspan began flutter around, strengthening Clara's wind abilities.

Just like this, another three months passed.

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By now, months had passed since the Demon Generals made their name known across the cosmos and it was about time for Madeleine's core disciple ceremony.

Actually, the ceremony would have taken place immediately after the campaign ended if it wasn't for the fact the Flaming Lily Sect spent much of the time between then and now negotiating with the Golden Crow Sect.

After those negotiations were finished, the Flaming Lily Sect underwent a period of negotiations with the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sects who both wanted their high-ranking inner disciples back. Of course, the price they had to pay far outweighed that of the Golden Crow Sect.

Following a grand ceremony that many of the Demon Generals attended, Madeleine became the very first core disciple to be accepted by the Flaming Lily Sect before stepping into the Celestial realm.

Soon afterward, she was called into a meeting where many high-ranking elders were present.

"Esteemed Elders, Vice Master, Master." Madeleine bowed respectfully. Unlike her husband, Madeleine's aura was far sweeter and more reserved. Although it was ill-advised to anger her, when facing those she respected and trusted, she gave off a lovable air. Coupled with her beautiful violet hair and eyes, and it was hard for anyone to say a bad word about this young lady.

The elders couldn't help but sigh. They felt very lucky to have this genius among their fold. Even though the Demon Generals played a large role, it could be said that Madeleine's impact was the greatest. Whether it be fighting two first ranked inner disciples alone, or capturing the third ranked inner disciple of Golden Crow Sect, Angela, so easily. Any one of these feats was very impressive.

A middle-aged woman who sat at the center of them all smiled amiably. Those who knew this hard-nosed Master of theirs were very much shocked by her demeanor toward this core disciple. It might have been millennia since they last saw her lips curl in anything but disdain. Yet, she smiled so lovably for Madeleine.

It seemed that the Goddess' Disposition constitution was too much even for an old monster like her to ignore.

"Do you know why we've called you here?" The Master suddenly asked.

"I believe that it's related to the Golden Crow Sect?" Madeleine responded after a moment.

The Master nodded. "What do you think about their actions?"

"... Troubling? Confusing?" Madeleine paused. "It seemed they wanted to conquer our gate, but at the same time didn't?"

"They could have conquered all four of our gates 2 years ago during their sneak attack if only they had used all of their top ten inner disciples instead of just sending Egan Goldeen. But, instead, they sent the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sects.

"Plus, even though there are many restrictions on the abilities of key wielders in order to give the opposing party a chance, there is still more than enough power their key wielder could have used to end the battle far more quickly. Yet, they did none of these things. It seems like this was a distraction... or a test?"

Madeleine was correct. The movements of the Golden Crow Sect were far too... odd.

Chapter 1095: Improvements

For example, a key wielder cannot lower the cultivation requirements of a gates before quickly raising it. However, a key wielder can arbitrarily increase the cultivation requirement whenever they want. Such an ability for a sneak attack would be devastating. This was like what Dyon did with Thadius during his meeting with the Uidah.

Had God Goldeen raised the limit to the celestial realm, they might have been able to conquer the tower before the Flaming Lily Sect even responded.

The restriction to these raising and lowering abilities was simple.

For one, this ability only worked in one universe. It couldn't be used on gates outside the universe that was home to their Epistemic Tower. If they wanted to change the cultivation threshold of a gate outside this region, they'd have to do it the conventional way and conquer all of the towers within.

Secondly, when lowering the realm, any who were above it the limit would be teleported out, not killed. The only time one would be killed is if they knowingly tried to enter a lower threshold gate with a higher cultivation.

Thirdly, after this teleportation occurred, one couldn't simply raise the realm once more. In that case, raising it would have to wait until the next campaign began.

These were just one of the many restrictions placed on key wielders in the essence of fairness. However, as Madeleine said, there were other tricks they could have used.

Had the Golden Crow Sect utilized celestials in their sneak attack by raising the gate from a saint gate to a celestial gate, the Flaming Lily Sect would have definitely lost all of their towers.

"You are right." The Master said. "Their actions are too odd, but the reason they are odd revolves around you."

"Around me?" Madeleine's brows raised.

"Well. Particularly around your husband." A particularly young elder chimed in, shamelessly teasing Madeleine.

"Dyon?" Madeleine's surprise increased.

"Simply put, these past two campaigns were put in place to test if you truly were the first wife of True God Sacharro. In the case that you were, the Golden Crow Sect would negotiate with us on equal terms..." The Master paused.

"And in the case that I wasn't?" Madeleine asked with a serious expression.

"I'm sure you can make some guesses, just like I'm sure you know that most of those guesses would result in bad things. The best case being your being taken away to be used as a cultivation furnace, and the worst case being the Golden Crow Sect's rise far beyond our imagine and the inevitable destruction of our sect."

Madeleine's expression turned cold. Amethyst's flames were simply far too enticing for fire cultivators, especially males mesmerized by Madeleine's beauty. To think the Golden Crow Sect would go so far.

Just like musicians who cultivated their own compositions, flame specialists cultivated their own unique flames. The idea of adding the legendary violet flames to their cultivated flames was enough to make many of them drool with desire.

"Still, your flames were only one of the two reasons they needed to probe the depth of our strength, including your connection to True God Sacharro."

"And the other?" Madeleine asked.

"The Golden Flame Mystical World's entrance has been found."

**

It had been a little over three and a half months since Dyon entered the Mystical World and his progress could only be described as mind numbing.

