

## The Nameless 1271

Chapter 1271: Special?

"These vials..." Madeleine mumbled to herself. She didn't know much about alchemy, but she didn't need to, to realize just how valuable the shelves of pills before them were. Just their aroma, even while bottled, was intoxicating.

Dyon's eyes flashed. "These were Star Grade pills."

"Star grade?!" Lilianna and Madeleine exclaimed.

Dyon couldn't be mistaken. When it came to array alchemy, he was nearly flawless whether it be his talent or his senses. He would never make an error over such a matter.

However, even if Madeleine knew this, it was hard to accept even though she believed her husband in all things. A star grade pill was none other than the highest possible concoction of the Mortal Plane! In fact, such a pill was one even those of the Immortal Plane would fight over to the death! Yet, not only were they here, Madeleine counted exactly 1000 of them!

"If we auctioned these pills, I'm afraid that all the wealth of the tower quadrants wouldn't be enough to buy them..." Dyon said softly.

Dyon's eyes flashed gold. He didn't have knowledge of the star grade just yet, so he couldn't recognize the function of these pills immediately. In order to learn their use, he had to rely on a method detailed in the [Dao of Array Alchemy] known as 'Detection'.

Using this analysis tool, Dyon was able to decipher the uses of not only pills, but also spiritual plants and fruits. This skill also made it possible to create new pill formulas by utilizing the information you gathered. However, this was only possible if you were a highly talented alchemist to begin with.

Dyon shuddered when he read the information. He knew that a star grade pill had to be amazing beyond belief, but even he had a hard time accepting it.

Of course, it was also true that even if he didn't have this skill, he could rely on the twins. But, it seemed trivial to wake them from their nap for this.

"What is it?" Madeleine couldn't help but ask. She knew that Dyon wouldn't react this way for just any old thing.

"You said that the rewards for these trials are scaled depending on their difficulty, right?" Dyon bitterly smiled.

"Mhm."

"Someone is going to be very angry with me, I can tell..."

Without even needing another to tell him, Dyon could tell the punishment that should have lied in wait after finishing this trial. A peak celestial, assuming their senses were sharper than normal, by Dyon's estimation, would have taken at least half a decade to clear this trial. These were Dyon's calculations based on an individual who had a divine sense range of about ten or so kilometers. But, obviously, by then, it would have been time for the Mystical World to close. Essentially, this should have been the only reward they received. Or, in most cases, they would have been kicked out before succeeding at all. However, Madeleine and Dyon had finished in just an hour...

To say that someone would be very angry was an understatement.

Dyon took a deep breath. "These are known as Divine Pulse Star Grade pills – it also has a second name... The Martial Saint Pill. Like the name entails, there are lower grade versions of this pill, and I assume higher grade ones as well.

"To make a long story short, if someone below the third grade takes this pill, they're guaranteed to become a second grade expert. If someone of the third or second grade takes this pill, they are guaranteed to become a first order expert...

"If a first grade expert takes this pill, they're guaranteed to move forward exactly one order... If a ninth order expert takes this pill, they will gain a Divine Pulse that they can nurture. Depending on the situation and resources available, it's possible to grow up to an additional nine meridians...

"If someone who has never cultivated a day in their lives takes this pill before their meridians mature, they will immediately gain a Divine Pulse and will break into the True Deity grade of meridians..."

Hearing these words, Madeleine immediately understood why it was named the Martial Saint Pill. Didn't one of the top three male constitutions also provide such a benefit? In fact, the Demon Sage was born with this very constitution!

"There are really 1000 of these?" Madeleine asked breathlessly. To say that a massacre would start over these pills was a massive understatement.

All this time, Dyon had been wondering just how he could benefit from the auction. He had capital, but it wasn't even close to enough to compete with those well-established Clans. In fact, he might as well have no money at all. But, he feared that if he didn't participate, he would expose the fact he had no real Clan backing him. The truth of the matter was that even outer quadrants participated in this auction. If Dyon didn't participate, it would be as good as letting everyone know that he had a fake façade.

Suddenly, Dyon paused. 'Could this be the treasure I stalled my cultivation for?'

Dyon shook his head. His instincts told him that this couldn't be it. Plus, you could take the Divine Pulse pill at any cultivation. Even a newborn could take it, which was implied by its last ability. Dyon already had plans to store some away for his own children whenever that time may come. Of course, he also mentally set one aside for Eli and Delia's child as well. Even though he doubted that kid would need it.

That said, the painful part of the process wasn't taking the pill, it was reconstructing the body to adjust to additional meridians. The Divine Pulse was just a first step and didn't count as a meridian. One needed to use its abilities to form new meridians within one's self. Each newly formed meridian was akin to standing before the gate of life and death... Whether you survived was a complete unknown.

Still, having this Divine Pulse alone was enough for many. Although it wasn't good enough to act as a 109th meridian alone, it was akin to gaining a half order. Considering how far apart the strengths of the 8th and 9th order geniuses were, gaining another half order atop the 9th would allow you to rule over even True Gods. Plus, most people weren't 9th order geniuses to begin with. For a second grade expert, reaching the first order was more than enough compensation.

In addition, this Divine Pulse would make clearing meridians far easier. So, if you gained this divine pulse in the saint realm, reaching the peak celestial realm and the peak dao formation realm would have an exponentially smaller barrier.

A Divine Pulse was capable of clearing the way, widening passages that were otherwise narrow, and strengthening paths that were otherwise weak.

Even in someone who had gained meridians practically forged by heavenly metals like Dyon, a Divine Pulse would be able to act even more aggressively. Essentially, this was a pill that rewards both the talented and untalented proportionately.

"What do you think is so special about the celestial realm?" Dyon suddenly asked. Since his master wasn't here, he thought it wouldn't hurt to ask Madeleine.

#### Chapter 1272: Using

Madeleine thought for a bit, ignoring the pills before them for a moment. In the end, her eyes lit up with an answer.

"The Celestial Realm is the first step toward becoming a God. Not one in title, but a real, tried and true God."

Dyon's eyes flashed at this answer before falling into contemplation of his own.

What was special about the celestial realm? It was the moment most learned their Pseudo-Domains. To allow yourself absolute mastery over an area – albeit a small one – wasn't that an act of God?

At the same time, Celestial Energy itself was special. When one begins their cultivation journey, they spend the vast majority of the time dealing with essence energy. In fact, all three of the first realms dealt with essence energy solely. It wasn't until one became a saint that the form of energy changed, while entering the celestial realm gave way to another change.

Celestial energy had the ability to influence the space around you. In fact, even the celestial level intents had this ability as well. Someone who can wield a 7th stage intent could seal space just as easily as someone who was a lower celestial could.

This sort of control could only be described as the beginning of Godhood. But what did it represent?

Dyon sighed. "I'll worry about this another time." Wiping his pensive expression, he smiled. "How about we taste the power of a star grade pill?"

It wasn't long after Dyon's words that he found himself looking at a two-inch-wide beige pill in his palm. He had already put away the remaining pills in the pill storage room of the Demon Sage's tower. Although he felt weird placing such magical pills in the same space as beast nurturing pills, it couldn't be helped.

'One day, I'll be able to concoct you myself...' Dyon said with a light smile of confidence. 'In fact, I'll be able to concoct one better than you.'

