

The Nameless 861

Chapter 861: There'll Come...

Almost exactly as Dyon had predicted, a three weeks and five days passed before the clone lay at his feet, on its last breaths.

"You!" The clone gasped for breath, clearly trying to understand just how this had happened.

From the moment Dyon gave him the month long deadline, he had snorted with disdain, then had begun attacking with everything he had. But, it seemed no matter what he did, Dyon would always have a response to it.

However, that didn't matter much to him. As long as he managed to pass the deadline Dyon had set, he would have successfully done his job in shattering Dyon's dao heart. At that point, nothing else mattered. He could then play with Dyon at his leisure.

Unfortunately, things hadn't gone to plan. On the first day of the fourth week, Dyon's battle tactics abruptly changed. The clone suddenly found itself on its back foot more often than it wanted to admit. Although Dyon was definitely at a disadvantage overall, the times where the clone got caught off-guard came more and more frequently.

In the end, Dyon erupted with a burst of power he couldn't comprehend, and before he could adjust, he had taken a fatal wound. Despite knowing that the Tower would heal him and not allow his death to occur, everything from his pain to the feeling of his life slipping away was completely real. He just couldn't believe it.

It wasn't that he had never lost before, it was just that Dyon was at such a massive disadvantage compared to others who took this fourth trial. In fact, it could be said that in his own boredom, he had cheated Dyon a bit.

According to the rules, he was meant to become a copy as close to Dyon as he possibly could. His true strength was far beyond Dyon's, and even Dyon's grand teacher, should they meet in real life, would have to speak with him in a friendly tone. However, he was constrained by the rules of this tower, so he couldn't erupt with that power even if one of the trial takers pissed him off.

If Dyon knew this truth, he would be even more certain of his conjecture that these Epistemic Towers had more to them than he assumed. On the surface, they were supposedly his grand teacher's creations, yet his grand teacher's legacies were on the bottom floor while a mere trial supervisor commanded the respect of his grand teacher? What kind of concept was that?

Setting aside that mystery for now, the trial supervisor followed the rules, but he sometimes bent them a little bit to soothe his boredom. Truth be told, he really disdained the idea of conforming to the fighting styles of mere children. Every time he thought about it, he wanted to find the man who sealed him in here and fight it out to the death. However, whenever he thought about just how overwhelming a character that man was, he could only shake his head and hide his fury.

This time when he bent the rules, he became a perfect clone of Dyon, but purposefully ignored the seals on Dyon's wills, energy cultivation and soul cultivation. By all rights, he should have been able to completely annihilate Dyon because he was essentially the greater version of him.

However, things didn't go the way he expected... Even with the advantage, even after having Dyon at a severe disadvantage for weeks, he still lost somehow!

"You've been talking so much for the past month, that I guess it's my turn to talk you to death." Despite his words, Dyon's words were cold. He could tell that this shameless clone was breaking some untold rules, so he was, rightfully, pissed off.

"Your cloning and copying technique is quite profound, but it's imperfect. Maybe if you had your original cultivation, perfectly cloning my abilities would be child's play, unfortunately, you were restricted to my abilities despite you breaking the rules.

"For one, in case you didn't notice, my energy cultivation talent is terrible. Being constrained to my abilities, while also trying to copy them with a technique that falls under the energy cultivation category, weren't you asking to lose?"

The clone twitched when he heard this. When had he ever run into such a problem? He was by far the most qualified of the fourth trial supervisors. Better yet, he was the supervisor of the God trials. What kind of genius, that could be a key wielder, would have poor energy cultivation talent? If anything, they were the most talented young men and women in the entire cosmos. Yet, this boy was telling him that his talent was poor? He really didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Because of this, all of your supposed techniques that you copied from me were all flawed in one way or another. The only thing you managed to get right was what my overall combat prowess would be should my cultivation be unsealed, but that was only because your original power was stronger than mine to begin with.

"Your arrays were white, not gold, and thus weaker than mine would be. Your death intent could hardly affect me. And luckily for you, my attacking techniques were non-existent, or else you would have messed them up as well and would have made beating you even easier.

"Maybe the funniest part was that your representation of the Dragon King was laughably weak. I only pretended that it could contend with this broad sword of mine to trick you for a bit longer while I figured out how to beat you.

