

## **The Nameless 111**

### Chapter 111

This was one of Dyon's final trump cards. Much like Ava, he had always felt that there was something special about Tammy. But, it was only confirmed when he looked through the memories of that night in the Elvin forest.

Dyon didn't actually know whether Tammy loved Arios, he just happened to be right in this case. What he was banking on was the fact the Storm family wouldn't know either. But, even if they didn't believe this, that still wouldn't be much of a big deal.

All that was important was that Tammy would betray the Storm family and her actions would alleviate her elder brother's obligation to do anything.

Dyon jumped backwards, grabbing onto Little Black as he flew out of his ring. A smile crossed his face as he realized his plan had worked.

The seniors in the sky finally couldn't hold it in anymore.

"This is the Kami Clan! We demand that you stop immediately!"

"We can't let him get away! Our alliance will be in shambles because of him! We need his treasures to compensate!" Boomed the Storm Clan.

The first brother watched this play out as Dyon was expecting. What was he fighting for if what they were protecting was already gone? Was he really going to ruin his reputation just to fight a useless battle?

Dyon hung in the air, flying forward at unimaginable speeds. Due to Little Black's size, Dyon had to hold onto the little guy like handle, but the power in Little Black's body couldn't be compared to his stature.

'I need a plan to disappear in plain sight... I need time to enter the tower...'

Dyon immediately thought of something as a dense cloud of experts chased after him in collected anger. Madeleine could only watch with her fists still clenched.

With a wave of his hands a concealment formation appeared around him and Little Black.

“Little black, when you see the spatial transference array appear on the water, dive into it immediately.”

Soon, a complex array appeared and Little Black dove into it. But, the crux of the plan actually happened a few hundred meters away.

Using an array, Dyon forced the water to move as though an object had entered it, sending the experts in a completely wrong direction. Cunning experts wouldn't be fooled for long, but Dyon didn't need a long time, he only needed enough time to enter the tower and power it.

In the eyes of true experts, Dyon's concealment meant nothing if they focused. But, if they weren't thinking about it, their eyes could be easily fooled.

Instead of giving them time to focus their energies on finding the concealment formation, Dyon had given them the visual of something entering and swimming in the water. So, Dyon used a spatial array to ensure that no ripples crossed the water from where he entered. Then, he used a defensive array far from him to disrupt the water and distract them.

Dyon immediately pulled out the tower as they hid in the water. Holding Little Black in his arms, he immediately willed them into the control room, pulling out millions of doa stones that had been gifted to him by the Celestial Deer Clan.

Dyon felt his heart ache as he poured them into the formation. But, before taking off, he rushed to the window.

“MADALEINE!” Dyon yelled at the top of his lungs as the tower expanded to its full size pulling in the gaze of the experts.

“Get him!”

Madeleine smiled with tears in her eyes as she saw Dyon's pained but bright smile. He had gone through so much and his body was wet, beaten and bloodied, but, somehow, his smile was still there to reassure her.

"I'LL SEE YOU SOON!"

Madeleine couldn't control her tears anymore as they streamed down her face. She watched the tower flash into the distance, disappearing from eyesight almost immediately.

The experts could only watch bitterly as the treasures disappeared along with Dyon.

After Dyon's departure, a strong red headed man fell to Ava's side silently.

"I'm glad you're okay," he said gently.

"Don't speak to me," Ava said fiercely, "I know you heard me ask for you to help him, and you did nothing!"

"Humph, I'm not in the business of helping young men. Young men must be strong and stand tall for themselves," the middle-aged man said stubbornly.

Plus, if he had that flying tool, why hadn't he used it from the very beginning instead of fighting that useless battle? Obviously he had done it all to deal with that Baal bastard and fulfill his promise. But, in the middle-aged man's mind, the brat was just flirting with his daughter while he already had a fiancé. Why would he save such a brat?

"It's because of that nonsense that my brother died!" Ava said with incomparable anger and sadness in her voice.

The man sighed, "Ava, your brother isn't dead."

“What?!” Ava looked over to her father with a look of surprise and hope plainly seen on her face.

“I don’t know where he is... but his soul crystal never shattered completely. The connection was only cut off. It was best for you to assume he had died, because we wanted you to continue on with your life, for all we know he could be campaigning in a distant universe.

“But, with your stubborn nature, you ended up coming all the way to this place, only to end up almost dying. You know I would have stepped in if that Dyon brat was actually going to die. Hmph, who does he think he is having other women when he could have my daughter.”

Ava and Venus gave Ava’s father a weird look.

“It’s not like that dad, I’m well aware of who the woman he loves is. With how straight forward his personality is, if he felt that way about me, I would know.”

The Sicarius family head looked down at his daughter but said nothing. In his world, powerful men could always have more than one woman, but that wasn’t a path he wanted for his daughter so he was relieved to hear what she said.

But, he also knew that the feelings of people weren’t so simple. Whether Ava truly felt that things were okay like this or not? Only time could tell.

BOOM! BOOM!

Shocks reverberated through the clouds.

Sicarius bitterly smiled, “It seems like the Ragnor family is warring with the Pakal family again... to think they dealt with that supposed Storm family so quickly.”

“What? The storm family is destroyed?” Ava couldn’t help but feel a bit of heart ache. Although Tammy had betrayed her, it was because she could do nothing about the situation anyway.

“Yes, according to intel, a little girl of the branch family not much older than you snuck in and stole the Pakal Clan technique back from her seniors in order to secure safe passage for her and her elder brother. The betrayal fractured what was left of the family.”

Ava froze. ‘It seems you really are much stronger and talented than people give you credit for... I’ll settle my debt with you another day.’

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At Focus Academy near the top floor, a tired Dyon stood at a complex teleportation array clutching a dao stone.

“Well Little Black, how about we go check out the world of your mother’s past allies?”

Little Black looked up at Dyon with adorable eyes, licking his face as though to say yes.

Dyon calmly stepped onto the formation, tossing the single dao stone into the powering mechanism. The array whirred to life, shutting Dyon off with blinding light.