Under intense pressure, Dyon's soul was continuously tempered. It was built up and shattered so many times that its density had increased by hundreds of times, easily.

For months, Dyon meditated while under severe, blood curdling pain. [Soul Rend], a divine grade soul cultivation technique, focused entirely on breaking down the soul to its finest pieces before re-invigorating this broken-down soul with the use of processed conventional energy, purified to the point of being acceptable by the soul.

There were two deciding factors for the grade of a soul cultivation technique. The first was related to how thoroughly the soul could be broken down while also maintaining absolute safety. The second was related to this purification of energy.

The reason Soul Rend Quadrant is able to birth so many talented soul path cultivators is because it is filled with energy that is already purified in this way. However, in other quadrants less tailored to soul cultivators, the energy in the atmosphere isn't processed, leaving it impure for the consumption of the soul.

Essentially, a soul cultivation technique's grade heavily relies upon how efficiently it can purify conventional energies into soul energy.

It is also worth mentioning that any kind of energy, even devil qi, can be converted into soul energy after processing. The difference is that devil qi would produce less soul energy per volume as compared to conventional energy.

That said... Conventional energy wasn't the energy best suited for conversion into soul energy either. But, that was a matter for another time.

Still, no matter the grade of the technique, soul cultivation would always be painful. In fact, the higher the grade, the more painful the process often was.

Before, Dyon had utilized Evangeline's energy to raise his soul cultivation. Because of this, the soul energy didn't perfectly integrate with his soul. Although it had boosted his cultivation, he didn't have full mastery over it.

Luckily, over the past three months, Dyon made this energy his own. His soul cultivating speed was so fast that he shattered his master's expectations time and time again. It was to the point where Esmeralda legitimately believed that if Dyon didn't have to worry about the restrictions on his body and did nothing but soul cultivate, he could reach the half-step transcendent realm in less than 50 years.

That estimation made Esmeralda tremble with shock. 50 years? She had never heard of anyone reaching that realm with less than 200 000 years of accumulation. Even the Dragon King needed 300 000 years!

'Could it really be the accumulated talent of billions that accounts for this? If that's the case... Why is his body cultivation so slow in comparison?'

Dyon's master frowned. Could Dyon's body cultivation be so slow because he wasn't technically cultivating his own body? He was actually just integrating the cultivation of someone else...

How ironic that would be. Having another's blood essence should have sped up one's cultivation speed, but it slowed down Dyon's?

'No... That shouldn't be it...' Esmeralda shook her head.

Although the process of integrating blood essence was slightly different than conventional body cultivation, body cultivation talent should definitely affect it in a positive way.

Esmeralda couldn't help but think back to the sleeping baby in Dyon's Mind's Eye.

In the end, she sighed. The answer to her questions wouldn't be solved in a short time.

That aside, Dyon's progression had shocked her. She had thought that Dyon's Divine Sense range would expand by two times, but it had actually expanded by four with more room to grow still! Dyon could cover an entire planet two times over with room to breathe. For a Peak Celestial soul, this was unheard of. Only a mid-level dao formation soul could match such a range of nearly 100 000km.

It was only now that Dyon realized how useless pushing his soul to the dao formation realm had been against Elder Nova. If Dyon had to measure the battle prowess of his soul, he was already far above many dao formation monsters!

This wasn't all either. Esmeralda's estimation of Dyon's split mind's technique was wrong as well.

When Dyon's was in his second trial, he was able to split his mind millions of ways. However, that was only due to the support he received from the angel clan spiritual vein. Back then, Dyon's true limit was ten thousand.

However, that limit had now been increased by twenty times!

Not only could Dyon create higher level arrays even faster now, the greatest boost to his power was the Florence family technique.

Dyon's clone limit had increased from ten thousand, to two hundred thousand. In addition, because of his master's teachings, his mastery of the technique had increased as well.

Firstly, his range of control had increased along with his divine sense. Secondly, his peak level clone had once more increase to the 75% and could last for an entire day. Thirdly, and maybe most excitedly, his lower level clones had increased from the 10% limit, to 15%.

Maybe the only down tick of the past three months was the fact they had passed through less than 50% of the second tier due to Dyon lowering his clone numbers. However, he found all of this to be very much worth it because his soul wasn't all that had improvements.

Chapter 1096: Ridiculous

Dyon's eyes opened for the first time in months. The situation around him was still quite chaotic, however.

He still sat on the back of a golden dragon. Although it didn't have the life-like characteristics of a true dragon, it was good enough for transportation and could actually be quite fast if Dyon negated some of the resistance effects around it using his wind will.

Dyon's main mind hadn't focused much on what was happening around him while he cultivated, except for replacing clones that died, he didn't act much personally at all. So, when he saw Clara standing next to him, pale faced and bloodied, his eyes filled with rage.

Clara hadn't even noticed that Dyon awoke as she was too busy pulling back on her bow string.

Her long, jet-black hair whipped in the valiantly as she unceasingly shot arrow after arrow. She didn't seem to notice the fact the skin on her fingers had been ripped down to the bone, or the fact her energy reserves were running on near nothing for the past few days.

From the beginning, Esmeralda had seen this, but she had done nothing to help. Although she knew that Dyon would be saddened and enraged by seeing his wife in this state, she also knew that Dyon's wives needed to grow stronger too. If they didn't fight and put themselves in danger, how could they continue to stand by her treasured disciple's side?

Of course, she would have never allowed Clara's life to be in danger, nor would have Clara's two new masters, but they all felt that Clara needed some room to grow.