"From the very beginning, you weren't worthy of being my opponent."

Hearing Dyon's words, the clone directly spit up mouthfuls of blood in complete anger. He lost because his opponent was too weak? If those he grew up with knew this, would he be laughed at to his grave?

By the time Dyon said up to this point, there was no more point in him saying any more. Although he found this clone to be quite stupid to let himself be played with like this, he should have still been a powerful enough in his prime to be able to figure out the rest.

Even when his cloning technique was used to its fullest extent, there would still be a small delay when changes occurred. Those changes are what accounted for the transitions your opponent underwent.

For example, when Dyon exploded with new strength at the very beginning of the battle by using Demon Emperor's Will, his angel wings, and the residual energy from the third trial, he had been able to force the clone a half a step back.

Although the clone then brushed this off as him laying his guard down, Dyon's perception was too sharp to have missed that. The reason he forced him a half a step back wasn't because his guard was down, it was because he had yet to readjust himself to match Dyon's new height of power.

Because Dyon's energy cultivation talent was poor, and the clone was forced to match that, this delay was even greater for Dyon, allowing him to take advantage of the gap even better than another person could.

Dyon never thought that his poor energy cultivation talent would ever come in handy, but it did here.

After three weeks of becoming familiar with the flaws of the clone, he then gradually increased the output of his power. The reason he was able to do this was because while he was familiarizing himself with the clone's flaws, he was also slowly integrating more of the Demon Sage's blood essence. In the end, he only managed to add an addition 0.2%, but that was enough to catch the clone off guard with a burst of power.

However, Dyon felt no joy in this victory. He could tell that this clone had robbed him.

With Dyon's intelligence, he knew that the geniuses of other quadrants weren't anything to turn his nose up at. As such, he also knew that had the clone not broken the rules, it would have only taken him a few days to beat him at most. For another genius, it would have taken a week or two at most. The fact it took Dyon so long meant that he most definitely didn't rank well, and it pissed him off.

Stretching out his pulsing broad sword, and laying its heavy body on the slowly fading clone, he looked it in the eye with endless murderous intent.

"There'll come a day when I own this Tower." Dyon's killing intent seeped into the bones of the clone, binding him from talking as an overwhelming Presence loomed. "Since you wanted to cheat and even didn't mind killing me in the process, I'll make sure your life is a living hell. Count the days."

Blood overflowed from the clone's mouth as Dyon's broad sword vaporized his rib cage. And then, Dyon disappeared.

Chapter 862: The Only Conclusion...

Outside the fourth trial, Dyon's prediction was neither wrong nor was it right. It could only be said that it fell somewhere in the middle.

When Dyon's name appeared, it rested at the 11th spot, finally destroying his fabled number one streak. However, this didn't dampen his legend by much despite finally giving the top ten geniuses the ability to breathe normally again. Only a retard would think that just because Dyon ranked 11th this time that he was somehow less of a threat now.

However, because of the parameters of the fourth trial, many began to think that although Dyon could compete with the top ten geniuses, they had more talent than he did. The reason for this was simple. According to common knowledge, the more talented you were, the harder it was for the clone of the fourth trial to perfectly replicate your abilities, thus making him easier to defeat. By relying on this, the top ten geniuses had defeated the clone within two to three weeks, while Dyon needed five days over the upper limit to win.

This lit a fire under the geniuses even more so than before. Although they were fired up already, they hadn't had a true target to aim for. Now that they knew it was likely that their futures were brighter, they pushed themselves to their limit, looking forward to the day they would finally meet this Dyon.

It was too bad that none of them knew exactly what happened. Although they were right that Dyon's energy cultivation talent was poorer than theirs, if they were to compare body and soul cultivation, Dyon would lap them by hundreds of times easily. To say it wasn't close would be an understatement.

That aside, many were eager for the future. Despite Dyon taking three weeks and five days to finish, and the tenth place genius taking exactly three weeks, there was still a large gap between Dyon and twelfth place. Because of this, instead of being grouped with the lesser geniuses, Dyon was still grouped with the top ten, making him an honorary eleventh member.

All that was left to do was wait for Dyon's result in the fifth trial. If he was able to rank within the top 11 once again, his place amongst them would be solidified and his name would resound throughout the cosmos.

What no one would know until much later was that Dyon's results in the fifth trial would be his most shocking yet...