The pills vibrated in his hand, fueled by his arrogance. Pills of such a high level had a certain sentience to them and a baseline of love for their creator. It was the same way Dyon's Queen Fairy Pill was very happy to see him when it was first created. So, this pill didn't like Dyon's arrogance very much.

But, when it felt Dyon's soul strength, it obediently stopped shifting around.

'Although you're only of 70% purity, I'll forgive it on account of your high grade.'

It was certain that if the alchemist who created these pills heard Dyon's thought, they'd pass out in anger. But, who knew where that heavenly alchemist was now? Likely long dead.

In fact, Dyon should have thought about this fact before. Just how great were the preservation abilities of this room if these pills were in perfect condition even after trillions of years?

Without another thought, Dyon popped the pill into his mouth, catching Madeleine doing the same out of the corner of his own eye. He could almost hear Lilianna grumbling about how unfair this was. If only she had found such a pill in her youth. Maybe she would have been able to help the Holy Goddess more.

Dyon's body began to glow with a fierce light.

In the next instant, the lines of his meridians began clear from the outside, showing off the intricate and delicate patterns filled with heavenly secrets. Dyon hadn't even thought for a moment... What would it mean for the magic circles he awakened in the future if he suddenly had more than 108 meridians?

But, he didn't get a chance to simply because a shocking change was occurring in his inner world.

When Dyon ate the Divine Pulse pill, he had been fully prepared for a possibility where he had to once more reconstruct his inner world. However, he had taken a calculated risk.

The truth of the matter was that Dyon's individual strength wasn't worth much in this world as it stood now. Aside from his divine sense that gave him a vast advantage, it could only be said that his 'fist' wasn't very large.

So, Dyon weighed a few things. On the one hand, there was the possibility of having his cultivation sealed once more, but on the other hand, there was the possibility of gaining the strength he needed to make a difference now.

No one understood his own combat prowess more than Dyon. But even though it increased explosively, fighting a first grade middle celestial would put him in keen danger. Although he had a certain confidence in victory, he was certain that it would require risking his life.

However, one needed to understand just how valuable even a half order difference made. In the martial world, it was akin to heaven and earth.

So, Dyon took a risk. He knew that his inner world was modeled after the structure of his meridians, so he knew that reconstruction was inevitable. But, what he banked on was that Evangeline's energy – the vast reservoir he had gained after dual cultivating with her – would make its presence known once more.

The truth was that after shattering the first three seals left by Evangeline, the soul energy was the only one of them that Dyon absorbed fully. The remaining energy and body qis were sealed away by him. This was why Dyon's bodily strength hadn't improved at all at the time and also why his energy cultivation stopped at the peak essence gathering realm back then.

Over time, Dyon came to forget about them. It wasn't that he didn't know it would make his life easier, but the series of events that occurred resulted in him believing that it was better if he cultivated the conventional way.

For one, when Dyon entered Chaos Universe, it was a great moment for him to gain a higher level of energy control by cultivating with its chaotic mess of qi. This ended up benefiting Dyon greatly. In fact, he had already mastered all of the energy manipulation techniques up to the peak common grade that his master required of him.

Secondly, when Dyon trained with the Demon Sage, he found that he couldn't bring himself to break through to the celestial realm. Something was telling him that he should wait. So, he once more put off using them.

#### Chapter 1273: 117

As for why he didn't use his body qi, it was because he had decided to focus on refining his body first. This would increase his foundation instead of raising his cultivation, which he was satisfied with. Once he felt he couldn't refine his body any more without increasing his cultivation, only then would he use it.

But now, the fact he hadn't used these energies had become a blessing.

A pleasant feeling overwhelmed Dyon as his Divine Pulse slowly formed, vibrating his meridians as though giving him a massage.

At first, he panicked. He could already sense his cultivation technique attempting to seal off his soul and energy once more, but that was when he unleashed what he had hidden within his Seal.

Suddenly, an unprecedented flow of energy erupted within his inner world. Due to the fact the base of his world was constructed with Primordial Energy, it was no surprise that every bit of this energy was needed as the land exploded forth. It was now that the vast difference of just a single order was seen...

Before, Dyon's inner world had been barely 100 meters across. It wasn't until after his mind's eye doubled in size that it somehow reached 1000 meters. Of course, this was mystery tied to the sovereign crown of his manifestation, a secret Dyon would have to slowly unveil. But, the truth of the matter was that this 900-meter added length was incredibly frail.

One's inner world was meant to be built upon the strength of all three paths. However, these additional 900 meters were added solely due to Dyon's overwhelming soul. How could it be as sturdy as its center?

The exterior of Dyon's inner world shattered under the might of the change as though reading Dyon's mind, crumbling and coalescing into a tighter formation.

In that moment, pulses of divine light descended. What once was a cracked, infertile land was given the breath of life.

Dyon didn't understand it now, but his inner world had been unable to give way to life before because the saint energy used to construct it was too inferior. All it could do was sustain an already birthed life, it couldn't grow or give birth to life itself. However, as Dyon stepped into a boundary that was neither wholly sainthood, nor wholly the celestial realm, he touched upon this ability, albeit to a limited extent.

Within Dyon's inner world, as his land crumbled from 1000 meters to just above 120 or so, his manifestation made its arrogance known.

Just what did it mean to have a humanoid manifestation? Up until now, the greatest benefit Dyon had been given were his wings. Due to the fact his manifestation represented the pinnacle of arrogance, it projected a lofty expectation unto its owner. It was through this that Dyon was given the abilities of an angel despite never having had their bloodline to begin with. And, although unknown to him, this was also how he was given the abilities of an elf despite never having had their bloodlines either!

Why was it that he had wings? Why was it that mastering the Elvin ancient bloodline techniques as easy as breathing to him? Why was it that his soul manifested itself as though it, itself was a sprite?! How was



it that Dyon was able to bend his constitution to his will, forcing it to give him a small body even in the face of having to skip over so many levels? Why was it?

In the end, it all centered around the majesty of his manifestation and the depth of his soul talent. Each and everything centered around this one fact.

So, how did Dyon's manifestation react when he suddenly took a pill that would raise him to entire other level? How did it react knowing its wielder took a pill that others would have to risk their lives to make use of?

It snorted, an arrogant disdain for the world overwhelming the medicinal effects of the Divine Pulse pill.

In that moment, not one, not two, but nine meridians formed simultaneously.

An ungodly amount of power stormed into Dyon's body, tearing the molds that had been set and reconstructing new ones. The pain was oddly similar to the first time his wings were etched into his back...

For the first time in billions of years, an expert with 117 meridians had been born.

Dyon's body was ravaged by pain, but it was nowhere near the range of putting his life in danger. It was as though the pain itself was just enough to remind him not to move, but not enough to make him wish for death.

For a man who had experienced his body being reconstructed on more than one occasion, this sort of pain was child's play. Instead, what truly hurt Dyon was feeling Madeleine's resolute decision to immediately attempt to build her 109th meridian. Something that would be easy for him, could lead to endless months, maybe years, of pain for his wife.

'Hurry up, let me go to her.' Dyon grit his teeth. He had a feeling that Madeleine would do something like this. Although she hated to fight, she hated even more to not be by his side. Out of necessity, she grew stronger.

