

The Nameless 1201

Chapter 1201: Work of Art

The token in Kaori's hand was known as 'Ancestor's Command'. Every clan was given three, regardless of rank. A command given forth with the use of this token was to be followed on penalty of death with few restrictions!

There weren't even records of when this token was used last, yet it had appeared here once more.

"From this day forth, the Supreme Kitsune Clan will go into seclusion. When next we see the light, the world will know of our strength!"

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If Dyon had known about the happenings of the kitsune clan, he would have known that a formidable opponent had stepped up to the plate. This singular move by Kaori rendered all of Dyon's plans for the three kitsune geniuses absolutely useless. In fact, even when the kitsune clan reappeared in the world, they would never welcome Aki, Masako and Gin back... Not without proper precautions.

What all of this did prove was that the Shruti would likely be wholly unprepared.

In Dyon's estimation, it was unacceptable for the Shruti to not have known that such a large number of elders of the Kitsune were making a move, but this was the truth of matter. They had no idea!

While the infrastructure of the kitsune was terrible, the Shruti were even worse. The consequences of such a thing would become very obvious almost too soon for recovery...

That said, Dyon wasn't thinking about any of this, yet, somehow, pursuing the perfect solution toward said problem. This wouldn't be in time to help against the kitsune, but it would certainly be in time to deal with similar situations in the future.

Much to Stella's disgust, Dyon was rodent hunting.

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"What the hell do you mean you want to catch them?" Stella looked at Dyon as though she was staring down a madman. Despite being a whole head shorter, one might think she was actually taller than this uncle of hers.

"I mean exactly what I said." Dyon continued to grin.

At this point, even Sarid began to frown. "Uncle, those rodents are common grade beasts, how could they possibly be useful? They're just a waste of space and energy. It's better to kill them all."

Sarid felt odd calling Dyon God Father, so he settled for calling him Uncle just like Stella. However, his words weren't any less true.

Within the mortal realm, a normal animal like a cat or dog wouldn't be considered even lower common grade in the martial world. Of course, all of those "normal" animals were now extinct, but this was beside the point.

What Stella and Sarid disdained as common grade beasts could rival bear from the mortal realm if they were of the lower common grade. A middle common grade beast could defeat a grizzly bear easily.

These common grade rodents had about the power of a foundation stage expert, with their Kings having broken into the meridian formation stage.

By all rights, Stella and Sarid were right. This was far too useless... For now.

The moment Dyon saw the vat of Celestial Hamster blood, an idea bloomed in his mind like an incurable infestation. If he could implement this properly, achieving the task his master set out for him wouldn't be impossible.

According to the lore of the martial world, no singular man had ever risen from no clan to an Emperor God Clan in a single lifetime. The man who had come closest, the Demon Sage, failed at the last step due to the scheming of his enemies.

Of course, the Demon Sage had his own treasures to rely on, that being the Demon Sage Tower. It was a war machine built for the transcendent plane, to say it was helpful was to sell it short.

However, Dyon's help far outstripped this... Not only would he have the Demon Sage Tower, but the treasure of the Jafari... If King Mino wasn't lying about its abilities... Dyon could quite literally cry tears of joy.

"I can't explain it to you now, but you'll understand in the future. Prepare me a map of the dens you do know of, I'll handle the rest."

Seeing Dyon's certainty, the two could only sigh and comply.

Stella herself was in a far happier mood after learning that her father's actions over the past few years were under the influence of a curse. A massive weight had been lifted off of her shoulders, so how could she have the heart to squabble with Dyon over some rodents?

However, just as the two were about to go and retrieve the map Dyon asked for, they stopped in their tracks, completely mesmerized by the sight they were seeing.

At the center of the throne room, Dyon floated in the air cross-legged, a warm and happy smile lighting his face as his eyes shone with a fierce gold.

Miniature arrays blossomed into the room, filling it with beautiful sparkles of light.

Stella's eyes shone. "Beautiful..."

Dyon's happiness seemed to make the universe clap in elation.

The truth of the matter was that although Dyon had broken into the saint realm, due to the universe's anger, it hadn't even helped him fill a single meridian. Not even 10% of his first meridian had saint energy within it.

Yet, the universe seemed to forget it was angry with Dyon the moment his delved into a One with World state...

After the hooded avatar was destroyed by his mask, Dyon suddenly felt that he had gained understanding of not only its realm, but the subsequent sword avatar's realm.

One with World was the 8th stage of the intent realm, but was often the most misunderstood and neglected. In fact, one of the benefits to mastering a supreme law is that this state becomes open to you before reaching the 8th intent realm. With a supreme law, this realm is accessible from the very first intent stage.

Before, Dyon had only noticed this One with World sense have an impact on his 6th sense, long before he entered the celestial realm with his soul. However, this feeling had disappeared later on and he soon forgot about it.

However, the near death experience given to him by the hooded avatar showed him just how profound this state could be...

What had been the point of the trial? Every weapon before it seemed to have some profound teaching related to momentum and resonance... But, wouldn't understanding the momentum and resonance of all things lead you to that perfect One with World state?... Where you could meld into the world so well that you would just... Disappear?

By the end of it all, half a day had passed and Dyon had unknowingly filled Belmont Palace to the brim with refreshing pill aromas that could make one's mouth water.

However, Stella and Sarid's lips were perpetually twitching.

Firstly, was it even human to create so many tons of practitioner grade pills from thin air? Secondly, why were the worst of them only of 90% purity? Thirdly, were those the legendary reinforced pills they were seeing? Pills that gave off rings of light and called down heavenly chimes?

But even worse...

"You spent all this time making snacks for beasts?" Stella felt like fainting when the palace alchemists charged in to identify these "works of art" only to find out that such artistry was used on Beast Nurturing Pills.

Chapter 1202: Too

Dyon awoke from his stupor to find several million Beast Nurturing Pills lying around him. He couldn't help but scratch the back of his head in embarrassment. He hadn't meant to make this much, he just lost himself in the moment.

When he thought about it, though, considering the birth rate of rodents, it's likely that he would need this many. Although celestial hamsters had strikingly low fertilities, that was because they were already an evolved species. The far lesser members of their race had no such problem.

With one sweep of his hands, the millions of brown, fragrant pills disappeared into the Demon Sage Pill Room. After all, as a war machine, how could it not have one? Not only could it store several times this number of pills, it could also stop their medicinal efficacy from decreasing.

"Young Master –" A purple robed alchemist with a head of violet hair interrupted by streaks of white stepped toward Dyon with large, blinking eyes. "No, Grandmaster, Elder of the highest esteem. Please take me as your disciple!"

Stella and Sarid choked on air. Alchemists, especially the ones of the Belmont family were arrogant beyond belief. Even Stella, their very own Princess, had to beg and plead for a single pill. Yet, half a dozen of them were grovelling before Dyon?

Dyon raised an eyebrow. "My disciple? How old are you and what is your level of proficiency?"

The six alchemists, especially the one who spoke, coughed in embarrassment. "Just a few hundred years old... Master level..." They replied softly.

Stella snorted. "More like several thousand." She would never miss an opportunity to get these old bastards back. "~~Uuuuunnccclllleeeee, you wouldn't forget about your niece, would you?"

Seeing Stella's shameless change in demeanor, Sarid couldn't help but back away with a disgusted look on his face. But, when he thought back to his Uncle casually gifting him a Spiritual grade weapon, he realized that maybe he was being a bit bougie.

Dyon chuckled at Stella's antics, rubbing her hair. "Sure. Just tell me what kind of pills you need."

Stella's eyes brightened. "I need 10 000 Essence Condensing Pills, 10 000 Blood Purifying Pills, and 10 000 Flame Tempering Pills. Oh, and my dad's master also said one's soul is very important for flame mastery, so can I have 10 000 Soul Foundation Pills too?"

She knew with how busy Dyon's schedule was, him becoming her personal alchemist was impossible, so she immediately planned ahead, asking for so many pills shamelessly.

The surrounding alchemists nearly fainted in anger. How could one ask so many things of a Grandmaster so easily?!