Although in her battle against Dyon a few months prior, Clara seemed to defeat Dyon easily, her wind will was still too weak to inflict severe damage onto Dyon. This wasn't because her comprehension was weak, but rather because wills significantly lessened in power when manifested within one's divine sense.

The problem was that Clara didn't have a weapon at the time, nor could she project the wills from her body to inflict the damage output she needed. This was why she needed more practice with her bow.

This wasn't to say Clara was weak, obviously. She had fought against King level characters and even defeated an Empress level character in Chrysanthemum. However, just like Dyon, she hadn't used her battle prowess, but rather, her intelligence. In addition, had it not been for the supreme level treasure Dyon gave her, she would have lost that battle after Chrysanthemum called for reinforcements.

In the end, this tempering was good for Clara who was the least experienced in the matters of the martial world among Dyon's three wives.

Still, even knowing this, Dyon was heartbroken.

He stood quickly in an act of rage, his eyes flashing with a gold murderous intent.

There were thousands of beasts surrounding them, almost all of whom had cultivation at the Peak Saint level. However, the reason they had lasted so long was because they were led by three beast kings, each of whom had stepped into the 1st celestial stage.

Unlike humans, the "grade" of a beast was dependent on its talent. This meant that an earth grade beast would be weaker than a heaven grade beast if they had the same cultivation.

The ubiquitous beasts were of the high common grade, but the celestial beasts? They were lower earth grade beasts, making them far more powerful than their common grade counterparts.

Dyon stared at this wave of beasts, his gaze piercing through each and every one.

It was at that moment that the three leading beasts realized something was wrong. However... It was too late.

Tens of thousands of golden arrays appeared in the air, spinning viciously to the point where their once clear and defined symbols became nothing but a wheel of gold.

Dyon's Master's eyes widened. 'He's applying energy manipulation techniques to his weapon's arrays? Genius! I never thought of that...'

At that moment, arrays that were only meant to contain the power of an 8th stage saint suddenly rivaled peak saints.... And maybe the worst part was that they far outnumbered the number of beasts!

Hell rained down from the skies, shattering the momentum of the beast herd and massacring the legions of the celestial beasts as though they were nothing but weeds in the ground.

The three celestial beasts roared.

A massive, horse-like creature with skin as red as blood slammed its hoof into the ground, projecting a protective array onto its fellow clansman.

A disgusting, wrinkled vulture swept down from the skies, using its metal-like wings to deflect the javelins that fell from the skies.

At the same time, a jet-black wolf, standing more than twenty meters tall and a hundred meters long howled at the coming onslaught, using its sound-wave attacks to protect its own.

However, none of that mattered.

Dyon's eyes flashed with gold once more, forcing him into an absolutely selfless state.

The wave of his attacks seemed to completely ignore the acts of the beast kings, passing by their protective measure with an eerie ease.

Dyon's hands clapped together as he roared into the skies. Spreading his arms out, three blood red arrays appeared before him, exuding an aura that projected a single word to everyone's mind: Judgement!

Three streaks of red blasted across the skies, leaving rings of fire and wind in their wake before mercilessly piercing into the skulls of the three celestial beasts.

Absolute silence reigned the world for but a moment before cacophonous sounds of the air being obliterated filled their ears.

The three beast kings fell from the skies, each missing an entire half of their heads despite their enormous size.

...

Dyon caught Clara before she could fall. It seemed the last of her energy was sapped away when she realized that Dyon was awake. Who knew how far past her limits she had gone.

Unlike Dyon, Clara didn't have the Energy Core quickly replenishing her. For her to fight against such high level enemies for three months was too much to ask of her. If it wasn't for the fact her body had broken into the saint realm, she definitely wouldn't have made it.

Despite her weakness, Clara rolled her eyes at Dyon's concern despite smiling on the inside. "If you were so worried, you should have woken up earlier."

Dyon didn't seem to hear Clara's words, his divine sense had long since begun scanning her injuries.

In the past, Dyon could easily heal people like Eli with his aurora flames, even to the point of reconnecting Eli's spine. Luckily, his soul strength was far above Clara's body cultivation, so as long as he took his time, he was confident in doing the same for his wife.

The truth was that the best method of healing the body wasn't the soul, but rather runic flames. It was just that the purity of soul energy contained such strong life force that it was also able to heal well. Unfortunately, Dyon's runic flame control wasn't good enough to be used on a sainthood body.

For context, Dyon's soul needs to be ahead of the cultivation of whatever person he wants to heal. However, runic flames can heal those even above their cultivation limit should control be good enough. This was the main difference in addition to other miscellaneous things such as stamina requirements.

The good news was that Dyon's soul stamina was so overwhelming that he could only remember one other time he ran out of it that hadn't involved him fighting someone far stronger than himself.

Back then, Dyon's soul was only at the peak Middle Blossom stage, and after days spent using his celestial will to heal the demon generals turned monster in the Demon Sage's legacy world, he then spent more days whittling away at his mental energy learning the Demon Emperor's Will technique, before being sneak attacked by Chenglei who used a pseudo weapon of the 33 heavens that his master had to block for him, all before finally fighting 11 geniuses by himself.

To say that it took a lot for Dyon's soul to run out of stamina was an understatement.

Clara's body quickly regained its color as her wounds slowly closed. Dyon's aurora flames filled her with such comfort that she directly fell asleep in his arms, subconsciously curling up and wiggling around to make herself more comfortable.