It was obvious to her and Dyon that the best time to form meridians would be in these early stages when the gentle effects of the pill were still in place. In the future, it would require ridiculous amounts of supplemental healing medicines. Knowing how short on money Dyon was and how this was a secret they had to guard with their everything, Madeleine didn't want to place that burden on him any time soon, knowing she couldn't rely on the Flaming Lily Sect.

The wife and husband sat across from each other, just a meter apart, but living through vastly different experiences. Dyon suffered through his with mere gritted teeth, but Madeleine had become deathly pale. In fact, it wasn't just this...

The energy within Madeleine's body was sucked dry in an instant. What once was a woman whose full curves would send your mind into another universe became a frail skeleton with loose skin hanging from her bones. Although she didn't make a sound, not wanting to disturb her husband who sat across from her, the pain she was experiencing was unimaginable.

A deep guilt welled up in Dyon's chest. His wife was remaining as silent as possible, believing that he was experiencing what she was, when the reality of the matter was that while her life was in danger, his wasn't in the least.

Madeleine breathed haggard breaths. Due to the fact her robes no longer fit her properly, now hanging loosely from her once full frame, the weak vibrations of her sternum were clear to Dyon. Her skin had become such a ghastly shade of white that one could almost see through to the veins and bones below.

Dyon struggled to move his body, tipping forward to crawl to her side. Ignoring the pain that ravaged his own body, he erupted in a white, blazing flame, pouring his everything into Madeleine's body.

It was at that point that he became shocked. He should have known that with Madeleine's talent, a single meridian wouldn't have pushed her into this state. This silly girl was actually attempting to form three at the same time!

Madeleine felt a comfortable feeling wash over her. She didn't need to open her eyes to know that Dyon had come to her side despite the fact 90% of her nerves were fried.

Dyon forgot his own pain entirely. In his world, there was only the beauty in his arms. Even if she looked like nothing more than a dilapidated skeleton now, she was still perfect in his eyes.

## Chapter 1274: Madman

Madeleine awoke in an incredibly weakened state. Although her meridian formation had just barely succeeded under Dyon's constant care, it would take a very long time for her body to truly recover. The shock to her system was too much, and unlike Dyon, she didn't follow the body path to a great height.

Unfortunately, although Amethyst was a beast, much like most beasts who reached great heights, she followed the dual human and beast path. As such, she passively relied on her body's innate strength as a beast while pursuing human endeavors such as a powerful energy path and soul.

Obviously, Madeleine didn't have such a strong innate body as a human. As such, such large-scale reconstruction was too much for her to handle in the short term.

One had to understand that although there were "only" three meridians formed, just those three represented millions of new links. In order for meridians to work efficiently, there were a myriad of connections between all of their counterparts. Although there was only one main connection, there were innumerable sub-connections. Madeleine's body was essentially under complete reconstruction.

"It's alright." Dyon said with a smile. "You don't have to sit up, take your time."

Madeleine, who couldn't see much more than vague shadows at the moment, felt relief when Dyon's large, warm hands wrapped around hers. She knew that she was being reckless, but something told her that she needed to be in order to forge a greater path for herself.

"I did something stupid." Madeleine said weakly.

Dyon laughed. "Yes. Very stupid."

Madeleine sighed. She didn't regret her success, but she regretted the fact she had slowed their progress.

All her life, Dyon had taken risks for her. So, how could she feel comfortable not doing the same? She was certain that even she didn't know the number of times Dyon had risked his life for their sakes.

Lilianna watched this scene silently. Because of Madeleine's weakness, Dyon accepted her into his Mind Eye. She couldn't help but wonder how stupid she had to be to believe that this Dyon was an evil man.

"I'm sorry." Madeleine said softly.

"Stop that. I would be a hypocrite if I blamed you." Dyon caressed Madeleine's greyed hair. Didn't he just risk having his cultivation sealed once more? Had his gamble not paid off, not only his life, but the lives of the beast babies and Flaming Lily Sect disciples would have all been in great danger.

"Plus, I've lost count of the number of times you've taken care of me. It's my turn now."

...

Under Madeleine's insistence, Dyon was forced to continue his journey through the Sky Castle. Rather unfortunately for the Castle Guardian.

It seemed that these castles had themes of their own and this one focused heavily on alchemy and pills.

According to Madeleine, the three visible palaces had no such themes. This made Dyon really curious about what the other indivisible palaces held, but he knew he had to be careful for now. If he stumbled into a castle that didn't heavily lean toward the soul path, then he'd have to really struggle just like everyone else. But, here, he could practically clean everything out.

As expected, though, the first door was a trap. It was human nature to start from the beginning before proceeding to the end. But, in the case of this sky castle, choosing the first door would result in you likely being stuck for years until you were kicked out. But, had you started with a later door, you would have received an easier trial. Although the reward would have been less, you would have at least gotten something.

But, Dyon only smiled at this realization. The so-called 'lesser' rewards were still mostly of the comet and moon grade. And, since it only took him an hour to blaze through the hardest trial, he needed mere minutes to complete these ones.

Under the paled and ugly expression of the red armored guardian, the castle's half-oval wooden doors blackened one after another, symbolizing their completion.

Still, many rewards were useless to Dyon. For example, a few rooms contained Spiritual grade cauldrons or alchemy furnaces. Their functions simply weren't enticing enough for Dyon to waste his time on. But, he saved them for the Soul Rending Peak geniuses. Although he had yet to meet them since they had been in a coma for a very long time, Dyon was certain that they were awake by now. Soon, his empire would have an army of soul path geniuses.

The truth was that alchemy furnaces were very helpful to alchemists. Even Clara had one. Some had functions that boosted the percentage purity of pills, others were capable of storing medicinal effects over long periods of time to allow for success where it would have been impossible, and still others were able to store numerous unique flames in a fashion that surpassed what the human body was capable of.

This second use was especially important. Imagine for a moment that you had 80 of 84 required ingredients for a pill. An alchemy furnace that stored medicinal effects might be able to cover for what you were lacking, allowing you to succeed in what should have been a sure failure. Of course, this was under the assumption that you weren't missing any main ingredients.

That said, although these functions seemed useful, Dyon found them pretty useless. As things stood now, the only thing he found useful about an alchemy furnace was simply the thought of using it to hide the fact he was combining formation theory and alchemy into one. Aside from that, they'd only slow him down.

The pile of useless things accumulated.

In a few rooms, Dyon found the alchemy robes of Comet and Moon Lords. Within them, stores of their life's work could be found. This was something Dyon was certain others would drool over. He could imagine how much the Sapientia Guilds would pay for these. But, again, they were useless to him. He firmly decided to sell these during the auctions as well. Maybe he'd keep a few as rewards for his subordinates as well.

In some rooms, Dyon found array alchemy staffs. Some boosted your soul stamina, others boosted your ability to use your soul strength efficiently, while the best were some combination of both. There were even a few that stored attack and defense formations for quick deployment.

Although Dyon was surprised to find array alchemy materials here, after he thought about it, he thought it made sense. After all, this Mystical World was trillions of years old. The ban on Array Alchemy was a far more recent endeavor.

Still, these were also useless to him. He'd probably either auction them off, or give them as rewards as well. Although these items were technically taboo, as long as you only used them to boost your soul and not to practice array alchemy, it should be fine to sell.

Considering how difficult it was to soul cultivate the normal way, these items would definitely go for a lot as well.