Essence Condensing Pills were a simple enough matter. They simply helped one increase the efficiency of cultivating essence energy. These pills are the reason geniuses of large clans can cultivate so quickly. But, even the Belmont Palace had a scarcity of these pills and could only provide Stella with 3 a month. Yet she asked for 10 000!

Even worse, Blood Purifying Pills are essential for any body cultivator. It not only reduced the pain of the body path, but also sped up one's body cultivation as well. In fact, even taking on of 50% purity could add several hundred jin of strength to a martial warrior at a time. Blood Purifying Pills of high enough efficacy were even known a Marrow Cleansing Pills that could even expel a certain percentage of impurity within the body. Although it was only a small amount, it couldn't be underestimated!

In addition to all of this, Blood Purifying Pills were only spoken of briefly in Belmont Lore, they didn't even have the full recipe anymore!

Flame Tempering Pills were yet another step up. In fact, they were nothing but legend.

Flames were innate. Whether they had characteristics or not were decided at birth... But, it was possible to increase the grade of one's flame. If one then reached a certain level of enlightenment, birthing a characteristic into the world wasn't entirely impossible.

This Flame Tempering Pills were spoken about in ancient texts Amethyst left behind for the Belmont Family.

The truth was that the Belmont family had flames with innate characteristics, but their bloodlines were so weak that they couldn't evoke them. The secret to unlocking this ability were Flame Tempering Pills!

While Essence Condensing Pills and Blood Purifying Pills were of the practitioner grade, Flame Tempering Pills were comet grade pills! Yet she asked for 10 000!

To top all of this off, she asked for Soul Foundation Pills? These were pills that even Sapiaientia Quadrant didn't have. They essentially had the ability to gift innate souls to those without and even expand the Mind's Eye. They were Moon Grade Pills!

Normal individuals would even know the names of these pills. Stella only happened to understand them due to the Belmont Archives. Considering they were the personal records of Amethyst, they were deep and all-inclusive.

It was no wonder the six alchemists almost fainted in anger. However... Dyon only laughed.

"I can easily give you a million essence condensing pills and blood purifying pills. But have some mercy on your uncle. How about this? I'll give you ten flame tempering pills and one soul foundation pill?"

Hearing these words, the alchemists that were already on the verge of going crazy passed out directly.

Stella jumped up happily hearing Dyon's words, planting a wet kiss on his cheek. She really was every bit the spoiled little girl she was pretending to be.

"Don't worry Sarid, I won't forget about you." Dyon chuckled when he saw Sarid sulking in a corner.

"Hey! That's not fair, you already gave him Spiritual grade battle axes, he's been flaunting them in front of me for weeks!" Stella pouted.

"Hm," Dyon pondered for a moment, "How about this. You're both essence gatherers and more than powerful enough to deal with the rodents, you're just too lazy to.

"We'll do a competition. For every foundation stage rodent you catch, I'll give you a pill of your choice up to the Master Grade. For every meridian formation stage rodent you catch, I'll give you a pill of your choice up to the Grandmaster Grade.

"Foundation stage rodents will be worth 1 point and Meridian Formation rodents will be worth 2 points. You can exchange 10 points for any peak common grade technique I have in my arsenal. You can exchange 100 points for any earth grade technique I have, after all, you'll be saints soon, no?" Dyon smiled meaningfully.

Sarid and Stella looked at Dyon wide eyed. Earth Grade techniques? Even peak common grade techniques were scarce in the Belmont Palace... This Uncle of theirs was too nice.

Seemingly thinking of something, Dyon brought out the twins and the four celestial beast babies.

"Take the Demon Sage Tower with you," Dyon allowed a miniature tower to appear in Stella's hands. "You can place the rodents inside of it when you capture them. Don't worry, the tower spirit will handle where they go."

Stella and Sarid were still standing in a daze, looking from Dyon to the tower and back. They didn't even have eyes for the four baby beasts that suddenly appeared to cling to him.

"Uncle wait!" A familiar voice suddenly filled the hall as Aoife rushed in. "Let me help too! You'll reward me too, right?"

Dyon laughed. "The more the merrier. Remember though, the tower can record everything that happens, so don't think of cheating your uncle, okay?"

The three teens nodded yes like pecking chickens, eager to go. By the time Dyon opened his mouth to tell them to be careful, they had already disappeared into the distance, laughing like mad. They didn't even greet Mia and Bella.

"How are you guys?" Dyon asked the twins, fielding the various licks and tugs the baby beasts inflicted upon him. Clearly, they missed him very much.

"We should be asking you that." Bella said with a pout. You suddenly sent us away so far, so quickly.

Dyon sighed. "I had no choice. After I brought Aki out and sent him back into the tower, if I hadn't sent you guys away and into the distance, the tribulation would have attacked you too."

Mia and Bella looked toward Dyon with concern. It seemed that his martial path would always be rife with dangers. He always somehow jumped from one life ending danger to another without break.

Chapter 1203: We'll See

They already had this impression despite only following him for about a year! His life really was too troublesome.

"You guys relax. Ri and Clara should be showing those teens around. You could be good friends with them, after all, they're about your age. I'll take care about the beast babies for now." Dyon said with a smile, rubbing Shere's head.

He felt kind of bad. It was his job to form a bond with these beast babies, yet they spent far more time with Mia and Bella than him.

"Alright!" The twins left to explore the palace, arm in arm.

Dyon laughed to himself, it seemed the Belmont Palace had become less of a Royal Clan's home and more of a tourist destination.

Picking up Biibi and Shere, he placed them within his shirt. Sen hopped from shoulder to shoulder like he usually did, while Linlin sat on his head, retreating into her beautiful black shell. Dyon felt an odd sense of comfort around them.

In the distance, he heard the faint yet uproarious laughter of King Mino speaking with King Belmont. It seemed that he had come here with Aoife.

Dyon sighed, 'Still so many things to deal with... First let's deal with Planet Deimos and Naiad.'

Over the next few days, that was exactly what Dyon did. The situation was more complex than he thought, so he had no choice but to put in a bit of extra effort.

Dyon was working under the impression that the kitsune could send another batch of experts at any time. He was now taking into account their stupidity... He had no way of knowing that they had sealed their borders, causing an uproar in the martial world. Unfortunately, there were no Sapientia Relay Stations here, so not only could he not communicate with Madeleine using their necklaces, he also wasn't up to date on the news.

Instead, Dyon spent his days sorting out the rebellions from the remainder of the Aumen clan on Planet Deimos. He slaughtered those who were too far gone, placed seals within those who were risks, and gave rewards to those who adapted to the changing times. After taking a stock of resources Planet Deimos had and drawing a map of them using his divine sense, he finally felt good enough to leave and head to Planet Naiad.

Luckily, Planet Naiad was far easier to handle, after all, it was Patia-Neva's home planet. After reuniting with his wife, he had returned to set his home on the right path and had long since dealt with the Clyte clan. So, after a simple conversation with Delia's father, Planet Naiad too began preparing for the migration.

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Later that week, Dyon stood above the former home of Elvin Island and sighed. He wanted to save the island, but he didn't know how.

Not only did he not understand any earth will, he didn't understand water will either. And, the worst part was that even if he did, it still wouldn't save the island.

After months of being submerged in saltwater, the ancient trees that once filled it would likely be dead by now.

As for the important artifacts, his father-in-law had long since dealt with moving them away. Much to his relief, Ms. Everdeen's coffin was found intact along with Jade's kneeling statue.

Aside from this, those within the academy pocket dimension were saved as well. In fact, that had led to a confrontation with Madeleine's former master that made Dyon chuckle. It turned out that she had been pestering Uncle Acacia for years, but he still continued to ignore her. In the end, she became so stubborn that she shoehorned herself into becoming a teacher at Acacia Academy.

Although Dyon could laugh about her now, there was a point when he would have loved nothing more than to kill her with his own hands. After all, she had tried to keep Madeleine from him and almost killed Ri with her own hands. But, with everyday that passed, he seemed to find himself caring less and less about matters of the past.

