

The Nameless 1211

Chapter 1211: Silver Fang

'Those three aren't infernal beasts,' Dyon thought to himself, still rotating the odd marble in his palm.

In truth, he was in no state to fight. His injuries were terrible, there was still a hole in his chest right through his heart, his arm was broken and his hands and feet had ghastly stab wounds in them that perfectly aligned with the lizard's teeth.

Although the infernal beast meat was slowly healing his injuries with their excess energy, he had only had a few bites till now. Considering this energy was tailor made to heal, its efficiency was far less than that of the bull-bird's energy.

Dyon's demeanor changed as an eerie calm overwhelmed him. He continued to eat, however, this time, he didn't expand and contract. His control over his runic flame seemed to have increase.

In the distance, several ten thousand miles away, too far for even a celestial to see, the young man's pace slowed before coming to a complete stop. His body stilled so wholly that one couldn't even hear the sound of his pumping heart if your ear was to his chest.

"Lord Husband?" The beauties couldn't help but call out after several minutes.

"It knows we're here." The young man spoke, his calm voice rumbling with a slight killing intent.

Who was Dyon? Would he be worried about such opponents?

Dyon had been struggling against even lower saint beasts over the past three months, but just how much had he handicapped himself?

Firstly, during his battles, he sealed his soul, not making use of his sensory abilities or array alchemy capability. Secondly, he didn't use any wills, whether it be his wind will or his fire wills. Thirdly, he shut his brain off. He didn't use tactics or intelligence to fight. It wasn't until his frustration blew over that he finally used sly tactics against the lizard, something he wasn't entirely proud of.

However, if Dyon used all of the means available to him, was there really a saint creature here that he would fear? After all, these weren't true beasts of the Chaotic Era, they were just cheap knock-offs. Plus, these creatures were too stupid to match his intelligence, it was exactly for this reason that he sealed his thoughts away. If he hadn't, there would be no benefit to this training.

That said... The enemies coming toward him now weren't infernal beasts. Yes, they were beasts, but they had intelligence. On top of this, they were interrupting his meal. He didn't mind going all out to deal with them in the quickest possible fashion so that he could continue with his training.

The young man didn't refer to Dyon as a person. The best descriptor he had was "It". To him, even from this distance, Dyon was unfathomable.

"This depth... Other than Balor, I've never sensed such a character before..."

The eyes of his wives contracted, "Balor?"

Among their five alliance clans, there were upper and lower clans. For the past several thousand years, the Golden Crown Raven Clan had always been at the top. This was because unlike the other four clans who had lower heaven bloodlines, the Golden Crown Raven Clan had a middle heaven bloodline. On top of this, it wasn't a normal middle heaven grade clan either, but a King of their grade!

Dyon had met these "Kings" before in his third trial. While beasts were divided into grades, there was a special tier within every grade subdivision denoted by a "King" title. Those of this King grade had the potential to grow, transcending their grade's shackles and soaring to a new height. In addition, they could suppress those below them with their mere gaze.

Although these three also came from a King bloodline, they were denoted as lower heaven grades... They simply couldn't compare to the Golden Crown Raven Clan.

This "Balor" was the heir of the Golden Crown Raven Clan and already believed to be the number one of this generation even without having fought the other four of them. Yet, their husband had actually compared this "It" to him!

"Lord Husband..." The beauties spoke worriedly. If their husband fought someone of Balor's caliber now and lost, all of the momentum he had built would be devastated. He wouldn't be able to stand up to the other four geniuses anymore!

The young man's battle intent soared. "If I lost to him, I was destined to lose anyway. What point is there in delaying?!"

Turning to his wives, his expression turned grave. "Stay here." In an instant, he disappeared.

Dyon sighed when he noticed that one of the auras continued toward him. 'Can't I just train in peace? Something tells me trying to talk it out with this guy isn't going to work. How about I leave you half alive for the sake of those beauties who followed you here?'

The young man had no idea that Dyon could quite literally see them from such a distance. His bestial instincts told him that Dyon was aware of his presence, but he had no idea that it was to this extent. Such a long range of divine sense was impossible to predict!

BOOM! BOOM!

Currents of energy blasted through the black-red fog of the Chaos Universe as the howl of a battle ready wolf crossed thousands of miles.

"My title is Silver Fang! Heir to the Silver Needle Wolf Clan!" The young man roared, careening toward Dyon with bloody intent. "I have fought and bloodied 37 geniuses. Today, you'll be the 38th!"

Silver Fang streaked across the skies, tearing through the black-red fog. His blood pumped, his muscles bulged, and his eyes reddened.

An aura of silver blazed like a fire around him as his hair fanned outward. It was almost as if each strand gained a mind of its own, responding to Silver Fang's battle intent by standing at ready, prepared to lash out at any moment.

As the distance closed from several ten thousand miles, to just a few thousand, and then a few hundred, Dyon sighed.

'I don't know who these people are... But seems like a good opportunity.'

Silver Fang's strength was no joke. Not only was he a heaven grade beast, he was a King. In terms of his cultivation, he had already reached the middle celestial realm... In a head to head fight, he was stronger than Dyon by a good margin.

Heaven grade beasts had power a step above a second-grade warrior's power, but that was if they followed the beast path strictly. The problem was that while only transcendent and supreme grade beasts had access to the human path, this path was also extended to Kings of the Heaven and Earth Grade!

The five geniuses of the alliance clan, each one of them stepped onto the human path! As a result, Silver Fang was not only fueled by the second-grade strength of his beast bloodline, giving him the equivalent of a second grade body path cultivator, he only had the energy path strength of a first grade human genius!

A hundred miles... Ten miles... One mile...

In an instant, Silver Fang was upon Dyon. However, his eyes couldn't help but contract. Seeing Dyon's ghastly appearance and the lizard at his feet, it was obvious to him that Dyon had just undergone a devastating battle.

'He's in this condition yet I'm still so fearful?!' Silver Fang's chest convulsed with unending contradiction and discomfort. Should he fight? Should he run away?

'FORWARD!' He roared in his mind. He knew that if he took a single step back, his path to an undefeatable spirit would be over. Never again would he have the chance of looking over the world with disdain.

He absolutely refused. The Golden Crowned Crow Clan had ruled for too long! It was his Clan's time to rise!

"Hold on a moment."

Silver Fang's body froze in the air. A cold sweat permeated his very being as his raised fist hung without conviction a mere meter from Dyon's sitting body.

A pressure he couldn't put into words weighed down on him. He felt inadequate, as though he didn't have the right to meet Dyon's eyes, as though he didn't even have the right to share the same space as him.

"Do you know what this is?" Dyon held up a beautiful palm sized marble. Its innards sparkled with various shades of red fog that moved as though it was a beating heart.

Chapter 1212: Younger

Beads of perspiration fell from Silver Fang's body. In that moment, he could feel his silver robes slowly stick to his tall and lean frame. Suddenly, he felt naked and cold.... The whole world had melted away to leave behind Dyon and Dyon alone.

Silver Fang's heartbeat like a war drum, threatening to shatter his ribs with just the smallest bit of added pressure.

"Kill me." He finally said.

Dyon shook his head. "You beasts are truly pitiful. You're so blessed by the heavens that you cower when it's time to go against it."

Silver Fang's life glowed with a fierce light. "Kill me."

"Weren't you determined just now? I wonder, why is it that you've given up?"

The humiliation formed a lump in Silver Fang's throat. He didn't understand what was happening to him. He felt like he couldn't even control his own body.

Dyon had known this would happen. His bestial aura was too much for a heaven grade beast, even if he was a king, to withstand. He didn't even have to use his Presence.

Looking into Silver Fang's yellow eyes, Dyon pondered. He could sense two streaks of silver light bounding toward them at their fastest speed, but clearly, they were much slower than Silver Fang himself.

"Your wives are on their way." Dyon said slowly.

Panic struck Silver Fang for the first time. "They have nothing to do with this. Let them go."

Dyon's head tilted to the side as he ate another mouthful of beast meat. Seeing Dyon ingest so much without side effect, Silver Fang couldn't help but think he was very stupid. Was this really the person he thought he could beat? Even he would have to meditate for hours on a single small bite, yet Dyon was practically stuffing his face.

