

The Nameless 1221

Chapter 1221: Only Path

His reasoning was simple. Dyon wasn't even out of his trial when he left on this mission, in fact, he was still in the middle of his third trial. A few months wasn't enough to complete it, which meant that much more time than they had perceived passed.

However, when they reached this Mystical World, everything changed. Time slowed, extending their misery even more...

"Don't speak about what I should do. I only want to hear what happened."

Zabia coughed, bitterly laughing. Knowing that he wouldn't change Dyon's mind, he could only start to explain.

"We came here following my connection to the Jafari Clan treasure. Eventually, we trained in on this Palace and made our way here. However, the Palace was covered by a barrier that wouldn't allow us in.

"Once we tried to get it anyway, we were blasted away. But that was when a spirit appeared to us and began to rant about just how much he hated his successor. He told us that if we could manage to show more potential than this successor, that he would allow us in. So, everyday, we trained with the centennials he sent out... It's been over five hundred years since we started..."

Dyon's eyes contracted. A hundred years to them was only a single year in the outside, meaning five hundred years was five. If he accounted for the decelerated time they likely experienced outside, this was enough to explain their long disappearance.

However, Zabia had trained for 500 years and still lost?! Who did this?!

'Training in this kind of time warp, even with an expert's fingerprints on it, isn't very efficient.' Little Yin explained. 'Learning wills becomes very difficult due to the warp. This difficulty of comprehension also extends energy comprehension, making breaking into a new realm very difficult. It's impressive that they even became peak celestials. That said, what this sort of time warp is very good with is increasing battle prowess...'

Zabia shook his head, deep grief evident in his eyes. "The spirit began training us in earnest. I think it's because he was bored... However, he'll only appear every few weeks, and sometimes he'll disappear for months and years at a time.

"When he saw that we wanted to attempt to break into the dao formation realm, he said we weren't ready and sealed our cultivation, telling us to train up our bodies and souls first, then disappeared. But his timing was unfortunate..."

Dyon didn't need to hear the rest of the story. He already understood what had happened.

Zabia and the disciples of Madeleine's parents had astonishingly become peak celestials, the worst of them had been at the 10th stage, while Zabia had even entered the 12th stage. They had been preparing to enter the dao formation realm when their master-in-name and apparent spirit of the Demon Sage Palace wanted them to temper their foundations and increase their soul and body strength first.

However, while their cultivations were sealed, they were then attacked...

"Some dark beast bastard said that these were the lands of his clan and that we would serve as punishment for all those who dared to take what was his." Iaachus trembled in anger, causing the wounds that Dyon had meticulously closed to reopen. "My junior brothers..."

Iaachus wanted to shed tears, but his tear ducts were too damaged. In the end, hot blood flowed from his sockets, sliding down his face.

Dyon's heart ached. He hadn't had a good impression of these guys before. They had never fought any campaigns, yet they were so arrogant. But, over the years, they had changed. If Zabia was willing to go on a life and death mission with them, Dyon didn't need to ask to know that they had matured.

'Dyon, seal their bodies with your crystal will. If they continue like this, they'll die before you can save them.' Little Yang said quickly.

Nodding heavily, Dyon complied. "Rest easy for now. I'll handle it."

Dyon's crystal will bloomed, encompassing the body of Zabia and Iaachus. After a long moment, Dyon stood, his wide back facing the beast clan geniuses.

His divine sense shook violently, fighting against the barrier the Demon Sage placed. "Break!"

In a moment, an overwhelming Presence tore through the Mystical World's space, shattering the divine sense protection.

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"These things are yours?" Zabia sneered, looking toward the black cloaked individual. "The treasures of my Jafari family permeate the very air here, yet you dare claim that it's your own?!"

"Don't bother with a bastard like him, Brother Zabia. We'll just beat him into submission!" Trot's rage reached a fever pitch. This bastard actually dared to attack them because of a Palace even he himself couldn't enter?! What a fucking scumbag!

The six of them couldn't help but think that if their cultivations weren't sealed, they'd only need one finger to kill this bastard. Yet, that old fogie hadn't come to see them in years, what could they do?

"The things of the Golden Crown Crow Clan aren't for those of the pitiful human race to lay their hands on. Die!"

Balor's momentum was overwhelming, but he was also cruel. He skinned them, chopped their hands and feet off, even boiling them in their own blood before hanging them from a stake for all to see. His torture knew no bounds... He didn't blink once the entire time...

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In that instant, the grey blob rescinded from Dyon's sight, only remaining around the palace itself. Out from that point, every blade of grass became as clear as day.

"Bring me a black clothed individual of the Golden Crown Crow Clan." Dyon's voice rumbled through the field.

The eyes of the geniuses narrowed. What kind of joke was this? To challenge Balor like this, wasn't he asking to die? They were simply too far away from Dyon for his bloodline's pressure to be clear to them.

At that moment, a shadowy figure appeared from within the trees, his gait steady as he walked toward Dyon.

"Brother Balor, you don't have to fight him! He's not worthy of such a thing!" Two geniuses who could count as Balor's cousins clamoured. They had been among the 15 total geniuses that entered Chaos Universe, but Balor was more of a lone wolf, so they left him alone. But, they still wanted to curry a favor with this cousin of theirs to improve their rank in the Clan.

"You are their leader?" Ignoring the words of his cousins, Balor spoke to Dyon, his eyes hidden behind his hood.

Dyon turned toward the beast clan geniuses for the first time. Even while being tens of miles away from them, his appearance was clear. Not only were they beasts, giving them added physical gifts, but they were also celestials. Seeing from so far away was an easy feat for them.

'So handsome!' Kaa's green-purple eyes shone with a bright light, the heat in her belly blazing with an added fire.

Silver Fang's wives looked away, pretending not to see the curious glance their husband gave them after they didn't manage to hide their reaction to Dyon's appearance. He looked much different now that his face wasn't disfigured with wounds.

'Hmph, I still prefer Lord Husband.' Vera mumbled to herself.

However, while the women were lost in their own dream land, Dyon's expression never wavered. It was just that his aura had become so concentrated that it hovered around a small distance from him.

"I'll take your silence as acceptance." Balor continued lightly. "Since you seem to also believe that you can attempt to take what is mine from me, your fate will be worse than theirs."

Dyon's foot slowly raised into the air.

At this moment, the eyes of Balor's cousins flashed. "How dare you attack Brother Balor!"

They flashed forward, passing by Balor in the blink of an eye and appearing before Dyon. But, before their fists could land, Dyon's foot had descended. In an instant, Dyon crossed tens of miles, shattering his previous limits to appear before Balor.

Before Balor's eyes could even widen in shock, Dyon's hand had already fiercely wrapped around his throat while his other tore Balor's cloak from his body, revealing the face of an ugly and pale young man.

"Do you really believe that you're my opponent?" Dyon growled, his aura causing Balor's eyes to finally widen in fear. "You've killed three of my brothers... Your only path is death!"

Chapter 1222: Please!

Dyon's rage soared, clamping down on Balor's throat with a fiercer strength with each passing second.

The beast geniuses were absolutely stunned by how quickly Balor was caught. Were their eyes deceiving them? Wasn't this young man just a saint? Even if he was a 12th stage saint, all five of their absolute geniuses had advanced to the celestial realm as a first-grade expert, so why would they waste their time praising a 12th stage saint?

Balor's black eyes widened with fear. While the others couldn't feel it, he could... An oppressive, tyrannical aura that didn't give way to reason or pleading. To the naked eye, Dyon was only 6'6, but to Balor, he was a monster of several hundred meters tall!

Screams of agony and pain erupted from within Balor's body as Dyon activated his Devour skill. Balor was filled with such fear that he didn't dare to retaliate, he faced the same barrier Silver Fang had, yet

he was too used to being the strongest. When had he ever faced adversity? When had there ever even been a barrier he needed to cross?

Needles tore holes through his soul, sheering it apart with every passing moment. Suddenly, time seemed to slow for him... His soul began to perceive fractions of a second as days, then weeks, then months. An agonizing torture so fierce that he began to foam at the mouth, his eyes rolling back to reveal their whites.

"KILL ME! KILL ME!" Balor's final bits of strength were forced into his throat, only just managing to allow him to say these words. Yet, Dyon seemed to have not heard him.

Dyon was filled with such disdain for those like Balor. Those who cruised through life when things were easy for them, but broke down the moment they met something they couldn't overcome in an instant. It was this personality of Balor's that caused the deaths of young men with their whole lives in front of them, young men who had yet to truly live yet.