It was only after Dyon no longer found any hidden injuries did his frown finally lessen.

Looking around at the fresh corpses, Dyon suddenly felt a hunger overwhelm him. As a cultivator, eating wasn't strictly necessary. However, eating the flesh of powerful beasts was still highly beneficial. And,

should that beast be of high enough cultivation and grade, it could equate to eating the best of spiritual medicines and pills.

Luckily, of the three celestial beasts, Dyon only destroyed their heads, leaving the rest of their bodies intact.

"I can't even remember the last time I ate... Maybe that's why my body cultivation has been so slow? How could I forget to eat? Ridiculous!" Dyon mumbled to himself.

Chapter 1097: Good or Bad?

Clara giggled in her sleep as though she heard Dyon's words.

Taking a deep breath, Dyon closed his eyes.

A strong wind will manifested, spinning quickly and forming numerous small scale cyclones.

Beads of sweat fell from Dyon's forehead as the thousands of corpses were lifted into the air and carried away.

Dyon's range, in terms of divine sense, had reached slightly more than 80 000 km, four times the range he had previously. By that token, he should also be able to control his wills from that far away as well.

Unfortunately, Dyon hadn't spent much time mastering this ability. However, his range was still more than enough to carry the corpses dozens of miles away, taking with them the bloody smell that would attract other beasts.

In the end, the only corpses that remained were the three celestial beasts, each missing half their heads, but still being about a hundred meters in length each.

From start to finish, Head Arie and her attendants watched the next scenes with shock. After watching Dyon for so long, they thought they had become immune to it, that they were certain he couldn't do anything else to surprise them, but they were so very wrong.

Dyon's first action of using wind will to block the scent of blood from travelling away was easy enough to accept. But, what ensued afterward made their lips twitch.

Without a care in the world and with his wife still in his arms, Dyon created three massive fire pits, using the opportunity to comprehend and improve his control over his fire will.

Then, he created mounds of what it took the three women too long to figure out were spices.

Everything from salt, to various aromatic plants formed large hills as Dyon's sword wills cleaned the three massive corpses. After all, the various plants, leaves and minerals used for seasoning back on Dyon's home world couldn't even be considering low grade common plants and materials in the martial world. Creating them was simply too easy for Dyon.

"He can't plan to eat all three alone... Can he?..." Saintess Rue mumbled with a dry mouth.

However, reality struck hard.

Massive amounts of blood was drained, organs were cleaned out, feathers were plucked and skin was skinned, eventually leaving three perfectly clean corpses waiting to be marinated.

Then, a man completely miniature in comparison to these three behemoth like creatures ingested them all as though he was simply breathing.

Still, maybe this would have all been acceptable had they not heard what Dyon muttered under his breath next.

"I'm still hungry..."

'Your [Revolutions Art] is lacking. It takes you too much effort to reproduce the rotational effects, making it impossible to use in real battle. It needs more time to mature.' Dyon's master commented.

Of course, she was referring to Dyon utilizing his wind will to form cyclones and carry away the bodies of the already dead beasts.

Dyon's [Revolutions Art] achieved the same result as his [Rapid Change] but by using different methods.

[Rapid Change] followed vibrational laws. For example, when one rapidly heats then rapidly cools a piece of glass, it will explosively shatter. Every material, to some extent, follows this truth. [Rapid Change] takes advantage to vastly increase the strength of strikes.

[Revolutions Art] follows similar principles, but using rotational force. It is easier to lift of a corpse that happens to be hundreds of kilograms in weight if instead of lifting it along a straight path, you take it along a sloping longer path with a more gentle incline.

If this same idea is expanded upon and applied to attacks, it also makes piercing strong defenses and armor much easier as well.

However, while Dyon didn't have much issue maintaining and speeding up the rotation, he was troubled with his slow starting speed and his slow acceleration. Essentially, using this energy manipulation technique for menial tasks was about all he could do for now.

That said, Dyon didn't plan on this being the truth for long.

'Dyon.' Esmeralda's tone suddenly changed from simple commentary to something more serious.

'Yes?'

'I sense something is off with your fire will. It doesn't seem to be following your most natural path.'

Dyon blinked in confusion. It was true that among his wills, the one which he used the least in battle was his fire will. Even his celestial and wind will made occasional appearances, not to mention them, even his crystal will made itself known from time to time, depending on the situation.

At first, Dyon didn't think too much of it. The application for fire will just didn't seem to match up to the others. But, could it be his master was right? He did feel oddly uncomfortable using fire will, something about the red flames didn't seem to be... his own?

In addition, his fire will was lagging behind the others as well. Over the first two weeks here, his wind will had increased from the 8th to 9th will level, his celestial will had increased to the 1st intent level, his crystal will had increased from the 5th to 7th will level, even his spatial will had increased from the 6th to 7th will level while his weapon's master will had increased to the 2nd will level.

Other than Dyon's time will which remained at the 3rd will level, and his demonic and music will which both remained at the 1st intent level, Dyon's fire will was another that didn't move at all.

The trouble was that fire was supposed to be a simple elemental will. With Dyon comprehension and with the guidance of his master, it should have crossed into the intent threshold already.

This may seem like too much to ask, but the will level of comprehension was for foundation stage and meridian formation children. Dyon's soul was at the peak celestial level! This pace was bordering on unacceptable.

'Tell me about how you first learned fire will.' Dyon's master asked. Although she knew the story, she still asked.