'What kind of flame could even cook this meat?!' The more Silver Fang analyzed, the more panicked he grew. He felt remorse, not because he couldn't fight back, but because he had brought his wives into this mess with him.

"You disgust me." Dyon suddenly said.

Rage lit Silver Fang's eyes. He disgusted him?! He was sitting here, practically threatening the lives of his wives, two women who had nothing to do with this, but he was the disgusting one?!

"You know the lives of your wives are in danger, yet you still don't dare to move. Are you even a man?"

The moment he heard these words, Silver Fang's heart stopped beating.

Was Dyon holding his arms down? Did he feed him a paralyzing poison? No. And no. So, what was holding him back? Was he really unwilling to move for fear of Dyon's retaliation, even with the lives of his loved ones on the line?

Silver Fang's chest fiercely thumped, a silver light once more erupting from him as he roared into the skies.

A sly smile graced Dyon's lips. "There you go. Now you look like a real King."

Silver Fang fell over, landing awkwardly on the small asteroid Dyon sat cross legged upon just as his wives came into view.

"You..." Silver Fang sent an incredulous gaze toward Dyon. "Who are you..."

"You're asking questions when you haven't even answered mine?" Dyon raised an eyebrow, looking at Silver Fang as though he was looking at a fool.

Silver Fang coughed awkwardly. This man had just helped him have a breakthrough, yet his words were so crude. When had he ever been in such a situation before?

"One of every few thousand or so Embryonic Infernal Beasts will have that sort of infernal core. It becomes their basis for evolution into a true Infernal Beast."

"And what of the other few thousand?"

"Their luck isn't as good. They have no chance to become true Infernal Beasts in the future and will continue to meander around this quadrant until their life force runs out."

Dyon looked at the marble in his hand. "So it's a gamble? Interesting... This should probably be quite valuable then, no?"

In the distance, Silver Fang's wives hesitated before deciding to stay in the distance. Of all the things they expected to happen, a cordial conversation didn't even cross their minds.

"To the right people, it's worth about ten times that of a single Dao Stone." Silver Fang said casually.

Dyon's pupils constricted into pins. "What did you just say?"

Silver Fang looked at Dyon in confusion. This man was a supreme expert, wasn't he? What kind of supreme expert reacts like this in the face of money?

"It's worth about ten Dao Stones." Silver Fang repeated.

Dyon looked down at the infernal stone in his hand. A dao stone? That was a million celestial stones! A billion saint stones! A trillion profound stones! Yet this was worth ten times that?!

This reality only made Dyon shed tears. He had never really cared for money. In his youth, he had more mortal realm money than he could spend in ten lifetimes. When he entered the martial world, he finally fell into poverty, but his array alchemy skills redeemed that quicker than he could feel its effects. It wasn't until recently that he truly began to long for money.

Running an Empire required a ridiculous amount, something Dyon simply didn't have. This one infernal core was worth an entire month's profit to Dyon previously. Although his businesses should have expanded in his now almost year long absence, this core would still likely be worth about 10% of what they could make in a month.

Silver Fang sighed in his heart. 'Is this what they mean by all powerful hermits are eccentrics? To think that such a much who could so easily help me breakthrough had the vice of greed.'

Dyon began to have plans of mass collecting these infernal cores, but he could only sigh as he himself poured cold water over his dreams.

Firstly, these could only be found in one of every few thousand embryonic beasts. Secondly, even if they could be found in every one, Dyon took three months to defeat even one, not to mention the fact he was quite lucky to win.

"Would stronger beasts have infernal cores that are worth more?" Dyon asked.

Silver Fang nodded. "A lower saint embryonic beast would have one worth about 1 dao stone. This beast is of the middle saint realm, so its is worth 10x that. A high saint would be worth 100x, and a peak saint would be worth 1000x. Celestial embryonic beasts are counted by the same progression except with transcendent stones. Dao embryonic beasts also follow the same pattern but with enigmatic stones."

Dyon nearly fainted at these words. A transcendent stone was worth a million dao stones. An enigmatic stone was worth a million transcendent stones! Although he wanted to kill that bastard who decided to place a transcendent stone below and enigmatic one, this was simply the way of the martial world.

Soon, Dyon became lost in his own world, dreaming of a day pigs could fly and a dao embryonic beast would fall onto his lap.

Silver Fang, though, only grew more confused. Their five clan alliance had so many energy stone mines that he had never worried for money much like Dyon's younger self, how could he understand the weight on Dyon's shoulders? Although he too had never seen a transcendent or enigmatic stone, it wasn't something he cared about.

"This infernal core is more valuable for cultivation, though." Silver Fang said almost pleadingly, unwilling to see such a valuable treasure exchanged for just money. "Even shaving off a small pile and refining it into body cultivation pills would help your cultivation forward by leaps and bounds!"

Dyon turned a glare toward Silver Fang. "What the hell do you know?!"

Silver Fang's eyes widened as he took a step back. Why did his demeanor change so suddenly? He looks no different from a gambling addict. If Silver Fang knew Dyon's previously, he would be even more off-put. This wasn't Dyon's personality at all.

"Get out of here, I have to train. You're following the human path so you can't help me!" Dyon shooed Silver Fang away.

Stunned, Silver Fang froze. Was this eccentric a human... Following the beast path? He had never heard it done in reverse... A light of admiration lit in Silver Fang's eyes. With a single step, he bowed.

"Thank you for your help, elder. I'll repay this kindness!" Afterward, he turned away and disappeared along with his wives.

Dyon nearly coughed up blood hearing these words. 'I'm several thousand years younger than you...!'

Chapter 1213: Third Titan

Dyon watched Silver Fang disappear into the distance before sighing a small breath of relief. He exploited the innate weaknesses of beasts to fear the strong before making Silver Fang feel grateful to him, but this wasn't a tactic that would work with everyone.

When Dyon faced his third trial and defeated his opponents up to the elder with Emperor level Presence, he couldn't move, but that was because he didn't have access to Battle Intent. Although he hadn't known about Battle Intent until now, it was the twins who informed him of Silver Fang's abilities... Simply put, Silver Fang's Battle Intent was a counter to his Presence!

The issue was that Battle Intent took very long to form. One wouldn't gain the spirituality necessary until the celestial realm, which is why it wasn't used by others in their third trial.

'There are too many variables in the martial world.' Dyon thought seriously. 'Who would have thought there was another way to counter Presence aside from a heavenly treasure and Faith?'

Because of his training, Dyon thought of fighting Silver Fang anyway even though he couldn't win. However, he realized that fighting Silver Fang wouldn't help him hone the skills he wanted to.

The path that Dyon had helped Silver Fang experience a breakthrough in was related to the human path. However, the titan diamond constitution required something far more bestial.

Silver Fang's problem was that he was far too reliant on his beast path and the talents bestowed to him by heaven. Although he wanted to follow both paths, he ended up fearing Dyon simply because his bloodline was suppressed, thinking that Dyon was blessed more than he was. Despite being far stronger than Dyon, he didn't dare to fight. It was for exactly this reason that he would always be inferior to Balor.

To follow the human path meant to transcend the heavens! All their history, humans had to break past their limits and forge ahead even when they were far weaker than beasts most of the time. How could Silver Fang progress in this path if he feared Dyon simply for his bloodline? He had to dare to fight against what he deemed inevitable!

However, it was for exactly this reason that Silver Fang was useless to Dyon. Dyon wanted to learn more about what it meant to be a beast, to sink into a depraved and mindless state where power and potential ruled over all. He wanted to become a Titan Emperor!

Looking at the remaining more than 95% of lizard meat, Dyon sent it into the tower along with the infernal core. For now, he couldn't stand any more energy.

After a deep breath, his eyes reddened, his thoughts became simple and monotonous, and soon, a steady stream of growls escaped his lips.

His torso was still bloodied with crimson liquid, his injuries were barely half healed, and yet his will to fight bloomed.

"Will this really be alright?" Little Yin couldn't help but wonder as they watched Dyon sink even further. "He's even stopped The Seal from protecting his mind just now."