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Walking out of the fourth trial, Dyon was once again greeted by a treasure room filled with rewards, much like he had been at the end of every trial. But, he planned to ignore them once again. By now, he could see the finish line and was more interested in seeing his wives again as quickly as possible before going out in search of Amphorae than these trials.

However, Dyon knew that finding Amphorae couldn't be rushed. Not only might she not share the name of her past life, she might not even necessarily look the same. Even worse, there was a possibility that everything from the second trial was just a dreadful nightmare, which would mean that he would never find her because she never would have existed to begin with.

Despite the possibility of this truth, Dyon refused to believe it. Even if he didn't find her until he lay on his death bed, he still wouldn't believe it.

That said, Dyon would never abandon or neglect his wives for the sake of seeking out someone he might never find in his lifetime. Clara, Ri and Madeleine were too important to him and they deserved better than that. So, he was already sure that the first thing he would do after the fifth trial was seek them out.

After so many years without their husband by their side, Dyon was sure that they had become the apples in the eyes of many. That truth made him proud, but it also made him want to let the world know that they were his and his alone. Although he couldn't publicly announce that Clara and Ri shared the Sacharro name for now for various reasons, he wouldn't hold back with Madeleine at all. Then, when the proper day was reached, he would proclaim Clara and Ri his as well.

For now, his priority other than his women would be the various plans he had already laid out. The scheme Clara was undertaking was likely the most important, but it was also the most dangerous. Dyon didn't want to have to put her in such a situation, but he had no choice. Because his name was already so well known, this plan couldn't be implemented by him.

Other than that scheme though, the plan Dyon labeled as the second most important was residing within Zabia's universe.

For this one, Dyon planned to handle it mostly alone. It wasn't that he was arrogant, but it was mostly because Zabia's quadrant was ranked in the low 90s. From Dyon's research, such a quadrant was technically even worse off than his own.

Although Dyon's home quadrant, the Celestial Deer Quadrant, was ranked 100th, formerly, that was only because its Epistemic Tower had been neglected and forgotten, and thus there were no elite members available to fight for higher rankings.

If this was ignored, and purely the power of the elites were taken into account, the current Celestial Deer Quadrant would rank near the mid-level rankings.

This may sound odd considering the Dukes and Duchesses of an unnamed quadrant were able to so easily handle their younger generation, but there were a few important points to consider here.

For one, although Zabia assumed those Dukes and Duchesses were from his quadrant, Dyon deduced that he was likely wrong.

From the Celestial Deer Quadrant's position, there were two other quadrants near enough to allow travel between them without the use of the Epistemic Tower. One of those quadrants was Zabia's, ranked 97th, and the other was the much higher ranked 30th, Kitsune-Shruti Quadrant, where Saru is from. This, of course, makes sense, considering Zabia's clan and Saru's were the only ones to react to the apparitions of Dyon's birth, thus causing them to be drawn to Dyon's quadrant.

In continuing with this logic, the reason Dyon was sure that Zabia was wrong was because of the power of the upper echelons of quadrants by ranking.

The Emperors of the Ragnor and Pakal clans, as well as the King of the Uidah clan, were all powerful peak lower dao formation experts. This corresponded to about the 4th to 6th stage of dao formation.

In comparison, the upper echelons of Zabia's universe might have one 1st stage dao expert, with most of the more powerful characters being at the peak celestial stage, namely the 9th to 12th stages.

This wasn't too surprising, really. Even without the Epistemic Tower, Dyon's quadrant has the energy density of a quadrant that used to rank number one. Because the entity was only draining Dyon's universe of its energy, the remaining 99 universes were completely untouched. In reality, if the Celestial Deer Quadrant once again began to use their Epistemic Tower, it would only be a few thousand years before mid level dao experts appeared, and only a few more ten thousand years before high level dao experts appeared.

In comparison, the energy density of Zabia's quadrant was far poorer. As such, their peak level existences reflected that. Without the help of the Epistemic Tower, they would likely be capped in the same way as the experts of Dyon's home universe.

After learning of the power levels of various peak experts of the Celestial Deer Quadrant from Dravil Uidah during their negotiations, Dyon was able to piece together that there was no way mere Dukes and Duchesses of a 97th ranked quadrant would be able to defeat Loki and the like. Therefore, the only conclusion was that they were from the Kitsune-Shruti quadrant!