'Uh...' Dyon stuttered. The very first time he used fire will was in an absolute fit of rage. The orphanage he had built was burned down and marred with feces, while the lovable Ms. Everdeen was beaten up, tortured, killed, then hung up for all to see.

At that moment, a black-gold halo from his manifestation erupted into life much earlier than it should have, causing black flames to turn the land to ash.

Dyon's master silently listened to this story although, at that time, she had been within The Seal. Everything Dyon experienced, she experienced.

Simply remembering and reliving the story made Dyon rage burn again, causing the flicker of black flames within his hazel eyes to blaze to life once more.

Dyon's brows furrowed. He had been pressing down this anger this entire time because he could feel the Demon Sage blood within him rolling. If he didn't temper it down properly, he would lose control.

When his soul was sealed, this was a great worry of his. Without the help of his aurora flames to calm the evil within him, reeling himself back was almost impossible. Therefore, for the last more than 14 years now, Dyon hadn't allowed this side of himself breathing room. Even when he was mourning Amphorae's death, he used his third trial to vent, not speaking or thinking about anything but the beasts in front of him.

Suddenly, the three pits of fire that dimmed to the point where only embers were left blazed to life once more.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

At that moment, three black pillars erupted from the embers, piercing into the skies as though they were being released from the depths of hell.

They looked nothing like the flickering lights of fire. The flames were so densely packed that they looked as solid as the earth itself.

The bones that hung above the pits stood no chance. The mighty skeletons of the celestial beasts meant absolutely nothing, burning to ash in an instant.

The heat was so overwhelming that Dyon felt his own skin begin to burn, if it wasn't for his master protecting Clara's body, she would have been reduced to ash in a mere moment...

Esmeralda frowned. 'Is this a good or bad thing?'

Dyon's master's frown deepened. 'He's somehow used an energy manipulation technique of the solidification path unconsciously... His fire will comprehension is also climbing, it's already climbed to a 2nd level intent level...'

Chapter 1098: Representation

Although Dyon was practicing energy manipulation techniques of the solidification path, none of them were so great that they could make such a large pillar of fire seem more like stone than the light it was meant to be.

'Is his soul really so amazing that it can make up for his weakness everywhere else?' Esmeralda couldn't help but feel like she was watching a legend unfold.

His whole life up until now, Dyon hadn't thought he had an affinity for anything. It was to the point where he relied on his master's and his martial uncle's blood essence to gain particular affinities. But, who would have known that his own manifestations trumped this many times over.

With just a thought, Dyon's black flames, flames he had ignored for so long, shattered the intent barrier of comprehension, climbed past the one with mind realm, and steadily entered the one with heart realm without showing any signs of slowing.

This wasn't a simple matter of paths. Dyon's much weaker red flames followed the sovereign path as well. However, not every path, even when carrying the same title, followed the same exact methods. There were innumerable kinds of rulers and sovereigns in this world. You could be cruel, kind, benevolent or unruly. Still, you would be a ruler.

Dyon's red flames had no real substance. They wanted to follow the sovereign path, but didn't have the strength or direction to do so. However, Dyon's black flame was a tyrant, filled with rage and fury, wanting to burn the whole world down and into the ground.

Flames were special. Without warmth, life wouldn't exist at all. In fact, the so-called heat death many were worried about would result in a complete lack of heat. Without heat and energy, the universe and cosmos as everyone knew it would die.

This was why, even as an elemental will, fire reserved a special place in the heart of the heavens, along with lightning. On the surface, these two elemental wills were just as forgettable as the others, however, the truth was that they rose above the rest in a very special way.

Prince Belmont wanted Madeleine for her flames, the Flame Rebirth Sect wanted Madeleine for her flames, even the Golden Crow Sect wanted Madeleine for her flames.

Why isn't it that wind cultivators want Clara for her wind? Or why isn't it that ice cultivators want Ri for her ice?

Cultivating flames was different and so was its comprehension. Path mattered much less than affinity. Without the proper lineage, cultivating flames was foolish. But, should you have the correct lineage... Fire will could very well be as powerful as any supreme law in existence.

However, Dyon was on the verge of losing his mind. His roar had become layered and hellish. It was almost as though he was a beast crawling up from its abyssal imprisonment instead of the human being that he was.

'One with body...' Dyon's master panicked slightly, sending Clara into the tower as quickly as she could. She was just a spirit, she couldn't continue to protect against this level of heat.

At that moment, Dyon's body no longer burned due to his own flames. However, the golden dragon beneath his feet burst into nothingness.

'One with soul... How far will it go? It can't be that it will grow to match his soul? Will it?'

A shocking thought overwhelmed the White Mother's mind. Dyon black flames were his own, but they were birthed from his manifestation. If it followed the normal trend, it wouldn't stop until...

'Until it reached One with Dao...' Esmeralda paled. 'I can't allow him to increase so far so quickly. He'll lose his mind!'

If Dyon's unique flame was amiable and calm in nature, this wouldn't be a problem at all. Although his body would be strained by using such a high level will, it wouldn't be beyond the realm of possibility since he had a celestial body. But, the issue was that it wasn't!

Esmeralda could tell that this flame wanted nothing more than to obliterate the world. If it continued like this, there would be no coming back.

The second tier caught flames, spreading out in every direction and recreating a hell on earth. The hundreds to thousands of miles that once made up this tier was suddenly overwhelmed by an oppressive and savage heat.

'Dyon! Dyon!' Esmeralda called, sending waves of soul energy through Dyon's Mind's Eye, hoping to wake him up.