Little Yang remained silent for a long time before answering. "You know as well as I know the kind of strings of karma and time tied to him. The moment our blood essence fused with his, we knew there wasn't possibly a better partner to choose. This isn't the place a man like him loses his mind."

"There has to be a better way..." Little Yin frowned.

Unable to answer, Little Yang remained silent...

When did Dyon have his biggest breakthroughs in demonic will? Was it not when he lost his mind in anger? The day he reached the intent stage was the same moment he ripped the 11th ranked genius of the World Tournament limb from limb. This was the nature of demonic will...

Knowing this... What would need to be sacrificed for one to progress in titan will? What sort of depraved state would you need to enter? How much anger needed to fuel you? What level of bestial aura was needed?

Dyon's days become overwhelmed by battles. Other than eating, he did nothing else.

After a year, Dyon stopped wasting his time heating his meat before he ate. His demeanor became cruder as bloody beast meat hung from his lips.

During this year, Dyon fought exactly 549 battles. Yet, he only won 4, including his lucky battle against the lizard. Still, all three additional victories were against lower saints.

When his loss was inevitable, he would tuck his tail and run, he'd lick his wounds and use the lizard meat to recover, and as time passed, his wounds grew more gruesome.

His left forearm was nothing but a string of barely connecting ligaments. A gash ran down his once handsome face, exposing his cracked cheek bone even to the point where his tongue was visible despite his mouth being closed. Numerous holes riddled his chest, each piercing a different portion of his heart... Dyon looked like nothing more than a walking zombie.

Still, he didn't seem to care. A month ago, he had finally broken into the second titan will realm. Once he stepped into the fourth will level, he would meet the requirements to enter the second stage of Titan Emperor's Will.

Despite not being lucky enough to find another infernal core, Dyon forged ahead.

By the end of the third year, Dyon sunk further into depravity. Beast intestines and organs were no longer off limits.

In his sixteenth victory against a lower saint leather skinned rhino, his hands shot forward, piercing into its tough black skin and gripping its rib cage.

With a roar that pierced the heavens, his hands ripped apart from one another, tearing the beast's chest into a mess of minced flesh and crushed bone. Its still beating heart thrummed with life, exposed to the air even as a shrill cry resounded through the air.

Without a sane thought left in his mind, Dyon's mouth opened and his teeth flashed, biting into the massive heart...

Crimson blood bathed Dyon, raining down from above and baptizing him with a depraved aura...

In that moment, his own blood surged through his veins... He had finally broken into the third titan will realm.

Chapter 1214: Ratio

"Silver Fang!" A brown-eyed youth roared at Silver Fang, fuming with anger. "Do you believe that I don't dare to kill your wives? What would your clan do to me? Release a strongly worded statement condemning my actions?"

Even in his anger, the young man roaring toward Silver Fang was sharp with his words, all but calling the Silver Needle Wolf Clan cowards to the face of their air.

Before, the five youths had an unspoken agreement that they wouldn't fight amongst one another. They would slowly cherry pick their opponents to foster their Battle Intent. Once their time was ripe, they would then fight, coalescing around one youth for their generation.

But, this Silver Fang actually attacked him!

In his anger, he threatened his wives. Even if Silver Fang somehow beat him, would Silver Fang dare to kill him? Of course not. And, in the case that he was still alive after this battle, who would he vent his anger on? Since he couldn't kill Silver Fang due to the potential rage of his Clan, he could dare to kill his women. What kind of Clan would start a war over a pair of women?

Maybe in the past, Silver Fang would have taken a step back hearing these words. However, he was a changed man.

Waiting for when the time was ripe? That was nothing but a cowardly excuse! They were scared to lose their Intent to Balor, and thus applied pressure on the Golden Crown Raven Clan to force their genius to not fight them until this "ripe" time.

Threatening his wives? Silver Fang dared him!

An aura as unmoveable as a mountain crashed down upon his opponent, Silver Fang's Battle Intent Soaring.

"I dare you!" Silver Fang roared. "Lay a single hand on my women and I'll wipe your entire Earth Skinned Salamander Clan from existence!"

The young man's eyes shifted from brown, to a red hue. Rage threatened to burst through his chest. Had this Silver Fang lost his damn mind?!

"You attempt to follow the Human Path but you understand nothing about it!" Silver Fang's body shifted, growing larger as his silver-white hair floated through the air. "Today I'll show you what it means, Ignis!"

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Dyon was completely oblivious to the impact he'd had on Silver Fang. It could be said that among the five alliance clans, only he truly followed the Human Path now.

Although Balor was said to be the most powerful among them, that didn't mean he understood the path he was following.

Simply put, it was the nature of beasts to assume that Balor was the most powerful among them. After all, he was the only mid heaven grade King while they were low heaven grade Kings. By all rights, his path to the top was easier, but it didn't mean he understood the path.

Only Silver Fang was attempting to break through the norm, only he was seeking to break the limits that held him to the standard of a low heaven grade beast, only he was taking advantage of what it truly meant to be a King Beast!

In their Five Clan Alliance, they all treated Balor as though he was some kind of god, but didn't high heaven grade beasts not exist? What of peak heaven grade beasts? What of the legendary transcendent threshold? And the supreme? Did they not exist?!

Because of the blessings the heavens gave beasts, they subconsciously submitted to its will, rarely breaking the mold to reach new heights. It was only the ancestors of transcendent and supreme grade beasts that understood this truth.

As a result of this truth, the descendants of such high-grade beasts were doomed to suffer diminishing bloodlines and their pool of talents was far more volatile, resulting in some of their descendants being worse than even some Earth Grade or even Common Grade Beasts.

Would these ancestors regret their decision to go against the heavens? Of course not!

They handed their descendants an opportunity to grow, to fight, to reach above the path set out for them and forge their own!

This was what Silver Fang had finally come to understand...

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In an emptied branch of space, Dyon slowly ate the heart of the Leather Skinned Rhino. Endless vitality flowed within him, pumping through his veins at an astonishing rate.

If a Runic Vein Master saw Dyon squandering such good resources in this way, they'd faint from anger. Unlike Magic Masters and Array Alchemists, Runic Vein Masters could make use of beast parts in their practice. Something like the massive heart sitting before Dyon was invaluable!

Around him, the beast babies sat. Although Linlin and Biibii were herbivores, Shere and Sen salivated before the meat. Unfortunately, they were still too weak to eat what Dyon was, so they could only nibble away as spiritual fruits and beast pills.

In the past three years, they had oddly barely grown. But, Dyon didn't take much notice.

The truth was that although the time was chaotic here, Heaven's Laws didn't recognize them as reality. Due to this loophole, no matter how much time one spent here, they aged at the same pace the true timeline continued along. This meant that the beast babies were still barely over a year old.

That said, although they didn't grow in size, they grew in spirituality and mind state. They had learned to not shiver in fear due to infernal beasts, in fact, they had grown to despise them.

Slowly, but surely, they were becoming warriors as well.

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Dyon continued along his journey, leaving destruction in his wake.

The beast babies began to follow behind Dyon. It seemed that one of their bloodline abilities allowed them to fly without even having reached the essence gathering realm. If Dyon was in the mind state to think about, he'd realize just how heaven defying the celestial bloodline truly was.

That said, these beast babies were born with a silver spoon in their mouths. They ate nothing but reinforced beast nurturing pills, spiritual fruits were a frequent staple of their diet, and they often rested

in rooms amplified with energy stones. Dyon even fed them a drop of what Jade Queen Bee Honey he retained everyday!

Dyon hadn't even begun to advance their prowess using Primordial Energy yet, believing that they were too young, but even still, their constitutions and potential blossomed with each passing day.

Shere grew into her body. No longer looking like a palm-sized kitten, she had become about a half a meter in length. As a celestial tiger, her stripes should have been a dense black, but if one looked closely, the faintest of gold and silver hues could be seen.

Little Linlin was the most reserved of the four, often hiding in her beautiful black shell. She could no longer fit atop of Dyon's head now, having grown to about a half-meter in length and width as well.

Much like Shere's fur, her black shell grew in luster. The faintest etching of indiscernible ancient runes became to make their presence known.

