

The Nameless 1151

Chapter 1151: Why?

The raging Patriarch Void paused his fists to glare at Patriarch Heaven. Considering the heaving of his chest, it was clear that if the golden tailed family leader didn't have someone substantive to say that a fight might break out.

"Easy now." Patriarch Jikan spoke, cutting through the tension. "I've lost more than you have. At least there's a good chance your genius is alive. For me, even if mine is fine, he'll never be the same."

"What is it." Patriarch Void ignored the pacifying words.

"I had an interesting visitor the other day." Patriarch Heaven didn't seem to catch the threat in Patriarch Void's words and continued to tease apart the information as though he didn't have a care in the world.

"Spit it out."

"I'm just saying, don't you find it interesting how Saru Shruti is so willing to protect Alexandria Snow? Even to the point of risking more strained ties between us two overlord clans?"

Patriarch Void and Jikan frowned in thought but stayed silent. It was clear that Patriarch Heaven's words had caught their interest.

"It's especially odd that Saru Shruti would know Alexandria, don't you think? According to our information network, she was practically shipped off as a baby to go and complete that barbaric coming of age ceremony of theirs. Yet, she's already back and somehow had built a relationship with a young lady of our Kitsune Clans that we had never sensed until just 20 or years ago?"

"Wasn't Saru's interference just the Shruti clan trying to anger us? I had assumed that Saru Shruti never had any relationship with Kukan's seed holder." Patriarch Void snorted.

Most of the kitsune clan thought this way. For a Shruti to have a close relationship with a Kitsune was too ridiculous for anyone to believe. They thought that the Shruti were just taking advantage of the situation to suppress them.

Patriarch Heaven smiled mysteriously, a small smirk curling up his lip.

"Do you all remember that expedition we sent those few expendable youngsters on a few hundred years ago?"

"You mean the Dukes and Duchesses? Didn't they get nothing out of that?" Patriarch Jikan questioned.

Centuries ago, the Patriarchs had felt they needed to do something big to shake up the power struggle between them and Shruti. It was then that they turned their gaze toward their adjacent quadrant, the Celestial Deer Quadrant.

Dyon was right. Those Dukes and Duchesses, in order for them to toy with the best geniuses of his home quadrants, couldn't have come from the 98th quadrant, they had to have come from the 30th quadrant!

Dyon's home quadrant was on the edge, so it only had two adjacent quadrants. One was the 98th and the other was the 30th. When he learned about the attack of the Dukes and Duchesses from Patriarch Pakal, he had been questioning which quadrant they had come from, but in the end, the answer was obvious... The 98th quadrant simply didn't have enough Dukes to pull such a thing off.

"That's true." Patriarch Heaven nodded.

When they sent their Dukes and Duchesses, they had expected for them all to die. That's why they hadn't sent anyone higher leveled. But, who knew that they'd come back gloating about how pathetic the former glorious Celestial Deer Quadrant was?

Of course, this was an absolute top secret of the kitsune clan. With the unspoken rules of the tower quadrants, attacking another quadrant would land them in deep waters.

The reason they had done this in the first place was in hopes of gaining a key for themselves. The Shruti had owned the key of their quadrant for millennia and they were, quite frankly, tired of it.

But, who would have known that the Celestial Deer Quadrant had completely forgotten about the Epistemic Tower? Even they had no idea where it was!

Because of this, the kitsune had no choice but to pull back. It was impossible for them to expect a small team of kitsune to search thousands of gates by themselves... So, in the end, their dreams of owning an epistemic tower for themselves fizzled out and Celestial Deer Corner remained dormant.

When Dyon suddenly appeared almost 20 years ago, shooting up the rankings, the kitsune leaders began to question whether or not the information their Dukes and Duchesses brought back was correct. If those clans were as weak as they said, how could they give birth to a True God? It didn't make any sense...

The only explanation was that there was a hidden clan within the Celestial Deer Quadrant that their Dukes hadn't interacted with, a secluded one that kept the Epistemic Tower secret to themselves. After coming to that conclusion, their hopes were dashed entirely.

For obvious reasons, they never revealed this secret because of the methods they used to come by it. Even if they exposed that hidden clan, they'd also expose themselves, not to mention gain an enemy so powerful that they could raise a True God and the Demon Generals.

"You're right, we did get nothing out of it... But, I think after you listen to this theory of mine, those tunnels we built to reach them won't be so useless anymore... In fact, if all goes well, the Kukan seed wielder will be grovelling before us soon enough."

The eyes of the patriarchs sharpened as they listened intently.

The Heaven Clan's mention of tunnels was a complex one.

One had to remember that it sometimes took decades to travel from one quadrant to another. However, the kitsune had access to something no other clans in existence did: the supreme law Void.

Although it still sometimes took decades for the Void clan to reach a universe, the journey back would only take one or two years at the most, a fraction of the original time. These numbers were obviously significantly reduced if the quadrant in question was adjacent to their own.

One had to remember that Saru was only a young teen when she got news of Dyon's first trial results, yet she was already back home. If it really took so long, then how did this happen?

When Saru was born, the shattering of the soul seal had already reverberated through the universes. While the clans of Dyon's universe were too low level to pick up on it, the Shruti clan didn't miss it. Curious about the reason, when Saru was still a toddler, she chose the location of this disturbance as her coming of age ceremony grounds.

When Dyon fought Saru, thinking that she was older than him, she had really been only a little girl. Aside from how impressive her combat prowess was, the poignant point here is that it had taken her 8 years to reach Dyon's home universe, two more years to establish herself, yet less than a year to make it back to her home universe after being forced to leave.

How? The answer was simple. The Shruti clan had commissioned a Void Clan elder to make this so-called "tunnel" for them.

The blackhole-like characteristics of Void will was perfect for creating long lasting roads between universes despite being poor for travel in battle. And these roads could last hundreds of years if they were constructed properly.

"Do you remember what happened after those Dukes and Duchesses came back?" Patriarch Heaven said a slight smile.

After a moment of thought, Patriarch Void answered. "We decided to take the risk and sent Kawa to search for the Epistemic Tower... But, she disappeared for hundreds of years and it wasn't until the River Clan received signals that she was still alive that they went back and took her... It turned out that she hadn't come back because she found herself a husband and gave birth to a child, no?"

Patriarch Jikan spit on the ground in disdain. "To abandon your family for such frivolous nonsense. How ridiculous. Did she not know how important she was? Even worse, that husband of hers actually came

here and passed the River Trial, we had no choice but to let her go at that point or we would be breaking the rules of our ancestors..."

Just like Soul Rending Peak, the kitsune had very strict rules to follow. If they broke these rules, they would lose the protection of their ancestors and thus the amount of faith energy they had would decrease. This was no joking matter for large clans.

"Why are you bringing all of this up?" Patriarch Void pressed.

Chapter 1152: Matter of Time

Patriarch Heaven's eyes brightened. "What if I told you that the very universe the River Clan went to retrieve that traitorous whore from is the exact same universe the Shruti commissioned a tunnel to be bit to?..."

Suddenly, Patriarch Jikan and Void froze. It was suddenly clear as day to them. Who among dao formation experts weren't absolute geniuses?

There were simply too many coincidences...

Kawa was from the Snow Clan. So was Alexandria.

Saru was close friends with Alexandria and also happened to have taken her coming of age trial in the universe Kawa hid in.

The parents and lineage of Alexandria were completely unknown, not to mention the fact they somehow didn't sense the awakening of her Kukan faith seed until long after she was born... Something completely unprecedented...

This all came together to point in a single direction: Alexandria Snow grew up in the Celestial Deer Quadrant!

If Dyon knew that the Kitsune had finally come to this conclusion, he would have tossed everything to the back of his mind and focused entirely on them. No matter what he had to do, he'd put his everything into stopping their next move. Unfortunately, Dyon wasn't a God, nor could he account for every variable.

He only made one mistake: He didn't know that the Kitsune would know which universe Saru had gone to. But, that one mistake could lead to absolute tragedy.

Patriarch Void began laughing like a maniac. "We already have tunnels to that universe because of the Dukes and Duchesses! If we send a team of elite celestials specializing in void will, they could get there in just three months! That universe is so weak that even a single third grade mid celestial is enough to wipe them out whole. I want blood!