There would never be a point where he would treat Madeleine's former master as one of his family, even if Uncle Acacia forgave her. But, that didn't mean he needed to constantly harp on her shortcomings. She had lost an outstanding disciple and the man she loved was freezing her out, what more punishment could Dyon add on to that?

Thinking to this point, Dyon couldn't help but remember the Holy Princess who was currently still being tortured alongside Matriarch Niveus. She probably didn't deserve such a thing especially since it had already been almost two years since then now.

Dyon's stubborn side flared up at that thought, 'If she had managed to kill me, how many years of pain would my loved ones suffer? All because she was impulsive and believed herself to be the law of the universe.'

In Dyon's estimation, there was very rarely anyone truly pure. What reason did he have to believe in the benevolence of some bullshit Holy Arc? He cared even less for the people who stood on its deck.

The way that Holy Princess just arbitrarily decided to kill him because of something she thought was right just shows how easily corruptible such an organization was. Who was she to decide his life and death? And even if she felt she had the right to pass judgement, then he too had the right to choose whatever punishment he deemed fit.

As Dyon was lost in thought, a familiar blue streak of light crossed the skies to come by his side.

"Are you going to come in with me?" Ri asked after a moment of silence.

Dyon shook his head. "I have a feeling that nothing made by an elf could ever harm you, you don't need me to help you past the ancient game that guards their tombs."

"And what will you do?"

"It's about time I went to receive the remaining half of the Demon Sage's legacy. My body cultivation is too lacking. Do you remember what I asked of you two?" Dyon glanced at the silver-blue haired beauty to his side.

Ri rolled her eyes. "Yes, father." She said sarcastically.

Dyon grinned. "Say that again, I liked the sound of it."

"Don't say such vulgar things in front of the babies." Ri flicked his forehead before descending from the skies slowly. "Don't worry, I'll handle the Sapientia Clan matter well. They won't know where we've gone, nor will they be able to step into this universe again."

Dyon nodded. "Whether I succeed or not, I'll be back within three years for the Golden Flame Mystical World's opening. In the meantime, don't do anything that'll cause me to unleash a massacre."

Ri giggled lightly, looking back toward her husband with a loving glint in her eye. "I've been thinking about taking up the Water Mist Sect on their offer."

Dyon felt a little reluctance in his heart when he heard this. After all, Chrysanthemum had a solid foundation within that sect and there were likely numerous elders who were fond of her. Ri entering such a sect was akin to entering a lion's den.

"Madeleine will give you the Golden Flame Quadrant. Clara has given you the financial stability you need not to mention the means to cripple the Sapientia. For all I know, Amphorae is already a ruling over several quadrants of her own. And, Evangeline is already a half-step transcendent..." Ri paused, biting her lip slightly. "I too want to give you something. I too want to help my man stand at the peak of world."

The pang of a sharp pain pierced Dyon's heart. Ri had lost her own sense of self pursuing a path to helping him, he wouldn't be able to forgive himself if it happened again.

Dyon descended from the skies and took Ri into his arms. He didn't have a one liner that could change Ri's mind, nor did he have the perfect formula to cure her thoughts. But, he was clear about the feeling in his heart. Even if his wives could give him nothing but a smile, he would be content.

"Little Feu Glace..." Dyon paused before snorting. "Hmph, when I get back, I'm going to put a baby in all of you. We'll see if you dare to move around then."

Ri's light laughter uplifted the gloomy atmosphere. With a final soft punch to Dyon's chest, she disappeared into the water below.

Chapter 1204: Hundredfold

Dyon silently watched as the water below finally calmed its ripples.

Before, Dyon would have never thought of having a child... Not until he had stabilized everything. He didn't want to have a son or daughter that only understood the fires of war and the pain of loss. He wanted something better for them. Plus, he wanted to stay by their side until they, at the very least, became adults before his eyes.

He understood the loss of a parent, but he also understood the absence of a live parent was sometimes far worse. With how Dyon's life was now, he sometimes didn't see his wives for several years at a time... How could he put a child through that?

However... The Jafari Clan treasure had given him a new hope. With it, maybe, just maybe, he could lead a normal life once in a while.

'I hope you succeed soon, Zabia.' Dyon looked off into the distance.

Zabia and the disciples of Heaven's Wine were likely fighting their own battle. It had been more than half a decade since they set off. In fact, Dyon was still within his trial at the time. Yet, they still weren't back. Dyon could only hope that nothing had happened to them.

Over the next few weeks, Dyon made his last bits of preparation.

He decided to leave the twins with Clara. He made years worth of Beast Nurturing and various other beast growth related pills, while also diligently guiding his nieces and nephews.

He gave Clara a few hundred barrels of celestial beast blood to help the growth of the youth and also left the Jade Queen Bee's honey with her as well.

"I'm not a leader." Clara said with a pout when she noticed Dyon dumping all these responsibilities on her. She didn't have the patience or temperament for such things, and Dyon definitely knew this.

Dyon kissed her forehead lightly. "There's nothing my Clara can't do. Don't be silly."

Afterward, Dyon proceeded to enter seclusion to concoct the rewards he promised to those Soul Rending Peak and the various sub peaks. Before he left, he had only made enough for a few months, but now he made ten years worth in one fell swoop.

Then, he diligently forged disciple robes for each and every member. He was a bit clumsy at first as this was his first time forging. Before, it had been Clara who did it. But, he soon seemed to fall into a steady pace as a smile once more bloomed on his handsome features.

The scene of him sweating over a hot furnace was one that the Mortal Clan teenage girls insisted on watching much to Kedar's rage.

When he finally finished Soul Rending Peak matters, Dyon had a long three-day meeting with Meiying.

Although there were only six habited planets with Soul Rending Peak, the truth was that any given universe actually had several million habitable planets. It was just a matter of how many were feasible to maintain.

Under Dyon's guidance he pointed out four more planets to add to this formation of six. Not only did he go through plans he had for each one, he also laid out plans for clan and sect allocations.

Migration wasn't a simple matter to handle. He had to make sure to make every clan seem as though they were being accepted, while not stepping on the toes of those clans already there.

After dealing with matters of Soul Rend Quadrant and the allocations of various clans and sects, not mention resources, Dyon could only depressingly watch his funds deplete. If he pushed any harder, they would be in the red.

Dyon sighed to himself. If he had some capital, he could use his dao formation puppets. At that point, would he be afraid of some bullshit kitsune clan? Of course not, he'd directly sweep through their forces. However a single dao stone was worth a million celestial stones which was a billion saint stones... And, a single dao stone would only power one puppet for a few seconds. Who could bear such a cost?

Dyon's entire profit from the Sapientia News Network was only between 10 and 20 dao stones a month. Such a sum was astronomical at lower level, but pitifully small for what Dyon needed. He missed the days when he was swimming in dao stones... Unfortunately, that had all been invested into the creation of the Internet.

Thinking to this point, Dyon and Meiyong reached the crux of their meeting... Dyon's money making machine and Meiyong's masterpiece: Celestial Deer Corner.

Currently, Dyon didn't have the power to confidently allow others into his quadrant. This meant that revenue from tourism was out of the question... Unfortunately, this also meant that their money-making opportunities would be limited to those of the saint floor as well. However, there was nothing that could be done about this.

That said... Every clan's foundation was their younger generation. The clans ranked 70 and below all flooded their money toward Sapientia Corner. But, what if Dyon could gain business from clans ranked far above 70? What if his goods were that enticing?

The key to this second money-making plan after the Sapientia News Network was to build a world wonder within Celestial Deer Corner...

With Meiyong here, Dyon was confident that the attraction of Celestial Deer Corner would be among the greatest in existence. Then, when he started cornering the niche markets he had noted after his visit to Sapientia Quadrant, the money would start to flood in.

When the meeting ended, Meiyong skipped out with a happy expression on her face, but Dyon was even more sunken. Looking at the budget Meiyong allocated to complete her tasks, he felt like a corpse had crawled into his body.