In line with these useless things, Dyon found many Heaven and Divine Grade soul cultivation and martial techniques. That said, the martial techniques were slightly more intriguing to him.

Obviously, since he had a peak divine grade soul cultivation technique, he didn't need another. But, he only had one soul martial technique: Devour. Well, if you ignore his manifestations that is.

Some of the techniques were simply lesser versions of Devour, so Dyon chose to add these to the bank of available techniques in Soul Rending Peak. Unlike equipment only a single person could use, techniques, especially such high-level ones, were too valuable to just sell off.

However, there was one technique that made Dyon's eyes shine with a bright light, finally ending the streak of uselessness. It was a middle divine grade technique known as 'Soul Aid.'

Its function was incredibly simple, but its usage requirements were incredibly high. However, Dyon had always been able to ignore such restrictions. If he hadn't been able to, then why could he use a Divine Grade soul technique in Devour when he would be able to do the same for an attack-based energy or body technique?

The more Dyon read through its pages, the wider and wider he grinned. Even Madeleine who lay in his arms began to think her husband had turned into a mad man.

#### Chapter 1275: Small Success

'Soul Aid', in strict terms, was exactly what it sounded like. It was using your soul to help.

The more Dyon read, the more excited he became. The only sad part was that this was a nine-part technique, but there were only three here. Still, it was more than enough to have him salivating.

This technique was one of heavy analysis. It essentially burdened the soul by having it analyze all sort of things from pills – which fit in line with the theme of this sky castle – to techniques!

After finding weaknesses, [Soul Aid] was able to create a shorter path to success. Whether this meant improving the formula the pill was formed from, or improving the technique it analyzed!

Dyon completely ignored this technique's function for pills, but when it came to combat... His mind nearly exploded at the possible implications.

According to the note left by the creator, he was tired of those of the soul path being ignored in combat. Although they were valued for their professions, this creator didn't feel that this was enough. In fact, he was correct. Often times, alchemists without backing were bullied into essentially becoming slaves who did nothing but work for the Clans and Sects that took their charge. This was a large part of why Guilds were created – in order to protect themselves.

During the first part of his life, the creator labored over trying to find a method to attack with one's soul directly. But in the end, he concluded that it was simply impossible. The mortal soul was too frail. He posited that unless one awoke their nascent soul and transcended, attacking directly with one was simply suicide.

However, he didn't give up. After many more millennia of trials and tribulations, the creator finally refined an entirely new idea. If the soul couldn't be used offensively, why not use it in the role it had always been best at to provide support?

"This technique." Dyon grinned so widely that his lips nearly split apart.

'What is it?' Madeleine asked softly, speaking into Dyon's mind. She had been enjoying laying in Dyon's arms for the past few days. However, she still hadn't recovered much, so she couldn't see properly. That said, even if she could, she wouldn't have been able to keep up with Dyon's reading speed and comprehension.

"It's amazing!" Dyon explained animatedly. "If I use this technique to analyze pills, it's able to lower the requirements for success. Theoretically, it could allow the creation of, say, a comet grade pill, with mere master grade materials. But, this isn't what has me excited. The pills within the [Dao of Array Alchemy] are already the pinnacle of perfection. I believe that this technique only undoes the mistakes made over the years by failed alchemists."

Dyon was correct. One had to remember that Madeleine's blood-related mother was unable to form even a master grade pill by the standards of the [Dao of Array Alchemy] despite being a comet grade alchemist herself. It was clear that the standards of today were too lax.

"What I'm more interested in, and what the creator was also interested in, was using these abilities on martial techniques. What do you think would happen then?" Dyon's eyes shone brightly.

Madeleine's heartbeat slightly quickened. 'The threshold for using otherwise difficult techniques would significantly lower.'

Dyon grinned. "Exactly. Imagine being able to use an attack that your stamina would have normally only support three times, six times. What if it was nine times? Or eighteen times? All because of this technique.

"The stronger your soul, the more so-called 'Lines of Efficiency' you can find. Thus, without even increasing your strength in your energy or body path, you can vastly increase your overall strength by simply relying on your soul!"

Stamina was probably something Dyon was the least worried about. After he awoke from helping Madeleine survive her near death, he found that his inner world had boomed to just under 500 meters. Not only that, but its once harsh conditions had given way to rich, black soil and lush green grass. There were even clear blue skies in the air instead of the bland grey and blackness as well.



Currently, the energy within his meridians was already compressed by almost three times a normal practitioner. This resulted in his energy moving around his body like melted mercury instead of the loose gas most others had.

On top of this nearly three times, his inner world had provided him with an addition five times at a mere ten meters across. But, now, it was five hundred meters across! He had over two hundred times the amount of energy reserves a normal saint had!

Of course, this number would come down when he crossed over into the celestial realm simply because celestial energy was more volatile than saint energy – the same was true when comparing enigmatic energy to celestial energy. But, even still, the difference between him and his peers would be like heaven and earth.

So, why was it that Dyon, who should have all the stamina in the world, so excited about a technique that gave him more? It was because that this wasn't just about stamina!

When he saw the words 'Line of Efficiency', he immediately thought of a numerous applications.

What if instead of using it for stamina purposes, he used it for techniques he couldn't use right now? Currently, he was at the 9th will level of his Titan will, so he couldn't use the Second Act of Titan Emperor's Will. But, what if he lowered the requirements for himself?

What if he used this 'Line of Efficiency' to speed up his comprehension of techniques? He was already fast as it is, but he had considerably slowed down as of late. It was difficult, even for him, to reach the One with Self realm of peak common grade techniques. In fact, it would become exponentially more difficult once he started with Earth Grade techniques. But, wouldn't this lower those requirements?

What if he used this technique on weapons instead of pills? Wouldn't he be able to create higher level weapons from weaker materials?

The possibilities were endless!

"Now that I think about it," Dyon mused, "This technique isn't entirely useless to me for pills. If I used it for improving concoction speed instead of improving the pill formula, it could work..."

Dyon smiled. He felt that even if this had been the only treasure he received from this, he would have been endlessly satisfied. But, not only had he received this, he had also received the priceless star grade Divine Pulse pills. In addition to all of that, now that he had so many valuable items he could auction off, he didn't need to place the Divine Pulse pills on the line now. It was best if no one ever found out about them.

With that thought, Dyon spent a few weeks to master what amounted to about a third of the technique. He felt that he would soon step into its second of three tiers as well.

'Hopefully I'll find the second and third parts... If not, it's not so bad. It still counts as a divine grade technique.'

As expected, it wasn't so easy to lower the requirements of Titan Emperor's Will. He estimated he would have to master the third part to do that. But, with Dyon's speed, he was confident in doing so within half a year, something that would be a pipe dream for anyone else.

Still, at just the peak of the first tier, Dyon was certain of lowering the requirements for any Earth Grade technique by as much as 40%. Even for Heaven Grade techniques, it was about 20%. Knowing this, common grade techniques didn't even need to be spoken of. They were already at 60% or so for peak common grade techniques, even more for lesser grades.

With this, Dyon's speed of reaching the One with Self realm had more than doubled. Plus, his energy consumption in using common grade techniques was almost negligible now.

One a particular day, Dyon's eyes flashed open, a warm soul pressure emitting from him as complex arrays turned within his eyes. He had an odd scholarly air to him that was much different from his usual unrestrained, almost bestial style. But, he was still the same Dyon.