And what about if Zabia had died? He had a wife and son! Did Balor think about that? He tortured them to the point of death for something so petty? He couldn't step into the Palace himself so he refused to allow others to? He was nothing but absolute scum!

In the distance, Silver Fang finally stepped forward. "Elder! I know that you're angered, but our five clan alliance has added protection for geniuses like Balor. If you go too far, you'll trigger it... Even if you manage to survive, you'll be branded and chased for the remainder of your life!"

Before, Silver Fang hadn't sensed Dyon's cultivation because he was too scared. After he calmed down, he was clouded by the pedestal he placed Dyon on and didn't dare to sweep his senses over such an expert lest he anger him. Dyon's apparent eccentric personality only served to reinforce such sentiments.

But, now, it was clear to him that Dyon was just a genius, just like him. In fact, Dyon might be several thousand years younger than him. After all, it was difficult for mere Heaven Grade beasts to follow the human path... Their cultivation was significantly slowed as a result of this.

Still, it was exactly because of this time that geniuses like Balor and him were heavily protected.

Imagine this for a moment. Their King Heaven Grade Clans each had several dozen subordinate normal Heaven Grade Clans and even Earth Grade Clans. Those of these clans had less potential than them, but they improved very quickly. A Heaven Grade Beast following the beast path solely could break through the celestial realm in a decade or two.

This truth wasn't far from the reality of Earth Grade beasts as well. It would take them somewhere between five to twenty decades.

So, how did the five clan alliance keep control over all these beast path cultivators? It was by blooming to their full potential and following the human path. It was only by following the human path that they could almost guarantee becoming dao formation experts.

One had to know that although Earth and Heaven Grade beasts could break into the celestial realm quite easily, the dao formation realm was often an impossible hill for them to climb. Less than 5% of Peak Heaven Grade Beasts would accomplish this feat, let alone those of far lower grade.

To make a long story short, the five King Heaven Grade Clans could only nurture one or two geniuses like Balor every few thousand years. How could they allow him to die so easily?

Dyon sent a calm gaze toward Silver Fang that made him feel as though he had been teleported out of the lush green Mystical World and into an abyssal hell... Silver Fang couldn't help but tremble slightly, but in the end, he held his ground. It was clear that his human path had strengthened and his courage had grown.

The truth was that Dyon didn't need Silver Fang to tell him any of this. An auxiliary ability of Devour was the absorption of memories. Just like he knew almost everything there was to know about kitsune now, the same was true of the five clan alliance.

However... Dyon had other plans.

With his soul strength, what kind of pitiful binding technique could a beast clan, a race known for their poor talent on the soul path, place on him? In fact, this one move here would be the domino piece that set his plans to conquer this entire quadrant in motion!

Looking back toward Balor, he sneered.

"What bullshit Golden Crown Crow Clan? Your clan is worth nothing but shit to me."

"No! No please!" Balor pleaded. But, it was already too late.

With a thought, Balor's neck snapped and his body fell to the ground, twitching while living out his last moment in absolute pain.... Despair and regret resounding as his last emotions.

Balor's body crumpled into a messy heap under the shocked eyes of the beast clan geniuses.

Dyon glanced upward. "This is my Mystical World. Have you not seen enough? Scram!"

An oppressive aura rushed from Dyon, causing the geniuses to pale with fright.

"Wait." Dyon suddenly said. "Empty the resources you've taken so far. If any of you dare to hold back, I'll slaughter you all."

Not daring to hold back, piles of energy stones and spiritual plants began to appear one by one. Some of them had already been here for several years, so their hearts couldn't help but shed tears of blood as all of their efforts went down the drain.

A complicated light flashed in Silver Fang's eyes, but he too followed suit. He had spent most of his time training, so he didn't have much to show, but he did so anyway. Either way, he felt like he owed Dyon and felt bad that he couldn't help his friends out.

He felt like Dyon had made a massive mistake. Invoking the anger of their beast alliance was something that even the Ragnors wouldn't do. Considering Dyon didn't have blond hair or blue eyes, Silver Fang was at the very least certain that he wasn't of Clan.

Judging by his bronzed skin and domineering body prowess, he was very likely a member of the Pakals.

'That's not right... Pakals have red skin, not bronzed skin...' Thinking to this point, Silver Fang breathed a sigh of relief. Dyon didn't have any of the obvious markers for the three big clans of their quadrant, so he wouldn't be easy to find.

From start to finish, Kaa couldn't keep her seductive, watery eyes off of Dyon. While she felt too scared to approach, that somehow only made her desire stronger.

However, Dyon didn't glance her direction even once. It wasn't because he didn't know she was looking at him, but rather because he had spent like last half century delving into the beast path without a single sign of release. If Kaa got too close, he might not be able to control himself, so he completely ignored her.

Watching the piles of treasures grow, Dyon's anger flared. This was just one trip of theirs! According to Balor's memory, they did this once every 1.2 million years! This was already their 7th time! How many treasures did he miss out on?!

Seeing Dyon's anger increasing, the geniuses sped up their process and some who had been holding back didn't dare to do so any longer. By the end, they couldn't turn tail and run fast enough.

Kaa sent a lingering gaze, but in the end, she sighed and left too. Such a dragon was too big even for her to handle.

Hours later, Dyon no longer sensed any beast geniuses within the Mystical World. He had caught a few trying to snatch things on their way out, but they paid dearly for such a thing.

After the matters were concluded, Dyon turned toward the Palace, a serious gaze on his features.

'To think that there'd be such a powerful clan alliance aside from the Ragnor, Pakal and Uidah here... They warned me of this, but clearly even they didn't know the full extent of their power...'

Chapter 1223: Bodies

The Uidah geniuses Dyon controlled obviously informed him about some matters. But, they only mentioned the five clan alliance in passing. Clearly, even the Uidah weren't aware of just how powerful this lurking enemy was.

'This is good. I didn't think that those seal slaves would come in handy in this way. I had planned on having them slowly gain power and flip at the right time... It doesn't matter, this will work too. In fact, I can probably still use the original plan.

'By now, former first essence son Dravil should have long since become a celestial with the amount of resources I've given him. Plus, with his speed of cultivation, the Uidah would definitely value him very highly and pour even more resources into him. He has definitely surpassed their former first saint son by now.'

In fact, what Dyon didn't know was that his plan went far better than he expected. Other than Kaghaen who had forcibly kept his cultivation at the essence gatherer realm, all but four of the remaining nine sons and daughters had broken into the celestial realm.

The Uidah believed that they had suddenly been blessed with heavenly geniuses and began giving them more responsibility, one by one.

Of course, the five that broke into the celestial realm were the former essence sons and daughters, while the meridian sons and daughter like Kaghaen were still lagging behind. However, within the next ten years, they too would break through.

The news of the rising geniuses of the Uidah began to place pressure on the Pakal and Ragnor. They believed that the heavenly winds were changing in the Uidah's favor, but that was news of the Epistemic Tower's existence was sent to the Ragnors by Hela!

Suddenly, the suspicions that the Ragnors had for the Pakals swung full force toward the Uidah, causing far tenser relations between them. The quadrant was becoming like powder keg, prepared to erupt at any moment!

Little did they know that all of these things were being manipulated by a young boy a fraction of their age. And... They were little prepared for a fourth powerhouse to enter the fray, but that was exactly what happened when news of Balor's death spread through the beast clans...

Dyon sighed as he stood over the corpses of the fallen disciples. Trot, Asuman, Bowie and Arlo. He didn't know them well, but that didn't mean he was indifferent to their deaths. After all, they were his people! They were members of his empire! What kind of ruler would he be if he was unfeeling?

"Bastard Demon Sage, are you still not coming out?! You owe me an explanation!" Dyon roared toward Palace entrance.

Agitated by the lack of response, Dyon turned his mind toward the tower spirit. "Can you open this barrier?"

'I can.' The tower spirit answered plainly. 'I just thought Mr. Jaws was content with just yelling it into existence.'

Dyon rolled his eyes when he heard the name the tower spirit was forced to call him now.

"You're not welcome!" Suddenly, an imposing voice filled with killing intent and majesty nearly shattered Dyon's ear drums.

Dyon's eyes narrowed as he looked toward the Palace that was currently rumbling. He could tell that this emotion wasn't faked. This Demon Sage Spirit really hated him with a passion.