As for Sen, the mischievous celestial ape, he was no longer able to hope about on Dyon's shoulders. He had grown to just over a meter in height, able to now stand to reach Dyon's waist. Although he didn't the same beautiful signs as Linlin and Shere, his muscle definition and density were becoming more and more apparent everyday. Despite his small size, his black palms were already as large as Dyon's!

Little Biibi had grown to the same size as Shere. Unlike Little Zaire who had paws from his qilin heritage, Biibi had hooves and had begun to refine quite an elegant flair about herself. She loved meticulously cleaning herself, something she had no choice but to do after being practically bathed in blood everyday.

When Dyon first met his master, he was mesmerized by her celestial deer form. The swirls of gold fur, the majestic demeanor... He felt like Little Biibi could one day become that great.

By the end of the fifth year, Dyon had lost all sense of time, however, he could finally consistently defeat lower saint beasts.

His body's weight had ballooned up to 650 000 jin. After the initial jump to half a million jin, the process slowed considerably. As for the reason, it was a combination of Dyon's injuries and his terrible win to loss ratio.

Chapter 1215: Drained

If Dyon healed all of his injuries now, it was likely that he could sustain more than a million jin, however, he didn't do so. He continued to suppress himself, tempering and wearing his body down to an extreme. By the time he was prepared to build it back up, his rise would be explosive!

However, Dyon was aware that this was too slow. The Bronze Silk Stage had a peak weight of one billion jin, yet he hadn't even reached 0.1% of that. Unfortunately, he could only take things one step at a time.

There was an added benefit to this weight, though. Dyon could almost imagine the kind of speed he'd have if he suddenly lowered himself to his original body weight...

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By the end of the sixth year, Dyon had fought 4058 battles, securing himself 174 victories. However, he had yet to defeat a middle saint embryonic beast...

Many of Dyon's losses came against high level beasts he could only keep his life in front of for a few hours at most. Unfortunately, he couldn't decide what kind of beasts he ran into and as such was forced to fight many high and peak saint embryonic beasts to no avail.

In one such battle, he met an insect-like creature that had blades of black for arms. Within just a few exchanges, its blade cut across Dyon's waist, slicing his spinal cord and almost cleanly through the other side.

Dyon's intestines rained downward like hail. If it wasn't for him finally tapping into the meaning of 'diamond' in his titan diamond body constitution and stopping the insect creature's blade, he would have died on that day.

One would have never expected Dyon to take so long to master what should have been a basic ability of his own constitution, but he only had himself to blame. His starting point was so high that comprehending his own abilities had raised in difficulty exponentially. So, it wasn't until more than a half dozen years of having his constitution that Dyon finally learned his constitution's hardening ability.

Of course, Dyon was forced to run away despite this breakthrough. He could barely hold himself from splitting in two even with his dense energy. In the end, he was forced to break his own rules and utilize the bull-bird energy to heal this injury. However, he left a faint scar behind as a reminder.

By now, Dyon had broken into the sixth saint stage. His pace of advance was much slower in this Chaotic Universe, but his foundation was much firmer in response.

Although there were 108 meridians, the myriad of connections between them were numerous. Impurities in these passages is often what stalled cultivation. However, Dyon was not only able to strengthen the main connections between his meridians, he was also able to slowly widen and strengthen passages others often neglected, improving his energy flow by several hundred-fold.

Along with his titan diamond body, Dyon made improvements with his other constitutions as well. In fact, he found quite a surprising ability with his Eternity's Balance constitution, an ability he dubbed as Eternity's Pupils.

When Dyon entered a deep enough state of contemplation, an illusory balance designed with numerous priceless gems would appear at his back. During a battle, the laws of everything would suddenly become clear to him.

Suddenly, his Eternity's Balance constitution had become far more useful than even his Asura's eye in battle.

On the surface, Eternity's Balance was simply about maintaining fairness, however, on a far deeper and philosophical level, its true being was related to the laws of cause and effect.

For every action, there was an equal and opposite reaction. On the Balance of Judgement, when one commits a bad deed, there would thus be consequences for said bad deeds. The fact that Dyon stacked three of these constitutions into one opened a door far beyond what he should have seen at his cultivation level!

Eternity's Balance didn't just allow one to balance and fuse wills with far greater ease than others, it gave one the ability to see, interpret and manipulate the lines of karma!

In this State of Eternity, Dyon's eyes would shine a pure white. His pupils would disappear, leaving behind two beautiful pearls. Although he would be blinded as a result, the truth was that he "saw" far more than he did before.

When fighting a battle in this state, Dyon could see images of what was to come. Those possible realities would superimpose, flooding his mind with information about probabilities. With every action he took, these superimposed images would then change, shifting in response.

Simply put, although it was only ahead by fractions of a second, Dyon could see the future!

Never would Dyon have believed that Eternity's Balance had such a hidden secret. A constitution he chose for the benefit of his flames had suddenly far surpassed even them in importance!

The very first time Dyon fell into this state was the end of the ninth year. He had been close to defeating his very first middle saint beast, but his growing bestial instincts told him that he would lose in the end. Anyone else would have been happy with such an improvement, after all, he had handicapped himself heavily, however, Dyon was dissatisfied.

In his rage, he broke one of his own rules and formed an arrow of black fire. Until now, he had refrained from using not only his soul and senses, but also his wills and weapons. But, the moment this black flame came into existence due to Dyon's frustration, his Eternity's Balance constitution spurred to life.

Having laid dormant for so long, it suddenly realized that Dyon was following along the beast path. In an instant, it overcorrected, realizing that Dyon's human path needed to be protected.

For Dyon, who was in a trance-like state, this upsurge in his Eternity's Balance constitution seemed to slow time for him. He suddenly comprehended that the bounds of this constitution weren't limited to his assumptions....

If even cultivation paths could be balanced, then was there anything that couldn't be? What about techniques? Could he fuse techniques together to make them stronger? What about his Presence? Could he use his constitution to make something that was once difficult for him – fusing his attacks with his Presence – easy? If that was true, then how could there be a limit at all? Couldn't you even balance... Cause and effect?

Dyon's sudden comprehension tore through his seal on his thoughts. Although he didn't notice it, the lashes of the toddler meditating in his Mind's Eye fluttered, shattering the seal and causing Dyon's lifeless eyes to suddenly reawaken.

Dyon didn't know it at the time, but if he missed this opportunity for enlightenment, it might have been centuries before he received another. Even if his training was interrupted, it was worth it!

The moment Dyon awakened, he fell into an enigmatic state. Suddenly, the laws of the universe became clear to him!

Time slowed, his pace of thought increased several hundred folds. In that instant, Dyon seemed to perceive years of time passing by when in reality, it was a mere fraction of a second.

With a glance, Dyon finally realized that the flow of time in this universe wasn't normal. 'Sixteen days to one here... Three to one over there...' He thought absentmindedly.

Involuntarily, Dyon's time will that had once been abolished leaped to the third will level in a mere fraction of a moment.

Looking down at the black flame arrow just formed in his hands, Dyon looked toward the double-trunked elephant he had been fighting.

The beast was already on its last legs, but wasn't this the case for Dyon as well? His instincts told him that had this not happened, he would have definitely lost.

Numerous gray lines and ribbons appeared and quickly faded in his sight. At the same time, images and probabilities flowed into his mind.

'5% chance... 16% chance... 21% chance... ... 96%!

Time sped up once more. No matter how fast Dyon's speed of thought was, how could his body keep up?

The moment he decided to move, the double-trunked elephant reacted. But, it was too late.

A black flame arrow pierced a ghastly wound in its shoulder, severing an important nerve, then artery, before causing the collapse of the beast.

Dyon shook his head as he looked at the fallen creature. 'That counts as a loss,' He thought, sighing to himself.

The moment his pupils faded back into existence, he lost consciousness, his mental energy completely drained.

Chapter 1216: Man and Beast

Dyon's titan diamond body and eternity's balance constitutions weren't the only ones to improve. In fact, maybe the fiercest of the three in terms of improvement was his silver mirror constitution. While he hadn't even grasped titan diamond body's hardening ability to even a small success level, and while he could only use eternity's balance to the highest degree after a moment of enlightenment and just for a few fractions of a second, his silver mirror constitution seemed to improve by leaps and bounds everyday.