'Small success of the second tier.' Dyon breathed out, picking up the sleeping Madeleine in his arms and finally continuing to the next trial room.

## Chapter 1276: Organized

On the top floor, the red-armored guardian was only growing more depressed. If Dyon hadn't spent three weeks, he would have already cleared the sky castle. When was such an overwhelming genius born? It was borderline unfair. To think he did all of this with his sick wife in his arms. If he had been willing to let her go, he would have finished even faster.

The blackened doors continued to grow. There was a good portion of the treasures that remained useless to Dyon. More cauldrons, more alchemic robes, and more techniques. But, others were more useful in the sense that they would help him grow his empire.

He found a room filled with soul stones. Although the actual purpose of the room was to show of the formation at the center of it that sped up soul cultivation by almost 50%, Dyon didn't care about it. This was because the [Dao of Array Alchemy] had a more efficient formation that increased soul cultivation speed by almost 100% percent.

What actually caught his attention were the stones themselves.

Much like energy stones could be created by great experts, so could soul stones. Dyon didn't need these soul stones for himself, but he thought they could be useful to alchemists when they were on the final step of a concoction and needed just a little bit more energy.

Since there were several trillion of them, more than Dyon could bother to count, Dyon believed that using these would be good for building the foundation of his Empire. It wasn't like he had the time to sit around and concoct every pill and forge every weapon.

Actually, soul stones had another use. In large scale formations that didn't rely on the laws of Feng Shui, they were necessary for upkeep. They could also help Dyon create formations his soul was too weak to form right now. For example, creating a Planet Grade formation with mere Moon Grade strength. Of course, Dyon would have to research these formations heavily, but it was still possible.

Finally, there were a whole host of pills that Dyon found incredible as well, many of which fell between the comet and moon grades.

The first were Moon Grade Soul Foundation Pills. These were among the pills Stella asked for all those years ago. Back then, Dyon could only promise her 1, but here were several hundred thousand, just sitting and waiting.

These pills were able to give those without innate souls a baseline of soul talent and also expand the Mind's Eye. If Dyon combined this with the aurora steps, the results could be devastating.

The second weren't exactly pills, but rather, tea leaves. Or, more accurately, a stock of ten spiritual plants and seeds that produced these tea leaves. They were known as Heaven's Selfless Breath and were Planet Grade plants.

They allowed one to sink into their selfless state without penalty. Or, sink into an even deeper selfless state than one you were currently in, again, without penalty.

However, the function that caused Dyon's heart to beat the most was something the twins had said off-handedly when they saw the ten bushes that stood barely a meter tall. According to history, these plants were the best means by which one would learn the secrets of their Manifestation!

After being surprised by his own just weeks earlier, Dyon realized just how little he understood his manifestation. He remembered that those of the Elvin Kingdom had told him that awakening two manifestations wasn't necessarily a good thing because it was so easy to confound which had which ability. It wasn't until now that Dyon fully understood this...

Having a unique manifestation was about plotting out a path all on your own. No one would be there to help you.... At the very least, these heavenly treasures would help.

The last pills, ironically found in the very last rooms Dyon visited, were a myriad of healing pills – billions of grandmaster grades, one thousand comet grades, ten moon grades and exactly one planet grade. To Dyon, at a time like this, they were invaluable.

He didn't give one to Madeleine because this was a trial she needed to jump over alone, or else her three newly formed meridians would become weaker than the others, thus defeating the purpose. However, these would be of great use for him and the celestial babies.

...

Dyon organized and put away the healing pills, muttering to himself about how stingy the sky castle creator was. He created a room with 1000 star grade pills, but only left 1 planet grade healing pill? What a scam.

Madeleine giggled lightly at Dyon's words, finding his shamelessness funny. A planet grade pill, especially this 'Essence Reversal' pill, could bring even a dao formation expert back from the brink of death to full health.

The truth was that healing pills had always been the most valuable type. This was because those of the highest level were even capable of extending life.

For example, if someone who was perfectly health took the essence reversal pill, they would gain an additional thousand years of life. If the individual was injured, this number would lessen depending on the severity of the wound. But, in most cases, they would still gain a few hundred years. Its value was clear.

The ten moon grade pills Dyon received gave one an additional one hundred years of life and were known as 'Yin and Yang Replenishment' pills. The thousand comet grade pills gave an addition ten years and were known as 'Heaven Soothing' pills.

It was debateable whether someone would choose an extra thousand years of life over a martial saint pill. If one was already talented, it was an obvious choice. However, if one was less talented, wouldn't you choose to have extra time instead? After all, reaching the celestial realm only gave one ten thousand years of life. An extra thousand was extremely valuable.

After Dyon dealt with the healing pills, he proceeded to plant the Heaven's Selfless Breath within his inner world. Now that his world could grow life, there was hardly a better place for it, especially if he bathed them in white flames every so often.

As a planet grade spiritual plant, it would take several million years to fully mature from the seeds he was given. But, luckily, there were already ten mature bush-like structures with several hundred leaves each. Even if he snipped away all of their leaves, it would only take about ten years for them all to grow back assuming proper care.

With these things set aside, Dyon took the frail Madeleine who had fallen asleep into his arms and left the final trial, finding himself facing a tall, winding set of stairs.

Surprisingly, there was no second or third floor. It sounds odd to say, but the stairs simply continued, winding and winding until Dyon felt as though he had climbed several hundred meters. For there not to be another floor before this top one, was truly curious.

Still, Dyon eventually made it to the top or second floor, opening a door to find himself in a grand space.

He felt decidedly small. Despite being just over two meters tall, the ceiling above his head was at least twenty times that. To match its grandiose appearance, massive marble pillars lined the arched hall, all leading to a wide set of stairs, a lush red carpet, and a throne of precious metals.

To each side, silver knight statues stood with various weapons, making Dyon roll his eyes. 'You better stay statues...'

"You've come..." The red-armored guardian leaned against his throne. After weeks of watching Dyon suck his castle dry, he finally got over it. After all, it was at least more entertaining than sitting here and doing nothing for the last several trillion years. It wasn't as though those treasure were benefitting him in anyway. Plus, they weren't his treasures to begin. Rather, they were the treasures of the man who left him here. Whether or not his spirit would appear was an unknown.

Dyon smiled. "You're less angry than I thought you'd be."

"And you're just as arrogant as I thought you'd be." The red-armored guardian retorted. Which of the people who came here dared to converse with him so casually? Plus, walking in here with your wife in your arms? Did you not take this challenge seriously at all?

"Tell me... Is there a test I can take to gain ownership of this castle?"

The red-armored guardian twitched. "What did you say?"

## Chapter 1277: None

"It isn't as though it serves much of a purpose anymore. All of its trials are gone." Dyon shrugged.

It had been a long time since someone angered him like this. In fact, the last person to do so was the bastard who sealed his soul in here. The truth was that there was a hidden trial that required a single person to clear the entire castle and thus earn it as an immortal home, but with Dyon asking first, he almost wanted to lie about it.

Suddenly, the red-armored guardian's visor flashed with an odd light. "You technically could have earned this sky castle, but unfortunately for you, you received help during your first trial. As such, you didn't fulfill the requirements."