"I swear on my life, if you allowed these young men to die because of a grudge you have with me, I'll eradicate what remains of your soul and make sure the Demon Sage name is wiped from history!" Dyon was far less passionate than the Demon Sage. After all, he wasn't the one who stewed for hundreds of millions of years in his own anger. However, he still meant his words.

Dyon thought that there was a possibility that the Demon Sage found out about the connection between Zabia, them and him. Then, he used the excuse of training to punish them. After all, he was just a spirit, there wasn't much he could do.

"How dare you?!" The Demon Sage's rage reached a fever pitch. The Mystical World trembled, threatening to crumble.

Before now, the Demon Sage had been in a deep sleep. It wasn't until Dyon used his divine sense to shatter a portion of the protective barrier that he was forcibly awakened. Now he was being accused of causing the death of his own in-name disciples?!

Dyon sneered. "You're a petty man. I've heard much about your history. You've lost your mind to the Demon Path once before, who's to say that it didn't happen again?!"

Dyon was still rearing from anger. Although it might seem like a funny joke that the Demon Sage made him miss out on treasures, letting others take them away, but to Dyon, it was a matter of life and death! What if those treasures, those resources, were the razor thin difference between his success and failure?! Yet, they were now gone and it was impossible to recover them.

It was an irrational anger. After all, these were the things the Demon Sage built up on his own. What right did Dyon have to dictate how they should be used? But, was the Demon Sage's anger rational?! Was it Dyon's fault that his life's goals were crushed? Was it his fault that he earned himself so many enemies? No! Yet, Dyon was being punished for it?

The Demon Sage roared in anger. His rage sounded like little more than a dying animal. Such a blight on his past was one he was unwilling to touch upon, yet Dyon brought it up so nonchalantly!

"DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE!"

In his rage, the Demon Sage saw red. Hundreds of centennials poured out from the castle, charging toward Dyon.

"You old bastard! Stop wasting my energy stones on these puppets!"

How could Dyon not recognize these puppets? They were the very same ones within the Demon Sage Tower! Finished with a beautiful gold-bronze armor, they looked like mighty heavenly centennials, prepared to lay their life on the line.

"YOUR ENERGY STONES?! THIS IS MY WORK! MY BLOOD! MY SWEAT!"

"You selfish piece of shit! You failed because you were gullible! What bullshit Timeless Library?! You actually fell for that nonsense?! You're nothing but a warmongering brute! To think I was going to do you a favor and take your daughter under my wing! If you want to be so stubborn, you can both rot here together!"

Dyon was livid. How could he defeat all of these puppets?! Each of them was a peak celestial! Although they only fought with the effectiveness of a fourth-grade expert, the gap was still too large for Dyon to bridge, especially when there were so many of them.

Usually, a fourth-grade expert could never become a peak celestial. This was because one wouldn't have enough meridians available to make it to the 10th celestial stage. However, these puppets didn't have such restrictions.

Hearing his daughter mentioned, the Demon Sage wavered. The only reason he hadn't allowed his spirit to dissipate was to make sure that nothing happened to his daughter's slumbering body...

He refused to allow her to undergo the same pain twice. So, he had steeled himself to only allow her to go with his successor, someone prophesied to be his better in every way. Only that way would his daughter be safe...

But, he was still the Demon Sage! A prideful man who built his way to the top alone! He was still unwilling to give up, unwilling to bow down to the heavens!

"Fuck!" Dyon was so pissed off that he was about to ignore his master's rules when the centennials suddenly retreated.

In an instant, the Palace fell completely silent before the Demon Sage finally spoke.

"Bring all of their bodies in."

Chapter 1224: Oppression

Dyon silently gazed at the Palace entrance. With a thought, brilliant gold defensive array appeared below Zabia and Iaachus' crystal coffins before also repeating the same process with the remaining four corpses. With Dyon's array alchemy mastery, this feat was effortless.

When Dyon entered the Palace, his whole body couldn't help but relax with an overwhelming sense of comfort. In a single breath, the barrier to his 106th meridian was shattered, steadily filling up with saint energy. If Dyon were to break through to the celestial realm now, he'd be a 6th order expert!

'I could breakthrough to the celestial realm in one sitting of a few days here...'

After cultivating in the chaotic space of this universe for so long, Dyon energy manipulation had grown to exponential heights. It was similar to an athlete continuously training with heavy weight vests on before removing them for their big event. The ease to wish he could cultivate was similar to the ease with which he breathed.

As Dyon walked in, what remained of the Demon Sage's spirit calmly observed him trying to find a flaw, but he could only suck his teeth in anger when he couldn't find anything obvious and blatant. The heavens really did choose the perfect successor for him.

Other experts would be happy beyond belief. Many of them only lived to pass on their teachings so that they could continue to affect the world's karma after they passed on. It was this symbolic form of living that those at the top of the cultivation world sought.

However, the Demon Sage was completely different. His original aspiration was to sit atop the world, to become an existence to fundamental and perfect that he was come to exist into infinity... As long as there was a plane to exist within, his name would continue to resonate. But... He failed.

In the end, the Demon Sage Sargeras Pakal became exactly like those old fogies, except his existence was far more pitifully ironic. Whether it be the Demon Generals or Zabia and the Vinum kids, he trained them all, hoping to find someone who could surpass this successor the heavens had chosen for him. It was meant to be his final 'fuck you' before he left the world.

He was supposed to stand proudly and laugh at the heavens with an arrogant disdain... "You say this is my successor? Well I spit on that! I've found someone far better than you could ever dream of!"

When he had first met Dyon, he had snorted in disdain. Dyon had no ability to energy cultivate, his body cultivation relied on the blood essence of others, and his only talented path was one with the worst battle prowess. How could such a pitiful kid be worthy of him, the Demon Sage? An existence so fearsome that 99 quadrants had to ban together to stop him?!

However, the Dyon before him now had absolutely no flaws. In fact, he was so perfect that the Demon Sage could almost shed tears of shame.

Not only had Dyon somehow managed to gain first grade meridians, his soul was already stronger than the Demon Sage's had ever been in his entire life. On top of this, he had broken into a path the Demon Sage sought for his whole life but could never find... The Titan Path!

The Demon Sage lacked the courage to face Dyon. He could only stare up and into the skies, the vicissitudes of life escaping him in a single all-encompassing sigh.

Was this the reality of life? Was it truly impossible to go against the heavens? Then what were transcendents? Just fools who the heavens allowed to win? Just little children the heavens found adorable? Inconsequential existences that the heavens allowed to have a small ego stroke?

In fact, didn't transcendents die eventually anyway? What bullshit immortal plane? They just lived a little longer than us mortals. Maybe there was some mercy in putting us out of our misery sooner rather than later.

By the time the Demon Sage regained his senses, Dyon had already found his hiding place. How could anything hide from his divine sense? Let alone a spirit.

However, Dyon wasn't paying attention to the Demon Sage at all. Instead, his eyes were trained on the massive marble at the center of the room.

The room itself was completely simple. Lacking the décor of the outside, it was grey and bland. Its only out standing feature was the massive semi-spherical dent at its center, spanning several hundred meters. In fact, it was almost two kilometers in diameter!

This massive space held just one thing: an infernal core!

Dyon's eyes widened. An infernal core of this size... What kind of beast did it come from! And how was it here?!

"This is the core of this world?" Dyon mumbled to himself.

The Demon Sage snorted with pride, causing Dyon to look at him for the first time.

Dyon wasn't surprised to find that even after all of these years, the Demon Sage hadn't lost his sense of self. Usually, spirits, after spending a long time away from their bodies, from become blobs of light like the elvin elders, having forgotten what they looked like. However, the Demon Sage was too prideful and arrogant to ever forget his sense of self.

He was a tall man, standing at almost 2.5 meters tall. His spirit exuded a slight red aura that made him look murderous and illusory... At the same time, his features were handsome, nothing like the ghastly and cloaked figure Dyon met in his Legacy World.

Even in spirit form, the Demon Sage's bare chest exuded a sense of overwhelming vitality.

"This is the infernal core of a true infernal beast of the half-step transcendent realm!"

Dyon sucked in a cold breath. He had only gotten the price equivalents of embryonic infernal cores, he could only fathom how expensive a true infernal core was. This didn't even mention the fact that this was one of a half-step transcendent beast!

Remembering back, the embryonic infernal core of a peak dao formation beast was worth 1000 enigmatic stones... This was the equivalent of a billion transcendent stones and one would need a million times that to calculate the number of dao stones!