Chapter 863: Blackness

This made perfect sense. If the Dukes and Duchesses of Zabia's quadrant came, once they sensed the energy density of the various universes of Dyon's quadrant, they would have immediately turned tail and run. How could they be a match for existences who grew up in such an environment?

All of this said, Dyon questioned if Zabia's quadrant was ranked 97th purely due to energy density. Such a quadrant might not even have a single faith seed, wasn't that too exaggerated?

It wasn't that Dyon didn't believe a quadrant could be so weak, but rather because their history was a bit too odd. The wars between the soul and energy path Zabia described had many points that grabbed Dyon's interest, especially the parts even Zabia couldn't bring himself to describe.

Zabia had made it a major point to remind him that he should never go to his quadrant. He said it was because anyone with soul talent, especially soul talent as overwhelming as Dyon's, would be dealt with.

Dyon couldn't understand why such a weak universe would go out of its way to stamp out talents. Weren't they shooting themselves in the foot? If they never rose in the rankings, their rewards would be continuously lack luster, and they would thus always be weak. Did they enjoy being walked all over by the other quadrants that much?

Dyon shook his head, heading for the entrance to the 5th trial, when he suddenly heard his Grand Teacher's voice.

'You should be careful not to anger the supervisors of the tower so much, kid.'

"I'll kill him for good one day."

Dyon's grand teacher sighed, 'There are many spirits within the tower. Some have been here since the tower's inception, while others are simply the soul strands of young geniuses of the past, if you go around pissing them all off, your time in the tower will be a living hell.'

Dyon seemed to not hear his grand teacher's warning, instead, he was interested in something else entirely, "Do my master and the Demon Sage had soul strands here?"

Partially taken aback by the question, Dyon's grand teacher paused. Because of The Seal, he was no longer able to read Dyon's mind, so he was even more surprised when Dyon cut to the source of a point so easily now.

'They do. Your master has a statue in a place called the Valley of Geniuses within the saint levels. The Demon Sage, however, is on a much higher floor because he achieved more than your master. You won't find him until the dao levels.'

"Oh?" Dyon felt a small weight lift off his shoulders. He had always felt terrible about being the reason both of the master's soul strands were eradicated. Now that he knew there was another, at least Zaire would be able to meet his mother. "That's good... What's this Valley of Geniuses?"

'It's just one of the more popular training and cultivation sites of the Tower. As for exactly what it is, you'll see when you get there. Since your own master has a statue there, you'll have a bit of an advantage. Lucky you.'

'Although, I should warn you. This soul strand of your master's is from when she was much younger. As such, she won't have any memories of you, so I'm not sure if this advantage will be all that beneficial to you. Truth be told, many of the statues, even on the saint levels, are ridiculously arrogant. That said, your master followed the purity path, so she's comparatively gentler. How a bastard like you managed to gain her favor, I'll never know.'

Dyon glared at empty space before walking into the fifth trial.

Although Dyon couldn't see it, there was quite a complicated look on the face of Dyon's grand teacher. If it was anyone other than Dyon, maybe he would have told them that they might regret their actions due to the nature of the 5th trial. However, Dyon's grand teacher knew that telling Dyon this wouldn't change anything. In fact, even if Dyon knew the truth, he would have still acted the same exact way in the fourth trial. So... He said nothing.

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In the next instant, Dyon appeared in a world of darkness. The only source of light was an eerie solar eclipse that hung in the skies, surrounded by a shroud of grey clouds.

The fifth trial's world was odd. There didn't seem to be any solid ground below. Instead, numerous mountain peaks with jagged edges made up the world. They had peaks so tall that it was impossible to see the bottom even with the eyesight of a martial artist.

Unlike the third and fourth trial worlds, there were other life forms here as well.

Large birds that looked eerily reminiscent of crows flew through the air, blending into the darkness, only to call out with loud caws, ensuring that anyone witnessing the scene would feel their presence.

Despite looking like crows, however, their size was anything but.

Their wings spanned three meters, while their sharp, dark peaks were two feet in length alone. If it wasn't for the lack of light, those beaks would reflect with a bright light, making them seem like treasured weapons.

When Dyon awoke, he found himself chained to the peak of a mountain, completely unable to move. He could only frown, what the hell was going on?