Dyon looked down at the quietly sleeping Madeleine and smiled bitterly. What a shameless guardian. Technically, he did receive help from Madeleine during the first trial, but should that really count?

"Giving me the key will be enough, then." Dyon got over it quickly.

The truth is that he didn't care to have this as an immortal home. Although the space was grand and magical, what he actually wanted it for was create a battleship. He had had an idea brewing ever since he found that reservoir of Sky Mercury.

Not only was it made of very hard materials, this metal also had an invisibility property. One can imagine how useful that was in warfare.

The red-armored guardian almost passed out in anger. He had been hoping to see Dyon throw a tantrum in frustration, yet that didn't happen.

"Just take it." The red-armored guardian threw a ball of light at Dyon. In its center, an elaborate six sided key hovered. What was the point of testing Dyon? There was none.

Dyon allowed the key to enter his inner world, preferring to hold onto Madeleine with both arms. Then, he turned to leave.

"Are you really just going to leave like this?" The red-armored guardian couldn't help but call out.

"Are you going to give me the sky castle?"

"No."

"Can you give me information about this Mystical World? Its creator? Which other sky castles also use the soul path as themes?"

"No."

"Do you have any other trials for me to take?"

"No."

"Then why shouldn't I leave?" Dyon found this guardian ridiculous. He had things to do, he couldn't just 'entertain' him just because he was bored.

The guardian really was too pitiful, though. Now that all of his trials had been cleared, no one else would bother with this sky castle very much. But, how was this Dyon's problem? Did he expect him to just sit here for years?

"Ah..." The red-armored guardian was on the verge of tears.

It was at this moment that Dyon allowed Little Rain to come out. The little guy ran around excitedly, wrapping around several silver armored knights with his chains only for them to disappear a moment later.

When the guardian saw this, his brows twitched, but in the end, he said nothing. If he allowed Dyon to do this, wouldn't he have to stay for a little longer?



Just like Dyon's opponent in his fourth and fifth trials, this guardian was on the verge of mental collapse. He had simply lived for too long. If it wasn't for the fact he was being sustained as a spirit and anchored in unshakeable laws, his soul would have long since dissipated. But, this was too much for anyone to handle for such a long period of time.

Truth be told, the other guardians were like this as well. The problem was that they were bound to stay here by a Star Lord. Even Dyon couldn't do anything about that, by normal means, that is.

Also, it wasn't that the guardian was being petty in not giving Dyon the sky castle either. Even though it was dissatisfied with Dyon's attitude, it valued its own mental health more than its pride. But, the rules of the castle bound it from doing what it wanted to do.

At the very least, had Dyon taken ownership of the castle, he would have been able to see a change in scenery...

"Wait... Is that a mineral spirit? To think one would be birthed in this world... Even Lord Creator didn't dare to presume such a thing would happen..." The guardian mumbled to himself.

"Technically, you could leave if I let Little Rain absorb the entire castle, don't you think?"

The red-armored guardian's visor shone once more before dimming. "It's impossible. You yourself are an array alchemist. You should understand the difference between a Star Lord and everyone else. Even for a sprite, especially an infant like this one, it's an impossible feat to accomplish. The little guy would sooner die than absorb even 1% of this sky castle..."

Almost as though to prove his words correct, Little Rain's elated glee grew quiet as he stumbled sleepily. Crawling back toward Dyon before falling into a nap. Clearly the high-quality materials were too much for him to take in all at once.

Still, he cleared the hall of several hundred silver knights, who, by Dyon's estimation, all wore peak stage comet grade armor plates.

"What I'm more interested in is what kind of rock coats the outside of this castle."

"Oh? That? It's not naturally occurring. It's a special alloy Lord Creator created after fusing the special properties of several hundred metals. It's a high-level weapon's master technique he created himself."

"Is that so... Then that probably means that the weapon's master sky castle has far better rewards than this one." Although Dyon didn't say it, he found the word 'created' ridiculous. Since when was fusing metals to form an alloy something just one person came up with. Maybe the metal was unique to him, but the technique wasn't.

"Even for you those trials wouldn't be easy. There's a reason that it's a phase two castle."

"Well look at you, was that so hard? If you just gave me the information I wanted, there'd be no need for this wall between us."

"There are things I cannot tell you because the Lord Creator forbid us from doing so."

"Even if I have this key?"

"Even if you have that key."

"You really can't tell me which sky castles are which?"

"Sorry. But, I wouldn't suggest you go to any other sky castles. Although I can't tell you which are which, I can tell you that Lord Creator isn't a fan of losing. This castle was already impossible by that standards of a celestial to completely clear. Lord Creator only gives out the things he can take back. And, no one has ever taken as much as you."

Dyon's head tilted slightly in thought. He had 'experienced' Legacy Worlds with creators who had ulterior motives before. But, it turned out that the Demon Sage was actually just venting his anger. Could it be that this creator was similar? Or worse?

Dyon smiled. "What is a Star Lord in the face of The Seal?"

Pure soul energy poured from Dyon poured into The Seal. Although moon grade qi, it was at an amount that could only be found in someone who had already broken through to the dao formation realm. With the size of Dyon's Mind's Eye, his soul stamina was almost endless.

#### Chapter 1278: Lost

A beam of golden light filled with ancient characters tore through the air, slamming into the red-guardian's forehead.

On the highest plane of the Golden Flame Mystical World, a skeleton wearing robes of gold-red sat slumped on a throne with a crown seemingly about to fall from its head.

Before it, there was a sea of fire the likes of which even a dao formation expert couldn't withstand. The entire throne room was akin to the lowest plane of hell.

It was at that moment that sparkling blue flames lit in the skeleton's eyes, flashing with a murderous intent. The malevolent light in his eyes only grew with each passing moment as he slowly came to realize what had happened.

'To think I'd lose connection with a sky castle after so many years... Hohoho...'

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The roar of an enraged Tiger shook the dark valley. Shere stood tall, her once sleek fur glistening with patches of pungent blood.

Her slaughter qi had reached a peak it never had before. She simply had never been so angry.

"Cowards!" Her roar seemed to say, aimed toward the still hiding rulers of this Demonic Gorge. Because of them, she had been incapacitated for weeks and her brother and sisters were forced to cover for her. She hated that feeling.

The claws on her hands enlarged, glistening with a red light as she pounced across the swarm of demon beasts, unleashing her all out rage.

Everywhere she went, creatures of the night shivered in terror, unable to withstand Shere's growing slaughter heart.

To the enraged white tiger's back, three celestial beasts lay gasping for breath. After almost a year, to say they were just tired was a severe understatement. Even their inner organs seemed to ache with an endless and unquenchable fatigue.

In such a large group, Shere's dominance could be seen. She had the most potent attacking power of the four of them as she was a beast forged for battle, and she showed it.

The pain of the past few months didn't seem to register for her. Under Biibi's continued support, she felt that her stamina was endless.

It was at that moment that a tiger almost twice Shere's size met her roar. It leaped out with a ferocity, blazing in a blue and black demonic flame. Beneath the flame, the hardened black fur of its body could be seen, rippling with a deadly power.

Their battle lasted for weeks. Shere, who had only just broken into the 3rd celestial realm actually held her own against a high celestial transcendent beast, venting her rage thoroughly.

Unbeknownst to her, she had triggered a unique bloodline ability of the celestial tiger.