‘Kami Clan... Ragnor Clan... Ace... Etof... The big sects.... Chenglei.... Don’t think I didn’t notice you fading away as soon as the battle began, I’ll make you pay the most for being the reason my master’s last strand of life was taken away from me and Little Black. I’ll be back.’

Unbeknownst to Dyon, Patia-Neva had watched this scene unfold. Without a word or emotion, he waved his hand and shattered the teleportation array after Dyon was gone.

He walked away looking up at nothing, seemingly reminiscing about something.

[End of Volume One]

Chapter 112

Dyon appeared in the middle of a dense forest. Unable to hold it together anymore, he collapsed to the ground, coughing up mouth fulls of blood. He clenched the hole in his stomach, as the suppressed wound began to reel its ugly head.

'I guess taking a spear to the gut wasn't exactly great on my part... I lack battle experience and I should probably stop doing stupid shit like this...'

Dyon began slowly digging a small hole in the ground into the base of a nearby tree. After struggling for a long while, he was finally satisfied with its depth so he gingerly placed his spatial ring within it.

With his last remaining strength, he punched the tree, letting the leaves fall around the area before quickly willing himself into the vast inner space.

'I'll have to hope that that hides me well enough for now...'

Just to be safe, Dyon sent his mind out for a moment just to place a discreet concealment formation, but his exertion was too much. He had underestimated the strength it would take to send a formation out from within a separate world. The last thing Dyon saw was black before he passed out.

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Many days later, an girl was walking through the forest. She wore tight leather pants and a kilted short skirt above it. Her crop top was actually made of a protective armor that held her thin sword strapped to her back.

Although her face wasn't that of an extraordinary beauty, her silver-blue eyes had a calm and serene depth to them that completely contrasted with her fiery personality. Her hair was long, gently swaying across her exposed venus dimples and illuminating a beautiful stream of light blues and silvers that gave her an otherworldly feel that her barely pointed ears couldn't match.

Her footsteps were light. Not a sound could be heard as she carefully made her way through the forest. Although she knew that this was a relatively safe area, she preferred to ensure she had no followers since she was headed to her favorite secret place.

“Hmm?”

The girl’s silver-blue eyes caught a flash of gold to her side.

“An incomplete array? Here? What’s going on?”

She cautiously made her way to the tree roots, double checking to see if anyone was around her.

‘This... a ring? it must be a formation that’s been here protecting this for a while before finally eroding? The intricacies of the array... it must be from a top-level expert. It would take thousands of years for such an intricate array to begin eroding.’

The girl immediately came up with this deduction. To her, it was impossible to even think of what really happened. Even those who had studied array alchemy for centuries could only send arrays out from them a few hundred meters. The concept of sending an array out, and an array that actually had any sort of form, from an entirely separate world was much too ridiculous.

She flipped the silver ring around her hand, looking to see if there was anything special about it. But, when she tried to delve into it with her mind, she found that there was a block.

‘This ring is still owned? After so long?...’

The realization made the girl shiver. For such an expert to have hidden the ring for so long, yet, for him or her to still be alive was inconceivable.

However, this wasn’t a normal young person, the feeling of the unknown made her shiver with excitement. She decided to keep the ring, placing it on a simple string to be worn as a necklace.

She hoped that one day the expert would come to her, realizing that someone had tried to see what was in her ring. Maybe they’d thank her for keeping it safe? Maybe they’d know things she wanted to know about herself?

The girl wasn't naïve. She knew fully well how dangerous this could be, but she was confident that there was an adventure on the horizon. And, after being caught up in this land for all her life, there was nothing she wanted more than to escape. This life wasn't for her.

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Just like this, many months came to past. The girl carried around the ring.

Sometimes, she would sit in a secluded place and take out an array plate to study. Array alchemy had always fascinated her, and this was a plate that someone from her family had brought back from their trip to the human continent.

She had never seen such a low-level array done so well. It fueled her fire to want to improve her foundation and build towards a higher level of formation expertise.

In fact, her passion for this was a large part of the reason why she took the risk of keeping the ring. Meeting such an expert would help her improve by leaps and bounds.

Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately for Dyon, this array plate happened to be the same plate that he had made thousands of while trying to make money at Focus Academy. It seemed that The General had done his job of collecting and selling the unused plates well, to the point where it had made its way over the seas and to the land of another species of people.

But, Dyon was oblivious. He remained unconscious.

Little Black would often lick his face to see if he could start him awake, but it was to no avail. The worst part was, that Little Black wasn't the only one who was worried. Madeleine had been sending messages to Dyon everyday for the past 6 months.

She had even given up on getting him to respond, it was almost like her messages to Dyon had become a diary of what she did everyday. She spoke about everything from the techniques she training in, to the people she met, and even spoke of the meals she had.



The countless messages all culminated in a single thought: I miss you.

## Chapter 113

All this time, Dyon's aurora was working towards healing Dyon. If it had just been a few arrows and a spear wound, maybe it wouldn't have taken so long. But, Dyon had put untold stress on his body by tapping out his wills to the limit. And, that wasn't even mentioning the stress of using the Demon Emperor's Will technique with already damaged organs.

With the infusion of the sage demon's blood, the quality of his body had improved so much that it had taken all this time to even heal him to a reasonable point. And yet, he was still unconscious.

On top of all of this, the device Chenglei had used may have seemed simple, but, it was anything but. It was a transcendent level treasure called the Demolition Cube, and if it was used by someone with real power, it could just barely match up to the weapons of the pseudo 33rd heaven's layer.

If it wasn't for the fact that it was a person with such weak cultivation using it, even the 25th White Mother's will wouldn't have been enough to stop it. In fact, had Chenglei been strong enough to use it repeatedly, Dyon would have long been dead.

This was the reason Chenglei hadn't participated in the final battle: he was too drained. Instead of risking the geniuses exposing his treasure, he chose to leave in the shadows. The loss of such a weapon was a bigger hit than the Daiyu clan could take. And, the fact they even had such a weapon would expose them to the world well before they were ready – this was something Chenglei wasn't willing to risk.