However, the moment the small baby sensed danger within its domain, it rolled in its sleep, gurgling slightly as it sucked its thumb. In an instant, all 11 remaining spirits couldn't move. It was as though they had met their worst nightmares but could only be petrified in place.

Esmeralda trembled. 'If I had known this would happen, I would have never awakened this half of him.'

Maybe if Evangeline had been there to speak her mind, she too would have felt a heavy guilt overwhelm her. She had travelled through space and time to awaken Dyon's soul and wills ahead of time... But, what if things weren't meant to be this way?...

By awakening Dyon's manifestation more than 900 years ahead of time, Dyon had much less time to mature... His mentality was still that of a young man...

In the future, when this occurred, he would be able to rein himself in long before he lost control... But now?... He had long since lost consciousness.

...

Head Arie watched this scene with a combination of disbelief and concern on her delicate features. She had never seen such an oppressive innate fire... The offensive capabilities of Dyon's flames could be said to be the greatest she had ever seen.

For her to think such a thing, it meant a lot. After all, her Celestial Deer Clan had a lot of relations with the Drago-Qilin lands. Among them, the legendary red dragon was among the most powerful. Strong and majestic creatures with scales as beautiful rubies coating them. They were both a marvel to look at while also being among the strongest race of beasts to ever exist.

Not to mention the Fire Dragon Clan, dragons and qilins in general had high fire affinities. For example, Dyon's martial uncle, a member of the Demon Qilin Clan had strong fire affinity himself. In fact, it was because of this that Dyon believed his red flames were his true flames with his black flame was simply an augments of dark type wills.

Clearly, he was very much mistaken...

"Family head, shouldn't we help? If this continues..." Saintess Rue and Ray panicked. After watching Dyon for so long, they were stricken by his determination and talent. They already saw him as a little brother they couldn't bare to see anything happen to.

Of course, this was only reinforced by the fact Head Arie only referred to him as grandson.

They didn't know why, but they had begun to subconsciously believe that Dyon was younger than them, no matter what their better judgements said.

Head Arie's delicate jaw slightly clenched before she eventually shook her head. "No. The only way to remove the plight of this innate flame from him would be to strip him of the flame itself. But, you know as well as I how cruel such a thing is. If he can surpass this hurdle, he will benefit greatly..."

"His flame has two characteristics. And that's just my initial estimate..."

"Two?!" By now, even the silent Saintess Ray couldn't help but exclaim. A flame even having one characteristic was almost unheard of, how could his have two?

"No... I think it's three..." Head Arie mumbled.

"This..." The two saintesses didn't know how to react.

For context, even the mighty phoenixes only had two characteristics to their flames, it wasn't until Amethyst was born that a mighty flame with four characteristics was birthed into the world.

An ice phoenixes blue flame would have a piercing cold characteristic along with a life characteristic. This was why they were both known as ice phoenixes while also being the heaven's representation of life.

A fire phoenix would have an inextinguishable heat characteristic along with a reincarnation characteristic. Obviously, this was why they were known as fire phoenixes while also being the heaven's representation of reincarnation.

Dark phoenixes also had two characteristics. Their flames had both a darkness characteristic that allowed them to thrive in the shadows, while also having a death characteristic that made them heaven's representations of death.

Chapter 1099: Fear

It wasn't until Amethyst combined the characteristics of the ice and fire phoenix from her two parents that a mighty four characteristic flame was birthed into the world.

The shame of the Belmont family was that even though they innately had two flames, they couldn't access the life and reincarnation characteristics of their red and blue flames, giving each of their flames only a single characteristic.

Yet, despite all of this, Head Arie was saying Dyon's flames had three characteristics! A feat rarely seen!

"His flames after a solidification characteristic and an augmentation characteristic..."

"Solidification? Augmentation?" Saintess Rue asked.

"Yes. If my senses are correct, his flames can augment darkness and demonic type wills, making them stronger than they otherwise might be. At the same time, he can gift darkness and demonic type characteristics to wills that might otherwise not have them. If he coupled these flames with his death will... The results would be frightening. Plus, the solidity of his flames is shocking. Their toughness seems to be close to a spiritual level defensive weapon... And still increasing!"

"Then what about the third characteristic you sensed back then?"

Head Arie slightly trembled, shocking the two young women. In their years of life, they had never seen their family head act in such a way.

In this world, there weren't many things that couldn't make Head Arie feel fear. She was a supreme dao formation elite who even had a chance to reach the half-step transcendent realm in a few more hundred thousand years.

Even when she faced the extinction of her clan, she stood tall. Even when she heard that her daughter died, although she stopped smiling, she remained strong. Even when her husband left this world before her, she became the bedrock that kept their clan together.

Yet, today, while she watched her grandson struggle with one of the greatest trials he had faced in his young life, she couldn't help but remember the existence of something that made her feel fear to the depths of her soul.

'Could it be that I have to be subjected to such a cruel fate? To have to kill my own grandson with my own two hands?... The world can't be so cruel...'

The second tier became a land of black flame. The lush forests disappeared, the beasts burned to ash, and in the end, there was only a single young man standing in the center of it all, roaring into the skies.

His features were the picture of beauty, his body was rippling with absolute power, but everything about him exuded an aura of absolute darkness... an aura that said he was only capable of destroying.

Nothing deserved to be whole in this world. Everything needed to be eradicated. Everything should give in to Chaos.