Celestial Beast bloodline abilities came into two forms. The first were ones that they shared together, whether that be avoiding tribulations or flying before the essence gathering realm or allowing the formation of pills that would otherwise not work.

However, the second form was very near and dear. These were their sub-species abilities.

Shere was the last of the four to awaken hers, but at the ninth hour, under the pressure provided by her opponent, she burst through with the ferocity only a celestial tiger could match.

"This is the place you die, cub!" From the shadows, the Demon Tiger King erupted in a blaze of fire, clawing toward Shere's head.

All this time, his clansman had been suppressed by Shere's bloodline. It was for this exact reason that Shere had held out for long. But, the moment she awakened this new bloodline ability, her opponent faced death's door almost immediately!

A tiger who should have been on her last legs suddenly blasted forth with a new vigor, enlarging her size by 50% as her speed skyrocketed to a new height. How could the King still remain silent even at this point?

However, that was when hell on earth descended from the skies. Meteoric spears of gold and red showered the beasts from above. A God amongst men stood in the skies, looking down with an expression of disgust and disdain. His lives were in his hands and he had no intention of giving up such control.

There was an enraged look on this God's features. It was as though the demonic tigers were his mortal enemies.

The Demon Tiger King roared in anger. If his strength wasn't sealed, when would he ever had trouble with such an ant?!

In the distance, a group of Sapientia Guild disciples shook in fear, watching the God descend from the skies. The sounds of gulping filled their general vicinity as cold sweats matted their backs.

"Even for a True God... This is too much, isn't it?... He isn't even a celestial yet... Senior Sister, we just have to admit that we were wrong and leave this be. He's clearly out of our league."

The senior sister this disciple referred to was none other than the black robed disciple in-name of the beast guild's head.

"He's not infallible. Isn't that his wife, injured in his arms? If he was so perfect, how did that happen?"

The disciples who followed her here looked at this woman like she was crazy. Only a person completely blinded by greed would say something so absolutely stupid. Madeleine was a celestial False True God! Shouldn't you be wondering what could hurt her, yet be completely unable to harm him?!

"Senior sister, you've lost yourself to greed. We can't follow you anymore. They might not even be descendants of celestial beasts as you say!"

"We just have to wait! The Demon Tiger King is no push over. As long as True God Sacharro is injured, we'll have our chance."

"Or..." A voice akin to a Demon Emperor filled their ears as a blood red array began to form before them. "...You can just die now."

Shock colored the faces of the crouching disciples. Their senior sister barely had time to form a face of regret before her head was splintered in half by an intricately patterned ruby spear... Her last vision was of a bloody sea, filled with the repenting hands of white skeletons...

## Chapter 1279: Fifth

Dyon stood upon a gold formation, raining down hell upon the Demonic Gorge. By now, his use of Soul Aid had reached such a scary level that his already formerly overwhelming soul strength had only become all the more so.

Since he entered the marital world, Dyon's favorite array to use had always been his Weapon's Hell array. Even with his master banning him from using his weapon's hall manifestation, the ability was still powerful beyond belief.

In the beginning, it was a mere 3rd stage array, corresponding to the lower practitioner realm. However, Dyon made improvements to it until it shone a purple-gold and entered the 5th stage, or the lower master realm.

After Dyon found the [Dao of Array Alchemy] within the Elvin Tombs, he learned that the versions of the weapon's hell array he was using had several levels above to go. In the end, he was able to form a new version capable of destroying peak saints in a single strike, shedding its purple-gold color to transcend into the grandmaster realm.

However, it was also at that time that Dyon learned of the highest form of weapon's hell: [Judgement]. It was also then that Dyon understood just where the name 'weapon's hell' stemmed from.

Broken into nine levels, [Judgement] was akin to nine levels of hell, each new level delving into a more savage and depraved landscape. Within these nine levels of hell, the first punishment was [Carnage]!

Unfortunately, the truth of the matter was that Dyon was still too weak to evoke the true strength of even this first level. Although his divine sense was far vaster than even more high dao formation experts, his energy grade was lacking the umph that was necessary.

As things stood now, Dyon could wield the lowest form of moon soul qi. Although its quantity was vast, its quality was far below planet soul qi and leagues from star soul qi. As such, it was impossible to bring out the full strength of these techniques despite having such a vast soul qi reserve. It was also for this very reason that high grade heavenly treasures could hide from his detection and why he had to rely on Little Rain.

Up to now, the only way Dyon could use [Carnage] was by purposely introducing faults into the array. By making it imperfect, he lowered its requirements, but also significantly lowered its power. The issue here was that his methods were crude.... However, what if Dyon found a systematic way to lower these requirements? For example... By using the very technique he had just learned?

Dyon no longer had to stumble around or strain himself to the absolute limit. He had gained the equivalent of a heavenly formula. All he had to do was enter his requirements and an answer would be calculated for him.

[Soul Aid], at Dyon's current level, had four options open to him. Weaken, strengthen, slow, and accelerate.

Every tier of Soul Aid provided what its creator termed as 'Degrees of Freedom'. The higher tier you entered, the more degrees of freedom you'd gain. Since Dyon only had one part of this technique, he only had access to three tiers. But, within these three tiers, there were six degrees of freedom.

The first tier gave him access to weaken and strengthen. The second tier gave him slow and accelerate.

Weaken and strengthen were exactly what they sounded like. To a certain extent, Dyon was able to weaken a technique to a level he could use more comfortably, or strengthen one that had become too easy to use to the point of uselessness. As things stood now, he could control weaken to almost 500% and strengthen to about 5% for soul techniques. But, for non-soul related techniques, his degree of freedom was far weaker.

Essentially, Dyon can strengthen [Carnage] to 1.05 times its normal strength, or cut it to a fifth of its normal strength. However, although weaken lessened the energy requirements, unlike higher tiers of this technique, strengthening required more energy than usual.

Accelerate and slow were slightly more complex. Slow was another form of weakening, but in a very specific lane. It allowed a user to maintain the strength of a technique while lowering its energy use. But, the penalty suffered was the slowing of the technique. Simply put, one exchanged speed for lower energy usage.

Accelerate was another form of strengthening. In exchange for raising the energy requirement, one could increase the speed of a technique.

One could imagine how useful such abilities would be in battle, especially if layered. With Dyon's split minds technique, he could calculate countless things at once on the battlefield and use these degrees of freedom with the utmost control. The demonic beasts below stood not a single chance against his enraged onslaught.

Even weakened to a fifth of its normal abilities, carnage was essentially an instant kill for lower celestial beasts and humans alike. The best part was that although he only weakened it to a fifth, the energy requirements had dropped to a tenth!



When Dyon realized this, he immediately layered the acceleration degree of freedom onto [Carnage]. Now, not only was [Carnage] almost twice as fast as it was in its peak form, its energy requirement was still only a fifth!

The blaze of red and gold spears lit up the skies, filling the Demonic Gorge with a river of blood.

Still, even at a fifth the energy requirement, it was still too much for the current Dyon to create hundreds of thousands of [Carnage] spears. But, a few hundred at once was well within his range now. If he paced himself, he could continue this onslaught for days if need be.

To supplement this small number, he used them in conjunction with his weaker weapon's hell arrays, cornering the beasts before delivering a final strike. From beginning to end, he didn't take his gaze off of the enraged Demon Tiger King as Shere fought his subordinate.