However, this battle wasn't without its benefits. Dyon's soul was able to increase in power from the initial Middle Blossoming Stage toward its Peak level. This also gave him experience he hadn't had before.

In order to fight all of the geniuses at once, he relied heavily on the enhanced reflexes given him by the essence blood he had absorbed as well as the 6th sense granted him by his mind's eye. But, now he realized this wasn't enough.

He needed to increase his control over his techniques and his wills. He had already begun to understand that wills, despite what levels they had reached, could have different depths of understanding. For

example, Dyon's 9th level of music will would hardly find competition against the 9th level wills of most others.

This probably led to his first mistake in his battle: he hadn't used his music will although it was his strongest asset.

The second problem, was his speed arraying. With Dyon's level of soul, it should have been impossible for the arrows of geniuses at the initial layers of meridian formation to ever pierce his defenses. But, because of the flaws of speed arraying, there was no way for him to have time to create better arrays. So, he relied much too much on an ability that should act as a supporter rather than his main abilities.

His third problem was his stamina. The battle had lasted less than 10 minutes, but Dyon was already tapped out by the end. If it hadn't been for Saeclum's ill advised attack, and the memories of his master letting him know that it was smart to conceal his soul strength, he wouldn't have been able to get up.

His fourth problem was that his most powerful aspect, his soul, was nearly impossible to use in real combat. Soul experts usually specialized in auxiliary abilities. Direct attacks using the soul were exceedingly dangerous as Saeclum had found out the hard way. Dyon had come across many soul techniques since it was part of the expertise of the Celestial Deer Clan, but he hadn't learned any of them because he had no one to rely on while executing techniques that took so much focus.

It was nearly impossible to come up with a speed technique for something so delicate. So, Dyon could only use his soul as the power source for his array alchemy, but, that led right back to the problem of his speed arraying.

Unless Dyon powered his soul to such an insane level that he could speed array formations originating from the peak practitioner level and beyond, he wouldn't be able to win a fight against so many geniuses.

His fifth problem was that he understood too many wills. He had many tricks, but no masteries. Much of his wills were too shallow. His understanding of the sword had reached the 7th level of wills, but it had no form or substance. He might as well be swinging wildly. On top of that, he had no idea why his understanding of the sword had progressed so quickly.

For example, his time will was only at the 1st level. His celestial will, despite being one of his most important abilities, was only at the 3rd level, and he was nowhere near understanding its true essence. With his most useful abilities being so shallow, there was little to say about his other understandings like wind, demonic, space.

At this point, Dyon could only make use of space will on himself and it was only at the first level. The same point went for his understanding of wind. Imagine if he could apply wind will to his sword will? Imagine if his sword could transport itself through space and appear in the body of an enemy? Imagine sharpening his sword with the ripples of space itself?

Dyon's unconscious mind was running through all of these possibilities. What he didn't know is that the level of comprehension he was angry with himself for not having reached, was something even experts at the saint level and beyond were still pondering.

The true understanding of wills, the fusion of them, their applications in more ways than just yourself, those were things that an expert may go their whole lives without understanding for a single will. Let alone Dyon who wished to do the same for all of his wills. He had opened himself to a new level of comprehension: will paths.

Despite his indignation, it was impossible for Dyon to train in his current state. He could only allow his body to slowly heal while his soul reached a new sub level.

Finally, near the end of the 7th month, Dyon awoke.

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He found the arrows that had been in his back littered around him. It seemed as though his aurora had pulled them out for him, recognizing them as foreign objects.

Dyon knew that his technology from the human world couldn't heal wounds to his current body, so he had no choice but to rely on his aurora. He made a silent promise to use his pill condensation technique to carry around some high-level healing pills with him.

A black blur rushed over to Dyon's arms, licking him furiously.

“Haha, sorry Little Black, did I worry you? Wow, you’ve gotten massive.” Dyon asked with a delighted smile on his face as he stroked the fur and scales of Little Black. The little guy was not so little anymore, he was at least a meter and a half long, but somehow, his gaze was just as adorable.

Little Black gave him one last lick before nudging his noes to the ring on Dyon’s hand.

“Hmm?” Dyon gave him a confused look but then a look of worry invaded his handsome features, “Madeleine!”

Dyon felt horrible. He had told her that she could contact him using the device he made, but, he barely had any dao stones left since he had used almost all of them on tower.

The one he had left had dimmed considerably since he had used it to teleport here. If he used it to send messages, it would be impossible to sustain it until the tournament.

‘Fuck... I want to know about how she’s doing, but if I always respond, the power will run out long before the World Tournament.’

Dyon decided that sending one message wouldn’t drain the rest of the power. He let Madeleine know what the situation was, and that she could continue sending him messages, but responding would be impossible from now on.

“... I always want to know about your day! If I don’t get at least one message a day, I’m storming the Sapientia main branch!”

Not even half a minute later, Madeleine had already excitedly answered. After months of worrying, finally receiving word from Dyon made a huge weight lift from her heart.

Although she was sad that he wouldn’t be able to answer, she was glad that he wanted to know about how she was doing. It hurt her heart to know that his injuries were so severe that they took almost seven months to heal even with his aurora, but, the present was all that mattered now.

Dyon spent hours with a smile on his face, reading through Madeleine's messages as she excitedly told him about her experiences.

She had already stepped in the Meridian Formation 2nd stage after only half a year of practice. Her teacher was excited for her as well because she noticed that celestial will really did have a purifying ability on energies.

It wasn't all happy though, apparently the first in line geniuses of the other Sapientia main branches were constantly annoying her. This hit Dyon with a realization. He remembered Libro telling him that the Sapientia God Clan was the only one with multiple main branches. But, what made Dyon a little sad was apparently that some of the Sapientia main branches were actually trying to marry Madeleine to them.

This made Dyon think of something else. It seemed as though the Sapientia clan wasn't anywhere near what he thought it was. It seemed more powerful than other God Clans. And, it also seemed as though the other main branches were located in places other than the continent they were on. The thought made Dyon look into the stars.