Yet, this was a true core of a half-step transcendent beast!

This wasn't all that shocked Dyon to no end. One needed to also consider the battle prowess of one of these beasts!

Dyon had to struggle for half a century to raise his battle prowess to a realm where he was capable of defeating a peak saint even as a lower celestial! As one cultivated, the difference between realm tiers only grew exponentially! The difference between a lower celestial and middle celestial was equivalent to the difference between a lower saint and a peak saint! This was how drastically things changed.

For the Demon Sage to have defeated a half-step transcendent infernal beast... Dyon was truly in awe.

"You were very powerful." Dyon praised without reserve. He had just insulted the Demon Sage savagely to vent his anger, but that didn't mean he didn't have profound respect for him.

The Demon Sage nodded in satisfaction, but he didn't smile. His face remained stoic.

Seeing the Demon Sage's cocky appearance, Dyon rolled his eyes. But, he suddenly thought of something that made his eyes shimmer with an amused light.

"If you hadn't spited me and closed off the Mystical Realm properly, allowing a few planet and even star level spiritual treasures to grow, I would have been able to make you a body for you to have a chance to fulfill your dreams. It's a shame that you didn't do so." Dyon said nonchalantly.

The Demon Sage sneered. "Do I look like a child to you? I'm a star grade runic vein master. You think that if I wanted to construct myself a body I couldn't have?"

Dyon smiled. "Let me guess, because your body wouldn't be able to sustain a partial soul, blah blah, you'd need more power than you could output making it obsolete."

"Since you know, why would you say something so stupid." The Demon Sage frowned, getting a bad premonition.

"Obviously because I have the means to heal a soul completely. Yet, you wanted to throw a temper tantrum. And, even if you hadn't, I still wouldn't help you on account of the fact you caused the deaths and injuries of my subordinates!" Dyon's anger was still boiling. A spirit like the Demon Sage was the weakest against a soul path expert like Dyon.

Even in his strongest state, the Demon Sage's soul was weaker than Dyon's, let alone now.

Chapter 1225: My Own Means!

The Demon Sage stared at Dyon in anger, his eyes quite literally lighting on fire. His rage was so fierce that part of his soul had responded and begun to burn, boosting his soul's prowess and shattering through Dyon's oppression.

Dyon's eyes flashed and danced with an odd light. 'This man is so prideful that he would rather burn his last remaining soul remnant than suffer a small loss? What a character!'

"Do you believe that I won't burn this entire Palace down?! Slander me one more time and see if I don't make certain that you have no legacy remaining to take part in! And don't bother mentioning my daughter to threaten me either!" The Demon Sage snorted, looking toward Dyon with absolute disdain. "If I released my little girl now, she could kill you with a flick of a finger! She's already stepped into the dao formation realm, you think my little girl needs you to protect her?!"

"Slander?!" Dyon's eyes burned with rage. "Are they not dead?! Are their cold, lifeless bodies not laying right here before you?! Where are the words of slander?! I only speak the truth, you old arrogant bastard!"

The Demon Sage and Dyon were like explosives, gun powder and fire stored in an enclosed space. Their personalities were so similar and unyielding that it was impossible for them to have even a brief exchange without it erupting in fury.

Dyon was unwilling to bow down to the Demon Sage. What right did this old bastard have to be angry with him? It wasn't his fault that he was given the short end of the stick.

At the same time, the Demon Sage was unwilling to bow down to Dyon and heavens. What right did the heavens have to dictate that his life was over? That his path was closed off and done for?

Just thinking about the man across from them, both the Demon Sage and Dyon wanted to have a war of fists. It was unfortunate that one of them was a spirit.

"You think that if I don't want someone to die that they will?" The Demon Sage sneered.

"Tell that to your dead fucking kingdom." Dyon said with disdain.

"That's it! Scram! I never want to see you again!" The Demon Sage roared.

"Go fuck yourself, old bastard. The treasures I've laid my eyes on, no one can take away." Dyon said defiantly.

This was the difference between the Demon Sage and Dyon. For the sake of his family, Dyon was able to set his pride aside and act shamelessly if need be. The Demon Sage was unwilling to do such a thing, choosing to rely on himself and his strength no matter what. He looked down on the schemes and small tricks Dyon used to make it ahead.

However, this small difference only made them even more like water and oil.

The brows of the Demon Sage twitched. This was the young man the heavens decided were better than him? A young man that was so shameless?

In his life, the Demon Sage had never taken the blood essence of any other expert doesn't having the opportunity to do it many times. Yet, Dyon had taken not only the Demon Sage's blood essence without hesitation, he also took his master's and martial uncle's.

The Demon Sage frowned upon scheming and small tricks and preferred to use overwhelming military might to win. However, Dyon often used his intelligence to weasel out of tough situations.

Dyon would happily rob the Demon Sage blind, but the Demon Sage would have detested to do so if their roles were reversed.

How could the Demon Sage not feel aggrieved? He had lived life with such an upright moral code. Yet, this degenerate was deemed to be better than him? He could die of anger!

The Demon Sage's chest heaved. "They're not dead, you stupid brat. I've protected their vital signs. Your senses are just too weak. Seal them in crystal will as well unless you want them to die too."

Finally, the Demon Sage spoke. He wouldn't allow four good kids to die just because he wanted to have a spat with his successor.

Dyon's brow furrowed. "That's bullshit. How could they be alive?" Despite his words, Dyon immediately moved to do as he was asked.

The Demon Sage's eyes shone. 'His illusory dao array isn't appearing, but he's definitely mastered his crystal will to the 9th intent level! That's amazing.'

Although he thought this, he would never say it aloud. Still, he recognized how amazing it was for a lower celestial to master a half-step dao.

"You're a fool." The Demon Sage snorted. "Runic Vein Masters can seal the vitality. Don't you understand the paths of life? You've awakened your runic flame yet you don't know this simple concept? I only allowed them to undergo this humiliation and pain so it was reinforce their dao hearts for the future. Facing this death will mean that if they are ever lucky enough to transcend, they will live longer as well."

Dyon blinked. The paths of life? He vaguely remember something of sort within the Viserion family tome. Similar to Magic that created Magic Circles based on the meridians, runic vein masters did the same with blood vessels.

In truth, the meridian and blood vessel system of the body were connected. Blood could flow into the meridians, and energy could flow into the blood vessels. However, the core of one's vitality could only be found in the blood vessel.

The reason the runic flame resided in the heart is because the heart is the core of the blood vessels. Studying these blood vessel paths is the core of runic theory just like studying meridian paths is the core of magic theory.

What the Demon Sage referred to as the paths of life were important paths to and from the heart and brain. If one is able to seal these, you can suspend a person between life and death. But, only for a limited time.

Obviously, this time is lengthened substantially with the use of Dyon's crystal will.

'A fake death, huh...' Dyon thought to himself.

"Then why did you wait for me to come here? Don't tell me you have no means of curing them?" Dyon returned a sharp gaze toward the Demon Sage.

"There are numerous heavenly treasures in this world. It would have been as simple as feeding them one after those beast clan scum left." The Demon Sage didn't know why, but he found himself explaining himself to Dyon. It was an uncomfortable feeling. Could it be this young man had more charisma than even him?

"Wait!" The Demon Sage suddenly realized something. "How do you have Emperor Level Presence already?!"

Seeing the Demon Sage's incredulous expression, Dyon grinned. He knew this would be a shock to most people, only core members of Emperor God Clans could become Emperors. Yet, the Demon Sage knew that Dyon was a kid of absolutely no background and if had been less than 30 years since then! It couldn't be that Dyon had already built an Emperor God Clan... Could it?

The Demon Sage felt like pulling his hair out. He too fostered a Sovereign Heart and earned an Emperor Level Presence without forming an Emperor God Clan, but it took him hundreds of years! If he was correct, Dyon was only, what, 39? 40? This year? Life was too unfair.

After knowing that they hadn't died, Dyon's anger had finally calmed. He felt no need to be too antagonistic with the Demon Sage despite their personalities clashing.

"Hey, old bastard. Since you protected, I owe you one. If you teach me how to build your body, I can help you heal your soul, how about it?"

Although Dyon had a body building and cloning technique. He somehow felt than a star grade runic vein master would have something far better... It was just a hunch, but he was fairly certain.

The Demon Sage turned a sharp gaze toward Dyon, looking at him for a long time. But, in the end he shook his head.