Just when he finished that thought, a familiar voice filled his ears.

"To be so arrogant," There was clear anger in this voice. In fact, Dyon could sense the unbridled fury. "We'll see how long those arrogant eyes of yours last."

Dyon's eyes narrowed, his expression steeling. It was the clone!

In the next instant, a piercing pain filled his chest. Looking down in shock, he saw his heart being slowly pulled out, before it was squeezed to nothingness.

And then... His life force faded to nothing, blackness swallowing him whole and a veil of nothing covering his eyes.

Chapter 864: Eruption

Dyon awoke to a mad cackling. He had assumed that he had somehow died. In fact, his last thoughts were ones of rage toward this supposed supervisor for once again breaking the rules. How could this count as a trial if he didn't even have the chance to retaliate? These chains weren't normal by any stretch. Dyon could tell that even if he was a hundred times more powerful, he wouldn't even be able to put any pressure on them at all.

"Do you like that feeling? The feeling of dying a dog's death?" The clone continued to laugh. "Here, I'll let you experience it again!"

Another savage and brutal pain erupted from Dyon's torso, but this time, he felt his intestines being dug out. He was forced to slowly feel his body shutting down as organ after organ was pulled away, until finally, it could hold on no more.

He died again...

Dyon awoke again, only to hear the same mad laughter. Had this supervisor really lost his mind? What the hell was going on?

Dyon's guess wasn't too far from the truth. The clone was an entity that stood at the peak of the world. Even on the transcendent plane, he was someone who commanded respect. Even the laws of the universe had begun to subtly bend to him before he was trapped here.

Yet, now his fate to was to, time and time again, be slaughtered by the likes of pathetic geniuses he would have defeated with a single swipe of his hand even when he was their age? Wasn't such a fate too cruel?

After millions, no, even hundreds of billions of years – considering the structure of time within the trials – of this repeated time and time again, he had thought that he had gotten used to it. He took some advantages of the rules here and there, but Dyon's case was an instant where he was unexpectedly able to bend those rules to the point of them breaking, at no expense to himself. So, to vent his anger, he took full advantage.

Who would have known that not only would he fail, he would be humiliated in the end by Dyon?

Of all those who had taken the fourth trial, Dyon was the only one to realize his lofty status. Maybe if he hadn't known, it would have been easier to forgive. But, knowing that Dyon was aware, and yet still treated him with such contempt and disdain drove him mad.

Now, he had the chance for revenge, so he would take full advantage.

Technically, his only role in this trial was to release trial takers when their minds collapsed. As for the killing, that was the responsibility of the crows in the sky. However, he no longer cared. As long as he followed that rule, and released Dyon when his spirit had given up, he wouldn't face the punishment of the tower.

So, he killed Dyon again and again, venting his anger. By the time he had done so dozens of times, his mad laughter had finally calmed enough to realize that something was off.

In all of his obscene thoughts, he had been too distracted to notice that from beginning to end, he had yet to hear Dyon make a single sound.

Even worse, one death was enough for 80% of trial takers to give up. Two was enough from 95% to collapse completely. As for geniuses, arrogant in their dispositions, enduring dozens of deaths was well within their abilities. Often times, geniuses of that level wouldn't consciously give up, but rather, their minds would no longer be able to handle the torture, and thus take it upon itself to subconsciously give up on behalf of itself.

However, even in cases like that, the clone would be able to sense the mind slowly collapsing, would allow him to estimate how many more deaths could be withstood. It was this sensitivity that allowed him to be the supervisor of this trial, because before he was trapped, he was a torture expert. This expertise gave him the ability to toe the line of getting the information he wanted, while also keeping his victim sane.

But... All the clone sensed from the young man chained to this mountain was an endlessly growing killing intent that sent shivers down his spine.

The clone slowly raised its eyes, only to find Dyon staring at him with an unyielding gaze. It was truly an odd situation, because currently, his hand was wrapped around Dyon's heart. By all logic, there should be some pleading in Dyon's eyes, shouldn't there?

Unable to take the gaze, the clone inadvertently squeezed Dyon's heart to pieces, once again killing him.

In the clone's life, he was an assassin without match. Everything from his torture tactics, to his cloning abilities, to his power, were top notch and made him feared throughout the lands. He didn't fear death. In fact, he knew that when that day came, he would embrace it with a smile on his face.