Dyon sighed, looking toward Clara's gloating expression. "It's time to move forward with phase two of the Internet."

Hearing Dyon's words, Clara nodded seriously. As long as the Sapientia agreed, their profits would increase tenfold, potentially a hundredfold.

Chapter 1205: Reappearance

As Dyon was finally preparing to leave toward Chaos Universe, an uproar was blazing through the martial world, unbeknownst to him.

The first bit of news sounded the death of former Head Void and the instatement of his son, Kaori Void as the new head of the kitsune clan.

How this news became public knowledge was truly baffling, especially considering the fact that Kaori sealed the clan and recalled all youths in training back. Even Kaori would have been stunned to know that this had somehow become common knowledge... However, with a bit of thought, he would have understood exactly how this happened.

In the end, it was too late to stop the spread of news. The death of a clan head from a top 30 quadrant wasn't anything to ignore, however Kaori's swift action stopped the Shruti from being able to take advantage.

All kitsune withdrew from the tower, returning to their home quadrant and stopping the enemy's ability to use them as leverage or spies for their clans.

After this, the kitsune withdrew their armies from gates that bordered their and the Shruti's territory.

According to reports, instead of fighting for gates, Kaori directly commanded the release of all tower ownerships but one. On the surface, this move seemed stupid, but even Aritzia Sapientia's eyes glowed with a fierce light when she read the reports.

If the kitsune only had to defend one tower for every gate the Shruti could attack from, that meant that they could apply the least amount of manpower to achieve the best benefits.

And, even if the Shruti managed to conquer that final tower, so what? The Shruti would still have to then attack on kitsune soil. Something they weren't ready to do. No one wanted to fight pyric wars, which was why campaigns were mostly just used to temper young geniuses.

When clans began to realize that the Sapientia News Network was useful for more than just giving updates on the latest gossip and could actually be used for keeping tabs on the large movements of important clans, subscriptions skyrocketed.

If Dyon had known about this, he would have laughed like a little girl. In just a few months, profits jumped from just 10 to 20 dao stones, to over 100 a month!

This was a true blessing in disguise. The Sapientia suddenly understood that what Clans values most wasn't information on the latest fight between the Masked Wife Stealer and his love rivals, but rather practical news about movements of clans and large corporations.

Because this realization dawned upon them, when Clara presented phase two, their resistance was far less than it would have been before.

With the implementation of phase two, a new tier of subscriptions would be included on a clan to clan and sect to sect basis instead of individual.

By paying a hefty fee per month, clans could create what Clara called a "forum". Using this "forum", they could post job listings for experts in combat, formation theory, alchemy and so on. In addition, they could also provide rewards for information they needed and missions they wanted completed.

Originally, the Sapientia would have been opposed to this idea. This was because it would have given various clans and sects dominions of their own over something the Sapientia wanted to control exclusively. But, by presenting it just when they felt the greed for increased profits, Clara's idea weeded its way through with ease.

Surprisingly, the first organizations to sign up were assassin organizations. The convenience of using the Internet over back alleys was clearly the most useful to them. Coupling this with the fact the Sapientia promised perfect anonymity, and the fact everyone knew the Sapientia were famous for neutrality, and even those big underworld bosses felt at ease.

Even though the fee for even the lowest tier of "forum" was 100 dao stones, these organizations paid without blinking an eye.

Information networks soon followed suit, unwilling to be left behind. Although the Sapientia News Network provided the news, in order to keep their unbiased stance, they could only publish information that was relatively benign.

For example, they could publish about the Emperor Giant Clan's young master being embarrassed. But they couldn't do so if it was the actual Head of the Emperor Giant Clan. They had to draw a line that was impossible to cross over.

However, various famous information networks like Lotus Vein and Enigmatic Tunnels had no such reservations and released information wantonly on a tier-based system.

The Sapientia higher ups had their eyes light up when they saw just how effective this second phase was for them. Not only were the profits mind numbing, they could by proxy receive information on every quadrant without paying a single dime.

Next, another surprising contestant stepped up to the plate. Some of the most famous brothels began to promote their events and push new virgin belles they had recently acquired on their own forums. Sometimes the betting on the virginities of these maidens would reach millions of celestial stones, causing the Den Mothers of these establishments to faint of happiness.

This wasn't even the end of profits either. Every transaction had to be done anonymously, which meant that the only establishment they could rely on was Sapientia Bank. For every transaction made, the Sapientia were able to take a small percentage for handling fees, causing their revenue to balloon to new heights.

However, all of this didn't mean that individuals stopped being interested in the normal SNN... In fact, this was proven quite soon as a bomb shell was dropped on the martial world.

Madeleine Sacharro, with a cultivation age of less than 12 years old, shattered the saint barrier and became a true celestial realm cultivator...

The martial world finally came to know Madeleine for something other than simply being a True God's wife. She had been a beautiful flower before, but it wasn't until now that everyone understood that the only thing stopping Madeleine from becoming a True God herself was the fact that the Golden Crow Sect had ownership of key.

Still, no one dared to laugh even behind God Goldeen's back. This was because whether or not Madeleine could do so was simple speculation, whereas he, despite not being a True God, was still a God!

That said, this didn't stop the martial world from gossiping about Madeleine. Rumor had it that the universe blessed her by filling nine meridians before her trial even began!

This wasn't the only poignant point either. Madeleine had advanced as a peak first grade celestial! Such a feat could only be claimed by less than 500 individuals currently alive within their 100 quadrants!

Rumor had it that her tribulation was nothing short of spectacular, raging over several weeks and even evoking a fire tribulation! It was then that Madeleine exposed her One with World Fire intent to the world, shocking the various masters of the Flaming Lily Sect to no end.

The world couldn't help but sigh. The husband already captivated the attention of the world, yet the wife wasn't far behind.

Yet, the announcements weren't concluded yet either, because soon after, the Master of the Flaming Lily Sect declared Madeleine to be the heiress of their sect, skipping over her core disciple credentials to directly crown her as their second Legatee!

After this news, the world finally settled down for as much as half a year, but soon afterward, the tides of more coming began to roll once more.

A little-known clan ranked just within the top 65 began to slowly creep upwards.

Months ago, information about a certain King Emytheus dethroning his clan's key wielder to his place had caused a small stir. Many believed that he would enter his trials to raise his ranking afterward, but who would have thought that this young man would completely forego such thoughts!

In front a crowd gathered around the trial to the celestial floors, he declared that he would form a brotherhood to rival the Heavenly Sword Guild and the Star Force. Right then and there he blasted through the guardians of the celestial floor with impunity, naming his new formed alliance "The Brotherhood of Guardians"!

The world snorted at his arrogance, but they couldn't ignore the waves the Guardians began to make.

Making use of the Sapientia "forums", Emytheus began to slowly recruit and build up his coalition. He never plucked talents away from quadrants above his own, yet his forces were shockingly fierce.

They directly began to make waves on the celestial floors, vowing to raise their new quadrant up by 20 ranks within five years!

The martial world was stunned. Such an arrogant young man, yet he was a mere King!

Just as the world was distracted by Emytheus, Alexandria Snow made her reappearance into the world!

Chapter 1206: Shiver

Many were shocked. Weren't the kitsune supposed to be in seclusion? Why was Alexandria here?

Yet, she stunned everyone once more when she made her cut from the kitsune clan clean so that she could join the Water Mist Sect. However, this led to a wave of controversy.

No one knew who started the rumors, but thoughts that Alexandria was unfilial and ungrateful toward the sect that raised her became common place. To leave your clan, and even cut off ties, just to join a higher ranked quadrant? It disgusted many of the common people.

That said, many of the Water Mist Sect didn't care. The Head Master was especially happy to welcome Alexandria with open arms even knowing that her sect would likely fall to the waves of civil war very soon because of her decision.

The moment Alexandria stepped into the Water Mist Sect, she did something astonishing. The information networks nearly exploded from excitement.