"I have no intention of earning a second chance like this. After I've passed on everything I can to you, I'll silently dissipate from this world.

"I am the Demon Sage, Sargeras Pakal! I live and die by my own means!"

Chapter 1226: Best

Dyon looked on toward the Demon Sage's proud spirit with a pensive expression. "Someone up there messed up when they decided you were a human instead of a Dragon."

The Demon Sage snorted at Dyon's words. It wasn't a fake disdain, he really did believe that even the title of Dragon was beneath him. Had he had enough time, he would have subdued the Drago-Qilin lands and used them all as mounts!

With the Demon Sage's personality, although he initially felt jealous about the things Dyon had over him, he was able to quickly recover. So what if Dyon had a Titan Body? So what if his soul and talent were so overwhelming? If I had been alive, I would have grinded him beneath my feet anyway. These were his thoughts.

Dyon's thoughts wandered as his gaze once more fell upon the true infernal core. If he could sell this... That would be too amazing, wouldn't it?

As if seeing through Dyon's thoughts, the Demon Sage's disdain grew. "Don't even think of selling my things."

"Why not? You've decided to be dead anyway, haven't you?" Dyon replied offhandedly.

"There are some cultivation resources that you would be a fool to sell."

"Why's that?"

"You clearly still know very little about the martial world. Transcendent stones and Enigmatic stones are nice to have, but there are some spiritual treasures that even all energy stones in the world couldn't combine to buy."

"Aren't energy stones important for cultivation? I'd assume that high level dao formation experts would definitely need them." Dyon still didn't quite understand.

"Anyone relying on energy stones to cultivate doesn't have a bright future." The Demon Sage snorted. "Plus, there are three ways to gain energy stones. One is to find a mine. Another is to find a spiritual vein. And the third way is to create it yourself. A high dao formation expert could create one enigmatic stone a month. Over their hundreds of thousands of years of life, just how large do you think their fortunes are? Energy stones are practically obsolete at such high levels. Usually, they're only useful for powering formations, which is why they haven't been wiped out as a form of currency."

Dyon's brows raised. He hadn't known that it was possible for experts to condense energy stones of their own.

"But that doesn't mean they're valueless." Dyon spoke with a pensive expression. "It's kind of like borrowing a month worth of cultivation from another expert."

"Like I said, such things are useless for those whose goal is the peak of the cultivation world. Many such experts only trade in techniques and spiritual fruit and plants. I myself never had any use for dao stones. My vaults are filled with infernal cores." The Demon Sage fell into reminiscence. "I would crush them into powder and mix them into transcendent and supreme grade beast meat as a true Emperor should."

Dyon's lips twitched. He could hardly eat the meat of embryonic infernal beasts of the saint realm. He'd explode if he tried to follow the Demon Sage's example.

That aside, the Demon Sage opened a new perspective up for Dyon. While energy stones were important for fueling the foundation and younger generation of his empire, he needed valuable spiritual

plants and fruits for the future. He had no intention of selling off his valuable techniques, so that would have to do.

Taking a deep breath, Dyon looked toward the Demon Sage. "I have three months left, the equivalent of 25 years here. Will you teach me what you know? I have a lot of questions."

The Demon Sage's eyes flickered with an odd light as he looked toward Dyon. Once again, he knew that if he was in Dyon's position, he would never lower himself to ask that question. Was this truly the difference between them? Was he too arrogant, was that his problem?

He never relied on anyone in his life. Because of that, his Kingdom didn't have strong pillars in his absence. In the end, the Demon Sage Empire came crashing down without him, all because he wanted to rely on himself and himself alone.

Sargeris sighed. "What do you want to know?"

"I'd like to learn everything I can about runic vein theory. I'd also like to learn about the true body cultivation path as I know too little. For example, why is it that my body has grown so much stronger in recent days, yet my cultivation is stagnant?"

Seeing Dyon so earnest about learning, the Demon Sage didn't have reason to turn him down. After all, it was his purpose here to begin with. He treated it as his final gift to Dyon in exchange for taking care of his daughter.

One might wonder why the Demon Sage would keep his daughter locked up for so long in a state of suspended animation despite her being so powerful. Considering her strength, she could have long since made a name for herself in the world.

The truth is that the Demon Sage believed in Dyon's potential. No matter how much he raged at the unfairness within, he knew that the heavens were right about his talent. What better person could there be for his daughter to grow with?

Obviously, he didn't mean romantically. The Demon Sage would kill Dyon if he harbored such thoughts about his daughter. He just wanted someone of his blood to be a part of something great, and Dyon was their best chance.

...

Before anything, Dyon brought Zabia and the Vinum disciples into a healing room. According the Demon Sage, he wanted them to use this opportunity to rely on their own bodies to heal. In this way, their fighting tenacity and vitality would naturally grow. Apparently, this was a method those without death will comprehension used to mimic undead bodies. However, it was very cruel to one's body... Only by experiencing near death on multiple occasions would this method bear fruit.

Afterward, the Demon Sage brought Dyon to a library filled with books covered in beast skins.

"In the world of runic vein masters, these tomes are our life. Before I broke off from the Pakal Clan and started my journey, I only had a single one of these beast tomes. By the fall of my empire, I had accumulated several thousand. These are the accumulations of my life work." The Demon Sage explained.

"Beast tomes? What are they exactly?"

"In the world of Magic, one studies the meridians. From a certain light, this is much simpler. This is because every species, whether beast or human or sprite or elvin, has the same 108 meridians with the same several hundred million connections. There is only a single exception to this rule."

"An exception?" Dyon's brows raised.

"Mm. Among the top three God Grade yang constitutions. Your Titan Diamond Body is one. The second is another of the top three defensive constitutions. However, the last is known as the Martial Saint Body. Depending on the degree of awakening, a man with this constitution can have anywhere from 109 to 117 meridians... Although they take much longer to cultivation than others as a direct response, when they reach their full potential..."

"You mean..." Dyon's eyes shone with an odd glint as he looked toward the demon sage.

"Ai. A large reason for my overwhelming battle prowess was because I was naturally born with 113 meridians. This may sound like a small difference, but it had a major impact. As a peak celestial, I could already fight toe to toe with dao formation experts."

Dyon nodded seriously in understanding. The difference between an 8th Order and 9th Order genius was enough that if they were of the same cultivation, an 8th order genius had no chance of winning. And, that was only a difference of a single meridian! Now imagine that same concept scaled upward through every cultivation realm. It was no wonder the Demon Sage was so powerful.

"And here I thought you were just a body cultivator," Dyon released a breath.

The Demon Sage snorted. "What do you mean? I am a body cultivator. Your understanding of the body path is far too shallow!"

It was rare that Dyon was so confused, but this was definitely one of those times.

"I've already told you half of the explanation, have I not? The same way energy can flow into the blood vessels, blood can flow into the meridians! The path of body cultivation I followed was one where I fused the energy and body path to perfection. This layered strength is what made me number one in the world!"

Chapter 1227: Waste

"The theories I used to build my cultivation path were all found through researching these beast tomes!"

Dyon became swept up in the Demon Sage's passion. It seemed that he wasn't the only charismatic one.

When Dyon's cultivation was sealed, in order to learn the techniques his master gave him, he was forced to use his blood to mimic the flow of energy. To his surprise, this had actually worked! But, he hadn't thought of extending this idea further... In fact, he had planned to ignore it entirely.

"So that's why mimicking energy flow with blood flow worked? To think I was about to ignore such a profound path..."

Hearing Dyon's words, the Demon Sage nearly coughed up blood. He had said it so nonchalantly, yet it was clear he didn't understand the ramifications of his words. What the hell did he mean "mimicking energy flow with blood flow", didn't he know that this supposedly simple concept to him was something the Demon Sage had labored over for centuries?!

Truth be told, this wasn't the Demon Sage's fault. Dyon's understanding of his own body far surpassed that of others of his cultivation because his Soul was so overwhelmingly powerful. Even the smallest blood vessels and weakest meridian paths were as clear as day to him.

At the moment, Dyon had the equivalent of a dao formation experts perception of his own body while cultivating through the saint and celestial realms. Of course these concepts were far easier to him.

Although Dyon's soul had been sealed when he had this energy flow to blood flow breakthrough, it wasn't as though his body had changed. His body was still the same as a time before his soul was sealed. With his memory, how would he forget?

The Demon Sage coughed, hiding his insecurities. "These beast tomes details the blood vessel pathways of various beasts. After memorizing your own pathways to perfection and to my liking, you can begin learning the pathways of these beasts."

