

## The Nameless 61

### Chapter 61

Dyon felt all of the memories swimming in his mind. Some had array locks on them, while some weren't paths in cultivation he wanted to take, but, a lot of it was useful. He felt that his aurora had entered the Middle Blossom Stage and was even faintly closing in on the Higher Blossom Stage, only one more push and he'd be there.

Dyon was the most happy to find many Soul Cultivation methods in his memories. Rather than relying on the passive growth of his soul, he could finally be more active about it.

Coming past a certain memory, Dyon smiled bitterly.

"It seems like the massive array I passed through was actually a concealment array. I wouldn't have even seen it had Master not wanted me to. No wonder this place managed to remain hidden for so long... That sinister aura must have also been Martial Father's demon qi leaking..."

Dyon took a deep breath. Though the Celestial Lady had never said anything about going so far, he did it anyway.

'You're the only master I'll bow to in this life,' Dyon bowed deeply, clasping his hands in respect towards the dead body of the Celestial Deer, 'The 25th White Mother of the Celestial Deer Clan... I will always remember you. Your disciple won't fail you.'

It seemed like the 25th White Mother was the last of her clan... the war of the Celestial Deer Clan ended in mass genocide. Dyon had a feeling that a part of the sealed memories in his mind were actually the details of what happened all those years ago.

After bowing towards his Martial Father, Dyon walked out of the tomb, closing the heavy doors to let them rest in peace.

'Alright, according to these memories, much of the good things of the sect were looted in the war. However, the things a sect powerful enough to destroy the Celestial Deer Clan would find useless enough to leave behind, or maybe less important to pick up during a raging war, would be incomprehensible to the lower realms of the martial world.'

“So, I think I’ll check out the vaults too. There are a few arrays that the invaders couldn’t break through too... maybe there’s a method in master’s memory.’

After walking for about an hour and stroking Little Black’s fur, Dyon finally came to the weapon’s vault. As he expected, much of the higher floors were looted. But, the lower levels were filled with weapons.

“My spatial ring isn’t enough to take all of it, there isn’t enough space. I guess I’ll only take a few then. Maybe a lyre as a gift to Madeleine? I’m not sure about Eli’s martial cultivation, but I’m sure if I take a few, he’ll find one he likes. I should thank Delia with a sword too... I owe Ava as well, she did save my life twice...”

Dyon walked along the shelves looking through the weapons, ‘These are all Master level weapons... These are what they left behind? How powerful were the weapons they actually took?’

The blacksmithing, and by proxy the weapons ranking system, worked much the same way the array alchemy system worked.

The beginning was the Common level, then the Practitioner level, then the Master level followed by the Grandmaster level. So, a Master level weapon was most useful to someone who had crossed over the Meridian Formation Stage and entered the Essence Gathering stage!

That wasn’t to say those of lower cultivations couldn’t use them, but, just that the power wouldn’t be maximized unless you reached that level.

If a Master level weapon appeared in Focus Academy... No, even the Big Sects, the commotion would be enough to start a war, even for the weakest of them.

Dyon found a sparkling lyre for Madeleine as well as a defensive protection hair pin. He found a short sword that had a white handle with lilies chained to the end for Delia. Since Dyon wasn’t sure what Eli would want, he just picked whatever looked interesting.

As Dyon was about to leave, a side room caught his eye, ‘Oh? What’s in there?’

Dyon walked up to what looked like a door, but there was no handle. When he focused his gaze, he realized that it wasn't possible to see this door without his Aurora.

From his master's memories, he realized that this door was sealed by a special array and could only be opened by filtering in Innate Aurora flames.

Dyon's hands gently pressed against the door. It heated under his touch, before the door pushed in and disappeared upwards.

"This..."

If the invaders knew they had left this behind, they'd cough up blood with regret. This was a room the Celestial Deer Clan created specifically looking for proper successors once they knew their end was inevitable.

The weapons here... Were all of the Spiritual Grade and there was even one of each and every kind. If it wasn't for his master's memories, Dyon wouldn't even be worthy of recognizing these treasures and their ranks at all!

To put this matter into perspective, there was the Common, then Practitioner, then Master, then Grandmaster Grades. Only above this, a step beyond, would Spiritual Grade weapons appear!

'And here I was about to give my Madeleine a subpar lyre when there's this here.'

There were tens of pedestals, filled with short swords, long swords, flexible and rigid spears, musical instruments for those who cultivated the will of music, whips, clubs, hammers. The sect really covered all their bases.

Although Dyon wasn't familiar enough with weapons to make an accurate ranking of them within the Spiritual Grade, he concluded that they were at least high level ranging from the 7th to 9th Spiritual level.

However, this was only the very beginning of the surprises...

At the end of the room, Dyon caught sight of a ring. It swirled with vivid colors like it was the night sky and northern lights shrunk to the size of a finger band. Dyon picked it up and threw his senses into it. But, what he saw left him reeling.