With a light smile on her face, a ring of gold appeared above her head. In the next moment, three fairies appeared in the world. One with delicate wings of gold, another with the angel wings of a Pegasus, and yet another with no wings at all that allowed her small feet to dangle in the air above an old oak branch.

Alexandria's origin was revealed to the world. She was not only half kitsune, her other half was of Elvin Origin! She was the legendary Elvin Queen!

Many began to draw connections between her masked husband and her. What could suppress a faint angel bloodline?

Angels, Elves, Dwarves and Sprites were all evolutions of the human race. This meant that they all came from the same root!

If someone of pure Elvin Blood met someone with weak Angel Blood, isn't it obvious who would suppress who?!

When Daisho Ken heard this news, his eyes narrowed. It turned out that the young man he provoked was an Elvin Prince? No... An Elvin King? Were the Elves about to make a comeback?

His eyes flashed sinisterly. This Modern Era was ruled by the Sprites. If the Elves wanted to make a comeback, they'd have to go through them!

Still, Alexandria hadn't finished shocking the world because on just the second day she entered the Water Mist Sect, she triggered her celestial tribulation, not losing out to the fierceness of Madeleine's even by a single step!

The influx of news stirred the hearts of martial warriors to the point where it didn't calm until months later... Only for even more shocking news to ravage the Sapientia News Network...

Celestial Deer Corner was finally opening!

...

While all of these things were happening, Dyon had long since left his home universe. The only matters he left unsettled were that of the remainder of the Mortal Clan, but Dyon didn't think much of it.

Firstly, they were given the opportunity to leave and chose not to. Secondly, even if the kitsune came once more, the task of finding them without knowing that they were there was simply impossible. Earth was too large. And, lastly, he wanted them to fester for a bit. He wanted them to understand just how

much of a dead end their way of living was and that the only way to do that was to show them the difference between the 36 geniuses and them.

As for the matters of the Sapientia, Dyon was confident that Ri had handled it well. Although there might be some remaining animosity due to his decision, it was all he could do.

Ever since he stepped into the martial world, he had a bad feeling about the Sapientia that just wouldn't go away. This bad feeling was only reaffirmed after the hamster twins gave him the history the Master Key teleportation arrays. Obviously, even his Master's ancestor felt an uncomfortable aura circulating around the Clan.

What was odd to Dyon, though, was the fact he hadn't sensed Connery Sapientia during his entire stay. Considering his history with the Main Branch Head, this was a bit too weird. Still... It made things easier. Maybe Madeleine's parents had dealt with him.

This aside, due to lack of funds, Dyon had no choice but to power his demon sage tower with celestial stones, severely slowing down his progress toward Chaos Universe. In the end, it took him almost three months just to make it to the entrance.

As expected, he found a dormant and unused gate on an abandoned planet. There were no enemies on the other side, so for obvious reasons, there was no need to have inhabitants on this planet either. Other than a few emptied energy stone mines, the planet had nothing of note.

Dyon sighed. 'I need to invest in finding some energy stone mines...'

He knew very well that large clans weren't always business savvy. Most of the time, their wealth came from obnoxiously large mines. Unfortunately, the energy of this universe was so scarce that such things were rare.

As for Soul Rending Peak, their mines had been emptied out as well. The culprit? Likely those of the 99 universes. Why would they leave resources lying around?

Of course, a universe was large. It was impossible to have emptied out every energy stone mine. However... The process of finding them was simply too difficult.

Dyon's divine sense stretched 100 000 or so kilometers, but that wasn't even enough to cover 1% of a single solar system, let alone a galaxy or an entire universe. This was why such things relied on specialized treasures and experts, things Dyon simply didn't have...

Well, he did have an expert: Meiying. The issue was that Meiying's cultivation was too poor for her will to be used on such a large scale. It wouldn't be until she became a dao formation expert and graduated her feng shui compass will to a dao that she could use star maps to locate resources.

Unfortunately, due to the fact the gate was closed, Dyon had to wait another three months for it to open and allow him to enter. By the end of this half of year stint, Emytheus and Ri were just making themselves known.

As for Dyon, he was completely focused on the task at hand, mentally preparing himself for what he would face in the universe of chaos.

Yet... Nothing could have prepared him for the world he saw.

Dyon exited the other side of the gate only to find a world of fiery hell.

In a normal universe, there would be an expanse of dark space with stars twinkling in the distance. However, there was none of that here.

For one, the planet the other side of the gate was meant to connect to had become nothing more than a broken piece of rock barely ten square meters. It floated around the space without clear direction, colliding with solar currents and bending to their will.

The distance, instead of having a black hue, was filled with an eerie dark red color as though someone had dyed the night sky with blood. In fact, the space seemed to dance with a black-red fog that sometimes behaved like the hottest flame in the world, and other times behaved like a cold gas.

Dyon had to immediately coat the beast babies in his white flames after they began to whimper. Although they were almost a year old now, they were still babies. Not just normal babies, but celestial

beasts who were incredibly sensitive to impurities like the heavy chaos will in this universe. Despite being within the tower, protected by a shield, they still couldn't take it.

"Just what happened here..." Dyon muttered to himself.

Although he said this, Dyon was partially aware... According to lore, the final battle of the phoenixes occurred here. Supreme beasts of the highest grade fought against the Dark Phoenixes to the very end... This was also the place Amethyst transcended after leaving her legacy to the Belmonts.

"Be careful Dyon." Little Yang shivered along with the beast babies. "We sense a lot of embryonic infernal beasts here... There are easily millions of them, if not more..."

Dyon's eyes sharpened. Infernal Beasts were none other than the antithesis of Celestial Beasts. As for what Little Yang meant about the term 'embryonic', he wasn't entirely sure.

"Embryonic?"

"Mm." Little Yang continued with a shiver, taking the place of his little sister who was too scared to even speak.

Chapter 1207: 10%

"They aren't true Infernal Beasts because they lack the intelligence of one... H- however, in a lot of ways, they're more dangerous this way. All they have is their basal instinct to survive and evolve. Their intelligence is less than that of a common grade beast, but their power is equivalent to a heaven grade beast at worst. If you come up against one of the celestial realm... It's best to run."

Dyon's jaw clenched. Heaven Grade beasts were the equivalent of second grade human warriors, so why was Little Yang speaking about them like this?

As though reading Dyon's thoughts, Little Yang continued. "This is not the Heaven Grade of the Modern Era I'm referring to... It's the Heaven Grade of the Chaotic Era..."

Dyon's eyes contracted.

When he came back from his constitution's world, one of the first things he did was consult with the hamster twins. After all, they had knowledge of all of history hidden within their bloodlines.

In truth, the reason Dyon couldn't move within the Titan World was because of two reasons.

For one, he hadn't tapped into all of the abilities of his constitution. In reality, because he had entered the bronze silk realm, his body alone already weighed one billion jin. However, currently, his body weight was no different than before he awakened his constitution. So, where did all of that weight go?

The answer was simple, his excess weight was residing within his constitution's world.

A true Titan could destroy a planet simply by landing softly upon it... Yet Dyon couldn't even move in his true form! It was truly too sad... Until Dyon's strength could reach billions of jin, entering his constitution's world was simply suicidal.

That said, there was good news as well. By slowly increasing the weight that was allowed in this space, Dyon could train himself. Over the past six months, he had already increased his weight to 500 000 jin.

This might seem light for a celestial like Dyon who could lift weapons weighing a million jin. But, one's own body weight was far different from a weapon. Spending days at this weight made Dyon's muscles light on fire. Even lifting a single finger required ridiculous amounts of strength.

The second reason was related to the first but more nuanced. Those born of the chaotic era were simply of a different caliber. Their muscles were denser, their meridians were thicker, and their aptitudes were greater. Dyon simply hadn't properly adapted, as such he couldn't make use of his new body.

These infernal beasts within this space were making use of the chaotic energy to reinvigorate their bloodlines and tap into potential they shouldn't have. It wouldn't be a surprise if Dyon struggled even with a saint realm infernal beast!