The normal silver mirror constitution was able to reflect attacks by a certain percentage. However, Dyon's was on another level entirely.

During Dyon's travels, he had come across a total of 34 or so celestial embryonic beasts. Without fail, every time, he would immediately enter the demon sage tower and run. These 34 celestial embryonic beasts didn't even count the number of times his growing bestial instincts made him run even before laying eyes on said creature.

Obviously, since Dyon ran into celestial embryonic beasts, essence gathering embryonic beasts weren't rare at all, it was just that Dyon didn't add them to his win and loss counter and only used them for food and practice.

Long story short, these essence embryonic beasts... stood not a single chance.

Without even making use of his celestial body, Dyon was able to project shields of blinding silver light to repel their attacks. Over time, he realized that these beasts were perfect for honing his silver mirror constitution.

When facing low and middle essence beasts who essentially had the equivalent power of Dyon's energy cultivation, not only could he reflect 100% of their attacks, there was even a 10% boost hidden within this reflection!

As Dyon's energy manipulation abilities grew and he began to slowly reach the One with Self realm for numerous lower common grade techniques and even began to master some middle grade techniques, this percentage steadily grew.

What Dyon didn't know was that if he stopped sealing off his thoughts and began to apply his comprehensions to these new abilities, this percentage would spike upward to 150% if not more! The concepts of momentum and resonance that he learned within his tribulation trial were simply perfect for this constitution.

As time continued to tick onward, Dyon's abilities increased. By the end of the 11th year, Dyon had finally grown strong enough to defeat a middle saint embryonic beast! The experience shattered the bottleneck his titan will had been stuck in for so long, launching him into the 4th will level and giving him access to the second stage of Titan Emperor's Will.

Dyon continued to grow. Knowing that he wouldn't be able to access the third stage until he reached the 7th will realm, Dyon continued to throw himself into his battles.

By the end of the 15th year, the number of battles Dyon had fought skyrocketed to over 12 000 and his number of victories crossed 800. However, these victories were worth far more. He no longer counted lower saint beasts! By now, he had single handedly defeated over 400 middle saint beasts!

The mountain seemed to grow more and more difficult to climb. Maybe the only saving grace was that he had finally found his second middle saint grade infernal core within the body of a black-steel furred rodent.

Even after 15 years and his titan will growing to the peak of the 5th will realm, Dyon still found high saint embryonic beasts to be an impossible hill to climb. With so many handicaps placed on what he could do, the results were often devastating.

The good news was that even with his comprehension stunted with his thoughts cut off, Dyon's bestial instincts grew. Eventually, he began to master techniques using these instincts as a replacement for his thought. Although the process was far slower, he made progress. With the 15th year passed, he finally completed a large portion of his Master's asks to the high common grade level!

Energy manipulation, fist techniques, kicking techniques and movements techniques, 300 of each were mastered to the One with Self realm!

Over time, Dyon's mindless bestial state almost took the likeness of another kind of selfless state. He delved into the bestial path so far that he could learn techniques simply by instinct alone. Yet, even with all of these improvements, he lost to high saint embryonic beasts consistently, not gaining a victory against even a single one.

It wasn't until the end of Dyon's 18th year that he could finally fight toe to toe with such beasts and not until half the 19th year had passed before he gained his first victory over one!

By his side, the beast babies continued to grow. Each of them had chosen to follow the beast path strictly. As transcendent grade beasts, they had no need to rely on the human path to improve their future prospects. Although they would be weaker than Little Zaire because of this, they were never his equal in terms of talent regardless.

However, this didn't mean that they wouldn't be powerful. Who dared to look down on a transcendent grade beast? Linlin, Biibi, Shere and Sen were all the equivalent of 8 tailed kitsune at worst.

With Dyon pampering them with resources, their future prospects were boundless. If they could rely on Dyon's resources to restore their bloodlines to the supreme grade realm, boundless would be an inadequate descriptor!

Man and beasts together crossed Chaos Universe, side by side.

The strength of Dyon's body grew. By the end of the 22nd year, he had finally crossed the one million jin barrier giving him the equivalent weight of a lower Spiritual grade treasure! He also seemed to realize that his hardening ability progressed as he accepted larger percentages of his body weight, they both scaled to one another.

While this didn't mean that Dyon could suddenly gain a thousand times the defense if he forcefully entered his one billion jin state, it did mean that if one day Dyon gained absolute mastery over his one billion jin state, he would then gain a thousand times the defense he currently had.

In addition to this, Dyon's instincts told him that once he crossed the one hundred million jin threshold, he would be able to enter the titan world once more. Unfortunately, at the moment, he didn't have control over this, but he was confident he soon would.

The potential resources to be found within the titan world couldn't be underestimated. Before, Dyon wasn't certain if he could take this into and out of that world, but when Ri teased him about being covered in beast dung when he came out, that unknown question suddenly had an answer. If that beast dung covered his skin even after he returned, doesn't that mean he had technically taken something out of that world?

Thinking about the ridiculous number of energy stones infused into the ground, Dyon couldn't help but salivate and train harder. Maybe one day he'd be wealthy enough to no longer care about money once more.

**

Dyon's battle prowess soared. By the end of the 29th year, high saint embryonic beasts were finally within his sights. By the start of the 31st, he had gained his first victory over them!

If this sort of the battle prowess was translated to the real world, it would be as follows:

In his deepest third selfless state, before Dyon awakened his constitutions, he was able to fight a middle celestial of the low order third grade. In fact, he was able to fight two of them without falling to a disadvantage while both of these opponents were only a single realm from the high celestial level – 6th stage Celestials.

However, outside of this third selfless state, Dyon's opponents would have to be 4th stage celestials for him to replicate this feat, and, of course, of the low order third grade or lower. Although this was only a difference of two stages, one has to remember how large the differences between realms were even in the saint realm, let alone the celestial realm.

After Dyon awakened his constitution, his abilities soared. He estimated that his absolute limit would be capable of fighting a lower order second-grade middle celestial. If he utilized his Titan Emperor's Will, breaking his master's rules, he would be able to fight toe to toe with a lower order second-grade expert of the 6th stage celestial to victory. He would also be able to eek out a long fight against a 7th stage celestial, before he would inevitably lose. Assuming he didn't make use of tricks and his intelligence.

Chapter 1217: Meanie

One had to remember that a 7th stage celestial had just stepped into the ranks of a high celestial. To be able to fight a low order second grade high celestial as a lower celestial was heaven defying beyond belief!

To jump from the lower order third grade to the lower order second grade was an impossible jump for most to make! For context, even ten lower order third grade celestials couldn't face a single lower order second grade expert of the same cultivation realm! This was the signification of grades and orders!

However, now, Dyon was on a completely different level. Even without using Titan Emperor's Will, a lower order second grade middle celestial was no match for him! In fact, even a middle order second grade middle celestial could only tuck tail and run! Dyon wouldn't run into a challenge until his middle order second grade middle celestial had stepped into the high celestial realm!

If Dyon used his Titan Emperor's Will... Even such an expert would be no match. At this point, one would have no choice but to be a first-grade expert to stand toe to toe with Dyon unless you were a peak celestial.

While the third grade had two divisions and the second grade had three divisions, the first grade had nine! The lowest being a first order first grade expert and the highest being a ninth order first grade expert!

In Dyon currently state, first through fifth order experts of the middle celestial realm would have no choice but to take him seriously. One can imagine how large these divisions were if it took Dyon 34 years to climb these five orders!

However, Gods wouldn't be any worse than the sixth grade... And True Gods? You would never find one below the eighth grade!

This was the martial world. With these 30+ years of cultivation, Dyon had finally made up for the time he lost, but he had only just begun his journey.

Still, Dyon wasn't finished yet... These geniuses, hadn't they all stepped into the celestial realm? Hadn't they all mastered a pseudo-domain? Didn't they all have faith backing their strength? Dyon had none of these things!

By the start of the 32nd year, Dyon had crossed into the peak of the 9th saint stage, only a single meridian away from the 10th. He was coming.