With a final roar, Shere slashed the throat of the high celestial Blue Flame Demon Tiger, ripping his chest apart and swallowing his massive several meter-long heart in a single bite.

Shere's reddened eyes glowed savagely as blood dripped from her lips, it looked like she was ready to pounce again at any moment. But, it was then that her vision wavered and her steps fumbled. In the next moment, she tipped over, ragged breaths pumping through her chest. She was completely exhausted.

Dyon carefully placed Madeleine's napping body into their shared room within the Demon Sage Tower before descending from the skies, making his way to Shere's ragged body.

"Big brother..." Shere mumbled weakly. Despite the state of her voice, given her size, she still blew hot winds toward Dyon at several dozen kilometers an hour. Plus, there was an acute smell of death between her teeth, but Dyon didn't mind it.

"You did well." Dyon said with a bright smile, catching Shere's body as she shrunk into her human form.

With her in such a weakened state, it was impossible to use her bloodline abilities to enter her toddler form. So, she became the woman in her late 20s that she truly was, leaving Dyon to carry her bloodied, naked body.

Carrying Shere's frail figure, he made his way to his remaining beast companions, the three of whom were barely conscious. They had been forcing themselves to stay awake in case Shere needed their help, but they were on the verge of completely giving way.

Looking at Shere's body, the inexperienced Sen's eyes widened. "She can look like this, but she insists on acting like a little girl? I'm adding her to my list of wife candidates."

Dyon rolled his eyes. Sen had no sense of propriety. Shere, Biibi and Linlin were practically his siblings, they had grown up together like brother and sisters. He really was too shameless.

Of course, Shere was an absolute beauty. How could she not be with her celestial blood? She even had a wild aura to her that reminded Dyon of Amphorae when she spoke of Dragon Hunting. Plus, her figure and curves were even more outrageous and blood rising than Madeleine's, likely due to her bestial aura. But, no matter how he looked at her, Dyon could only see a little sister. It was the same way he looked at Little Lyla. No matter how devastating a beauty she became, she would always be his little sister.

But, clearly Sen didn't care about such things. He didn't find Shere attractive in her tigress form because he was an ape. But the beauty of a human was universal.

## Chapter 1280: Masochist

Linlin and Biibi combined to slap the overgrown monkey in the back of his head, simultaneously agreeing to never show their mature bodies to him. Obviously, their beauty lost out to Shere in no way either. But, they didn't want to be ogled by this shameless ape.

"What did I do..." Sen scratched the back of his large head, pouting like a child.

Seeing what amounted to a family reunion occurring right before them enraged the remaining Blue Flame Demon Tigers, especially since one of their own had actually died.

This might not have even been the worst part. Dyon had only attacked for little more than ten minutes, but half of their army of demonic beasts was wiped out. Wasn't this too exaggerated?!

Of course, the four beast babies killed far more than Dyon had, but that was over more than eight months! By their calculations, the demonic beasts should have lasted at least another two months. By then, their enemies would be too tired to do much of anything. But, as things stood now, they were too scared to even more, even under the threat of their leaders.

The truth of the matter was that [Carnage] wasn't just a physical attack, it was also a mental one that transported one into a hellish realm. Those who survived Dyon's onslaught didn't survive the wave of mental torture. Whenever they looked at Dyon, they could only see an obsidian skeleton, standing tens of meters tall and wearing a crown of flesh and blood. How could they attack such a thing?!

Dyon took out a large pill, crumbling it piece by piece and allowing Shere to swallow it.

What the remaining celestial beast had thought would take a long process was completed in just minutes before their eyes. The gaping wounds on Shere's frail body closed at visible speeds and her haggard breath steadied.

"Mm." Shere's eyes that had been fluttering closed widened with a new vigor.

Dyon raised an eyebrow. "Don't tell me celestial blood makes healing pills more effective?..."

"That's right. Not just healing pills, though. Pills of any kind gain a certain percentage boost when we intake them." Linlin answered. "But, it's definitely not always to this extent. Clearly, the pill was of high quality as well. I also think that since our blood has been refined to an extreme thanks to big brother, our abilities are more potent..."

"How unfair..." Dyon mumbled, causing Linlin and Biibi to giggle. It's no wonder people hunted celestial beasts down to the point of near extinction. "Well, it is a comet grade pill. I was expecting a few hours, but a few minutes is good too."

In the distance, the Blue Flame Demon Tigers panicked. This whole time, they had been expecting to just deal with Dyon. But, if he suddenly regained the help of beasts, they thought were long since done, it would be over for them!

But, it was too late. Of the thousand Heaven Soothing pills, Dyon gave each of his beast companions one, healing their injuries in a matter of moments.

It was like this that Dyon's first battle alongside his beast companions began... Or rather, Dyon's beast companions spectated and clapped while he unleashed a massacre.

...

Dyon looked down at his right hand. Sometimes it would be a staff, other times it would be a spear, then a halberd. He really couldn't decide what weapon to use.

After his tribulation ended due to his mask, he had gained the seed of knowledge for all nine core weapons. Still, he had only used the quintessence of the rod until now. At the same time, he was still very weak in the quintessence of the bow and arrow, it seemed like the largest barrier to him. As for the knife and sword, he didn't know as he had yet to try them.

Finally, Dyon settled on a halberd, swinging the bland grey weapon with absolute ease. 'This is too light for me.'

Dyon found out not too long ago that the Dwarf's Diamond weapons his master made for him were actually completely hollow! To think that a weapon could weigh millions of jin with being just a few atoms thick.

Unfortunately, Dyon couldn't form Dwarf's Diamond like his master could, so he was unable to increase their weight. Her skill level was still far above his. This would have to do for now.

Breathing out slowly, Dyon settled himself down, facing the slowly approaching hoard of Blue Flame Demon Tigers. He had half a mind to tame them, but the reality was that he didn't know any such techniques. Plus, such taming methods would become null once the seals on their abilities were lifted in a few months.

Of course, Dyon thought of using The Seal, but he knew that it wasn't infallible. The only reason he could keep control of Elder Nova was that he was a weak dao formation expert to begin with. Dyon was

certain that in his peak state, the Demon Tiger King was at least a peak dao formation expert. That wasn't something Dyon could control even with The Seal.

Although he had broken the red-armored guardian from the control of his Lord Creator, one had to understand that those seals had weakened steadily over trillions of years. They were nothing compared to what they once were at their peak.

So, instead of thinking of taking them as subordinates, Dyon thought of a better use for these tigers. If he killed them all and preserved their bodies, once his runic mastery reached a high enough level, they'd become very, very useful... He'd turn his Demon Generals into true Demons.

The growl of the demon tigers filled the gorge, their bodies lighting with a hellish flame that was neither hot nor cold. Instead, it filled one with a sense of dread, fueled by a deathly aura. This sort of flame was very similar to Yandevere's erosion flame... And, it also seemed to boost the physical abilities of these tigers.

Of course, Dyon understood their anatomy inside and out. After all, he had spent years studying them!

Dyon charged, disappearing from his location in the blink of an eye to appear amid the beasts. Before he could be shocked to find that the constraints of the world had significantly loosened around him, he was forced to fight the battle of his life. Yet, there was a grin on his face.

"Do you think big brother is a masochist?" Biibi muttered.

"Definitely a masochist..." Her three siblings replied.