"Kill everyone from her father's clan. Leave her parents alive, I want to torture them personally! In fact, bring her grandparents to me now!"

Patriarch Void cackled as though he had lost his mind, but the other two family heads didn't blame him. Aki was his favorite grandson, seeing him humiliated in such a way was too much for him to take lying down.

In truth, they had no idea who Dyon was. However, they weren't worried about it because the Emperor Giant Clan was livid as well. Plus, hadn't he just pissed off the Diasho Clan too? No matter how powerful the clan backing that masked man was, could it really be more powerful than the 3rd and 11th ranked quadrants?

Anger and rage blinded his sense of reason. If he couldn't make Dyon suffer, he'd make his wife suffer!

"No. This won't do. We'll send an elite team of celestials and I'll go personally!"

The evil glint in Patriarch Void's eyes was so fierce that the other two didn't even bother to dissuade him. A storm was about to descend onto Dyon's home...

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Dyon's hand moved smoothly. It was as though he was lost in a trance-like vivid memory. Despite barely setting aside time for array alchemy, it felt as though there wasn't a single pill he couldn't concoct, not a single formation he couldn't form, and not a single weapon he couldn't craft.

The world was laid bare before him as hundreds of ingredients shot into the air, only to be greeted by the gentle light of red-gold aurora flames.

Mia and Bella didn't know when, but they had begun holding their breaths. Didn't you need a cauldron or alchemy furnace to concoct pills? Why did it seem like Dyon didn't need any of those things?

Plants, vines, flowers and seeds of all kinds suddenly became motes of light as brilliant miniature arrays flitted around the room, moving in odd but symbiotic patterns.

The symbols of the arrays shifted every so often, their gears morphing and evolving, as though they were tinkering with the laws of the universe itself.

Even the baby celestial beasts became entranced, the normally energy filled Sen had stopped moving completely, while the sleepy Biibi and Shere had awoken from their naps.

A genuine smile spread across Dyon's handsome features as he lost himself in another world.

Moments later, ten perfectly round pills appeared, each pulsing with veins of gold as heavenly chimes rang down from an inexplicable place.

Light washed over the pills, boosting their effectiveness once over, then twice over, then three times.

The pills sung along with the chimes, flying around Dyon as though they were the happiest creatures in the world.

Dyon's eyes regained their focus as the pills gently floated into his hands, but he could hardly hide the slight tinge of disappointment on his features... He hadn't made a mistake but...

'That feeling ended too soon...'

Dyon hadn't realized how much he missed doing this until just now. He was suddenly very much eager to get to work concocting those market niche pills he had noted.

'I'll have to keep the quality of those pills to high-grade at best, though. I'll reserve top-grade pills for my allies only. As for this perfect-grade pills like these... Only for my closest confidants.'

To call the pills in Dyon's hand mere top-grade pills would be an unforgivable insult. This may shock some considering top-grade pills had 90-100% purity, but these were still undoubtedly a level above.

Dyon's pill concoction for the Master and Grandmaster level had reached such a level of perfection that his pills transcended the 100% purity level, reaching beyond the peak perfection expected by the pill's originator, and entering a realm that surpassed all expectations.

It was similar to the One with Self realm of techniques, except for pills instead.

That said, Dyon was certain that he could repeat this feat with comet grade pills as well, he would just need to sweat much more and on top of likely only succeeding with three at once at most.

'If this is the case... Maybe that idea will work?'

In the back of Dyon's mind, a plan had been brewing but he wasn't certain that it would work. However, maybe that was because he hadn't concocted pills in so long that he underestimated his abilities a bit too much.

The truth was that the idea of having every constitution under the sun sounded amazing, but it would most definitely stretch a person's potential too thin. Constitutions had immediate and obvious boosts, yes, but they also needed to be slowly understood and mastered. If you have tens of them suddenly, you'd be a master of none. Period.

However, Dyon had been thinking. Theoretically, if you had a pill so potent that it was capable of awakening more than a single constitution at once, wouldn't he be able to surpass the initial estimate cap of three?

Initially, Dyon had pushed this to the back of his mind. Even if he could do something, that didn't necessarily mean he should. He was already struggling with thinking up methods he could use to learn runic vein theory and magic, he couldn't afford any more distractions. This was exactly why his constitution path focused almost entirely on defense.

But... Something changed when Dyon entered the third selfless state. Within his body... There were actually multiple copies of the same constitution!

That was when Dyon had thought to himself... What would happen if he awakened the same constitution multiple times? Wouldn't that stacked effect make his constitutions more powerful than normal?

Dyon wanted to awaken three constitutions specifically. The Heaven Grade Silver Mirror Constitution. The God Grade Eternity's Balance. And, the God Grade Titan Diamond Body.

However, within him, there were three Eternity's Balance Constitutions, ten Silver Mirror Constitutions, and two Titan Diamond Body Constitutions!

Looking at the pills in his hands, Dyon was certain that since they had been reinforced three times, they could awaken a God Grade constitution three times. Since it could do that, one didn't even need to mention Heaven Grade constitutions, even awakening thirty of them with one pill would be possible...

'It's possible...' Dyon's eyes flashed with an almost greedy light. He needed to get powerful, and he needed to do so quickly.

Maybe if he was born to a powerful clan, he would be more relaxed. He had no doubt in that if he took his time, making it to the top of the martial world would only be a matter of time...

But he had too many worries, too many things to protect, too many goals, to take things slowly.

Chapter 1153: What You Love

He wanted his wives to live a life of leisure, he wanted to find Amphorae, he wanted to be strong enough to help Evangeline carry her burden, he wanted to seek out revenge for all those who had wrong him and those he cared for.

In that moment, Dyon forgot all about the vision his black flames laid out for him. The feeling of control array alchemy gave him, the feeling of absolute ecstasy... It was as though his mind was yelling at itself, as though it was telling him that he fell into despair only because he forgot about what he enjoyed the most, the things he loved the most, the things he wanted the most.

Something hidden deep within Dyon fiercely stirred. He didn't know what it was, but it faintly told him that his path was correct, to keep pushing forward.

'What I love the most, huh...'

Ever since he stepped in the martial world, array alchemy had come so easily to him that it was almost comical. It was as though it was birthed for him and no one else... Yet that thing the heaven's gifted him, the talent that so far surpassed that of others, was somehow something he neglected for almost two decades.

He became so engrossed in his worries, so enamoured by his next step, that he truly forgot what it meant to be himself...

It was no wonder his façade cracked so easily...

Dyon smiled genuinely for the second time in just as many minutes. The black cloud that seemed to shroud him for the past few months seemed to separate, allowing a ray of light in that sent ripples through his Mind's Eye.

In that moment, the barrier at the ceiling of the comet-grade shattered, morphing the core of Dyon's aurora flames from a beautiful vision of shooting stars, to a radiating golden moon.

'Do more of what you love.'

That simple line became Dyon's resolve as he took one of his pills.

The moment the pill settled into his mouth, it melted into a pool of delicious liquid that sent Dyon's mind into the clouds. It was at that moment that the sleeping dragons within him stirred, it was finally time for them to be awakened.

Dyon's body began to pulse with a silver light.

Awakening constitutions didn't usually come with overt pomp and circumstance. For example, when Madeleine awakened her Goddess' Disposition, other than emitting a holy light and her features becoming more perfect, not much else changed.

However, one had to consider the type of constitution Madeleine had in comparison to the ones Dyon was attempting to awaken.

Madeleine's Goddess' Disposition was almost entirely related to affinity. The most notable sign of the ability were wide, and purified meridians that were the absolute best amongst the first grade. Due to this, the time Madeleine needed to spend tempering and cleansing her meridians were next to nothing not to mention the time she needed to parse and purify the energy of the universe was also significantly cut.

With these factors taken into consideration, Madeleine could cultivate with the efficiency of someone with True Deity Grade meridians while only being at the first grade herself. This was the reason Madeleine had already stepped into Pseudo-Celestial realm at the just barely 30 years of age despite taking time to complete Duke, King AND Emperor trials.

Still, this wasn't the end of it all, or else her constitution wouldn't truly be worthy of the God Grade.

Madeleine's comprehension was off the charts. Unlike Dyon who exchanged his life force for understanding, Madeleine, under her own abilities, reached the 7th level of intent in not one, not two, but three separate wills! Music. Fire. And Celestial.