"How does knowing these pathways translate to runic vein theory?"

Memorizing wasn't difficult for Dyon, but he still felt the need to ask.

"Every beast has hidden strengths, bloodline abilities, and affinities. If every living creatures meridians are identical, where do you think these secrets are hidden?"

"Understanding these vein patterns will allow you the capital to create some of the greatest treasures you could imagine."

"Think about forming an army with the speed of a Wind Wolf. Or a corps with the strength of an Emperor Giant. Or a squad with high fire will affinity.

"Runic Vein Theory makes all of these things possible."

The Demon Sage's introduction fueled a fire within Dyon. Such a thing really was quite useful to him. However, unless he could increase his efficiency to at least a portion of his array alchemy abilities, it wouldn't be worth it.

Normal individuals took hours just to form a single set of a half dozen pills. Dyon could produce hundreds of times that in the same span. However, he was nothing but a normal expert when it came to runic vein theory. If he was slow, then he would have no choice but to raise a legion of ruin vein masters instead of relying on himself. He simply didn't have the time.

Thinking to this point, Dyon delved into the world of runic vein theory. Although he wondered why the Demon Sage didn't begin with teaching him the truths of body cultivation, he assumed that runic vein theory held secrets that made body cultivation simpler.

With his soul strength, even the thickest of the beast tomes became simple for Dyon to master.

He steadily built his repertoire of understanding. Starting from common grade beasts before moving on to earth grade beasts and finally heaven grade beasts.

Dyon was especially interested in the runic vein theory of rodents. He learned a lot about their reproduction veins and vitality veins. It explained to him why rodents reproduced offspring so quickly and why they seemed to always survive disasters.

Currently, Dyon had about ten million rodents within the Demon Sage Tower split into three species. There was the Black Furred Rat, the White Legged Mice and Iron Skinned Hamster. Of them, the Black Furred Rat was most known for its stealth, the White Legged Mice were known for their speed, while the Iron Skinned Hamster were most known for their tenacity.

Each were just high common grade beasts whose kings were mere meridian formation experts, but Dyon saw the potential in them. He filled them with all the beast nurturing pills they could eat and allowed them grow slowly. In fact, about 10% of them had become peak common grade beasts now.

That said, this wasn't too impressive. Not only was it significantly easier to upgrade common grade bloodlines, the amount of resources Dyon was pouring into them made this outcome put him at a loss.

Still, he had a vision. Then beast tomes only made that vision clearer.

'If they could just exhibit even 1% of the Little Yang and Yin's abilities, they'd become invaluable. Just 1%, that's all I need...'

Dyon predicted in as little as half a decade more, the population of mice within his tower would reach a hundred million and continue to grow exponentially. At that point, he could start the next phase.

'Wind Wolf... Golden Crowned Eagle!... Flood Dragon...' Dyon became enraptured. He didn't even have to open the beast tomes, he simply placed them on his lap and meditated on their will. As the moments passed, layer after layer of information filled his mind.

'So that's the midway point of evolution between a snake and a dragon! Flood Dragons are transcendent grade beasts...'

The Demon Sage only said that his collection was just a few thousand, but these few thousand encompassed every type of beast there was!

Not bothering to add redundancy to his collection, the Demon Sage carefully weeded out the unimportant and left behind only the best of each. By the time Dyon finished with heaven grade beasts and finally touched upon the transcendent grade, a whole new world had been opened up to him.

For the transcendent grade, the Demon Sage only had eight beast tomes. The Flood Dragon, the Vermillion Bird, the Rainbow Scaled Peng, the Three Eyed Lion, the Goldhorn, the Blue Demon Flame Tiger, the Diamond Skinned Ape, and the Hydra.

However, his supreme grade beast tome collection was even scarcer at just two. To Dyon's delight, one was for a clan of Silver Dragon Soul Dragons, the Light Dragon Clan. Still, it was the second that caught his attention over the others: Infernal and Celestial Beast Tome.

"No way..." Dyon's breath slightly hitched when he saw this tome. When he thought about all the crazy abilities the celestial beasts had, he couldn't help but be eager to read through. If he found the vein responsible for their blood forcing the formation of pills that were otherwise impossible, his array alchemy would reach another level entirely.

Dyon still remembered the moment his master formed that impossible pill. But, even more importantly, he was enamoured by the ability of the pill to replenish his mental energy. Such a pill... It was practically priceless!

However, what could be more priceless than the beast tomes that told of their secrets? Such tomes were absolutely invaluable.

'How did he get these...' It wasn't an exaggeration to say that infernal and celestial beasts were the most ancient beasts alive to this day... They existed even before the Dragon came into being. A tome holding their secrets was something Kingdoms would fall for!

"I took this from the personal treasures of that half-step transcendent beast. I believe he was the grand elder of the Infernal Beast Clans of the Devil Quadrants. You probably shouldn't let them find out you have that, they'll lose their minds." The Demon Sage chuckled to himself, reminiscing silently.

Dyon almost couldn't control himself from rolling his eyes. Of course they'd kill him for having this, this tome probably holds secrets about how to advance their bloodlines. If First White Mother had this, maybe she wouldn't have needed to create Ethereal Permeation.

Although the Demon Sage was being very nonchalant, he was reeling in shock once more. His entire collection... Dyon had gone through it in less than a week! The original plan was for Dyon to waste at least 10 years at this stage!

The Demon Sage sighed as Dyon's eyes opened, having finished meditating on the final pieces of the Infernal and Celestial Beast Tome.

'While the most important things for array alchemy was soul strength and spiritual plants and fruits. For Runic Vein Theory, the most important things are bodily strength and bestial treasures...' Dyon's eyes flashed.

If he wanted to implement the runic veins he wanted to, he needed the corresponding bestial treasure. For example, it was impossible to draw a supreme grade runic vein without specific important body parts of a correspondingly supreme grade beast.

This concept was slightly more complicated than it seemed on the surface. This was because there were two grading systems to take into account. The first was the grade of the beast, while the second was the grade of runic vein.

To lay matters bare, the Demon Sage was a Star Grade Runic Vein Master. This referred to his level of mastery, but how did this translate to bestial grade?

The truth of the matter that the realms of comprehension Dyon was used to – ie, the common, practitioner, master, grandmaster, comet, moon, planet and star realms – depended on the cultivation of the beast. Meaning, only a high and peak dao formation beast could elicit the runic veins within itself corresponding to the star grade. And, by extension, only a runic vein master of this grade could make use of said runic veins.

At the same time, the grade of the beast determined how likely these veins would awaken. What were the odds a mere heaven grade beast became a peak dao formation expert? It was fairly low. As such, it was equivalently low that they could evoke star grade runic veins.

Within the beast tomes Dyon read, the number of star grade runic veins he had knowledge of grew steadily. There wasn't even a single one among common and earth grade beasts, but some heaven grade beasts began to have one hidden deep within their bodies. Transcendent grade beasts could have anywhere from three to nine star grade runic veins. As for supreme grade beasts, although Dyon only had a three to sample from, they had hundreds!

However, Dyon also noticed some runic veins that seemed to surpass the star grade in complexity... In fact, they were so complex that he could only forcibly ingrain them in his mind, something that caused him to pass out more than once. Unfortunately, the Demon Sage didn't explain much about these...

Much of this knowledge, Dyon had no way of making use of. His runic flame was too weak to draw moon, planet and star grade runic veins. At the same time, his control was far too poor to draw even the simplest common grade runic vein. However, he now at least had the knowledge.

Seeing the glint in Dyon's eye, the Demon Sage was quick to shoot him down.

"You need to keep in mind that the number of runic veins a warrior can support is dependant on their potential and cultivation. If you start slapping runic veins onto the weak, they'd implode before they could make use of their power.

"Only dao formation experts can withstand the strength of planet and star grade runic veins. By extension, only celestials can withstand comet and moon grade runic veins. And so on and so forth.

"There's a bit more leeway for those of weaker cultivations only because the difference between realms is smaller. But, it's still better to be safer."

Dyon nodded. "I see..."

"Let me see your runic flame."

With a thought, a brilliant flame appeared in Dyon's hand. It was a beautiful blue, almost like sparkling sapphire. But, there were hints of rose-bronze within it that shimmered like the drink of the Gods, ambrosia. It was only Dyon who noticed that the rose-bronze tint was definitely more than when he first awakened this flame, but he didn't understand what that meant immediately.