This was what it meant to have true battle prowess. It was why despite stacking so many constitutions, Dyon still wasn't certain of his ability to shatter the next seals of his Dragon Phoenix Dual Cultivation technique.

"Little Yang, I have a question."

"Mhm?"

Dyon suddenly grinned, not feeling any fear whatsoever. In fact, his eyes glowed such a fierce red that he almost looked like a beast himself.

"Can I eat them?"

**

Dyon's life fell into a monotonous cycle of blood pumping near death experiences. He nearly lost his life so many times that he lost count. If it wasn't for the demon sage tower's ability to shrink to the size of an atom coupled with the poor sensory and intelligence of the embryonic infernal beasts, Dyon would have died a million times over.

The infernal beasts weren't as disgusting as the bull-bird, but they weren't pleasing to the either.

Often times, due to the vicious nature of their environment, these infernal beasts would stalk around the universe with ghastly wounds covering their body, adding to their disgusting appearances.

The first beast Dyon met on his way to the coordinates left to him by the demon sage was a black scaled serpent just a few hundred years away from becoming a flood dragon.

Its jaw hung from its mouth on only a single stringed ligament. Its tongue was chopped in half, making its habitual 'sss' sound more like a sick man blowing air through a straw.

As for its body, numerous white ribs stood exposed to its side. One could even see its heart with a bite taken out of it if you looked closely. With its every pump, some blood would flow through naturally, but about 10% would be lost every time.

The worst part was that its tail was cut in half, causing an unnatural fork to its back. Yet, it fought with the tenacity of a well-rested Emperor protecting its kingdom. Its power was too much for Dyon to handle, making him have no choice but to run away.

Such a sight became common place for Dyon. He would fight for as long as he could, often leading to disgusting injuries of his own, but he would be forced to run away in the end. Forget eating them, he had to be wary of getting eaten himself!

It wasn't until the end of his third month, after thousands of battles, that Dyon finally gained his first victory. It was only then that he could faintly feel his titan will creeping toward the second stage from the first will level.

**

On a large asteroid, a battle that resounded through a small part of Chaos Universe was taking place. In fact, the beast and man fighting had lost count of the number of asteroids they had jumped to and from. It seemed impossible for any normal asteroid to withstand the impact of their battle.

Blasts of energy radiated outward as the young man careened his fists toward a red-scaled lizard emitting skin blistering heat.

While the efforts of the young man were valiant, he was completely bloodied. Dead skin and muscles hung from his arms, one of his eyes had permanently swollen shut, and it seemed that his left arm was broken despite the fact he swung it forward with no remorse.

The lizard he faced was none other than a Fire-Tongued Empress. It was normally already a difficult enough opponent as an Earth Grade beast, but after being tempered by chaotic energy for so long, it was capable of beating down on the young man before it with little to no qualms.

For every punch the young man landed, he took triple the number of tail whips, vicious bites and licks of fire. To say he was losing the battle was a severe understatement.

Still he persisted, his eyes burning with passion and his blood pumping with the force of a raging waterfall.

A deathly spikes tail slammed into the young man's broken left arm, causing him to spit up blood profusely.

Gritting his teeth, the young man was flung through the asteroid belt for several tens of miles before slamming into yet another field of chipped rocks.

"I don't believe that I can't win even a single fight!" The young man roared toward the oncoming lizard.

Within a small speck hovering just outside the range of the battle, six baby beasts watched on with weird expressions on their face.

Little Yang rolled his eyes for the millionth time. Little Yin looked worried, but giggled every so often. Sen mischievously picked up Shere by her long white tail before scurrying away from her adorable roar. Then there was Biibi and Linlin who did nothing but sleep. They didn't seem worried about their master at all.

"Big brother, why do you think he isn't using his weapons?" Little Yin suddenly asked.

"Can't you see that he's lost his mind? He's so entrenched in trying to comprehend his Titan Will that he's tossing away what it means to be human. I can't say that his method is wrong though... It's just that his Titan Will follows the sovereign path. If he can't even beat saint beasts as a celestial, how is he convincing himself that he can rule anything? It's no wonder his Titan Will is still at the 1st will stage."

"At the very least, he should use that healing energy or his Titan Emperor's Will, no?" Little Yin turned a worried glance back toward Dyon's valiant figure.

"He's following his master's rules. He's not allowed to use techniques above the common grade yet, remember? Plus, even if he could, there'd be no real point. He has so much room to grow in just his base form. The best way to grow in your base form is to use your base form." Little Yang explained.

Little Yin giggled to herself. She herself knew all of these things without asking her elder brother. After all, they were both celestial hamsters. It was just that she did her sisterly role of stroking her brother's ego.

Chapter 1208: Unfortunately

In the end, Little Yin sighed. "He's never going to be allowed to use high level techniques if he's not using weapons."

Up until now, Dyon had master 900 lower common grade weapon-related techniques and was about 80% through mastering middle common grade ones. But, he had yet to even complete 100 energy manipulation type lower common grade techniques, let alone middle common grade ones.

The only good news was that by fighting with his bare hands and legs for more than three months now, he had stepped into the high common grade fist and leg techniques. This was also true of his movement techniques.

As for blood manipulation techniques, Dyon set them off to the side for now. He wanted to first learn the secrets of body cultivation from the demon sage before he proceeded down that path.

Dyon's fight raged on, clearly he was too stubborn to admit he had no chance of winning. He even refused to use his healing energy, instead relying on his white flames solely. He had burnt through 40% of it already in just a few months so he couldn't bear to go through any more.

Plus, he felt more like a beast if he fought with the same ghastly nature they did. He immersed himself in the pain and sunk into a depraved and bestial mind state.

The only bestial characteristic Dyon refused to embody was running. Beasts were a race far more susceptible to bloodline suppression than others and as such often ran when they faced an enemy they

knew they couldn't beat. Yet, Dyon did the exact opposite. Unless he was certainly about to die, he didn't even think of retreating for one moment.

Still, he was depressed. He wanted to eat this delicious beast meat, but he couldn't even defeat one. He really was too pitiful.

"Fuck!" Dyon roared in a rage, grabbing the upper and lower jaw of the lizard and completely ignoring the sharp teeth that pierced right through his hands.

His muscles bulged as he fought against its closing jaw, unwilling to give up. However, his eyes couldn't help but contract when he saw the sharp red tongue in its mouth suddenly glow a bright red before piercing toward him.

There was no chance to dodge, the tongue pierced directly through Dyon's heart, nearly burning it to ashes. If it wasn't for the fact Dyon's runic flame was so violent, even refusing other flames to come near it, that's exactly what would have happened.

At this point, Dyon's rage reached a fever pitch. How could a saint realm creature even place a dent into his undead body?

He quickly replaced his left hand on the lizard's bottom jaw with his left foot, ignoring the tooth that shot through his sole and pushing downward with all his might. He then grabbed the tongue that pierced through his heart with his free hand as though he couldn't feel layers of skin burning away one after another.

"This damn lizard!" Dyon's eyes reddened. His foot pushed downward even as his right hand pushed upward. In the same motion, he yanked the tongue from his chest and pulled with every ounce of his strength.

However, the jaw and tissue of the lizard were too strong. Even with his legs being stronger than his arm, Dyon felt the teeth of the lizard closing in around him. At the same time, no matter how hard he twisted and pulled the lizard's tongue, it barely budged. In fact, it was a mere moment away from slipping out of Dyon's hand.

It was at the moment where Dyon was nearly bent in half that his body weight increased a ten thousandfold, reaching one hundred million jin in an instant.

BOOM!

The slowly closing bottom jaw of the lizard collapsed onto the asteroid below.

An odd roar of pain erupted from the Red-Tongued Empress as its bottom jaw ripped from its lips. The cracking of bone resounded through the dark void of space.

Taking advantage of the lizard's lapse, Dyon's right hand snapped backward, taking with it the sharp tooth that had just pierced his hand.

"Damn fucking lizard!" Dyon roared, leaping upward as slamming the sharp tooth into its eye.

The agonizing shrill calls of the Red-Tongued Empress shook Dyon's charred heart, but his fists didn't stop as he pounded away at its head.