Even more pressing was the fact that this was a disingenuous summary of her abilities. Why? Because her fire will's characteristics represented not just one will, but four.

Not only did Madeleine have the inextinguishable heat characteristic, she also had the piercing cold one as well. Learning her singular fire will was the equivalent of learning fire, ice, life and reincarnation wills, two of which were of the supreme law realm, and another two of which stood above other wills.

In any other circumstances, the equivalent difficulty of Madeleine's feats would be learning not three, but six intents to the 7th level!

This was the true ability of Goddess' Disposition. To be able to communicate with the heavens on a level surpassing even beasts, while retaining the advantages of a human. Something even the non-human race of the third quadrant couldn't match.

Of course, Ri's Elvin Queen's Reign had abilities just as world-defying and devastating, however due to her spending much of her time studying her kitsune bloodline, her understanding of her constitution fell far short of Madeleine.

So, why was this important now? It was because of the nature of Madeleine's constitution. Its advantages were hidden deep within the body and only manifested outward as her mind-boggling beauty. However, Dyon was different, although Eternity's Balance was similar to Madeleine's, both Silver Mirror and Titan's Diamond Body had striking surface effects.

The moment the pill's effects melted into his mouth, Dyon searched within himself for his first target: The silver mirror constitutions.

Ten of them floated within himself, in an odd limbo state that only the proper medicine, or a series of coincidences, could coax it out of.

'Simultaneously!' Dyon's determination flashed in his mind. He was attempting to do something likely no one had ever done before, and unsurprisingly, it took every bit of his attention. For someone who could split his mind 200 000 ways, such a thing shouldn't be underestimated.

The ten constitutions seemed to reject each other, as though they understood they weren't all meant to exist at the same time, but the medicinal effects of Dyon's pill were simply too good.

In a moment, silver light gushed out of him, superimposing once, then twice, then five times, before finally, the tenth overflowing bit of light made its way to the outside world.

The light was so blinding that Dyon had completely disappeared, it was impossible to see a thing, but the twins and beast babies couldn't turn their eyes away.

The silver mirror constitution was entirely reliant on energy cultivation. It gave one's energy the ability to use laws of reversal to deflect portions of attacks away. The more proficiency one gains with this constitution, the more dexterity is possible. Some masters of this ability had even learned to apply this reversal effect to their wills and long-range attacks.

This is the very same will that Ava was born with. In her case, referring to the normal limitations of the ability, the percentages change depending on her energy cultivation.

At the saint realm, she is able to deflect 20% of all attacks given that she has enough energy. When she steps into the celestial realm, this will become 40%. Should she step into the dao formation, this will become 60%.

However, these percentages are not absolute and depend on your opponent.

Within the saint realm, for every stage above her own that she fights, she loses a single percent off of this reflection ability. Should she fight a celestial, in addition to percentages lost for every saint stage, she will also lose 10% for crossing a large barrier.

For example, if Ava was a 10th stage saint and fought a 1st stage celestial, she would be able to reflect 8% of their attacks.

Of course, this large barrier punishment is reduced by half if Ava was a pseudo-celestial, but she would still lose 5%.

Unfortunately, these penalties grew. Within the celestial realm, one loses 5% for every small stage above their own they fight. So, a 1st stage celestial fighting a 2nd stage celestial will lose 5% of this reflective ability. If it was a 1st stage dao formation expert fighting a 2nd stage dao formation expert, they would lose 20% of this reflective ability...

However... What would happen if you had ten of these constitutions stacked one atop the other?

Chapter 1154: Master?

The ten barriers of light convulsed, compressing and contracting before ballooning, only to be compressed once more.

Minutes became hours as Dyon concentrated, beads of sweat lining his brow.

The silver light condensed, compressing from ten barriers to nine, and then nine to eight...

However, as Dyon struggled to do this, he almost didn't notice that the grade of his meridians was responding. Dyon had theorized that the reason that Clara had broken into the 5th grade while he was still lagging behind at the 6th grade was because of her constitutions, but he never thought that he would see results so quickly...

As the light continued to compress, Dyon could feel his meridians responding. Although it was only that barrier of the 5th grade he touched upon, something pitiful to the eyes of the elite of the martial world, it still made him feel good.

It was at this point that Dyon slipped into the first selfless state, realizing that emotion wasn't necessary here.

His efficiency sky-rocketed along with the burden on his mental energy, but he continued to endure.

Five barriers became four, then three... then two...

The once translucent silver light had become so condensed that it looked more like a steel wall. It had somehow become even more difficult to see Dyon even as the final two barriers worked toward becoming one...

However, along with the good, came something Dyon had never expected.

The characteristic of the energy flowing through his meridians changed drastically. As the barriers condensed, so too did Dyon's energy. The once free-flowing translucent energy in his veins became so dense that it became eerily reminiscent of liquid lead or mercury.

If Dyon wasn't in a selfless state, he would have panicked. His meridians were already of poor grade, they had no business whatsoever housing such dense energy. It was like trying to balance a fifty-pound weight on nothing but a single sheet of wet toilet paper!

Dyon should have thought of this long ago. The Silver Mirror Constitution was heavily reliant on the energy path and as such earned its heaven grade by fundamentally changing the energy quality within one's meridians.

Normally, this effect would only be stacked once over, but Dyon was withstanding ten times the effect!

The repulsive abilities of the Silver Mirror Constitution was due to the added density its user's energy had... However, those born with Heaven Grade constitutions were immediately birthed with second grade meridians, so handling this effect was incredibly easy. But, obviously, Dyon had no such thing!

In true selfless state fashion, Dyon didn't panic. Instead, he immediately discharged all the energy he had within his meridians, ignoring his protesting organs and ringing them absolutely dry. This process was incredibly easy due to the Energy Core... If it could suck away all of the energy of an entire universe in an instant, Dyon's meridians were nothing but a joke to it.

In fact, Dyon had already thought of a solution for this problem, a solution only he and his demon generals had, but a solution that only he would be able to implement so perfectly, especially considering the next constitution he would awaken..

Almost anti-climactically, the last two barriers fused together perfectly, forming a pulsing silver wall that surrounding Dyon completely.

Without pause, Dyon continued to the next constitution. A third of the efficacy of the pill was used, so he had just enough to awaken two God grade constitutions. As such, he immediately focused his mind on a possible solution to his problem: Titan Diamond Body.

Two roars sounded off within Dyon's body. It was as though two alphas were fighting for supremacy, unwilling to be called out together, and definitely unwilling to be fused together.

The Titans loomed hundreds of miles tall, they dwarfed even the greatest mountains of the martial world, staring down from the heavens in disdain.

However, Dyon was back. How could he ever allow such third-party arrogance to live within his own body?

The toddler within his mind's eye slightly trembled, its eyelashes fluttering ever so slightly.

'No!' Dyon immediately stopped it. The last time it did something like that, hundreds of miles around him was turned into absolutely nothing. 'This is my body, you had better behave too.' Dyon growled.

If the twins and the babies, not to mention Delia and Eli, died because of him, he would never forgive himself.

Although the toddler didn't respond, the titans that had once been roaring had suddenly become the absolute picture of innocent, waiting silently for Dyon's command.

Even in his selfless state, Dyon almost bitterly laughed. If it was that easy, why didn't the kid act when he was struggling with the silver mirror constitutions? Was this his body, or not?

Somehow, the process of fusing two god constitutions, something that should have been the equivalent of fusing 60 silver mirror constitutions, came even easier than fusing 10 heaven grade constitutions. However, the changes were absolutely marvelous.

Dyon's body began to break off into motes of light. His skin disappeared first, then it was his organs, then even his skeleton became nothing but beautiful orbs of light.

In the martial world, being born with this constitution was a double-edged sword, something that killed 90% of the youth unfortunate enough to be born with it. If Dyon had tried to fuse the two of them, the likelihood of death would have been nearly 100%. Yet, it had somehow become as relaxing as taking a dip in a refreshing hot spring...

The moment Dyon's body disappeared into motes of light, his selfless state released the primordial energy within the Energy Core as though it was a reflex. It didn't fully understand why it did so, but it just felt... right.