'Seems like Libro wasn't exaggerating. They really do control all the information in the universe... not just here... maybe even information beyond that'

Madeleine teased him about how he'd have to place well during the World Tournament, or else they'd try to steal her from him. Luckily, she wasn't too worried about them doing anything. Although the main branches of the Sapientia Clan were numerous, they were all relatively equal in power within this universe.

Sapientia Clans of other universes wouldn't be worried about something happening here. If a first in line genius didn't want to do something, there was little they could do. There would only be a problem if the leaders of all of the clans converged for that singular purpose. But, such a thing was unlikely.

Other than Madeleine's life, the other details that caught his notice were the happenings of the war he left behind. Apparently, Patia-Neva had disbanded Focus Academy and Delia decided to join the Niveus Sect.

Because Niveus felt bad about what had happened and her inability to help, she ended up personally apologizing to Madeleine. But, Madeleine didn't take it to heart considering her personality. So, Niveus was there as Delia awakened her god-level constitution.

Although, only time would differentiate the power of Delia's constitution. Because her constitution was ice based, the difference between the Ice Queen or Infinite Ice Hell wasn't so obvious as of now.

Unfortunately, since the Kami clan was a God Clan, the Sicarius family couldn't do anything to punish them. However, the Big Sects were heavily penalized for their involvement in the loss of life. But, what disgusted Dyon was the fact that this so-called punishment was only a reduction of quota for the World Tournament. It seemed the martial world didn't care much for such things.

The other surprising thing was that the Ragnor was magnanimous in dealing with the 'Storm' family. While the current head, Tammy's father, was executed along with the current elders, the ancient ancestors of the branch were kept alive.

The same was true of the younger generation of the Storm family as well. From Dyon's master's memories, he learned that Ancient Ancestors were previous elders and clan leaders that had reached such high levels of cultivation, that they could be preserved for tens of thousands of years should they maintain a deep sleep with the help of special materials or techniques.

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They would only be called out in special cases since each second they spent outside of that deep sleep meant a step closer to death. In fact, often if they were in this sleep for long enough, they wouldn't wake up at all.

This aside, Dyon couldn't help but think that all these moves by the Ragnor God Clan were odd. With his understanding of the martial world, cutting off problems at the root was a common practice. But, it seemed like the Ragnor God Clan was intent on maintaining its power, only choosing to kill off the main culprits.

'What are they playing at...' Dyon could only ponder.

In fact, it was odd to the point where the Ragnor God Clan was apparently intent on killing Dyon for having killed Baal, even though he technically didn't do it. Dyon was happy that Ava had decided to protect Venus and Eli for him, he'd have to thank that girl later.

On top of all of this, it went without saying that the Kami clan and big sects wanted nothing more than to see him dead. To Dyon, their punishment was too light, but to these sects, there could be nothing worse. If Dyon were to know that, his level of disgust would reach new levels.

After their talk, Madeleine said she was off to practice with her master. Dyon finally set the device down to meditate. He steeled his will and decided to practice and fortify his wills for half a year before going deeper into the Elvin forest to train.

Suddenly, Dyon remembered something. Jumping up, he headed to the area he had placed the unconscious victims of the demon sage. But, he was disappointed that they were all still unconscious. Dyon had formed a massive array under the thousands of them so it could slowly purify them with celestial will and keep them nourished. It would be a shame if after all these years they died because of lack of food and water.

Sighing, he sealed the area again. Although he wanted to help these people, he also wasn't willing to put his life in danger by allowing them to wake up whenever they wanted and wander around. He couldn't be certain of how powerful they were or what the state of their minds were in.

All he knew was that their bodies were incomparably powerful. To the point he was absolutely certain that, even without essence energy, they could attack with the power of someone at the peak of the meridian formation stage.

They were all clearly talented youths, it's a shame they had been imprisoned for so long. Dyon could only hope they maintained their sanity with the help of his celestial will. If it came to it, he could repair their minds with his aurora as well.

Walking away, Dyon headed towards the training rooms of the Celestial Deer Clan. He had decided to immerse himself in the understanding of wills. He had noticed something during his fight that made him even more angry with himself.

When his power had increased with the use of Demon Emperor's Will, his sword had gotten stronger too. He had come to the realization that his sword was severely limiting itself in order to follow him. He knew very well how prideful the sword was, and he wasn't willing to have it shackle itself for so long.

'I'll get stronger. By the end of this period, I want my understanding of these wills to increase many times over. I don't need to reach higher levels, but, if I don't truly understand them, even if they reached the peak of the ninth level, would it really make much of a difference?'

Thinking to this point, Dyon hesitated no longer, immediately entering the sword cultivation room, happy to learn his profound stones worked well with them. He wanted all of his other wills to revolve around his understanding of the sword, so it only made sense to start here.

Dyon was excited to get stronger so he could stand in the skies with Madeleine by his side. Strong to the point where no one would ever think to act against him anymore. Strong to the point where his parents would smile down at him proudly.

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Many miles away from Dyon and the blue haired girl, a large ship filled with warriors and the corpses of their fallen comrades was approaching the Elvin Forest.

"These campaigns is just getting worse and worse," sighed a green haired man with long and sharp ears.

"Ai, I've long since forgotten what we fight them for... but, it isn't normal for us to come back so soon during a campaign, do you know what's going on?" Spoke his subordinate.

The green haired man sighed, "The situation in the kingdom is reaching toxic levels... When we left, it hadn't yet been time for the crown to be passed, but..."

The subordinate gave his captain a confused look, "It should still be many years before the king passes away..."

"It's not that. It seems like the king hasn't appeared before the court in almost a decade. Also, without a proper successor, the larger families are clamouring for a better seat..."

The subordinate remained silent. The air was heavy and there wasn't the normal happiness that came with coming home from the bloody fields.



It felt like they were stepping out from one hell, just to enter another. A hell where not only their lives were at stake, but the lives of all those they loved and cherished.

The Elvin Kingdom had been rotting from the inside out for a long time already, all fueled by the unexplained absence of their King. What was a Kingdom to do when surrounded by ravenous wolves from all sides?