"You forced me to do this you bastard lizard!" Dyon's incoherent ravings forced Little Yin into a fit of laughter. He really had lost his mind. "You like it when I use my head instead of fighting you like a wild beast? You think I couldn't have defeated you if I used tactics before?! But no, you wanted to pierce my fucking heart?!"

"How bold! You wanted to kill me?! I'm your damn father you bastard lizard!"

Dyon's fists pummeled the lizard's head, smashing it to a pulp of oozing purple blood. He seemingly didn't realize the irony of naming himself the lizard's father and naming it a bastard at the same time.

"Where's your fire now?! Where's your ferocity now?! Fuck!"

These past three months were too much for Dyon to handle. He had never lost so repeatedly and for so long in his life. He couldn't even defeat a saint beast? Even worse, this could only be considered a

middle saint beast, he'd have to tuck tail and run if he faced a high or peak saint beast. This kind of stifling reality pissed him off.

He only had three years, yet he felt like it wasn't enough! He had already wasted 9 months and had barely made any progress. It was too depressing.

"Do you think we should tell him that the chaotic energy here messed with the laws of time?" Little Yin giggled.

"Nah," Little Yang snorted, "It's better if he feels the pressure of having too little time. He'll improve faster. We'll just continue guiding him along a path of where time is slowed and avoid the sped-up time paths."

Little Yin nodded, agreeing with her elder brother. "Judging by his mental state, he'll probably forget how to keep track of the months anyway. We have to make sure to stay away from any patches of extreme acceleration or deceleration, though. It's dangerous if time becomes too skewed."

With the chaotic state of this universe, everything was thrown off its axis, even time itself. If Dyon hadn't had the celestial twins and their mastery of time will, the results could have been disastrous.

Although there were some pieces of Chaos Universe that slowed time, allowing even three days to pass before a single day passed in the real world. There were other places where it was the exact opposite. Without someone highly sensitive to time will, noticing this was impossible.

Luckily for Dyon, the twins could lead him along a path where time was slowed. As long as they spent the least amount of time in the patches of accelerated time, it was possible to extend this three-year limit to functionally equal ten, twenty or even thirty years.

The twins were making this decision for the sake of Dyon, but the truth was that had they told him about it immediately, he would have linked this phenomenon to Zabia's disappearance.

According King Mino and Zabia himself, the remaining half of the Jafari Clan treasure was found at the entrance of Chaos Universe. Yet, it had already been more than half a decade since they set out... This wasn't the only problem either. When Dyon stepped into Chaos universe, was the "entrance" a floating

piece of what remained of a planet. It was moving so quickly across space and had no fixed location. Therefore, that location was no longer meaningful...

If Dyon was more sensitive to time will, he'd likely give up training for the sake of finding Zabia and his father-in-law's disciples... For all he and they knew, they were stuck in an accelerated time patch so fierce that a few days were worth hundreds of years in reality.

Unfortunately, Dyon didn't know and wouldn't know for several more years.

...

By the time the lizard finally died under Dyon's onslaught of punches, three days had passed. It was obvious that such a lowly creature wouldn't understand death will, yet its vitality practically gave it a feeling comparable to Dyon's undead body. Even after pummeling more than half of its skull shards into its brain, it still had the energy to roar and lash out.

Chapter 1209: Elder

Although his method of victory was quite shameless, Dyon was still proud about winning his first battle. It might sound exaggerated for someone like him who could fight toe to toe with second grade middle celestials to struggle with a middle saint, but this just exposed the gap Dyon still needed to close.

Dyon had a celestial body, but his energy cultivation had only just reached the peak of the second saint realm. In addition, because he was fighting constantly, his cultivation had slowed to a crawl despite his talent.

Still, if one heard Dyon complaining about 'cultivating too slowly' when he covered two saint realms in less than a year, they might die of anger.

That said... The truth of the matter was that this progress in Dyon's energy cultivation had been done during the six months it took him to enter Chaos Universe. In terms of the last three months, he had been stuck at the bottle neck of the third realm.

This wasn't just because he was fighting, but also because of the nature of energy in Chaos Universe. Although unlike other universes, energy was abundant everywhere, even in the vacuum of space, the energy was also chaotic. It was even worse than the Primordial Era Amphorae grew up in.

For context, it took Amphorae 60 years to enter the celestial realm despite being a heaven defying talent. The world Dyon was in now was even more difficult to cultivate in, not only because the energy was difficult to manipulate, but also because it was far less dense than the environment Amphorae grew up in as well.

Dyon sighed to himself when he thought of Amphorae. 'Just when will I find you?...'

Looking at his bloodied appearance and the lizard beneath his feet, Dyon mouth began to water. According to Little Yin and Yang, infernal beast meat was the most nutritious, but it was also the most dangerous to eat, even compared to poisonous beast meat.

As Dyon cleaned the corpse and prepared to eat, he couldn't help but fantasize. 'I wonder what Dragon meat tastes like?'

If those of the Drago-Qilin lands knew that the wielder of the Dragon King was having thoughts of using them for food, they'd immediately start hunting down Dyon without thought of rest.

The moment the first juicy morsel entered Dyon's mouth, he couldn't help but moan with pleasure. It had taken him hours of blasting his fire will at full throttle to reach this tender, medium rare consistency, yet it was all worth it.

BOOM!

In that instant, it was as though a bomb had gone off in Dyon's body. His stomach bulged to ten times its original size, even his ribs cracked from the sudden pressure. Considering the state his body was already in before, there was no need to mention the kind of pain Dyon was enduring.

Suddenly, his rage flared. "You curse me even in death?! Fuck!"

Little Yin and Yang tumbled around the demon sage tower, losing themselves in laughter.

Why was it that infernal beasts were so powerful? It was because they were able to absorb energy of any kind and store it within their muscles and skin. This made their durability almost obnoxious and their power otherworldly.

Dyon, who was so used to eating towers of food had never before eaten something so energy dense.

From birth, Dyon had always had a large appetite due to the residual effects of his stolen constitution. But now? He had met his match.

Dyon stubbornly took another bite. He finally understood what he had to do. He too should store this chaotic energy within his muscles. This was the only way to get the explosive and chaotic strength these damn beasts had. Only then would he be able to make use of his true weight.

Almost unconsciously, Dyon's runic flames surged into his blood stream, flickering with a fierce blue and flakes of rose bronze as it burned its way through his veins.

In that moment, the pressure Dyon was feeling lessened and his eyes brightened. His stomach growled for more while his runic flames flipped happily. It had finally found the kind of food it wanted.

It was only now that Dyon realized the reason why he, a man who used to love food with all his being, ate so infrequently now. It wasn't that he didn't want to eat anymore, it was that the right food wasn't available to him.

**

As Dyon was eating his fill, another group of individuals had entered Chaos Universe.

Their statures were large and domineering. If King Mino had been there, he would have immediately recognized them as members of the Beast Clans. These were none other than the rulers of the 20 some odd quadrants not controlled by the Ragnor, Pakal or Uidah.

"You can only stay here for fifty years at most, or you'll become like those beasts who've lost their intelligence for a bit of power." An Elder wearing beast skins of various scales and furs spoke while towering at over five meters tall.

"Always pay attention to your star maps, stay away from the red circled areas as they have devastating time warping effects. Train well and come back strong."

"Yes, Twelfth Elder!" Almost fifty youths responded at once.

"Good." The 12th Elder of the Beast Clans nodded in satisfaction. "This trial paves the way for the rest of your lives. You've only just gained your true forms, but don't forget what it means to be a beast..."

The 12th Elder began an impassioned speech that many of the youths turned a deaf ear to. This 12th Elder of theirs really spoke too much.

Just like Dyon's Granny Celest noted, the only reason why celestial beasts hadn't lost their ability to turn into humans from birth was due to their celestial bloodline. However, for every other beast below the supreme grade, one must reach the celestial realm first before gaining a humanoid form.