Primordial energy poured into the motes of light, fueling them as though like water to a dry sponge. Their light grew fiercer, yet somehow still remained gentle...

The story of demonic will is one well documented throughout history. Humans, at a staggering disadvantage to beasts blessed by the heavens, could only rely on demonic will to close the gap. They believed that the solution to their plight were becoming beasts themselves, and thus demonic will was born.

One's skin would become as tough as iron, one's bones would become as heavy and fierce as steel, and one's nature would twist, falling prey to the blood thirst nature of beasts.

However, how could the will responsible for bringing humans up and through the primordial era not be categorized as a Supreme Law? Although the difficulty of learning it was well documented, it was only insofar as upper tier wills such as ice and celestial will. It never crossed that barrier to enter the ranks of the true supreme law.

That said, the usefulness of demonic will to Dyon was unprecedented. Even though his master barred him from using Demon Emperor's Will, it was a definite staple of his usual combat. Without understanding of demon will, learning its first act is impossible. Without understanding of demonic intent, learning its second act is nothing but a dream. And without master demonic dao, its third act was untouchable. This was the reason it was categorized as a divine grade technique... It was impossible to master to completion without reaching that realm.

Still, how could a will responsible for fueling such an otherworldly technique not be a supreme law?

The answer was simple. The universe would never raise it to such a pedestal because the Primordial Era wasn't ruled by Demons... It was ruled by The Titans.

The sound of shattering glass resounded through the tower. Although those in the tower didn't really think much of it, Dyon's Grand Teacher who hadn't said much other than a simple greeting to Dyon after noticing his presence, suddenly turned his full attention to Dyon's cultivation room.

He hadn't reacted when he noticed Ri forming a pseudo-domain at the 11th saint stage, he hadn't reacted when Delia mastered 8th level ice intent before even stepping into the celestial realm, he hadn't batted an eye when Dyon fused 10 heaven grade constitutions into one, but the instant he heard this sound of shattering glass, an old man who hadn't stood out of his chair in millions of years almost broke his back sitting up.

The raging war around the old man froze. Although they fought while ignoring the old man in the chair, there was a reason no one dared to attack him. Even the slightest movement caused warriors who could destroy the entire mortal plane with a wave of a palm to freeze in terror.

'Master?...' First White Mother frowned.

For the past few thousand years, First White Mother had felt that she was on the verge of a breakthrough. Despite the severe injuries she was suffering, the glint in her eye was becoming sharper and sharper. She felt like in twenty thousand years at most, no, maybe ten thousand, she'd succeed in bringing her bloodline back to its origin. But, even that prospect was nowhere near as exciting to her as seeing her master move for the first time in eons.

Chapter 1155: Silk

The old man started laughing, he laughed so hard that his milky white, blinded eyes shone with a fierce light.

"Enough!" He roared.

The enemy army flinched. The old man had sat there for millions of years as this battle raged on, but now he said enough? What the hell was happening?

"Did you not hear me?" The old man stood from his chair, an overwhelming pressure sweeping outward and shattering the battlefield.

Thousands of immortals fell from the skies, coughing up blood as red liquids dripped from their seven orifices.

"I, Abraxas Jafari, have spoken. If you don't want to die... LEAVE MY SIGHT NOW!"

Would a war being fought for millions of years really end just like this? How could that be...

Yet, that was what happened. Without a hint of dissatisfaction, thousands fled with their tails between their legs... The Monster of Samsara had awoken, and no one dared cross him...

Moments later, the first person to make it to his side was, of course, the First White Mother. The confusion was clear on her face, she couldn't understand what was happening.

She knew more than anyone else how powerful her Master was. Even if he had one foot in the grave, by his terms, that still meant millions, potentially billions more years of life. This was a man who had lived trillions of years, it was no wonder despite having such an astronomical amount of time left, he still felt as though he was on his death bed. A million years to him was the equivalent of telling a mortal they only had an hour left to live...

However, before she could speak, he spoke first.

"Let the Immortal Plane know that this is as I have decreed it. The war of the Chaos and Balanced Path will be fought on the Mortal Plane."

First White Mother's eyes opened wide along with the others. Had she just heard correctly?

"Master, but third –"

"Speak no more." The old man waved his hand. "And heal those ghastly injuries, you've always been too masochistic."

Seeing his precious disciple still looking at him like a senile old man, Abraxas shook his head. "The battle we've had with chaos has always been a problem of the mortal plane. We weren't right to interfere in the first place."

"But –"

The old man shook his head. "I know. Their side is interfering, even sending one other own to mortal plane. However, this only happened because of our initial mistake. Your First Brother is too kind..."

What Abraxas said was correct. The threat of the end of the universes was always a mortal plane issue. The immortal plane was as stable as ever and was continuously thriving. In fact, many speculated that this was simply the will of the universe... Maybe the mortal plane was just a test to elevate humanity to the immortal plane and those that weren't worthy enough to make it would simply be wiped from history...

Although his first disciple had taken it upon himself to change this tide... Maybe that wasn't the right way.

Because his died, that led to Abraxus' third disciple getting involved in such a fierce way, seeking revenge with even the universe itself... To think that such calamitous events began due to kindness... Ironically, it was due to kindness on both sides...

It hurt the First White Mother to listen to her Master – no, she had long begun seeing Abraxus as her father – refer to her third sibling as "one of their own" ... But, she could only lower her head and accept the reality of things.

If her father stopped the war... That meant someone capable of carrying her First Brother's legacy had appeared...

But could he really succeed where he had failed? First White Mother trusted her First Brother far too much to ever believe that someone could ever be better than him...

To her, the moment her Master made this decision was the moment the Mortal Plane was doomed for destruction.

...

Dyon's body continued to float as motes of light sucked in so much Primordial energy toward itself that half of Dyon's supply disappeared in an instant.

If Dyon was fully conscious, such an event would have shocked him to no end. He had an entire universe's worth of Primordial Energy, meant to be capable of fueling one for trillions of years. How in the hell did half simply disappear?!

Even when filling the celestial beast's world, Dyon had only used ten planets worth, something they wouldn't be able to use up completely even with a hundred lives, let alone their one.

Yet, one thing was clear... It was in direct response to half of that energy disappearing that the shattering of glass was heard.

Dyon had no idea what that sound was. It had nothing to do with him transcending some barrier or comprehending something... And, although he could feel his demonic will crumbling to form something new just like his sword and spear will had destroyed themselves to make room for his weapon's master will, he was certain that it wasn't related to that either.

There was no way for him to know the kind of reverberating effects he had had on the immortal plane...

Still, as though nothing at all had happened, the Titan Diamond Bodies slowly coalesced into one, beginning the steps of forging Dyon's bones.

Normally, someone born with this constitution would be three meters tall at the shortest. In most cases, they'd even dwarf the Emperor Giants to stand over ten or even twenty meters tall. These men wouldn't just be humans, they would be beasts.

However... Dyon had no will to be so large. He felt that his current height of 6'6 was already pushing the limits of how large he wanted to be. Although Eli was his close friend, he had no desire to match his 7-foot-tall height.

'Condense. Condense. Condense.' Dyon's sub-conscience seemed to roar in denial. He didn't want to skewer his wives, for god's sake.

Still, no matter how much Dyon protested, the first vague outline of his skeleton was over 2.5 meters tall, even while he was sitting down.

'I said condense!'

Dyon was asking for something almost impossible. The hardness of a material was correlated with not only its structure, but also its density. You couldn't just arbitrarily condense such already tough material.

Those born with Titan Diamond Body would have their bodies forged of some of the hardest materials in the world, especially their skeleton. In fact, so-called comprehension of this constitution entailed raising the quality of your skeleton to new heights.

There were nine main stages broken into three watershed moments.

The first three were collectively known as the Gem stage. The constitution wielder's body would become hundreds of times heavier than one of their size would normally be. Their skeleton would no longer be forged by the normal parameters of organic carbon, but would rather gain a far denser and complex structure comparable to that of the hardest substances in the world.

This stage contained an almost unbreakable defense. Even if a wielder of this constitution's flesh was incinerated into nothingness, their essence would still be trapped within their bones. In fact, as long as they had enough life force, it was possible for them to regenerate.

Reaching this stage was similar to have gained an undying body and tenacious life force, but it had its major drawbacks as well.