Just when everything was about to collapse, a beautiful white flame descended, blessing the lands with absolute purity.

Head Arie's pupils shrunk. "Dual innate flames? And of such opposing paths? Just what monster did you choose, Little Esmeralda..."

The white flames completely overwhelmed the black flames, feeding off the copious amounts of life energy provided by the Life Stone.

In an instant, the lands were washed over by a pure light. The trees regrew, firmer and more robust than before. The charred ground became lush and green once more, beautifying the scenery. Even the beasts that were further away that had been writhing as they burned to death, were rejuvenated, healing at a pace that shocked anyone who could see it.

"His white flames have an augmentation characteristic as well... To think it could augment something as heaven defying as the Life Stone..."

Head Arie and the Saintesses were at a loss for words as Dyon's comprehension soared.

One with soul.... One with will.... One with intent.... One with Law.... One with world.... One with dao....

At that moment, the faint outline of a dao appeared in the skies.

The white and black flames surged, spinning viciously and spiralling into each other before concentrating into a tight circle.

BOOM!

The circle of white and black pulsed, expanding one times... then two... then ten... then a hundred...

Soon, an intricate array shining with whites as fine as crystals and blacks as dark as obsidian appeared in the skies, spanning more than 100 meters in diameter!

Its markings were faint, almost seeming illusory. But, it contained an ancient aura that made anyone who saw it feel the need to bow down... As though it held the secrets to origin of everything...

Dyon roared into the skies, his eyes reflecting the very same pattern that hung in the skies.

At that moment, his inner world shifted. Its cracked lands became a sea of white and black fire. Yet, Dyon's manifestation, his primordial yang and his wives' primordial yins remained completely unscathed. It seemed that Dyon's comprehension had finally reached a point where it could effect change in his own world... It was finally worthy of being placed along side the laws of existence.

The flames condensed, forming an array identical to the illusory one that appeared in the real world before sinking into the ancient and cracked lands that made up Dyon's inner world.

"His dao is so large... Yet he hasn't officially formed it... How..." Saintess Rue was shocked.

The power of a dao array was reliant on three things. The profoundness of its symbols, the brightness of its array, and its size. Except for brightness, Dyon's dao array was already enough to make their hearts tremble, yet he was still at the intent level!

For a newly formed one with dao intent to be even 1 meter in diameter was already good enough. Even a true first level dao would only be about 10 meters in diameter if it was forged by the comprehension of a true genius. 100 meters for a 9th level intent?! It was unheard of!

Head Arie could only shake her head and bitterly chuckle. "His white flames also have three characteristics..."

"Head, could it be that his black flames don't have the inextinguishable heat characteristic? How are they so hot if not?..." Saintess Rue asked.

Head Arie shook her head. "Ask no more... Fire is not the only thing in existence that can give off heat... As for the reason his black flames are so hot? It's better you don't know. I'm sure those old bastards will give my grandson trouble for it..."

'His white flames are purer than us celestial beasts... But his black flames are more evil than infernal beasts... The heavens allow such a dichotomy to exist in one body?... Wait...'

As if in response, Dyon finally awoke, roaring in pain. His body felt like it was being torn from the inside out! It wasn't until the dao array faded that he finally fell to the ground, panting in an attempt to catch his breath.

Seeing this scene, Head Arie sighed as though she had expected as much. "To be blessed with such power yet to be forever unable to use it. If he had been born with Eternity's Balance... His future would be limitless..." Head Arie shook her head again. "What am I saying? His future is already limitless. This could be considered a handicap my grandson is giving others."

The only reason Dyon's white flames were able to so easily overwhelm his black flames was in thanks to the Life Stone. It could be said that had Dyon had his eruption in the outside world, the problem would not have been resolved so easily, if at all. And, had his had this eruption in a place with dense darkness and demonic type wills, he would have lost his mind without a doubt.

Dyon's body becomes a battlefield whenever he uses his origin flames. When they were weaker, the results of this battle were insignificant, but now that they had grown to this stage, Dyon couldn't handle using them for even a moment...

It was because of this battle that despite Dyon's white flames having the purifying characteristic – making him completely immune to all poisons and curses the moment he stepped into the one with body realm – it took him months to clear himself of the Ipsum family poison back when their genius impersonated Madeleine.

Still... Dyon wasn't think about any of this...

His chest heaved while an emotion he so very rarely felt filled his eyes: fear.

Chapter 1100: Shattered

Dyon coughed violently, blood spilling from his lips. No matter how hard he tried, it was seemingly impossible for him to catch his breath.

Was this how one was supposed to feel when facing danger? It seemed too foreign to Dyon. He almost questioned himself... Was he truly brave? Wasn't bravery about overcoming your fear? How was it brave if you were simply too stupid to feel fear?

The first time in his life that Dyon felt fear was when facing the true body of the entity. His body trembled and something shouted at him to give up. Still, he stubbornly persisted.

But, could he have done the same thing had the entity not been chained? Could he have faced his fears had his enemy been it instead of Elder Daiyu and Loki?

The abyss of his black flames filled him with such an unceasing panic that he felt like he was drowning, like there wasn't enough air to breathe, as though a shadowy hand had reached into his chest and squeezed his lungs into nothingness.

His blood ran cold as his body trembled in a never-ending shiver. "Cold... Too cold..."

Dyon's lips inexplicably turned blue as his master watched, broken hearted. Despite having awoken, Dyon's mental state was in pieces. He hadn't even realized that the spirits within his mind's eye had been imprisoned by his soul, making them completely unable to move or speak.

