

The Nameless 65

Chapter 65

RING! RING!

Heaven's chimes rung out as Dyon looked on in satisfaction at two sets of three pills. It had taken him much longer than he wanted, two weeks, in fact, but he finally managed to make three 100% effective constitution awakening pills and three cultivation cleansing pills.

He didn't need 3 of each, but he thought that he might in the future. In fact, the cleansing pills might be an effective weapon if used properly. After combining them, they should be potent enough to clear the cultivation of a peak Celestial stage expert. Thinking of that, Dyon shivered.

But, when he thought about it, he sobered up. It would be impossible to force something into the mouth of such an expert. Especially since whatever expert it was would be powerful enough to force him to use something he only had three of.

Therefore, to use against an expert like that, he'd have to ground it into powder and toss it into the air. But, if used like that, it would probably only be effective against a Peak Essence Gathering expert.

"Well... that'll have to be good enough for now."

'I only have a month left and all I've done is make six pills and learn the weapon's hell array: speed arraying form. But, even with my increased body strength, I still have no movement techniques. Plus, I'd look like a clown if I try and use a sword now...

'I could use the spirit fruits in the world ring to fuse with the blood some more and increase my speed and strength, but, I feel like techniques would be more effective now. I'll focus on sword, celestial, wind and space wills for now...

'With a small understanding of the celestial, wind and space, I'll have the bare minimum needed to use the Celestial movement technique. Sword will is a necessity,' Dyon thought with a grin, 'Swinging a 7-foot-long sword while saving a beautiful girl would be fucking awesome.'

Of course, if others knew Dyon's thoughts, they'd think him to be a madman. But, with the training rooms of the Celestial Deer Sect at his disposal, he was in a unique position to make it work.

Aside from this, Dyon wanted to see if he could gain a better understanding of soul techniques and cultivation. But, he was very disappointed to find out that casting soul techniques took time and often had to be at long range with the support of a team.

So, he decided to instead focus on defense. By learning a defensive soul technique known as [Devour], should anyone attack him with their soul, he would not only be able to defend, but he'd also strengthen his soul quicker by absorbing their attack.

Dyon was happy to find out if he reached the second stage of this defensive skill, it could become an attack skill wherein which he could use contact to forcibly absorb memories, erase the will of people, and take their soul power as his own.

Although Dyon had learned the method of reading memories from people, those people had to either be unconscious, or allow it willingly. He wasn't as strong as his Master, as such he could only settle for that.

Over the course of his training, Dyon learned much about soul cultivation etiquette as well. He learned about how it was smart to conceal one's soul strength so attackers would underestimate you and hurt themselves. He learned about how it was rude to use your soul to investigate others and how that could often lead to conflict.

He also learned about innate souls and the fact that his soul only reached the peak of the Middle Blossoming Stage so quickly because he was born with that strength – it was just that he couldn't manifest it because his body was too weak. It seemed that his Innate Soul was even more powerful than he thought it was. And, somehow, he still felt it had more room for growth, but his body had once again become a limiting factor.

So, just like that Dyon focused on those techniques. His blood and sweat coated the training rooms. His muscles ached, and his mind learned the pain of training one's soul. He fought puppets and destroyed formations, running through tens of dao stones a day to keep up with his training.

He bathed in recovery pools, and sometimes stayed awake for chunks of five to six days without rest. He had one goal in mind, and one purpose.

Focus Academy would soon feel his wrath.

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One month later, on the eve of the winter solstice, Dyon walked out of the sword cultivation room. His eyes were sharp, his aura changed. His looks had a combined devilishness and otherworldly presence to it and his each step seemed to slice apart the wind.

Looking back at the cultivation room, a cold sweat drenched Dyon's back, 'That sword intent room is ridiculous. Especially when I accidentally started up the max level. If it wasn't for the safety functions, I'd be dead.'

However, there was a pride in Dyon's heart. Although he hadn't learned any sword techniques yet, he was more confident in his skills. In fact, with enough practice, he might one day break into a realm that made sword techniques obsolete.

'Soon...'

Dyon was a bit disappointed that he couldn't use time manipulation cultivation rooms to learn wills because that would lead to their distortion. But, he believed that he had become strong enough to do what needed to be done.

Dyon had a great understanding of the fact most elders were only at the peak of the foundation stage. In addition, family heads would only be at the lowest tiers of the meridian formation stage. What Dyon didn't know was that the big sect tournament was taking place on the same day...

Dyon's body flashed, disappearing from where he stood. Moments later he appeared above the massive array hiding the Celestial Deer Sect. He had put Little Black in the ring while he was in the cultivation rooms so that the little guy could eat spirit fruits and sleep to his hearts content.

With a wave of his hand, the massive sect lands disappeared. The water rushed to fill the empty space as Dyon flashed again, traveling tens of meters in split seconds.

His eyes were sharp, and his goal was singular: Focus Academy.