In addition, the skin of those at this stage would be akin to a sheet of metal and their muscles would be like cords of steel.

That said, while the skeletal structure of this stage would be nigh-indestructible, their muscles wouldn't be able to handle the burden. There were often cases of tendons snapping quite frequently in wielder's stuck in this stage because they would try to use power beyond their capability of bearing.

The second three were collectively known as the Mesh stage.

At this stage, muscles would be reconstructed once more, taking the cord steel like structure from the first stage and overlaying them, completely shattering the upper limits of the first stage.

Their muscles would be able to bear far more weight. In fact, at this stage, it would be the skeletal structure that was the limiting factor, not the muscles. There were many cases of wielders using so much power that their bones would be crushed to dust...

However, the final stage was the most sought after... It was this stage that only the Emperors of the Primordial Era ever touched, a stage so godly that it brought the user a body bordering on immortal.

This was known as the Silk Stage.

While there were only three documented levels to this stage, the reality was that there were six...

According to the current knowledge, the first three stages were bronze, silver and golden... In the final golden stage, the body would constantly emit a warm light caused by its being forged by fine lines of golden string barely a few atoms in width.

However, the hidden steps above were the first, crystalline, the second, diamond, and the third... fate.

Crystalline Silk... Diamond Silk... And finally, Silk of Fate.

The trouble with this constitution was that moving forward even a single step was impossible. The appetite of the Titan Diamond Body was insatiable... It required an eating regimen that far surpassed even Dyon's normal standard. Yet, the problem was that Dyon could already eat celestial beasts without issue... Simply put, the beasts of this era didn't have powerful enough bloodlines to fuel this constitution...

Wasn't it quite curious that Dyon's normal disposition tended toward eating a lot, wasn't it?

Chapter 1156: New Level

In the Primordial Era, eating a celestial beast shouldn't be as much of a joke as it was. How could the Dyon of then eat three celestial beasts from that era and still feel hungry? This would never have happened back then.

However, it couldn't be helped. With so many beast bloodlines declining, it was only natural that this would happen...

The lights around Dyon dispersed, feeling his anger and reacting accordingly. Like a child caught, knowing it had done something bad, the lights almost pouted before trying one more time.

'Condense more!' Dyon's mind roared. If they lights had continued on the same course as its second attempt, he would have been more than two meters tall sitting, how could he stand such a thing?

The lights became agitated. They felt conflicted, on one hand knowing that Dyon had given them more energy than almost anyone else in their long history, but at the same time finding it a little annoying that someone could be so stingy. They were giving him power beyond his imagination, did he really need to care about how he looked afterward so much?

He was already so handsome, so what if he was another meter taller than normal? Plus, if someone with Dyon's looks was reforged with gems, just how outstanding would he look? Women would gladly accept the pain to lay in bed next to him.

The lights almost harrumphed and did as they pleased, but it was at that moment that they felt an overwhelming presence once more have its eyelashes flutter.

Time seemed to freeze as the lights realized just who they were about to anger. Without the dignity of a primordial era power, it bowed obediently, sighing within.

The only way it could meet Dyon's expectations and not increase his height was to give him a head start.

Because Dyon had fused two of this constitution, he had already qualified for the peak of the Gem stage. If one included the Primordial Energy he also supplied, it was just enough to break through that stage and reach the peak of the Mesh stage. However, this still wasn't enough to be granted entry into the Silk stage.

Hearing this, one could see just how difficult it was to gain entry into this legendary stage. Even so much Primordial Energy wasn't enough to earn it...

The lights almost sighed, thinking to itself that it would have to take the rest of Dyon's Primordial Energy to fulfill his request.

'Don't touch anymore of my energy, you stingy lights. I need it for other things. How am I supposed to raise an army of beasts without it? Don't make me let its eyes open.'

The lights trembled. What the hell was up with this troubled client? It was only designed to deal with those of the mortal plane, but this kid somehow had access to the Presence of someone from the immortal plane. This wasn't fair!

In the end, the lights grit its teeth. It comforted itself though, knowing that Dyon would soon very much regret threatening it like this. His intestines would bleed green when he realized that whether he took the energy or not didn't matter.

Just like Dyon and his Grand Teacher, it too had heard the shattering glass. But, unlike Dyon, it knew exactly what that represented.

In this world, there was nothing you could get for free. There was a reason you were only allowed to raise your level incrementally.

Judging Dyon based on his current ability, the lights had decided to take just enough Primordial energy to earn him the peak of the Mesh stage, because as things stood now, that was all he could handle. But, since Dyon insisted on maintaining his current height, the only way to fit the power of this constitution into him was with the Silk stage.

Primordial Energy began to pour into the lights once more. Dyon had no idea where it was coming from, but he suddenly got a very bad premonition.

His Energy Core remained untouched... Yet energy continued to pour in... The only explanation was...

'Shit.' Was Dyon's final thought as his body began to be reconstructed.

In truth, the process was absolutely beautiful despite Dyon's chaotic mind state.

Thin lines of silk barely a few atoms across in thickness whipped outward from the motes of light. They shone with a beautiful rose-colored bronze as they began to construct Dyon's skeleton like master craftsmen.

However, the most beautiful part of the process was when Dyon's muscles and skin got their turn. It was mesmerizing to watch line after line of muscle fiber, meticulously built to levels of sturdiness that surpassed human imagination.

The Primordial Energy continued to flow in from a completely unknown source. Before the silk had completed even half of their work, the amount had already surpassed ten times what Dyon had provided. This sort of astronomical sum was at such a level that Dyon completely lost the ability to wrap his head around it.

If it was really up to him to provide this amount of energy... It would have been impossible!

By the time the silk had reached Dyon's skin, Dyon's appearance could no longer be described in terms of handsomeness. It was as though a Greek God had personally descended from the skies to bless the commoners with his presence.

His hair remained short, but had an otherworldly sheen. His body was brimming with an energy and vitality that forced Mia and Bella to look away, especially when they realized he was naked. However, there was nothing they could do about their racing hearts. And yet, as if this wasn't enough, his eyes had become like two burning embers, as though they had drops of ambrosia flickering in their depths.

However, in the next instant, Dyon disappeared completely, leaving his companions in a state of confusion.

Dyon should have been in a state of absolute euphoria. His body had been completely reconstructed to a godly level, his meridians were now more than capable of withstanding the mercury-like energy caused by his silver mirror constitution having shot up to the absolute peak of the first grade, his body cultivation that had been at the mere fourth grade had evolved to the point that even a first grade assessment was too short-sighted, and his looks were certain to moisten the panties of his wives. What more could a man ask for?

Yet, that wasn't how Dyon felt at the moment at all. In fact, he was cursing everything under the sun with such a ferocity that even innate potty-mouths would sink to their knees and worship him as their god.

Dyon couldn't see a damn thing. To be more accurate, he could see, but rather, his vision was blocked by shit and soil.

He didn't know where he had been teleported to, but he was absolutely certain that this was the revenge of the motes of light. Who would have thought that a universe level entity would be so childish? Teleporting him into a pile of beast dung? What the fuck?

The worst part was that Dyon couldn't move an inch. It felt like billions of jin of weight was lying on every inch of his body, as though the sky itself wasn't made of air but of the densest metal known to all of existence.

It was a miracle his body hadn't been crushed to minced meat. In fact, he was certain that if he had come to this place before fusing his Titan Diamond Bodies, that that's exactly what would have happened.

Despite the comedy of the situation, this wasn't even remotely a laughing matter. The weight lying on Dyon was so fierce that he couldn't even twitch. Whether it be his fingers or toes, nothing budged. Even his neck couldn't roll his head out of the pile of shit it was in.

Since there was nothing he could do about it, the first thing Dyon did was check the status of his body. Surprisingly, he wasn't injured anywhere. In fact, his condition was so perfect that almost mistook himself for being a newborn.

However, what did catch his attention was that his runic flame had become wilder... Almost to the point of being out of control. Even its color had changed from its normal bright gold to a beautiful blue color with hints of rose bronze.

Still, Dyon's heart didn't seem to notice the wild nature of the flames. It pumped steadily and fiercely, moving his blood at a pace akin to a massive waterfall.