**

Just as the 53rd year ended, Dyon suddenly snapped awake as though he had awoken from a dream. He looked around in confusion before noticing a large marble filled with green and gold fog sitting before him at almost a meter in diameter.

Dyon gaze shifted up to the peak saint embryonic beasts gasping its last breath, its gaze filled with rage as it stared down its murderer. Its green wings lay limply, drooping down the sides of the asteroid they stood on. On its head, or rather, the half that remained of its large head, once proud gold fathers were dyed in blood, losing their sheen.

A moment later, Dyon seemed to understand. This was the first peak saint embryonic beast he had defeated in his time here, a Green Steel Feathered Eagle. Judging by the gold feathers on its crown, its

bloodline was on the precipice of evolving. Considering the fact a Green Steel Feathered Eagle was a high heaven grade beast, such an evolution really wasn't something to be snubbed. It was no wonder it hated Dyon so much.

Dyon shifted the gaze from the eagles to his body and couldn't help but cringe. He could quite literally see his heart beating through his cracked rib cage. One could only imagine the state his lung would have to be in for his heart to be visible from the side. His left arm was missing half of its muscles and skin, he could see where his shoulder connected to his right arm, and several of his fingers and toes had mysteriously disappeared.

When Dyon tried to lick his lips to display his shock, he suddenly noticed a current of air that shouldn't have been there. To his horror, his fears were confirmed when he raised his hand to his face only to realize that almost its entire left side was missing.

'What the hell...'

In the next instant, a wave of pain overwhelmed Dyon. 53 years of accumulated wear and tear ravaged his body, overloading his nerves and almost frying his brain entirely.

Dyon's body turned stiff, convulsing violently. He grit his teeth, weathering wave after wave of the onslaught.

He couldn't believe how much it hurt. Dyon was a man who had had his body broken down to its very molecules, all to earn the right to energy cultivate. He could still remember his body turning into nothing but a mist of blood and meat... Even the pain of having his body nearly completely destroyed by a half-step transcendant wasn't this painful!

Seeing Dyon in pain, the green eagle's remaining eye shone with a gloating light before it finally passed away, happily dying knowing that it had caused its enemy to suffer. Dyon didn't have the time to realize that this creature seemed to have more intelligence than the other infernal beasts.

Had the other beasts been smarter, they would have likely run from Dyon just like Silver Fang had initially — due to his bloodline. However, they all fought him like madmen. It seemed that earning the right to have an infernal core was also related to one's ability to defy the heavens... The beast path was more complicated than Dyon have it credit for.

"Big brother!" The celestial beast babies, having finally gained the ability to communicate with essence energy watched Dyon worriedly.

The moment three adorable female voices and a surprisingly deep male voice entered his mind, Dyon knew who it came from. Although he hadn't always had his mind in the past 50 or so years, they had always been by his side. How could their relationship not grow?

Dyon grit his teeth, unable to speak. Slowly, he began to communicate with his inner world.

He was pleasantly surprised to see that it had grown along with his energy cultivation. He could sense that he was currently in the process of filling his 105th meridian, and with that growth in strength, his inner world had gone from stretching only about ten meters, to creeping up on about a hundred meters. Still, it was still filled with the same cracked and infertile land, looking like an ancient and disposed ruin ground.

The remainder of the 60% of healing energy Dyon saved began to flow into his body. Dyon had specifically not touched it in the last few decades to save it for this moment.

White flames danced along Dyon's body, slowly healing his ghastly wounds. Dyon could only chuckle bitterly as he watched energy he had saved for so long dissipate so quickly.

His chest was slowly restored, his arms regained their muscles and skin, and soon afterward, his handsome face reappeared. What once was a walking zombie had become a human once more. Unfortunately, the price was all of the healing energy Dyon had left.

Days later, Dyon breathing finally steadied itself after a deep sleep. When he awoke, he found four familiar faces looking down at him.

A beautiful celestial deer and tiger, an adorable celestial turtle, and a mischievous celestial ape who could already match Dyon in height.

Dyon grinned. "Aren't you four a little too useless? 53 years and still at the essence gathering realm? Isn't that too pitiful?"

The four looked at Dyon with aggrieved expressions. It was so difficult to cultivate here. It was even more difficult for them as celestial beasts because it was the exact opposite of their path affinity. How could he expect more?

"Meanie!" Biibi's immature voice filled Dyon's mind. "I'm telling Granny Celest on you!"

Dyon laughed heartily. Sometimes, going through years of hardship was only worth it for moments like this.

Chapter 1218: Scram

After healing, Dyon streaked across the universe, an odd elation taking root in his heart. He didn't know why, but he was very happy today. When he thought about it, he chalked it up to his vast increase in strength. He felt that soon, he'd be able to conquer the third floor of the demon sage tower and learn the secret Evangeline hid from him. What he didn't know was that the moment he awakened his Eternity's Balance truly, he could already withstand the backlash of learning of his alternate timeline.

Looking toward the beast babies, Dyon nodded with satisfaction. Although Little Yang and Yin hadn't grown, the other four had by quite a bit.

Lilin's shell had already gained a more than two-meter diameter and had a frightening weight of 50 000 jin. This weight was as light as a feather to Dyon, but for an essence gatherer like Linlin? It was impressive that she carried it without much issue.

Biibi and Shere had already grown into their own bodies as well. Each were about two meters in length and reached up to Dyon's waist on all fours. They had already begun exuding the proud auras of rulers. Dyon felt that if they could take one more step and have a breakthrough in their mentality, they could become Kings of the transcendent grade.

As for Sen, the only male other than Little Yang, he could stand to Dyon's shoulder now. Considering Dyon was 6'6, this made Sen at least 6' at only 3 years old!

Often times, Sen's aura was far more imposing when he leaned forward on his massive fists. But, he liked to imitate his elder brother and walk on his feet. Oddly enough, despite being an ape, Sen had two long twin tails that packed quite a punch.

When Dyon asked him about it, it turned out that Sen had a bulky form and a slim form. One resembled a traditional ape more, while the other was more monkey-like.

Still, Dyon had to say that the form he was biased toward were the beast babies' human toddler forms. They didn't turn into humans often, but when they did, they were absolutely adorable.

"Alright, report your progress to me. It will take about a week at this pace to make it to the central galaxy, so I have some time to set your paths." Dyon said, having relaxed enough.

Shere leaped onto the couch Dyon sat upon, laying her large head on his lap. Biibi followed suit as Sen sat across from Dyon, chewing away at a saint fruit. As for Linlin, she had turned into the adorable three-year girl in Dyon's arms. She didn't like moving very much, so she realized that being in her human form made it easier for Dyon to carry her around.

"We'll break through to the saint stage soon." Biibi spoke first. It seemed that she was the only responsible one among the four of them. Still, it was cute listening to such an immature voice try to pretend to be corporate and serious.

"Do you guys understand how tribulations work, then?" Dyon asked. However, the response he received was a fit of giggles.

"Stupid. Celestial Beasts don't have to face tribulations if they strictly follow the beast path. It's another ability of their bloodlines." Shere lazily teased as the rest laughed.

Dyon shook his head. 'Life is so unfair...'

He almost forgot that beasts were practically gifted all the information they could ever need within their bloodlines.

"Linlin." Dyon rubbed the small head of the little girl in his arms. "Your path is one of wisdom. Spending time together with the twins will benefit you greatly. Try your best to soak up all the knowledge you can from them.

"Your Celestial Turtle Clan is famous for their defensive abilities. Slowly learn to apply the knowledge you gain toward this path."

Linlin's large black eyes blinked as she looked up at Dyon. "What do you mean, big brother?"

"Imagine that you're facing an opponent whose technique you understand. Would facing such an opponent be easier or harder had you not had this knowledge?"

"Easier." Linlin responded easily.

"Exactly. The world of defense is very complex. The way to counter and even reflect various attacks often has a nuance that changes based on the opponent, even if they all use the same technique. The best way to become a great defensive specialist is to have enough knowledge to counter anything you face. Do you understand?"

Linlin nodded, her eyes brightening. "Linlin understands!"

"Shere." Dyon looked toward the white tiger that lay on his right lap. "You follow the slaughter path. Yet, you're already three years old and still haven't killed yet! Can you even call yourself a celestial tiger?!"