“If the Elvin Kingdom falls because of ourselves instead of our enemies... that would surely be the stuff of legends,” the captain chuckled bitterly as he looked towards the massive lush green island and the calm ocean waters as though nature itself was oblivious to the coming storm.

#### Chapter 116

As the months continued to flow by, Dyon spent many meditating on his wills. When he wasn't doing so, he focused on control. Whether that be repeatedly slashing the same stroke again and again, or stream lining his wills into needles as opposed to the gush he had used before.

In his master's memories, he confirmed his thoughts on the levels of mastery when it came to wills. For example, in his master's prime, she would be able to send an infinitesimally small beam of celestial will that would completely cripple attacks.

That not only showed her level of control over the will, but also her understanding of it. Celestial will at its core was meant to purify, but that also implied that it was meant to be focused on flaws. To use celestial will the way Dyon had been could be said to be incomparably wasteful of heaven's treasures.

To one day reach a level where he could sense the crux of a flaw in a technique, and then focus his celestial will there, would have to be Dyon's goal.

Of course, the other wills had their own ways of perfecting them. Some easier and some harder. But, Dyon knew it was impossible to figure them all out in such a short period of time. So, he was calm and patient. Instead slowly building his understanding as time went on, fortifying his wills more and more.

However, the months were not without problems. Under the pain of Celestial Deer's Rend, Dyon had managed to reach the Peak of the Blossoming Stage in his half a year's time, but he found this to be horrendously slow.

In addition, when he tried to integrate more of the three blood essences he had within him, he had only managed to add a half percent of the ones bestowed to him by his master and had made no progress on the one he had taken from the sage.

This was a major surprise to Dyon. He had assumed that the sage essence was only incorporated to a percent because his master was much stronger than the sage, but, it seemed as though he had it backwards: the blood itself was far more powerful than the demon qilin essence or the celestial deer essence.

‘Just who was he... And how could someone so powerful end up in such a state...?’

Dyon didn’t let this get him down though. He understood that incorporating different blood lines to yourself was incomparably hard without an expert to help you. He would need high level treasures to replace the help he should be receiving.

But, what did worry him was the effect the blood was having on him. The lust he felt due to the demon qilin essence and the sage’s essence set a continual undertone on Dyon’s consciousness. This made him almost happy that he couldn’t incorporate any more for now, or else he had no idea what he would end up doing.

As such, Dyon set aside body cultivation for the moment, and focused much of his attention on his soul and understanding of wills. Although he still lacked a suitable way to use his soul in combat other than array alchemy, he had no choice but to make due. Because of this, Dyon spent a lot of time on his will of crystals as well, so that his arrays would be boosted to the best of his abilities.

His focus paid off. Before he began this training, Dyon was able to speed array low level Practitioner arrays. With the weakening caused by speed arraying, the arrays were comparable to the strength of an 8th foundation stage fighter. Dyon had been countering this weakness by layering his arrays with crystal will and making many at a time. This allowed his arrays to be comparable to a low level Meridian Formation fighter, which is also why he was able to fight the geniuses.

However, this was before Dyon had thought to focus his attentions on the split minds drawing technique instead of speed arraying. Instead of simplifying arrays to draw them faster, Dyon decided to invest as much time as possible to split his mind into more and more pieces so that he could draw the arrays in all their complexities in the heat of battle.

The problem with this, and the reason no one had ever tried to do it before, was that the split minds technique took incomparable concentration. This was originally the reason why Dyon had decided on speed arraying instead. But, what Dyon noticed was that although his peak could split his mind 16 times, he could still split his mind four times in battle.

Which means, if he increased his level in the split minds technique, the level to which he could split his mind in combat would also increase. If Dyon combined speed arraying and the split minds technique, he wouldn't have to simplify the arrays as much as he does, which means they would lose a lot less power. This would mean a low-level Practitioner array that he speed arrayed, might only be marginally weaker than it would be in its full state.

If anyone knew what Dyon was planning, they would think he was insane. To be able to speed array was already a feat no one else could accomplish. But, to then combine that with another technique that only grandmaster level characters even dared to try? It was ridiculous.

Not to mention, the way Dyon planned on incorporating it was ridiculous. Not only did he want to split his mind multiple ways, he wanted to split them up to draw multiple arrays at once. Meaning, if he split his mind four ways to create 10 arrays, he would want each of those four minds to be working on 25% of each array. The founders of array alchemy were rolling in their graves.

However, Dyon had tapped into the essence of array alchemy. Although there were formulations that were better made in some ways as compared to others, the crux of array alchemy is understanding the laws of the universe, communicating with them through your aurora, then manipulating them to your will. To forge your own path was the exact point.

Soon, the six months Dyon had given himself were drawing to a close. His movement and sword techniques had increased with his understanding of wills. His movement technique had officially reached the peak of the small success layer of its first stage, and although he had yet to comprehend a sword style of his own, Dyon's sword and control had become refined much more than it had been.

## Chapter 117

Dyon looked over to the unconscious collection of people from the sage's world for what seemed like the millionth time since he had taken them in. But, once again, he was disappointed in the results.

With a sigh, he stood and stretched his body. He walked to a lake in the inner world, soaking his body to ease the aches he had undergone in fusing with the essences.

'it seems like the only way to alleviate this lust is with true yin energy. The Celestial Deer essence was able to balance the demon qilin on its own to a certain extent, but with the sage's blood, the balance has been thrown off.'

True yin was a specific yin resulting from life forms that had an innate affinity towards it. This could be women, or fruits of that caliber. What it didn't incorporate were artificial yins which would include men who learned ice type techniques for instance.

Although this was also a form of yin, it wasn't a form pure enough to help Dyon. And, Dyon definitely wouldn't want that kind of help. He shuddered just thinking about it.

Dyon sighed, "It seems like I'll have to find some yin fruits. They should be able to help me incorporate the Celestial Deer Essence as well."

Dyon had no choice but to stop his infusing of the sage and demon qilin blood. Although his own will power was strong, he'd prefer to not even have thoughts he had to control in the first place. This was a bit disappointing because this would also slow his understanding of the Demon Emperor's Will technique, but a 2x boost would have to be enough for now.