Dyon's eyebrows struggled to arc upward in surprise. Before, his blood had gained golden tints due to the Demon Sage's blood. This golden tint grew fiercer whenever he entered his Demon Emperor's Will state, resulting in golden veins protruding from his skin. However, at the moment, his blood had seemingly reached another level entirely.

Chapter 1157: Coming

Everyone who had ever taken a basic biology class knew that the color of blood in humans wasn't red, but a bluish-green. It was due to a reaction blood cells had contacting oxygen that caused humans to bleed red instead of their true color.

At the moment, Dyon's blood was a beautiful and thick royal blue. It pumped with a transcendent majesty that shocked even him!

The moment Dyon saw the thickness and color of his blood, he couldn't help but think about origins. Had his bloodline gone back to the truest human form?

He struggled to frown, his facial muscles hardly moving under the intense weight. For some reason, he could very clearly see flakes of rose bronze in his bloodline stream.

At that point, Dyon intuitively understood something. The demon sage had reached the pinnacle of Demon cultivation, causing his blood to rush with a pure gold. However, the pinnacle of Titan cultivation was a different beast unto its own.

Almost as though he had expected it, Dyon could only sigh when he saw that the remaining 70% of the demon sage's blood that he had yet to integrate with had disappeared.

No... That wasn't right... It was more accurate to say that it was crushed... Destroyed.

In the same vein, his demonic will that had reached the half-step dao realm was nowhere to be found, completely eradicated along with the remains of the demon sage.

'Fuck. You could have at least let me give it to someone else. Did you need to be so petty?' Dyon was infuriated by the motes of light. This was too much.

Remembering the hardships the demon sage went through, Dyon didn't think it was right to simply erase his blood essence just like that. He should have at least been allowed to give it to his daughter.

'Wait, am I so weak because I fell out of the celestial realm?' Dyon slightly panicked. He couldn't move at the moment because his body was too weak to, if it was because his demon sage blood had been completely eradicated, then that might explain it.

'No... I feel more powerful than I ever have before, I'm definitely still in the celestial realm! So what the hell is wrong with this world, why is its gravity so fierce?'

Dyon froze. 'This is... Primordial energy!'

In the end, Dyon's worst fears had come true. The sound of shattering glass, the inexplicable surge of dense primordial energy... It really had come due to another world!

'Fucking hell...' Dyon felt that he was swearing a lot more recently, but he couldn't help it. This was too trashy of a situation.

After realizing he had no chance of moving, Dyon used his divine sense to check his surroundings, but he was surprised to find that his range had been cut by almost 80%!

Still, there was no need to continue complain. 20 000km was still more than enough for what he needed. However, the oddest part was that it was more accurate to say that his divine sense was overly compressed. His soul hadn't gotten weaker, it was just that it was more difficult for it to assert its influence on the surroundings.

Putting things into context, if someone other than Dyon came here with peak celestial realm soul cultivation, they would be lucky to see a meter's radius around them. This was yet another testament to the power Dyon's soul held.

'This...' Dyon couldn't believe what he was seeing. The world itself seemed to come right out of a Jurassic park movie minus the dinosaurs. The thick foliage, the heavy air, the endless trees... The powerful and dangerous auras...

In the 20 000km radius, Dyon sensed tens of millions of life forms. As for the number of them he could defeat?... The answer of zero.

This wasn't just a probability matter. Dyon wasn't saying that if he met these life forms that he might not win... No. It was impossible to win. Period.

Dyon couldn't sense any measurable cultivation from these life forms, but it didn't matter in the least. Judging by the power flowing through their veins, he had not a snowball's chance in hell. In fact, even the fact they could move while he couldn't was enough of a testament to what would happen if Dyon met any one of them.

Suddenly, Dyon thought of something terrible.

From what he knew about beasts, they very much liked their own territory. Yet, there wasn't a single life form within the hundred-kilometer radius of him. So... What did it mean for his face to currently be stuck in a huge mound of feces?...

'FUCK!'

Dyon was certain that he was in a beast's territory. In fact, he was in a marked den, a place where said beast could lower its guard enough for bowel movements. That meant that any moment now, it could come back!

'Humans?' Dyon's divine sense picked up on numerous village-like tribes in the surrounding 20 000km, but that only made his heart drop further.

The fact that humans were confident enough to set up lives here meant that there weren't any notable beasts in the immediate area.

Why was such a seemingly good thing enough to make Dyon's heart drop? It was because of the fact that he was so pathetic that he couldn't even be comparable to some of the weaker beings this world had to offer. How could he be happy about something like that?

All his life, Dyon had never had a bloodline. Then, he suddenly lucks into one and it slaps him in the face like this.

No, it was more accurate to say that the Titan Diamond Body was Dyon's original constitution. Why was it that previous constitutions barely had an effect on him, but this one suddenly reconstructed everything about his body? It was because Dyon was birthed for this constitution.

There were three constitutions known as the three defense Kings. However, Dyon chose the Titan Diamond Body constitution over the third despite it having added versatility because he felt an odd resonance with the Titans. It wasn't until he fused with them completely that he understood why...

Just like the others of his mortal clan, Dyon had his constitution and energy talent sealed. By a stroke of luck, of the billions of types of constitutions within him, he had managed to reawaken the one meant for his body to begin with. Not only that, he had doubled it by stacking its effects once over.

Dyon didn't come to know all of this magically. Just like other bloodlines, his own had information etched into it. Due to the ridiculous amounts of Primordial Energy he poured into his right at the beginning, he gained access to far more information than one usually would. He was suddenly flooded with numerous anecdotes and bits and pieces of helpful stories.

However, what Dyon couldn't get over was how... Planned his life seemed to be. What truly made him feel this way was the actions of the Energy Core and the existence of the second trial at all. Before he disappeared, the Energy Core seemed to act along a programmed pathway, immediately acting on its own and entering his inner world.

To make matters more curious, the moment he touched upon the Titan Diamond Body constitution, the Energy Core acted on its own again, pouring outward with Primordial Energy despite it being obvious that this energy would have helped improve the silver mirror constitution too. In his selfless state, Dyon passed it off as his own doing, but now that he was clear headed again, he knew for a fact that it wasn't him.

It was almost as though someone had known Dyon would be born with the Titan Diamond Body and prepared for him to receive enough primordial energy to evolve it...

There was no need to mention the interference of Evangeline and how convenient that was... Without her actions, Dyon would have fallen into the puppet strings of Elder Nova despite knowing that he was suspicious.

Dyon understood exactly where he was.

While Madeleine's Goddess' Disposition communicated with the Heaven's, an illusory plane that housed the laws of the universe, Dyon's constitution communicated with a plane of its own as well...

However, while Madeleine's control of her Goddess' Disposition hadn't grown enough to allow her to enter that world in physical form, Dyon's had due to the Primordial Energy he forcibly poured into it.

This action accelerated the growth of his constitution to the point where he was thrust into a dangerous situation he had no business being in.

This was the ability of Titan Diamond Body. Normally, this world was meant to exist to help its wielder train and find resources capable of growing itself. After all, the requirements for reaching the next levels were simply too much for a normal world to handle.... However, to Dyon, this was a death trap...

Dyon suddenly froze. 'Something's coming!'

Chapter 1158: Gravity

Dyon froze. He immediately sensed a large beast coming toward him with blinding speeds. He couldn't help but shiver at the thought of this sort of beast appearing in modern times. If it could be so fast here, how fast would it be there?

'Goddammit.' No matter how much Dyon struggled, he couldn't move an inch. To make matters worse, he had no idea how to leave this place. Could he even go back?

'Sorry master, I'm gonna need to break your rules. If I don't, your precious disciple really will die here...'

Dyon's thoughts immediately went toward Demon Emperor's Will, planning to jump directly to the peak of the second act. He had to be able to move if he multiplied his body's strength by a factor of 64, right?

However, the moment Dyon thought of it, he froze. His Demon Emperor's Will wasn't responding, no matter how hard he tried. It was at that moment that he remembered his Demonic Will was gone...

'No, no, no, no, no!' Dyon raged in his mind. 'This doesn't make any sense! I could use Demon Emperor's Will while my wills were sealed, so why can't I use it now?! I'll take the penalty, just let me move dammit!'

Unfortunately, Dyon was pleading to nothing but empty air. There was no one to hear his righteous indignation, and no matter how good his arguments were, no one was listening.