Shere pouted, knowing that her big brother was getting her back for teasing him.

"From now on, we'll hone your Slaughter Heart." Dyon smiled.

"Sen!" Looking toward the mischievous ape more worried about the fruit in his hand than him, Dyon shook his head. "Your Celestial Ape Clan follows two paths. A path of absolute power and a path of flexible agility. My plans for you require learning the battle axe and the staff. Until you break through to the 3rd will realm in both, no more fruits for you!"

Hearing this, Sen finally looked up, an expression of horror on his features. However, Dyon didn't mind him and continued.

"Biibi, your Celestial Deer Clan's Purity Path makes you excellent healers. Your path will be one of learning array alchemy, botany and Healing of the Magic path."

**

A week later, the demon sage tower had finally broken into the central galaxy. In just a few hours, Dyon had homed in on a particular planet.

From outside the planet's influence, Dyon saw swaths of rocky and tall jagged mountains. The rivers and oceans that ran across its surface were even an eerie red color, making it look like a molten rock of red and black from above.

However, just as Dyon was about to descend, his eyes trained of a foggy barrier that covered about 20% of the planet. 'It must be there.'

Looking back toward the beast babies, he spoke. "You four stay here. Little Yin, Little Yang, you can come with me."

Although the four beast babies wanted to protest, they could only accept that they were still too weak to follow Dyon. In the end, they headed off toward their training rooms before rigorously starting on the techniques Dyon gave them.

**

Within the odd fog barrier of the planet, there was an entirely different world.

Extending for several thousand miles more than what it seemed on the outside, there were lush green grasses, tall and strong trees, and even healthy and raging rivers. This was clearly a Mystical World! Not only that, but a Mystical World that was easily accessible.

"This mine is my property! If you want it, you'll have to claim it over my dead body!" A young man with beady purple eyes roared as he watched the approaching enemies.

"Don't be like that. Aren't your and my clans friends? Haven't you learned to share?" A group of three slowly and cautiously approached, greed clear in their eyes.

Usually, a mine like this wouldn't be too rare. This was because this Mystical World lived in a pocket of accelerated time where a single day was worth only a portion of an hour in the real world. Yet, at the same time, unlike the other areas of Chaos Universe, the things here grew along with the accelerated time. It was obvious to anyone who knew much of anything that this was due to an otherworldly expert bending the laws of the universe and forcing it to accept this new timeline.

As a result, whenever the five-clan alliance came to this universe once every 1.2 million years, the marker for a new generation, the spiritual fruits, plants and mines had all had over 120 million years of growth!

Although Dyon had experienced 53 years in this universe, because of the volatility in time, others experienced much less, while some experienced more. Thus, despite having had a 50-year time limit given by their 12th elder, the beast alliance clans were still here.

In the sky, Dyon shook with rage. This wasn't because he cared about the young man being bullied, it was because his divine sense could cover the entire Mystical World and he could see the Legacy that should be his being taken by others. The Demon Sage really was too careless in making this world.

"Scram!" Dyon roared from the skies, causing the four beast men to look up before their eyes widened in fear.

Chapter 1219: Lord Husband

Without even inquiring about who it was, all four of them turned tail and ran. Dyon's demeanor was far scarier than even the infernal embryonic beasts on the outside, how could they dare to cross him?

However... Each of them rushed toward their own leaders. The beady purple eyed young man immediately headed toward the genius of the Purple Scaled King Viper Clan... And the three young men dashed toward the Earth Skinned Salamander, Ignis.

Dyon hardly cared. It was better if they all came together so he could kick them out at once. How dare they touch what was his?

"Mm." Dyon nodded as he walked into the mine. "I shouldn't waste time here... There are several hundred mines that I can sense. Dammit, I don't have time to take them all."

"You can move Mystical World's with you, you know. But, you need the world's core. The Celestial Mystical World's core was the Life Stone. I'm not entirely sure what this world's core is." Little Yang suddenly said.

Dyon's divine sense trained in on a grey blob at the very center of the mystical world. In reality, it wasn't a grey blob at all, it definitely had a form and shape... It was just that, for some reason, Dyon's divine sense wasn't allowed to scan it.

'If the world core exists, it's definitely there.'

After a look around, Dyon lost interest in the mine. It wasn't that it wasn't fruitful. In fact, there were several billion saint stones to excavate, not a small reward by any means. But now that he had undone the lock on his thoughts and had begun to balance his beast and human path once more, his calm had come back as well.

Why focus on this one saint stone mine when he could sense several dozen celestial stone mines and a half dozen dao stone mines? His main priority was to receive the world's core. Then he could receive all of these rewards at his leisure.

'You really didn't make this easy on your successor.' Dyon thought, still feeling aggrieved. He could only imagine how many treasures he had missed out on because of the Demon Sage's blunder.

However, what Dyon didn't realize was that the Demon Sage was laughing heartily at his plight. Or, rather, when he left the Mystical World open, he had. After all, because of Dyon, he was prophesied to die. How could he not bear a small grudge?

...

Dyon walked out of the mine, stretching. He had once more assumed his normal sweatpants and white shirt look, but this time he chose to color his pants grey instead of black. He looked completely out of place within the martial world, but also felt the most comfortable this way.

With a thought, a staff appeared in Dyon's hand. Its body was completely grey and bland, but it was heavy, at least several million jin. It was made by none of than his master with Dwarf Diamond.

'It's a bit too light for me now... But, it'll do.' Dyon had some catching up to do if he wanted his weapon techniques to catch up to his fist techniques and the like. While his non-weapon techniques had all reached the peak common grade, his weapon techniques were still middling around the middle common grade.

Dyon looked up into the sky and roared. "You have one of two choices, leave my Mystical World, or come to the central plain and die!"

In an instant, Dyon's words carried over several ten thousand miles. His vocal cords had become so powerful that he could even begin learning Ancient Dragon Language if he had such a technique. Such a feat was too easy for him...

**

Within a mine of dark stones, a young, meditating man's eyes opened, causing a fierce light to shine through the dark atmosphere.

Everything about this young man was seeped in darkness. His robes fluttered like shadows, his hair and eyes blended in seamlessly and even his face seemed shrouded in black fog.

Killing intent erupted from deep within his bones as he stood and walked out from his seclusion

**

In another area of the Mystical World, Silver Fang looked up with a glint lighting his eye. Over the past few decades, he had defeated two of the four geniuses. The only two who remained were the mighty Balor of the Golden Crown Raven Clan and Kaa, the young heiress of the Purple Scaled King Viper Clan.

When he heard this voice, he laughed gleefully, immediately heading toward the central plain with his wives trailing behind him.

**

"That's him!" A beady purple eyed young man complained to a voluptuous beauty. "Big Sister Kaa, you must get justice for me!"

Kaa was a peerless beauty, not losing out to Madeleine, Ri and Clara even one step. However, she was already a celestial while the last time Dyon saw his wives, they were still saints. Still, her beauty could not be underestimated even a small bit.

Her curves were as outrageous as Madeleine's, her eyes were as clever as and cold as Clara's, while her shimmering green-purple hair matched Ri in its ethereal nature.

She stood at over 6ft tall, her willowy hips snaking through the air and placing the men who saw in a hypnotic trance.

Her eyes flashed with curiosity as she looked toward the central plain. Before this trial, Balor was the only man to catch her attention. But, afterward, Silver Fang changed for the better, causing her to add him to a list of possible matches as well. As a beast, her lust was larger than most women, but while she wasn't a prude, she still wasn't willing to give her virginity to just any man.

This was a plight of many female snake women. The dream of every snake was to leap heaven's barrier and become true dragons. By necessity, her man had to at the very least have equal aspirations.

Something about the voice that called out made a once cold part of her belly, just below her belly button, light up with a fervent heat.

"Interesting..." She smiled to herself, slightly amused. Before her younger brother could react, she had disappeared into the distance.

**

"Him?" Ignis' eyes filled with rage. After losing to Silver Fang, his days had been filled with nothing but darkness. He didn't even know how to face his clan.

