

## The Nameless 62

### Chapter 62

Inside, there was an incomparably vast world, 'Since when could storage rings store life...'

Dyon was stunned speechless.

The space inside the ring was at least hundreds of kilometers. It was filled with fields of high level herbs. Off to the side, Dyon noticed a pile of millions of stones. They were so high grade he had no idea what level of stone it was. He was only familiar with Profound stones, but these were clearly more potent.

He was aware that Common stones, Profound stones and so on were actually used to help cultivation. As such, they were the perfect currency for the cultivation world. But, he was absolutely sure that if he tried to absorb the energy within the stones he was looking at, he'd implode.

'According to master's memories, these are Dao stones... I won't have a strong enough body to use these until I reach the peak of the Celestial realm... a step away from Dao Formation huh... That's five full realms away from me. I can't even use these as currency, even if I disregard the danger, who would be able to give me proper change?'

Dyon shook his head bitterly, "If you were going to leave me wealth, you could have left something I could use you know..."

'I can still use them though... if I ever need to power a formation in the future, I could just use one. In fact, I could probably use 1 to power multiple strong formations. Also, these plants might be useful in my creating cultivation pills for myself in the future.'

Dyon slipped the ring onto his finger. His eyes flashed with gold as he diligently worked on a concealment array his master had left him. After failing a few times, and after hours of painstaking work, he finally succeeded in creating a 5th Practitioner level concealment array. It was the highest grade of array he had ever formed!

As long as it wasn't someone with an innate aura, or as long as they weren't at the Saint stage which preceded the Essence Gathering stage who had the intent to see through him, they wouldn't be able to see the rarity of his ring. In every way, it would look like a low-level storage ring.

Dyon was actually planning on doing this with the weapons as well. If he lowered them to peak practitioner level weapons, then, although they'd be coveted, it wouldn't be to the point of causing large scale wars. As his cultivation increased, he'd slowly reduce the concealment.

Dyon turned and was about to continue to place all the weapons in his new ring when he suddenly had a wild thought.

'Why don't I place the whole building into the ring? There's more than enough space... Actually, I should be able to fit the whole of the Celestial Deer Sect in it... Maybe that was the other purpose of the array master set up. It made the whole sect one entity. It should be recognizable by the ring.

Alright! That's what I'll do after I'm finished training. According to master's memories, there are a whole bunch of training arrays I can use the Dao Stones to power. It would be inconvenient if I had to come back here just to train. It's much better if I take it with me.'

"But first, I want to master the Pill Condensation technique so I can cure Madeleine."

Dyon was about to walk out of the room when his eyes fell on a long pitch-black sword. He hadn't really taken any weapons he saw before to heart... But this seemed to resonate with him.

The sword much have been pushing seven feet long. It had a slight curve to it, and its guard was continuous with the blade, its only distinguishing feature being the blazing black suns rotating around it. Everything about the sword was domineering. It seemed that just by looking at it, Dyon would be sliced in half.

Dyon walked up with steady steps, a sharp light in his eyes, "You'll be my weapon."

ROAR!

The sword vibrated in protest, its rage palpable.

Dyon looked on unperturbed, "I've said it, so I mean it. You either submit now, or you can rot here until I decide I'm strong enough to come back and force you. At that time, you won't be my partner. You'll be my slave. I'll snap you in half. I'll use you to plunge toilets. If you're lucky, I might even use you to scratch my back. Make your choice now and hurry. I'll give you 5 seconds."

Dyon's voice was domineering. His eyes had turned jet black and black scales covered in shining crystals started to appear on him. His shirt burst open causing Little Black to scurry to his head as he looked on in excitement.

The sword, though, was having none of it.

ROAR!

The sword charged, trying to pierce Dyon's forehead. An incomparably strong wind blasted Dyon, but he remained expressionless as the sword charged towards his head.

BANG!

A trickle of blood fell from Dyon's forehead as he looked on at the sword. His eyes were cold as he felt the sword slice through his head. But, his eyes remained unmoved.

"You think your illusion will fool me?"

The sword fell into Dyon's hands, vibrating. Though it fell into dormancy, Dyon could still feel an unbridled strength lashing out within it.

After spending time concealing its aura to that of a 1st Master level weapon, Dyon finally headed to the pill room after changing into black sweats and a white T.

It wasn't that he didn't want to conceal the aura anymore, it was just that his sword couldn't stand to be seen as so weak. So, Dyon could only shake his head bitterly after strapping the sword using a black master level weapons belt he found in the other room.

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A wave of medicinal fragrance as Dyon walked into a pill room that was at least ten thousand square meters large.

'They really left all these high-level pills? Such a waste.'