The only two by Dyon's side who could do anything were the celestial hamster twins, but even they couldn't get through to Dyon. As for the blond twins within the tower, they had no real control over their cultivation and didn't have any idea about how to leave. Still, even if they could, what difference would it make?

Dyon, a young man of barely 30 years of age was dealing with the weight of the end of everything as he knew it. He felt what others couldn't feel, and that inevitability was living, growing and festering within him.

In an instant, Dyon's comprehension had touched on the door of the dao. Yet, that comprehension completely shattered his resolve. It was far too early for him to understand... Far too early for him to understand that everything must come to an end... Far too early for him to understand that no matter how powerful he grew, there would be a day that he and his loved ones became nothing more than dust...

He couldn't speak, he couldn't move... He simply curled up on the ground, vomiting whatever contents of his stomach remained undigested.

His death will never made him feel this way. His death will's path subdued the feeling... It wasn't about comprehending death, it was about bending it to his will... It was this path that lead Dyon to forming an undead body far more powerful than any other death will user could match...

Yet, something about his black flames were so real, so sinister, so much more powerful than even death itself that it shattered the mind of a man who had faced his own death countless times.

Head Arie's eyes watered. 'There's only one will that could cut down my grandson like this... I really was right about his flame's third characteristic... His talent crippled him...'

The truth of the matter that death wasn't difficult to accept. It was saddening and heartbreaking, but it was something we all faced. At the end of the day, many found their own way to justify the lives they led so that they could one day face their ends... Whether that be leaving behind a memorable legacy or turning to religion or simply enjoying your time to the fullest.

In the end, there was something about death that was controlled... orderly... something that gave it meaning and consistency. There was a method, a reason... a certain logic to it that was easy to accept. This was why even a child could know that one day, they would no longer exist, yet they could still smile and happily play around with their friends. It was why a bed ridden elder could still muster their last bits of energy to bid their families fair well.

However, some things were without order... Some things were so completely without meaning that they were completely unacceptable.

Dyon had comprehended an evil he had no business comprehending... A malevolent wickedness marred with disgusting intentions... Without any rhyme or reason... A will that wanted to see the destruction of

all things not because it had a purpose or a greater goal, but simply because it didn't want anything in this world to exist.

Dyon clenched his head, his teeth chattering to the tune of illusory cold while his fingers became stained with blood.

His eyes filled with tears. Even he didn't know why they were shed... Something inside of him just wouldn't let them stop.

Dyon's whimpers were overwhelmed by his quick and short breaths. "It shouldn't exist... I shouldn't exist..."

At that moment, the stream of transparent tears that coated Dyon's cheeks turned red... then black...

A young man who once stood with his back straight, willing to face down any danger was shedding tears of blood for a tragedy he had no idea about... It wasn't for his parents, it wasn't for his wives, it wasn't even for his friends...

In the next instant, an audible cracking sound reverberated through the second tier.

"No!" Head Arie shouted, completely beside herself.

There was no mistaking it... Dyon's dao heart had shattered completely.

Dyon's eyes became blank, as though he was completely soulless. His mind was still there, and his thoughts still moved... But he seemed... Completely empty.

The shattering of one's dao heart occurs either due to a direct or indirect questioning of one's dao path. Whatever it was that Dyon saw within his black flames not only made him question himself, but even reached the point of questioning all of existence itself.

He couldn't understand what the point of it all was. Why did we all exist if it just ended in this way? Where was the purpose? What should drive us?

Shockingly, despite his dao heart shattering to pieces, the dao array formed within Dyon's inner world only slightly trembled in response, as though its existence was far beyond imagining, as though it no longer needed Dyon's comprehension to continue existing...

However, Dyon's other wills began to slowly crumble... His weakest were the first to go, dissipating into nothingness... His time will shriveled, its small kernel of comprehension withering away... His wind will that had only just been on the cusp of the intent realm shrunk in on itself... His demonic will shattered and his comprehension of the [Demon Emperor's Will] technique regressed to being unworthy of even the first stage of the first act...

His crystal will disappeared. His music will faded. His space will caved in on itself. Even his weapon's master will, the representation of absolute confidence had no arrogance to hold on to, scattering into the wind.

The rate of dissipation for his death will was much slower, seemingly anchored by his overwhelmingly strong soul due to the fact it had entered the one with soul realm... However, although it was slow, it was still steadily weakening...

It really did seem that when someone was suffused with dark days, they completely forgot the good.

Just the same way Dyon touched the gate of the dao with his black flames, he did the exact same with his white flames. Yet, it seemed the comprehension given by the black flames had completely taken over, making Dyon completely ignore his yin.

Still, the fact that Dyon had survived such a devastating shattering of his dao was astounding in and of itself. Under normal circumstances, when one faces the destruction of such a strong dao, the soul would dissipate. But, Dyon's soul didn't even seem to notice that anything was wrong, continuing to suck on its thumb and gurgle, completely oblivious to the happenings around it.

It was only now that the spirits were finally released from their invisible chains. But, it was too little too late...

Esmeralda was racked with guilt. 'If he had more accumulation, more life experience, this wouldn't have happened like this. All he knows is fighting and trials, he hasn't experienced what life is, how can he combat something like this?'

Maybe in the mortal world, Dyon would be an adult at already 30 years old. But, in the martial world, he was nothing more than an infant. In a world where even a foundation stage expert could live a thousand years, what did 30 years count for?