Dyon let his body air dry to try and cool his body further, before checking on messages from Madeleine.

'it seems like Madeleine has broken into the 4th layer of wills for celestial will, seems she's surpassed me. And 26 open meridians? She sure works fast,' Dyon smiled, happy to see Madeleine was doing well.

Dyon knew that opening meridians slowed substantially as you progressed, mostly because the body was acclimating to being tempered by wills. As every martial artist knows, opening meridians requires understanding of wills.

You then use that understanding to nourish your meridians into opening. Usually, the more wills you use, the more powerful of a meridian formation expert you are at a given level. However, as you progressed, the will levels needed to continue opening meridians increased. And usually, for those without celestial will, tempering became muddied with impure energy because of the use of energy stones.

What Dyon had been confused about before was why energy stones were used if wills were what were needed to open meridians. However, what he learned with his research was that the meridians themselves were opened by wills, but, the paths between them needed essence to open because they were too fragile to handle the tempering of wills.

As you increased in levels in meridian formation, the paths became more and more fragile, so impurity becomes more and more important.

This was part of the reason Dyon didn't want to start on his path of energy cultivation too soon. He didn't like the idea of using energy to open his meridian paths. It felt like using duct tape to cover the hole in a billion-dollar yacht. If wills were what gave you your true power, why would you use a replacement like energy?

Now, energy was obviously important in the essence gathering stage and beyond since that was the process of actually filling your meridians with essence. But, you can easily imagine how pampering your meridian pathways during the meridian formation stage would only lead to weaker cultivation in the saint realms and beyond, and often make progression impossible.

It frustrated Dyon that no one had spent time on this problem before. Or, maybe they had, but, it was only available to those on an even higher level than the Celestial Deer Sect.

Dyon eventually shook his head, slipping on his usual comfortable sweats and white T shirt. He wanted to take his sword with him, but he decided to use a weaker sword for now. He didn't know why, but he just felt uncomfortable using a sword who had to nerf itself to his level.

So, Dyon instead chose a normal iron sword of similar build. It had no ranking as it was a regular weapon. Its length was still the same seven feet long and it was a sleek metallic color as opposed to the striking black of Dyon's original sword.

Dyon had also done this so that he wouldn't rely on the power of his sword, and instead refine his understanding of sword will. Battling with this handicap would help him improve faster, so he didn't give it a second thought after making his decision.

Strapping it to his back in a slanted fashion, Dyon called over Little Black, who stood over one meter tall now, as he prepared to go out of the inner world for the first time in more than a year.

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Outside the world, oblivious to all of this, the silver-blue haired girl sat silently in a cave studying the same array plate she had been for the past year. It seemed like there was so much she could learn from it.

She had realized over her studies that this plate wasn't actually drawn in a conventional way. The master had actually used many clever short cuts that baffled her to no end.

Essentially, low level arrays like this couldn't actually change the laws of the world to sustain its effects. Instead, it used a myriad of tricks in order to reach the same results to a much smaller degree. For example, an amplification array.

High level arrays worked at the subatomic level to manipulate energies. Basically, atoms have different levels of energy they can release depending on what interaction they're displaying or what elements they are.

The smaller components of these atoms can be communicated with to change energy outputs. As an example, a noble gas is named as such because it is completely inert. As such, the energies it releases in reaction is practically zero since they never react.

However, if one were to use energy to change these noble gases into volatile atoms such as halogens which were known as the most reactive, all of a sudden you have so much energy you have no idea what to do with it. You essentially use arrays to communicate with the chemistry of these substances, and then use the energy released to fuel your own attack thus resulting in amplification.

Of course, whether the girl actually knew all of this was unlikely as these were concepts from the Mortal World. The way the Martial World viewed things was very different...

Chapter 118

Low level arrays wouldn't have this high-level ability, as such, they used tricks. They would often feign an amplification by many different means that could include concentrating the energy used better, increasing weight or increasing speed.

As such, the level needed to create such arrays was much lower because none needed such fine manipulation. To increase weight, you would only need to convert the energy used to make the array into something tangible at the perfect instance of contact.

To increase speed, you could easily use the energy used to create the array as a booster to slice through air, or propel something like a fist or sword forward. Also, concentrating energy was as simple as using the array like a funnel to focus it in a point.

What was probably most important about all of this, was that these were things the blue haired girl had only understood after studying the array plate. Without these things being true, it would be impossible for the master of these plates to have simplified them as they had. What the girl didn't know is that she was exactly right.

Dyon had incorporated his knowledge of the human world into his understanding of the essence of arrays. Whereas someone of the martial world might understand that some energy was more volatile than others and that some combinations are better than others, they had never needed to study quantum mechanics and chemistry like humans had.

They had never needed to understand physics and the nature of things outside their own realms of comprehension. The mere fact the blue haired girl had deduced any of these was a testament to her intelligence.

What astonished the blue haired girl, was that the array of the plate incorporated all three 'tricks' so cleverly. It was efficient in not only deploying the amplification, but also in the way it was drawn. It made the girl wonder what would happen if the master hadn't used shortcuts and drew to the best of their abilities... would they receive heaven's chimes?

Just as the girl was lost in thought, she was started awake by the ring that hung close to her chest.

SNAP!

The ring flew off of her neck, appearing before her. Panicking, she immediately jumped forward to catch the ring, but what happened afterwards had her stunned.

“Oof...”

She slammed into a firm body. She was about to fall backwards, but she felt a strong arm grab her waist and stabilize her.

She looked up in confusion, only to find a devilishly handsome young man. She was caught in a daze for a moment before she regained her senses. She hurriedly pushed him away with a strength greater than her body would suggest, a small blush on her face.

“Are you okay?” Dyon asked.

The girl didn’t respond, her eyes instead fell on the adorable creature by his side before widening in surprise as she noticed the ring she had been carrying for so long was on his finger.

“That... my ring! You took it!”

Dyon looked at the girl in confusion before looking down at his hand, “You mean this?...”

“Of course! What else would I be talking about!”