Dyon didn't even have a moment to think because before he could finish his next slew of curses, the beast was already upon him.

Even though Dyon couldn't see it with his own eyes, he could most definitely sense it with his divine sense.

It was a ghastly beast. Its head was far too large for its body, making its speed make even less sense. It had small wings barely a foot across on its back, but judging by the fact its body was more than ten meters tall, they were very much useless.

Its body was scaled, but the skin on its head was reminiscent to that of a hairless cat. Yet, despite that description, its face was identical to a bull's while its body and legs looked just like an ostrich's.

In maybe any other context, Dyon would die laughing looking at this ridiculous creature. The only explanation for its existence seemed to be that God or a god fell asleep on the job or challenged himself to create the ugliest thing known to man.

However, with his face firmly lodged in shit and his life currently on the line, laughing was the furthest thing from his mind.

The creature blazed through the forest with an agility completely unlike its appearance, bounding toward Dyon as though it had already sensed something in its territory.

In that moment, Dyon slipped into his first selfless state. His emotions weren't doing him any good here.

Yet, the moment Dyon's eyes lost focus, they refocused once more as sweat fell from his brow and into dung covered soil. It was only then that Dyon remembered his mental energy had been almost completely drained due to the fusion of the silver mirror constitutions then the subsequent titan diamond bodies.

He should have been able to last at least a few minutes more, but for some reason it was far more difficult to maintain a selfless state here. It was as though the atmosphere was far too chaotic and wild to allow a person to be calm.

Dyon frowned. 'Is that why I've been so out of character? This bullshit world wants to change me?'

There he went again, cussing for next to no reason. He almost didn't catch himself that time. It wasn't as though Dyon was saint, but he never swore so frequently.

By the time Dyon realized what was happening to him, the beast that had been tens of kilometers away had already shrunk the distance to less than a hundred meters.

'Calm down!' Dyon roared in his own mind.

In the critical moment of life and death, Dyon decided to rely on the one thing he thought he could: his soul.

The disgusting creature ran wildly, its large head shaking from side to side as its bloody tongue hung from its lips. It was clearly far too stupid to realize that it was its own teeth causing its tongue to be so bloody.

Still, what it was smart enough to realize was that the treasure it had laid this morning was no longer the masterpiece it remembered. It couldn't help but think how ugly the naked mole rat who had ruined its pride and joy was. Why was it glistening with such an odd color? Shouldn't it decide whether it wants to be metal or rat?

Hmph. Since this naked mole rat wanted to mess with its stuff, it would eat it. It had dealt with a whole ten years of constipation to create its treasure. It had already dreamed about its soon to be born children getting a whiff of their mother's hard work the moment they were born. But now everything was ruined! Ruined!

KKKUUUUAAAAHHHHHHH!

The weird bull/bird/scaled creature opened its large mouth to emit what could only be described as an ear shattering call. It no longer cared, even if this naked mole rat really did taste like metal, it would eat it anyway!

Its large jaws widened as its powerful legs pushed off the ground. In the next moment, it was airborne, falling headfirst to bite at Dyon's body.

Dyon's mind cleared of all things. Death loomed over him, but he had sunk back into a place of happiness, a place that filled with a feeling that hardly anything else could match.

Dyon remembered clearly the moment his soul was unlocked. He had laughed so grandly and smiled so wildly that he almost couldn't believe that it was himself.

At that moment, he was actually in the middle of a fight that would decide his life or death, yet he laughed. He simply loved array alchemy that much.

They say you never truly appreciated something until it was gone, and it could be said that Dyon understood that concept completely. After decades with his soul sealed, he almost didn't realize that an important part of who he was, was missing. And it wasn't until he heard those heavenly chimes months that he came to understand just what he was feeling.

Currently, his body may have seemed as new as a babies, but the truth was there was a glaring problem with it: it had no energy whatsoever.

Because of his fusion of the silver mirror constitutions, Dyon had been forced to pull all of the energy from within himself out. Although all of that energy was still within the Energy Core, just because he could pull it out quickly, didn't mean he could refill himself just as quickly.

The Energy Core was capable of dealing with the strain many times over, but could Dyon's meridians? The truth was Dyon didn't know. In the past, the answer was definitely no. However, at the moment, he didn't fully understand the limits of his body. Therefore, he immediately threw out the possibility of taking that risk.

The second possible solution Dyon thought of was using his spatial will. Back in his world, Dyon could already move hundreds of meters with a single thought. In fact, his upward limit touched the barrier of one kilometer.

Technically, that should be more than enough to buy him some time, but he threw this possibility out as well.

During his second trial, celestials were able to fight on the surface of a planet without it taking any real damage. Yet, in Dyon's era, even high-level saints could destroy a planet.

Why? The solidity of creation was far more robust in ancient times. Whether it be the earth or space itself, everything was stronger in a place with this much primordial energy. For all Dyon knew, he might not even move a single centimeter if he tried to use his spatial will now.

So, Dyon could only turn to the one thing he could always rely on. The thing he loved the most in the world. The soul path.

It was difficult to split his mind here for the same reason it was difficult to stay in a selfless state, but Dyon just managed to split it two ways, straining his already drained mental energy.

A brilliant array appeared in the air as the ghastly bull-bird fell from the skies.

Its stupidity played right into Dyon's hands. It had jumped far higher than it needed to, causing it to be hundreds of meters in the air. Since it could only rely on gravity now considering how useless its wings were, it was actually approaching at a much slower pace than before despite how great the gravity was.

Chapter 1159: Dung

A weapon's hell array appeared beside its falling body at a rate that was painstakingly slow by Dyon's normal abilities. He could hardly form one in a second when before he could form thousands in a fraction of that time.

Even at that moment, Dyon couldn't help but shake his head. 'It's so much more difficult to effect the laws of the universe here. It's no wonder grand teacher has never been impressed by anything I've done... I'm playing on rookie difficulty in his eyes...'

The array blasted a spear into the side of the bull-bird causing it to blink in confusion. Did a fly come by? Those pesky things are always annoying me when I'm doing something important like protecting my treasures...

Dyon's jaw's locked tighter when he realized the array had barely had an effect, but he had expected this.

BOOM! BOOM!

The bull-bird didn't even roar in anger as its mouth opened wide, keen on tasting Dyon's flesh. This is what this naked mole rat gets for ruining my things. You had better taste good!

However, it was at that moment the bull-bird blinked in confusion. What happened? Wasn't I just falling over that naked mole rat? Why am I going to miss?

Despite the bull-bird's lack of intelligence, its coordination and hunt-related calculative abilities were still top tier. It immediately realized that if it continued on this trajectory, it would miss Dyon! But, it was already too late.

BOOM!

What had to be several million jin of weight crashed headfirst into the ground, missing where Dyon lay by barely an inch.

As though by the grace of heavens, Dyon was sent flying up and away. Finally, he could see the world with his own two eyes.

'This world... Why is it so much like the third trial world?...' Dyon knew very well that the third trial world was completely barren of trees and vegetation, but the skies of this world and that one were practically identical... He couldn't shake the feeling.

However, Dyon's happiness didn't last very long before he realized that just like him, a steaming pile of beast shit was sent flying as well, and it just so happened to be coming in his direction.

'For the love of all that's holy... Why me?'

Dyon refused to be stuck in such a large pile of beast dung, but the reality of the matter was that this would actually help, not hurt him.

In the next moment, the fact he had split his mind into two paid off as his concealment array finally flickered to life.

In a perfect storm of events, Dyon's body disappeared just as hundreds of pounds worth of dung covered him. The only saving grace was that his concealment array acted as a barrier, saving him from being soaked in the disgusting browns, greens and yellows, but unfortunately not saving him from the smell.

Although concealment arrays could block his scent from the outside world, that was only a one-way ability. After all, concealment arrays were created so that one could observe while being hidden.

'Absolutely ridiculous...'

At that moment, the bull-bird's massive head was stuck in the ground. It tried to wiggle its way out, but it was already top heavy to begin with. With half of its large head stuck in the ground, even to the point where his eyes were blocked, the small wings on its back had no chance of helping him out.

Its legs flailed in the air, struggling to swing her out. Yet, it was only minutes later that it finally succeeded, only to look around and find nothing.