The Demon Sage's eyes contracted. "These flames alone are strong enough to form moon grade runic veins..."

It was difficult for the Demon Sage to admit, but somehow, Dyon's flames far surpassed the level of his cultivation. He didn't quite understand why, but with his level of expertise, he wouldn't be wrong.

"However, your control is terrible." Finally finding a flaw, the Demon Sage sighed in relief. "Even common grade children put you to shame. What the hell have you been doing all this time?"

The flame disappeared as Dyon scratched the back of his head. "I haven't had a teacher."

"Didn't you not have a teacher for array alchemy either?"

Dyon shrugged. "Array alchemy is easy."

The Demon Sage's lip twitched. Array alchemy is easy? It far surpassed runic vein theory and magic in difficulty, yet it became easy in the mouth of this boy?

"I won't teach you anything until you can control your flame to a grandmaster level. You'll begin with exercises for children until you learn to act like an adult. Ridiculous." The Demon Sage snorted, not wasting his chance to insult Dyon.

True to his words, Dyon was forced to begin with children's exercises.

His first task was to split his flame into two equal pieces without one being any larger than the other. Then he had to control its flickers, tempering down the flame until it was gentle and calm. After this, he had to split the flame into four.

This monotonous cycle continued. He was once again hammered with concepts of calming and tempering, not to mention splitting and control.

Eventually, Dyon was forced to learn how to change the flame's shape. First into a ball, then a square. However, what Dyon found the hardest was the straight line. The demon sage wouldn't allow him to move on until this line was as thin as a single string of silk...

Dyon was growing frustrated. Never in his life had he faced such a difficult hurdle, he couldn't understand why it was so difficult for him to control his own runic flame. Shouldn't it be easy?

Unfortunately, what Dyon didn't understand was that a runic flame, and his runic flame in particular, was a fundamentally untameable beast. They were wild and unrestrained, very similar to ancient aurora flames. If it wasn't for his grand teacher forcing ancient aurora flames into submission, they would be just as difficult to control.

Similar to how Dyon took far longer to unlock his constitution's hardening ability due to the fact he took too many steps forward at once, he was facing the same problem with his runic flames now. It was like giving a child an entire fleet of battle ships and expecting him or her to control them all with the deft flexibility of a veteran commander and pilot.

"This is for your own good." The Demon Sage snorted when he saw Dyon's frustration. "You have no idea how much easier runic flame control will make your body cultivation.

"Runic flames in the very life source of your blood essence. They can only be formed through forceful combustion of this life blood. As such, it's a guiding light of sort. Without control over it, you can forget about becoming a body cultivating warrior."

Dyon rolled his eyes. "At least tell me something useful while I do this. How does it help?"

"Body cultivation is fundamentally about raising the grade of your blood. Usually this is done by drilling energy into your bones to slowly purify your blood marrow. Over time, as your blood increases in strength, so does your body cultivation.

"Before what you did couldn't be counted as true body cultivation. You utilized my essence blood and that of others as a short cut. This made your foundation weak."

"Why couldn't you have told me this when you gave me your blood essence instead of waiting until now? Was your grudge really that deep?"

The Demon Sage snorted. "My blood essence is the greatest to ever exist. The fact you squandered it is your fault! Not mine.

"With deft control of one's runic flame, its possible to guide this purification with added speed and efficiency. By the same extension, understanding of magic circles can speed up energy cultivation. However, aurora flames have lost this ability because they were "tamed". But, it seems that your soul cultivation probably should speed up anymore..."

"You still haven't told me, why is it that my body cultivation hasn't increased?"

Chapter 1229: Blood Vessel

"I've already told you haven't I? The body path is about blood. However, the path you're going down isn't the same. That path is specifically known as the Body Refiner path. It's wrong to assume that these two paths are the same although they can feed off of each other."

Dyon's eyes glowed with an odd glint. He remembered that when he entered the Titan World, or so he called it, he couldn't sense the cultivation levels of his opponents. Maybe it was more accurate to say they followed a cultivation path he didn't understand or couldn't gauge?

If this was the case, it would explain a lot...

"Listen carefully." The Demon Sage started. "The Body Path is a path of blood. One increases along this path by improving the quality of their blood. Think about it logically. The most important thing to the body is blood. Whether it be energy or oxygen, it is all distributed to the body by blood.

"If blood is more powerful and flows faster, the body is then able to tap into level it was incapable of before.

"A by-product of the body path is the strengthening of the bones. This is because the constant drilling breaks down the skeletal system of the body. Over time, one's bones grow tougher and denser. This is what is responsible for the sturdiness of the body cultivator.

"As the body path cultivator progresses, his or her body would slowly evolve. As the blood's grade increases, so does its ability to nurture the body.

"After a certain amount of time, body path warriors then begin to be capable of using what are known as 'blood manipulation techniques'."

Dyon's eyes flashed. These were another set of techniques Dyon's master wanted him to master 400 of in the common grade.

"These so-called blood manipulation techniques are simply related to runic veins exclusive to the human body. For obvious reasons, it's impossible to use the blood manipulation techniques of a species not your own.

"When blood manipulation techniques are used, similar to energy techniques, they activate a specific set of hidden runic veins within the body to provide a variety of effects. These can include a minor boost in strength, speed, and even speed of thought in some rare techniques connected to runic veins of the brain.

"The more one uses a blood manipulation technique, the stronger the formerly weak runic veins become. As the path strengthens, so do the techniques. One can reach the great circle of success realm in a common grade blood manipulation technique by strengthening the path way to a great enough extent.

"The Demon Emperor's Will is, in fact, one such complex blood manipulation, however, it is of a much higher realm. By using demonic will, this strengthening of the path far exceeds normal methods, allowing for inconceivable heights not possible without it. These are heights formerly only attainable by beasts which was why demonic and titan will were so important to the ancients.

"It's because of the versatility of the body path that the path of the body refiner was replaced... However, the path of the body refiner should not be looked down upon."

As Dyon listened to the Demon Sage's lectures, he continued to labor over his runic flame. It had already been a half year, yet he still hadn't stepped past the common expert's level of control. Clearly, this wasn't coming as easily to Dyon as array alchemy.

It was most difficult to control the random flickers of the flame. Whenever he tried to shape it into an object, it would inevitably begin to rage as though Dyon's command was something it wanted to break away from.

"As you know," The Demon Sage continued, "Demonic will was the hope of the ancient humans to survive in a world ruled by beasts. It's split into two facets. The first facet is one related to Presence. Demonic will allows one to exude the pressure of a beast, intimidating one's opponents. In fact, Demonic Will is the branch from which Presence evolved from. Presence is a higher form because it doesn't rely on the universe's energy, it relies on one's body solely, making it stronger.

"The second facet of demonic will is the strengthening of the body. Whether it be skin, bones, muscles or blood vessels, demonic will can strengthen them all.

"However, what you need to understand is the demonic will is supplementary. Its creation is what made the body refinement path easier, but it can't represent the body refiner alone."

Dyon's eyes shone. Body refiner... It seemed like the key to not only raising the potential of the body, but also raising his battle prowess!

"Still, the body refinement path is far crueler than the body path. In ancient times, some experts boiled themselves within molten metal. Others injected themselves with harsh poisons, forcing their bodies to adapt. And still others travelled to the most extreme areas of the world, meditating in near absolute zero temperatures and finding stars to bathe in.

"Its goal was to constantly push the body to the utmost limit. The only reason you managed to progress along this path is because you embraced this philosophy. Spending so many decades in a near death state, knowing nothing but fighting and eating... That's the path of the body refiner!"

The Demon Sage smiled as though he was remembering his own training. "The body refinement path is the key to raising the battle prowess of the talentless to match that of the heavenly blessed.

"While there is a limit to how much a certain cultivation realm can provide to you, there is no such limit for the body refinement path! You're only limited by how much you can torture yourself, how much pain you can withstand and how strong your mind is.

"For the body path, one follows the normal cultivation realms. As the blood improves in grade and power, one can slowly raise from the Foundation Realm to the Dao Formation Realm.

"However, the body refinement path has no such stringent system. It's not that one couldn't be made, but rather that it was never made on purpose. This represents what it means to body refine. Your goal isn't some arbitrary boundary named by some expert you've never met, your goal is only to surpass yourself!"

"Then how exactly does body refinement work? I understand the concept of pushing the body to the limit, but are there more efficient ways just like some cultivation techniques are faster than others?" Dyon pondered before asking the Demon Sage this question.