These 50 geniuses here had recently crossed this threshold. Some just a few months ago, while others had done so decades ago. This symbolic threshold of the beasts was the marker for this trial.

While Dyon's home universe was seemingly only adjacent to one universe, it was actually connected to two. Of course, these two were Chaos Universe and an edge territory of the Uidah. However, on the other side of Chaos Universe was actually an edge territory of the Beast Clans.

This alliance of beasts was known as the Five Crowns Alliance while these geniuses were among the Clans of said alliance.

"... We all have ambitions that we strive for and dreams that we wish to grasp. Never forget your roots, but always seek to improve, to break from your old molds and cocoon into the mature warriors I know you have the potential to be..."

The various beast geniuses rolled their eyes. What kind of beast who remembered their roots was so infatuated by such empty poetry? Wasn't this old man trying to masquerade as a human scholar? A bad scholar at that...

Unfortunately, none of them could say this aloud. The status of 12th Elder was no joke. He was effectively the 12th strongest of the second oldest generation, who would dare call him out on his habits?

Of course, there was also the oldest generation that had long retired from their roles as elders as well, but even taking them into account, this 12th elder was ranked in the top 30 of their whole alliance.

For context, there were only about 50 to 70 of them here. They constituted a generation. If they were to pick out the 12th ranked among them and scale upward by several hundred thousand years... Well, all of them got the picture. After stealing glances at the fifteen youths that stood ahead of them all, their respect for 12th Elder deepened.

They were all geniuses in their own right, but none held a candle to the young masters and mistresses of the Five Crown Clans that formed the center of their alliance.

"... Ah, I've spoken too much." 12th Elder sighed. "Make sure to understand your limits. These Embryonic Infernal Beasts are no joke. Although they are technically ranked as Heaven Grade beasts based on the potential of their bloodlines, this analysis is on a completely different scale than what you're used to. However... their body parts are highly valuable and their meat is highly beneficial to your cultivation.

"That said, only a few of you are capable of directly eating this meat." A rare serious tone escaped the 12th Elder, taking a glance at the 15 who stood proudly at the forefront. "However, the rest of you should store this meat and have it diluted into pills you can take over time. Don't die premature deaths simply because you overestimated yourselves.

Chapter 1210: Too Sharp

"There are less than five of you capable of defeating even the lowest level infernal beast alone, so form teams. If I learn of anyone inadequate travelling alone by choice, even if they come back alive, I'll slaughter them personally!"

12th Elder sighed. "Alright, that's enough. Off you go."

After hours of rambling, 12th Elder finally concluded his rant and sent them off. The youths were so eager that they barely waited for him to finish before surging forward.

"OH AND!" 12th Elder shouted as he watched their receding backs, but that only made them run faster. "REMEMBER THAT THE GATE ENTRANCE IS FLUID. CALCULATE THE NEW LOCATION USING YOUR STAR MAPS!"

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While 12th Elder was rambling, Dyon was devouring his hard-earned meat. It was almost comical watching his body inflate and deflate like a balloon with every bite. Still, Dyon continued, his runic flame working hard.

While Dyon ate, his flame acted like a metabolizer, burning away the energy into an easier to consume form. Dyon found the state quite interesting.

Although he could feel himself getting stronger, his body cultivation was somehow still stuck at the 1st celestial stage. It was an odd feeling.

Was what he was doing now not body cultivation? Weren't his muscles growing firmer and stronger? So why was his strength increasing while his cultivation remained stagnant?

"I really don't understand much about body cultivation, huh?" Dyon mumbled to himself.

What was happening now basically made his assessment of his body's grade useless. Wasn't he certain that he was a first-grade body cultivator after awakening his constitution? So why did it seem that he was steadily increasing his grade still? What the hell was above the first grade?

The more Dyon ate, the lighter the burden of his body weight became. He had been at half a million jin, but now he felt like he could increase this by a few thousand.

'Hm?' Dyon paused as he suddenly ran into something hard and round within the infernal beast's meat.
'What's this?'

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In the expanse of this chaotic space, a team of three beast youths charged forward with vigilance in their eyes. Among them was one male and two females.

Long silver-white hair flew behind them, making them look almost ethereal. However, there was also a bloody red aura that hung around their bodies... This set of three seemed to have been raised with death and murder.

The two women were astounding beauties. Their ears were sharp, their noses slanted and delicate, while their large yellow eyes glowed with a bestial light.

The man was far larger than his companions, almost a meter taller in fact. His yellow eyes were so deep that they could almost be taken for gems. However, his blanket of killing intent was so dense that they seemed to have reddened in hue.

"Lord Husband." One of the beauties spoke. "Will we be aiming for the Center Galaxy as well?"

"Mm." The young man's response almost sounded like a low growl.

"Then..." The beauty's words trailed off. Their husband had responded in this way, but they were headed in the wrong direction entirely.

"We have time." The young man spoke in a rumbling voice. "No one has managed to snatch that expert's Legacy for several ten thousand years already, we've only been able to gain some benefits on the outskirts. Can it be that our generation is so much more talented than that of our ancestors?"

The beauties shook their head. In fact, their current generation couldn't hold a candle to the oldest generation of their beast alliance. If they failed, why would they succeed? It would be too blindly arrogant to say such a thing.

Their husband was right, they had 50 years. If they followed the areas marked by their ancestors, it should be equivalent to about five to ten years in the outside world. They had plenty of time, there was no need to rush toward a place filled with conflict when there were benefits to attain elsewhere.

However, they knew their husband well. There was an excited and intelligent glint in his eye. Why was he acting like this?

"I don't know why, but my heart is pumping." The young man spoke. "It only pumps like this for those four, yet I'm certain that this feeling isn't coming from them. Something is telling me that if I can find the source of this feeling, I'll have a break-through in my battle intent."

Hearing their husband's words, the eyes of the beauties lit up.

Battle Intent. Undefeatable Spirit. Dao Heart. These were all extensions of the same concept, yet different at the same time.

Battle Intent wasn't a tangible will. It fell into a category known as Spiritual Wills.

What decided a battle when two opponents were equal in every fashion? What was that mysterious state one entered when even dripping water along a blade of grass was clear? What separated geniuses from normal martial warriors?

Dyon had never fought a True Genius before, so he had no idea about this world... Although he had had brief exchanges with Kings and Emperors, how could these be considered True Geniuses?

The minimum requirement for being considered as such was the God Title!

As one cultivates, the state of the mind is just as important to cultivate as anything else. In fact, it's often more important than anything else.

Why is it that it was possible to transcend as a mortal who had never before cultivated? If one elevates their state of mind to a transcendent level, everything follows suit... Including your plane of existence.

Dyon had learned about these individuals before. When first met the twin sisters, he had asked the Dragon King what could be wrong with them. At the time, the Dragon King mentioned Ancient Constitutions, but he also led the conversation down a path to speak of these Spirituality Masters.

These were people who never had to learn a cultivation technique in their entire lives, yet could take their mastery of the arts to bring them to the immortal plane.

The cultivation of one's Dao Heart, Undefeatable Spirit and Battle Intent all fell into this very same Spirituality Cultivation. Even Presence was an extension of this Realm.

Battle Intent... It was the will to face the world and to carry all of its troubles on your shoulders. Dyon was arrogant beyond belief, but he hadn't understood this realm yet! He hadn't even sniffed its entrance!

The final evolution of Battle Intent was the Undefeatable Spirit. This Spiritual Realm is built on the pedestals of countless defeated geniuses!

This Battle Intent could only be formed in one way: to fight! Not only to fight, but to use the hearts and hopes of geniuses as nothing more than fuel for your glory!

It was because of Battle Intent that the heirs to the Five Crown Clans had never fought. The time wasn't yet ripe... Each was sharpening their blades in preparation for the day their undisputed leader was chosen!

Dyon was oblivious to this as he rotated an object that looked like a palm-sized marble in his hand. Compared to the size of the lizard, it really was too small. It was no wonder he almost broke his teeth on it.

Yet, even while distracted, his senses were too sharp to not notice three killing intent rich auras enter his range.