“Um.. I think you’re mistaken, this is my ring.”

The girl’s face flushed with fury. She had been dreaming about the master behind this ring for so long. Was she just supposed to believe that a young man around her age was the expert she had been pining for?

In anger, she immediately unsheathed her thin sword, “I’ll give you three seconds to apologize and return my item to me. Or else, I’ll kill you and take it myself. It doesn’t seem as though you’re Elvin,



which means you've come through the array formation. If you want to go back home alive, you'll give me what's mine."

Dyon was astonished. Inwardly, he had several grievances.

For one, he had realized that his array had no effect on hiding the ring like he had hoped it would. Secondly, this girl he had never met before was trying to kill him for something that was obviously his. Lastly and worst of all, her personality couldn't be further from what she looked like!

How could you be so quick to anger with such an innocent appearance?! The only clue you might have to who she was, was her crop top armor and leather pants covered in her kilted short skirt, but even then, the gentle and pure eyes plus the light blue to silver hair overpowered whatever vibes you got from that.

He felt as though he was being bamboozled, like some god was playing a practical joke on him.

"Hold on. You're too beautiful to be caught up in anger so easily. Wouldn't it be a simple matter to prove whether the ring was mine or not?"

The girl was aggrieved. She clearly had an ordinary appearance, but this handsome boy was calling her beautiful as though just that would be enough to calm her anger? Dyon's playboy antics were only making her angrier.

"Fuck you! You think your cheap lines will work on me?!" The girl lunged forward at the flabbergasted Dyon.

Dyon leaped backwards and out of the cave, narrowly dodging her strike, 'She's strong...'

Dyon knew he had made a mistake in his words. He had been so entranced by her eyes and hair, he hadn't even noticed her ordinary facial features. He could understand how his words could be misconstrued as sweet talk to distract her. But, that only added to his list of grievances because he really meant what he said.

Plus, he had been serious. Weren't her eyes and hair part of her appearance? So he hadn't lied!

Watching Dyon calmly dodge her strikes only fueled the blue haired girl's fury, "Are you a man?! Or have you long since lost your balls!? Stop dodging like a coward!"

Dyon couldn't help but be startled again, 'This girl has such a... fierce mouth... I kinda like it.'

Chapter 119

Dyon realized that it didn't seem like she had any cultivation either, but, her body was clearly stronger than normal and her sword will was sharp. She didn't seem to be making any noise with her movements, it was almost as though the only noise she made came from her mouth.

If Dyon didn't have his Aurora and his 6th sense, dodging her attack would be much more difficult than it was even now.

'What ability is that? Is that a will? Or a technique?' Thought Dyon.

As shocked as Dyon was, the girl was even more so. She knew fully well how effective the methods she was using were. For Dyon to dodge as much as he had was astonishing. She had already decided that Dyon was most definitely some sort of con man that had seen through the value of her ring.

There were countless mysterious methods and techniques that existed in the Marial World, who knew which he had used to take the ring right from under her nose? Plus, the fact he wasn't an elf meant that he would be even more likely to have techniques she didn't recognize.

Given Dyon's strength, he most definitely couldn't be the expert she had been thinking about all this time. Her anger wouldn't be alleviated.

Suddenly, her attacks increased in speed, a cold and harsh aura began to fill the area.

'Ice will? Wind will? Something's replenishing her stamina too...'

The girl's light blue-silver hair raged behind her, flowing freely. Her steps were swift and silent as she lunged forward again and again.

Dyon was beginning to be unable to dodge by normal means anymore. He immediately began using his celestial movement technique. His foot lifted and slowly descended. His body flashed appearing behind the girl.

His eyes immediately flashed with a golden light, encasing the girl in layer after layer of defensive arrays.

BANG!

The arrays began to shatter, but luckily, the sword stopped before it reached the last one.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Dyon tried talking again, hoping this girl would finally see through some reason. As enticing as it was watching her battle with her toned belly and slender legs out like that, he felt a subconscious unwillingness to actually hurt this girl.

"Can we talk this out please? It really is my ring. Assuming you found it in the forest, I can even tell you which tree roots it was buried under... well, actually I can't because I don't know this forest well, but that knowledge should be enough! Right?"

The girl didn't seem to be listening to Dyon anymore. Her eyes were trained on the spherical arrays that surrounded her. The ice cold aura had completely disappeared, instead a face filled with contemplation had appeared.

Dyon looked confused, but her voice finally broke the silence, "Show me the array plate you made this with, it's even better than the one I have! You must be related to that expert somehow?"

'Array plate?'

Dyon waved his hands, removing the defensive arrays, "I made these myself, why would I need an array plate?"

The girl stumbled, looking at Dyon like she had just heard the most unbelievable thing, “Don’t bullshit me! I’ve forgiven you once, don’t raise my temper again! Now show me the plate!”

Dyon sighed. He had dealt with this before. So, instead of speaking, his eyes flashed in gold. 16 points of spirals began drawing complex symbols in the air, culminating in complex swirls and moving parts that looked like the gears to machinery.

The girl was silent... unable to find the words to speak.

“You... you’re... But...”

Suddenly the girl took out the array plate she had been studying, “Did you make this?”

Although she couldn’t be sure, every array alchemist had a fingerprint that was impossible to replicate. When she thought about how she had just tried to fight an expert who was centuries old, her heart trembled a bit, but she maintained her normal appearance.

Dyon looked down at the plate and his face transformed into a surprised expression, “How did this get here...”

Dyon’s words were simple, but they made the girl tremble with agitation and excitement.

The girl immediately kneeled to the ground, “Please! Take me as your disciple!”

She felt that she must be wrong. Maybe Dyon really was an expert and had just been going easy on her. After all, he didn’t seem to be struggling much.

Dyon was startled out of his thoughts, ‘What the hell is going on....’

Dyon rushed forward to help the girl up, “Please don’t do this. How could I take a girl my age as a disciple?”

The girl trembled again, “You... you’re... really my age?”

Dyon gave her an odd look, “Of course I am. How could I not be? Do I look old?”