"Mm. There are multiple paths, some of which are more efficient than others. Currently, your Titan Diamond Body has inadvertently done a lot of this refinement for you, making you the equivalent of a first grade expert of the body path.

"The body refinement path you've followed until now focuses on the muscles, but this has also made you unbalanced. You've off-loaded so much of the burden to your muscles that it won't be long before your bones can no longer withstand the pressure they exert.

"In addition, even though your muscles are powerful, your inner organs are weak. It's the same concept as what results in wearing strong armor but being weak. No matter how strong your armor is, if a shock wave travels through it, you'll die.

"To top this off, your nerves are also weak. Your thinking speed is very quick due to your soul, but you can't put these things into action because your reaction time is slow.

"All of these things can be improved through body refinement."

Dyon blinked. "Can't they also be improved through the body path?"

"Yes, but you have to remember that you are human. For example, if you stimulate the far-sight runic vein within your eyes, you'd only be able to increase your vision to the utmost limit of a human. If you

then added your titan will, this would surpass the human limit and reach the utmost limit of most sharp eyed beasts.

"However, what if you used the body refinement path first? Then you learn to circulate the runic vein, before finally once more strengthening it with titan will once more? What do you think the result would be?"

"I see!"

"Blood vessel refinement is just as if not more dangerous than nerve refinement, though. It's the most heaven defying and as such there are heavy penalties and hurdles to leap over."

"Blood vessel refinement..." Dyon's brows furrowed. "Does blood vessel refinement allow you to change the structure of your blood vessels into that of beasts as well?"

Wasn't this exactly how the Viserion Clan's Dragon Transformation technique worked?

The Demon Sage paused, giving Dyon a deep look. "Yes! However, this requires the blood of the beast whose abilities you want to evoke... And it will definitely put you at the boundary of life and death!"

Chapter 1230: Weeks Ago

From that day forward, Dyon began to incorporate another aspect of his flame control training. After finishing his shape changing exercises, he would send the flame through his body, forcing it to follow along the narrow paths of his blood vessels.

Even with Dyon's robust body, he coughed up blood more than once during this process. Even his rose-bronze veins and arteries couldn't withstand the impacts of his clumsy control. However, the good news was that all of his vessels and meridians were completely clear of impurities, making the process much easier than it would have been.

The Demon Sage couldn't help but smile when he saw Dyon's masochistic side. He hadn't even asked Dyon to do this as it truly put his life on the line, yet he did so anyway. This was how a cultivator should

be! To put your life on the line in the pursuit of power, this was the only thing the Demon Sage would ever respect.

What he didn't tell Dyon was that his Titan Diamond Body had already set him on the path of body refinement. In fact, he was very far along it already.

Those rose-bronze flakes within his runic flame were the perfect measure. As Dyon progressed, the ratio of blue would lower while the ratio of rose-bronze would grow. Eventually, once Dyon's body was capable of withstanding all one billion jin of his weight, the entire flame would be rose-bronze. This would be Dyon's first barrier to leap over.

After completing the rose-bronze stage, he would then be faced with the rose-silver stage. His skin and body would begin to emit a beautiful pink-silver light and his flame would gain flakes of rose-silver that would almost look like pink-diamond. At this point, his goal would be to be capable of withstanding his entire ten billion jin weight.

Once this stage was entered, Dyon's next goal would be the rose-gold stage. Aside from emitting this beautiful sheen, his peak weight would increase to one hundred billion jin.

This process would continue onward for the crystalline, diamond and fate silk stages.

Why didn't the Demon Sage tell Dyon this despite knowing that his body refinement would have clear markers unlike others? It was because he wanted Dyon to understand what it meant to be a body refiner. Chasing after these markers would only stunt his growth, only by not knowing and forcing oneself to improve even in the face of the unknown would one truly become a body refiner!

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As Dyon was training, more ground-breaking news shook the martial world.

The hysteria of the Celestial Deer Corner opening had rocked the tower, but it had soon calmed when many realized that True God Sacharro wouldn't be appearing. However, while they came for Dyon, they stayed for a vastly different reason! The corner was absolutely beautiful!

The air was rich and calming, energy seemed to purify much easier, making cultivation 10x easier, and they even sold pills even the Sapientia Quadrant didn't have!

Geniuses began to pay exorbitant prices to rent and own homes within Celestial Deer Corner, the atmosphere was simply too good!

At the same time, clans began to inquire about buying pills in bulk. But, they were turned down. According to the announcements, these pills were created by True God Sacharro himself!

Knowing this, the craze over the pills increased to another level. True God Sacharro was actually such a heavenly genius of alchemy! It was no wonder he performed so well in the first two trials while the other True Gods only did so for the third to fifth trials!

The Martial World had never seen such majesty. Even the worst of Dyon's pills were at 70% purity! There were even rumors that if you were willing to pay more, you would be provided with 90% pure pills! Such goods made alchemists who had spent their lives for the craft cough up blood in shame.

As these things happened, the revenue of the Celestial Deer Corner skyrocketed. Just by itself, it already matched the former revenue of the internet and was slowly growing!

Many felt that it was a shame that they couldn't visit the Celestial Deer Quadrant itself. After all, if just the corner was so beautiful, what feat of architecture waited for them on the other side? However, the teleportation pads were closed to them.

This didn't cause too much of a fuss, though. Many high-ranking quadrants closed off their borders. For example, it was impossible to enter the first ranked Star Clan quadrants or the third ranked Sprite Quadrants on a whim. In fact, of the top 20, only the quadrants ruled by sects allowed easy entry into their quadrants for the sake of recruiting talents. As for those ruled by Clans, they had strict vetting processes.

However... Not everyone was happy about this. When Hela and First Saint Son heard that the celestial deer quadrant was opening, they were among the first to rush there. This was their home quadrant, was it not? Then the teleportation pad shouldn't have stopped them, right?

This was their thinking. And they were correct! Dyon had no idea who they were, so how could he ban them despite having the ability to do so as the key wielder? He had no idea they even existed.

That said... Dyon had learned his lesson. From the outside looking in, it was incredibly stupid for Hela and First Saint Son to do what they did. What if Dyon's supposed powerful clan killed them in anger?

But, Dyon had learned to expand his plans to encompass the actions of those who weren't intelligent into his plans.

The moment Hela and First Saint Son were giddy with happiness that teleportation worked for them, they were trapped within an impregnable 1st stage moon grade formation! With their battle prowess, even half a century wasn't enough to break out!

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~Weeks ago...

Hela's voluptuous body caught the attention of many with Celestial Deer Corner. Whether it be her towering breasts or her ridiculous scant body armor, each was more enticing than the last. Her long blond hair glistened in the wind even as her blue eyes shone. Although no one knew where she was headed, her footsteps were steady and determined.

The truth was that Hela was very much aware that this was dangerous. However, her communication with her family was far too slow. Although others had begun using the so-called "forums" as modes of long-distance communication, hiring messengers across quadrants, the Celestial Deer Quadrant hadn't allowed the Sapientia to set up any towers, so therefore such a method was impossible for her.

A few days ago, she had noticed the Presence of First Saint Son. Thankfully, she had yet to become confident enough to challenge her way up to the celestial floors, or else she would have missed this opportunity!

'You bastard Uidah, to think that you were really the ones hiding such a treasure. You even sent your First Saint Son as a decoy?!'

Hela had wanted to send a message back to her family immediately, but she decided to check first. Something seemed off to her. This kind of grand display... It was impossible for the Uidah to bring out. If they could, they would have long since obliterated her Ragnor Clan and the Pakal Clan, unifying the entire quadrant.

So, Hela made a decision. If the teleportation pad worked for her, then the enemy was likely not the Uidah and was more likely the Pakals. If it didn't work, then she'd be certain that it was the Uidah!

In the darkness of night, Hela left her expensive hotel, slinking through the streets. She had heard that the celestial deer corner had powerful, evolved serpent vines protecting their territory even with True God Sacharro not being here. These serpent vines had already punished some hot-headed characters seeking to rile True God Sacharro into making an appearance.

When the Corner opened, rumors had it that True God Falkor had come to challenge Dyon and had even destroyed a few buildings when Dyon hadn't appeared. Finally, he left when it seemed that Dyon wouldn't appear, calling him a coward.

True God Falkor was actually a member of the Hydra Clan, a family of blue scaled transcendent king beasts!