Just as it was about to lament the loss of its masterpiece, it noticed that it had somehow piled a few meters away in a design even more beautiful than it had originally intended.

The bull-bird was instantly ecstatic, completely forgetting its reason for attacking and getting stuck in the first place.

At first it was confused, but then it patted itself on the back. Its brain was far too small in comparison to its body to have any sort of true long term memory, the naked mole rat was just a figment of its imagination as it waddled to a hardly concealed and oddly placed tuft of grass to disappear into an underground cave.

Dyon silently followed the movements of the bull-bird. As he expected, these creatures were not only stupid and easy to manipulate, but their senses were even more dull than modern era beasts.

That said, Dyon didn't underestimate whatever this world was. He had already known that since humans dared to live near here, the beasts had to either be weak, easy to deal with, or a combination of both. Clearly these beasts weren't weak, so the latter was clearly the truth.

What Dyon didn't know was that compared to the beasts this world did have to offer... The bull-bird was lower than even some types of grass...

'This beast is worst than just stupid. It conceals its den as though it doesn't want anyone to find it, but takes a dump right outside it. One of these days I'm going to roast that beef-bird meat of yours.' Dyon was clearly still enraged by his current situation and could only calm down much later.

Just as a final check, Dyon swept his divine sense underground. He found it difficult to penetrate very deeply, in comparison to his normal range anyway, but still managed a few hundred meters. What he saw caused his eyes to widen.

'So many... So many energy stones...'

What Dyon found was absolutely ridiculous.

He was certain that the dwelling of the bull-bird wasn't natural. Meaning that the bull-bird itself had dug a hole into the ground. Yet, the density of energy stones here could only be matched by saint grade mines back in Dyon's world. In fact, Dyon almost mistook it for a spiritual vein.

'It can't be...' Dyon's divine sense left the bull-bird's dwelling, scanning for miles along the ground, but no matter where he turned, there were endless amounts of energy stones. 'This is ridiculous...'

Dyon suddenly understood why the energy here was so rich, why the ground was so sturdy and why the space was so impenetrable. This was simply... An embarrassment of riches!

The worst part was that Dyon couldn't even take advantage. For one, he couldn't move. And, even if by some miracle he managed to just barely gather enough power to crawl, where was he going to get the power to dig?

Judging by how difficult it was for his divine sense to penetrate the ground, such hardness could only be matched by Spiritual level materials. Even in his world Dyon had no chance of breaking Spiritual grade material without ridiculous amounts of effort, and even then, he would likely fail. Not until he reached the level of a dao formation expert would breaking Spiritual level materials become a possibility.

Dyon shook his head. He felt like he was losing his train of thought too easily in this world. It didn't matter whether or not he could mine, there was no guarantee that he could even take anything out of this world. No, even worse, he didn't even know if he could take himself out of this world.

'It's difficult to do even the simplest of things here, it seems to have an odd effect on my mind that even The Seal can't block for me, and there's danger lurking around every corner... Perfect.'

Dyon calmed himself. 'Let's start simple first.'

After taking a deep breath he immediately regretted, Dyon focused his mind on the energy around him. It was only then that he realized he world that had become dull the moment he took the Dragon King off had suddenly become more vivid than it had ever been before.

'You've got to be kidding me...' Dyon's breath got caught in his throat when he noticed that the density of energy in the pile of feces stacked on top of him was a hundred times the density of energy in an Epistemic Tower training room.

'I'm not really going to do this... Am I?...' Dyon grit his teeth.

The problem with eras filled with primordial energy is that cultivating increased in difficulty. There was a reason why Amphorae, despite being a genius of the most talented human sub-species, took 60+ years to reach the celestial realm.

If Dyon wanted to replenish his energy quickly... He'd have to make use of this beast dung...

Chapter 1160: Balanced

'Wait, I have the Energy Core, don't I?' Dyon would have slapped his own forehead if he could move. However, this worried him even more. He wouldn't usually forget something so simple.

Dyon cast his mind into his inner world to connect to the Energy Core. As long as he had it, the difficulty of dealing with Primordial Energy would be next to nothing. He could use the Energy Core to indiscriminately suck in energy, then have it emit the purified version for his easy consumption.

Theoretically, due to these abilities, the Energy Core made manipulating energy and cultivating far easier. However...

'Why isn't it responding?' Dyon froze. He suddenly understood why his mental state was being affected so easily... It wasn't that The Seal was failing to work, it was that it wasn't working at all.

What Dyon would soon come to understand was that this was occurring due to the treasure of the 33 heavens following the legendary path. Weapons and treasures of this caliber were capable of calling upon the heavens to power them which was why Dyon with his previously poor energy cultivation talent could use the Energy Core with ease, or why he could accomplish feats far beyond himself with the help of The Seal.

This was what it meant to follow the legendary path.

But... What would happen if you suddenly found yourself in a place where the heavens didn't lord? If a treasure of the legendary path could no longer rely on the heavens, how could it be powered at all?

Dyon's eyes widened in understanding. He wasn't worthy of activating these treasures alone. Although they often took much of his stamina to use, Dyon was hardly doing any of the heavy lifting. Now that it was entirely on him to activate their abilities... he had run into a brick wall.

Coming to this point, the first thing Dyon did was actively pour his soul energy into The Seal, hoping to alleviate himself of these subtle attacks on his mind.

As expected, The Seal whirred to life, its intricate gears and symbols moving in relation to each other.

Feeling the drain on his soul strength though, Dyon could only bitterly smile. It seemed he had taken the passive abilities of these treasures for granted. As it stood now, he wouldn't be able to maintain this expenditure for more than 3 seconds...

However, the clear mind Dyon gained for that brief moment allowed him to lay down a plan.

Dyon pinched his nose and steeled his stomach, allowing a small gap to open in his concealment array. His hand stretched out and entered the disgusting, mushy substance.

'Don't throw up... Don't throw up... Don't throw up...' Gritting his teeth, Dyon absorbed the energy as fast as he could.

As Dyon analyzed the energy, he tried his best to distract his mind from the reality of the situation. Oddly enough, the beast dung told him quite a bit about the world he was in.

By common sense, feces shouldn't have so much energy in it. In fact, a beast as powerful as the one Dyon encountered should have transcended the need to use something as primitive as bowel movements.

As far as Dyon knew, and experienced himself, after tempering your organs during the 5th and 6th foundation stages, there was no longer a need for such things. Of course, if one takes the body path, the requirements are similar.

So, there were two oddities here. First of all, a beast of that caliber should have long since passed such a stage. And secondly, even if Dyon ignored that, the point of bowel movements was to get rid of waste after taking all of the energy from your nutrients.

Knowing this, why would this beast dung have so much energy?

The answer was simple. There wasn't just one kind of energy in the martial world. In fact, there were countless kinds.

In a place where there wasn't any sign of true cultivation as far as Dyon could tell from his divine sense, beasts likely used eating as a form of not only gaining sustenance, but also training. This meant that whatever waste the beast excreted were simply forms of energy it didn't need.

The good thing for Dyon was that the beast was far more powerful than he was. While Dyon needed essence energy equivalents, or at least something as docile as essence energy, what this beast needed was likely something far higher on the food chain.

From what Dyon could tell, there wasn't any readily available soul energy, but that was to be expected. However, what was curious was that there were multiple forms of energy he didn't recognize at all.

In the end, Dyon had no choice but to simply use his instincts. Choosing a mishmash of energy was likely not a very good idea, especially when he didn't understand any of them very well, so he could only test them one by one, allowing them to slowly enter his body before checking their characteristics.

Some of the energies were extremely fluid and light, allowing quick usage. But, because of that they lacked a certain punch to them. It seemed that they would be incredibly useful for cultivators who emphasized speed and piercing power, but not so much strength or defense.

There were other energies that were incredibly violent, so much so that Dyon was worried his meridians might burst. These were likely useful for those individuals who emphasized explosive attacks, but it was terrible for stamina and defense-oriented individuals.

Still yet there were solid, thick and slow flowing energies that very much reminded Dyon of what happened due to his silver mirror constitution. They were perfect for those exact stamina and defense types.

Dyon was almost overwhelmed by the new world he had entered. Just what had happened to all of these energies? Why could they exist here while his own world only had access to the conventional, balanced path? What was going on here exactly?