“But, your level of mastery... it’s too high.”

Dyon finally understood, ‘She must have assumed my age from my understanding of arrays.’

Dyon shook his head, “I have an Innate Aurora, so my affinity for array alchemy is quite high. I was just lucky.”

The girl nearly fainted. Lucky? Even if you just considered having an Innate Aurora, that wasn’t something that had appeared for millennia. If you then considered his mastery, that wasn’t something an innate aurora could account for.

“Innate aurora... wow... I still insist that you teach me! I won’t take no for an answer.”

The blue haired girl’s fiery attitude had all of a sudden appeared once again with her firm assertion.

Dyon could only shake his head helplessly, “How about we be friends first? My name is Dyon. What’s yours?”

“You can call me Ri,” the girl said with a massive grin, tugging on Dyon’s arm to pull him to the cave.

Dyon sighed, “Alright, we can do this first. But! You have to take me to deeper areas of the forest so I can hone my skills against some of the creatures.”

The girl was startled for a second, but then she nodded. She remembered how difficult it had been for her when she fought him earlier. Despite the fact he hadn’t begun energy cultivation either, he was definitely no weaker than her.

“Deal.”

## Chapter 120

The bright sun had dimmed considerably with the passing day. Ri was an endless faucet of questions. Her eyes hadn't lost their shine for hours.

“You can even imitate wills with arrays?!”

Unbeknownst to Dyon and Ri, the cave walls had begun to glow with a faint light. They sat together around a flickering light array as they bounced theories off of each other. This was something that was highly beneficial to Dyon as well.

Although he was very clever in his utilization of arrays, it could be said that his foundation was shaky. It was reminiscent of a fluent speaker of a language being unable to explain why a sentence made more sense one way as opposed to another.

“You can, definitely. For example, take wind will. If you input a command to blow, it might work just fine. But, if you instead input a command to create a vacuum, the effectiveness of the array increases many folds. You can imitate having more control over wind that way. Air wants nothing more than to fill empty space. If there's suddenly a lack of substance in an area—”

“Something will come to fill it!”

“Exactly. All of sudden, instead of using the array's energy to create a fake simulation of wind, you're instead manipulating the will of true wind by understanding how it wants to act and react.”

“Fascinating, I've never thought about it that way. But, you still haven't told me why you simplify your arrays like this. I've never seen an array expert do such a thing. In fact, although it's ingenious, many masters might even see it as a taboo.”

“Actually, it's just for protection. I've decided to wait on energy cultivation, so, I used array alchemy as my main form of protection.”

Ri looked confused at this, “But, your soul is so strong. Why would you need to use array alchemy? For you to have such a high attainment in array alchemy, it’s impossible for your soul to be weak.”

Dyon gave Ri an odd look. He thought that she was too smart to ask that question...

‘There must be a way then!’

Dyon’s eyes brightened. “In my experience, soul cultivation techniques take too long to cast. Is it different here?”

A sudden look of realization hit Ri.

“I see... in your world the soul must be a supplement then, mostly used to defend against those that do specialize in such techniques. The elves actually specialize in soul cultivating. Often, we never even bother with energy or body cultivation. Although, technically, we’re all born with great body constitutions although they may not all be god level.”

Dyon looked on in interest. The Celestial Deer Sect had specialized in soul techniques as well, but that was mostly as a necessity to sustain their love of array alchemy. But, it seemed that it was the opposite for Elves. They loved soul cultivation, and array alchemy was just a logical follow up of that.

‘Maybe that might be connected to why they’re so good at those ancient games?...’ Dyon’s mind wandered a bit.

Ri’s voice snapped him out of this thought bubble.

“I’ve been ignorant,” she said berating herself, “in the Elvin world, your soul is able to manifest into any number of things. For example, the Eostre family is able to manifest their souls as a moon. Actually, that’s often how you can tell which clans people come from.

“But, those kinds of techniques that ensure a specific kind of manifestation are heavily guarded by their respective families because it’s the root of all of their powers. That’s what we’d call a Singularity type technique. Meaning only one possible outcome.

“Those who are completely confident in themselves, or come from poor families with no backing, use what we’d call a Unique type technique. That technique is formed on the basis of the talent and personality of the person. Not many choose this path because it also means finding your own path to soul cultivation.

“Singularity techniques already come with the next steps ready for you, but this isn’t true of a Unique type technique. Also, although I’m calling it a Unique type technique, there’s actually only a single method to awakening your own unique soul manifestation.”

Dyon’s eyes glazed over in thought. ‘Manifestation of a soul?’

Dyon’s mind flashed back to the moment before he stepped into the legacy world. Just at that moment, his emotions were burning and he felt himself resonating with the demon qilin essence within him and an illusory qilin appeared behind him.

At the moment, he had assumed that that was simply what happened when you tapped into your body cultivation... but, when he was fighting the geniuses, he hadn’t been able to replicate the same phenomenon. But now, Ri was describing something that was eerily similar to what he felt at that moment.

‘Was I tapping into the remnant soul of the demon qilin? Or is it just that body and soul cultivation can manifest the same phenomena? Also, why wasn’t I able to do it again? Was it maybe the Sage blood overrunning the demon qilin?’

‘But, why wasn’t I able to manifest the Sage then? Is it because I haven’t integrated enough of the essence? Am I not powerful enough yet? Or maybe the souls of the essences within me haven’t reached a proper balance yet?’

Dyon’s mind was running at high speeds, trying to analyze any and everything. Ri sat cross legged with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, watching him intently. The light flickered across their faces, and Ri found herself enraptured by Dyon’s serious expression.

‘Wait... flickering? SHIT I FORGOT!’



Although they had set up a lighting formation, it shouldn't flicker. The only explanation was that the reason Ri called this her secret place was manifesting itself. But, this could mean a ridiculous amount of danger for Dyon!

"Dyon! Snap out of it! You need to go!"

Dyon looked up from his thoughts, confused, "Huh?"

The cave's walls suddenly brightened even more. Suddenly, a rush of flickering lights swarmed from the depths of the cave.

'Dammit! It's too late!'