However, the first time he truly tasted death, the experience was completely different from what he expected, because when he opened his eyes he was once again alive, only to experience death once again. After dying so valiantly the first time, it should have been done, no? Hadn't he gone out in a blaze of glory? The pride of all assassins in existence? So why was he still dying, again and again?

He eventually broke, collapsing within his own misery.

Even he, as the greatest assassin to ever live, had his own mental limit. Anyone who was human should have a limit. If you didn't have a limit to your perseverance... If you truly didn't care how much pain you felt, or how often you died... Wouldn't you be a God?

"I'll show you a life worst than death. I promise you that."

Dyon's voice forcibly awakened the clone from his thoughts. The dense killing intent sent him into a panic, causing flashbacks of the only man he had ever feared in his life to fill his mind.

Without realizing it, Dyon's every death had deteriorated his own mind, and Dyon's words were like a wave of water bursting through a paper-thin dam. Somehow, he as the supervisor, had his own mind collapse before Dyon's.

The fifth trial world rumbled. Without a suitable supervisor, a hidden rule had been enacted, and Dyon disappeared from the world.

In that moment, the fifth ranking stone of the God Trials erupted from a blinding blood-red light as Dyon's name charged up. In the end, it took its place at the top, but unlike the other names, there was no number of deaths by his name.

Chapter 865: Do You Good

Dyon appeared in the treasure room once again, and undisguised fury flaming in his eyes. He didn't feel happy or content, instead, he felt like destroying everything in his path. There was nothing he hated more than a feeling of powerlessness, yet that was exactly what these trials forced him to feel again and again.

In truth, Dyon didn't know that technically speaking, he was likely the least the powerless in the history of the trials. To take first place in four rankings, and place 11th in a fifth that was only due to the scum-like actions of a supposed supervisor, it could be said that the number of individuals to accomplish such a feat could be counted on one's hands.

Even the current top three geniuses, separated even within the renowned ten, didn't have more than a single top one finish. And now that Dyon had taken their spots in the third and fifth trials, only one of them still retained such an honor.

Dyon's grand teacher, however, was once again surprised beyond belief. He had a vague idea of what happened, but understanding didn't make the situation presented before him any easier to accept.

The clone supervisor had been teetering on the edge of insanity for a long time, and after being humiliated by Dyon in the fourth trial, something within him snapped. Although only millions of years had passed to the outside world, to him, it had been hundreds of billions. Even for a transcendent existence like him, such a period of time was much too long.

Transcendents didn't have normal life spans like experts of this plane did. Instead, a transcendent's life span was contingent upon their mental state. As long as a transcendent remained steadfast and solid in their dao heart, theoretically, they would never die. In fact, even the deadliest of injuries would only take them time to heal. This was the meaning behind being a true transcendent.

That said, from the beginning of time to now, reaching the age of hundreds of billions of years old was completely unheard of. No one's mental state could last for so long, it was impossible.

So, one might wonder just how the clone supervisor had lasted for so long. In truth, he had mentally broken down hundreds of times already. It was just that every time he reached such a point, the Tower would forcefully revive him, almost like refurbishing his mind to a previous state, and keeping him alive for longer.

But, this was the very first time Dyon's grand teacher had witnessed this break down being the result of a test taker. Usually, the supervisor would find enough entertainment in messing with and killing young trial takers that he would be able to ignore his own death's door. However, Dyon's appearance had thrown him into the depths of hell, swamping his mind with his worst memories and shattering his dao heart once again.

This was quite ironic, actually. The goal of the fifth trial was to test the upper limits of one's dao heart. In fact, it was the most direct test for potential to transcend. Usually, those capable of withstanding 10 or so deaths without breaking down had about a 10% likelihood of transcending. This number might seem low and an easy mark to reach, but this was a thought many young geniuses had until they too experienced their first death...

Dyon's grand teacher sighed. Even for him, experiencing a hundred or so deaths would be nearing his limit. Coupled with the fact he was already nearing the end of his life, and it would be a miracle if he withstood any more. Because of this, he was keenly aware of the depth of difficulty of the fifth trial, so he couldn't help but grumble that Dyon was angry.