However, he was still a genius. That rage fueled him to greater heights. His ultimate goal was to trample Silver Fang beneath his feet! Yet, as he was working toward that goal, some nobody wanted to provoke him?! Fuck!

"I'll rip that bastard limb from limb!" Ignis roared into the skies.

**

Within a camp of the Crystal Boned Eagle Clan, a young woman looked into the sky after the voice sounded. She too had lost to Silver Fang, but she hadn't taken it as hard as Ignis. In fact, she used it as an opportunity to betroth herself to Silver Fang.

Although Silver Fang's wives had glared at her for being so shameless, she shrugged happily. Having a man willing to challenge Balor was a pride for her, something important for Eagle Clans. She didn't even mind sharing Silver Fang and becoming third wife, she was powerful enough to have the strength to dictate her own marriage.

With an elegant movement, she stood from her small throne. Her black hair flowed like a calm stream, but her very being seemed to shimmer, making it look like she was imitating a beautiful holy light with every step.

"Lord Husband will probably go toward the sound of that arrogant voice. I should follow him." She smiled sweetly, looking no different from a young woman in love.

Chapter 1220: Bastard

Dyon leisurely hopped from tree to tree, breathing in the sweet air. It had been a long time since he truly relaxed, this feeling was quite therapeutic for him. Only thing that would make it better was if he could practice his array alchemy in this kind of environment.

Despite having had his soul energy form comet and moon energy subsequently, Dyon had yet to form a single moon grade or even comet grade pill or formation. This was why his arrays still shone a normal gold color, because he was still forming low level arrays.

'There are quite a few matured spiritual plants and fruits in this world.' Dyon felt slightly excited as his divine sense focused on clumps of dense energy. Although he didn't see in planet or star grade spiritual plants, he saw quite a few comet grade ones, there were even a few well-hidden moon grade ones!

Normally, one's divine sense wouldn't be able to find such amazing treasures. This was because they had methods of protecting themselves against such means. However, Dyon's divine sense wasn't normal by any stretch of the imagination. It was already stronger than what most dao formation experts could boast. Comet and Moon Grade spiritual plants had no way of hiding from him. Only planet and star grades could do so.

'Mother-in-law's pill... There are quite a few of the necessary ingredients here! In fact, all of them are here! This is good.' Dyon grinned ear to ear as he closed in on the grey blob that blocked his divine sense.

One can imagine how many high-level spiritual plants there were here. After 120 million years of maturity, even planet grade spiritual planet could be matured!

'I shouldn't dig up too many of them right now, though. I should give them to Eli to handle. I believe I remember him saying that the spirituality of high-level plants can speed up the growth of lower level ones if used correctly. He'd probably kill me if I wantonly used these treasures...'

The trees slightly shook under Dyon's weight. He surprisingly looked almost weightless despite the fact the reality was the exact opposite. Any expert watching him glide from branch to branch would suck in a cold breath after realizing just how profound his movement technique was.

Dyon's movements seemed fluid beyond belief. In fact, every twitch of the muscles contained a separate and profound mystery that made it difficult to tell just what grade his technique was. Well, the truth of the matter was that he was currently alternating between three to five techniques for every given movement. Unless one knew before hand, it was impossible to tell.

With Dyon's speed, he soon found himself just a few steps from the central plain clearing.

"Wow." Dyon's breath hitched.

The grey blob that he couldn't see before? It was a castle that spanned tens of miles in every direction. The most shocking part was that it wasn't made of gold and silver, but of star and moon jade! Both of these precious materials were comet grade of the highest 6th order! Building an entire palace out of such things?! The cost could only be counted in enigmatic stones!

'How luxurious...' Dyon coughed. He didn't know if this was how the wealthy lived or if the demon sage was just some nouveau riche expert squandering his earnings.

However, when he thought about it, he understood. Star and Moon Jade were known for their yin and yang purifying characteristics. They could filter energy into an easily digestible form, speeding up cultivation by several folds. It was especially useful for dual cultivation. Usually, one would only need a small pendant hung around your neck, but the Demon Sage actually made a whole palace?

"What the deal with this palace?" Dyon asked the twins. "How could there be so much Star and Moon Jade?..."

The eyes of the twins went opaque as they scanned the palace.

"Demon Sage Palace, an Immortal Abode and central to the Demon Sage Empire's Power. It's protected by – omitted –. Built 23 058 294 years ago, it's tied to the speed of the Demon Sage's speed of cultivation. It was once much larger, but 40% of it was sacrificed to the Timeless Library. This included

over 95% of the Star and Moon Jade that once made it up, leaving only enough to cover the outer surface of the Palace.

"The Demon Sage placed this Immortal Abode here in order to protect the core of the world. Without the key or potential surpassing that of his current successor, the Palace will not open to you.

"The origin of the Star and Moon Jade is related to a master of Feng Shui. As such, these truths are hidden by heavenly laws and cannot be – omitted –."

The twins continued to list off paragraphs of miscellaneous information, but Dyon had long stopped paying attention. His entire body trembled as he trained in on a single spot.

Currently, Dyon was still several tens of miles from the palace. Ahead of him, there was a simple and wide expanse of grassed lands. However, his divine sense didn't work anywhere past the tree he stood atop of which was exactly why he hadn't noticed earlier...

In the distance, six stakes stood pierced in the ground. Dyon's heart beat quickened, a deep and bestial rage bubbling upward.

On these six stakes were none other than the bloodied and half dead figures of Zabia and the Dao Couple's disciples...

Pinned up like dogs and dripping in blood, Dyon could already tell from here that three of them were dead...

...

Dyon flashed forward at such a blinding speed that it was clear he had been barely trying until now, in a mere moment, he had crossed tens of miles to appear before the stakes.

Zabia's body hung from the middle, completely riddled with wounds. Large chunks of skin were missing, revealing the bone and muscle below. One of his eyes was entire gouged out while the other was

swollen shut completely. He had long since run out of sweat to sweat and could only use his dried blood to cool his body down. His life was just barely holding on by the thinnest of strings.

To his side, the only other survivor was laachus whose condition was far worse. Only a single arm was pinned up above him because the other was missing entirely. In addition, the nail that pinned his lower body to the stake went through his shin... The remainder of his leg was nowhere to be seen.

As for the remainder of the Vinum family? They were completely lifeless. Even Trot who Dyon had once fought when he awoke from his coma was nothing but a corpse.

Dyon remained silent, only stepping forward to slowly let them down, one by one. As he worked, an aura of darkness brewing around him, those of the beast clans began to slowly appear. They didn't know why, but none of them felt that they should be the first to speak. They felt an unquenchable danger weighing on their chests, growing heavier and heavier. Yet, they didn't dare to back away either...

"Who?" Zabia and laachus who couldn't see suddenly felt their bodies being lowered. Zabia struggled to open his remaining eye, but laachus wasn't so lucky. Both of his eyes had been gouged out.

"Don't agitate your injuries." Dyon spoke softly, his voice oddly calm.

"Ah, Dyon?" The both of them spoke at the same time. Although they didn't cry, their grievances were clear in their voices.

They had thought that this mission would be an easy one. Finding a treasure of the Jafari with a Jafari by their side? It should have been simple. Yet, when they got here, it was anything but...

"Who did this to you?" Dyon's voice travelled with a hint of majesty.

In the distance, the five geniuses began to slowly appear. The first was Kaa, and soon afterward it was Ignis, then Silver Fang. Finally, the enticing figure of the Crystal Boned Eagle Clan's Vera appeared. As for Balor, he was likely hidden in the large tree shadows.

"My little brothers..." laachus choked, his vocal cords half sheered apart. "... That bastard!"

laachus' frustration only grew as he tried to explain, but it was too difficult. He was blind, he was actually blind. He was nothing but a cripple now! What did his years of cultivation even mean?

"Dyon." Zabia coughed, trying to steady his rage. "I'm not sure how much time has passed in the outside world for you, but this enemy isn't a simple one. Since you've come here, it's better to run."

To Zabia, it had only been a few months since they came to Chaos Universe. But, as a Jafari, he was very sensitive to time, darkness and spatial will. He felt that there was something off with the time stream, but his cultivation was high enough to see through it. He was only able to confirm that this was true since Dyon was here.