'So unconcerned with Heaven's gifts. This test is difficult even for transcendents, and you're worried about revenge. The clone isn't going anywhere, don't you have important things to do?

'Your personality has only gotten darker over the past decade or so. If you don't handle it soon, eventually you'll do something you'll regret for the rest of your life.'

Originally, Dyon's grand teacher wanted to say that this anger might affect Dyon's dao heart, but after seeing Dyon's performance in the fifth trial, he didn't dare to say this.

Although Dyon might have not bothered to count the number of times he had died, and the clone supervisor was too maddened to do so either, Dyon's grand teacher had clearly seen the number, and it was frightening.

However, the most awe inducing part was that he was clear on the fact that Dyon's dao heart had only grown stronger with every death. He simply couldn't understand it.

He speculated that it might be due to Dyon's chosen path of sovereignty for his death intent, but with Dyon's wills sealed, how was he able to take such advantage of it? It just didn't make sense for such a strong will to exist in the world, let alone in a little boy.

Seeing that Dyon didn't respond again, Dyon's grand teacher shook his head, lamenting youth. 'If you respect me as your grand teacher, you'll listen to me.'

'In the Drago-Qilin quadrant, within the lands ruled by the Crystal Dragons, there lies a spring disguised as a volcano. You probably know this already, but the Crystal Dragon race has a special attribute within the Dragon Souls that allows their experts to be capable of cleansing and replenishing mental energy, this ability is actually as a result of this spring. I think it could do you some good if you could manage to find a way to sneak in.'

'Despite the fact your dao heart is incomparably strong, a calm disposition will do you good.'

Dyon's brows furrowed when he heard this.

It was true that he knew about this already. During the second trial, when he needed to create that white pill to quickly replenish his mental energy, it was one of the legends he had stumbled across. Hearing that it was true stirred up feelings that the second trial world was more real than he could imagine.

But, soon, that made him relax. It was good thing if the second trial world was real. Even though he would never see Luna again, he would at least be able to find Amphorae. And, if what Luna said was true, her memories would reawaken when they met again.

"Alright, I'll listen to you, old man."

Chapter 866: Skip

Dyon's grand teacher snorted, but he felt better when Dyon joked around with him like this, 'It's not an easy endeavor by any stretch, mind you.

'The Drago-Qilin lands aren't like other quadrants. They don't have a central Emperor God Clans. In fact, their most "powerful" clan is at the mere King God Clan level.

'Dragons and Qilins are arrogant beyond belief, so they often break off from their original clans and start up new ones. This cycle is vicious and continuous. To become even a King God Clan in that quadrant means that you have power beyond imagination in this plane.'

Dyon nodded. This was the actual reason why the Drago-Qilin lands were ranked number two, and not one. They never acted as a cohesive whole and the competition between them was fierce, and this was also true of their younger generation.

As a result, many promising Dragons and Qilins died early deaths by fighting battles they shouldn't have.

That said, the largest reason they were ranked second and not first was because of the matter of faith. No matter how talented the younger generation of the Drago-Qilin lands were, they would at most be the Legatees of King God Clans. Often times, their most talented would be so arrogant to the point of cutting off all ties to their clan entirely, resulting in them not being Legatees at all. This would put them at a disadvantage while fighting the Legatees of Emperor God Clans, but even then, they still manage to rank second! Such was the prowess of the Legendary Dragons and Qilins.

However, Dyon still respected this quadrant more than any other, and that was because no Dragon or Qilin, no matter which clan or family they were from, would ever lay a hand on someone not of their level. The pride in their bones ran far too deep. As such, despite the savagery of their lands, their

quadrant was actually the most morally upright, which was why Dyon finally decided on sending Little Lyla and Little Zaire there.

Dyon didn't believe that there were any 10-year-olds on the level of his little brother. And, even if there were, at most, they would be on par with him. Since he didn't have to worry about the older generation bullying him, it put him at ease.

Unlike humans, beasts weren't so fickle with their personalities. This was because they were created by the universe to embody certain paths, and as such, these paths would be engrained into their very souls. As such, Dyon believed that every Dragon and Qilin in existence would rather die than do something that would be shamed by others.

Likewise, this was also why Dyon's grand teacher suggested Dyon go, even while cautioning. Even if the dragons wanted to kill Dyon off after finding out about him, or the Dragon King, they would only send younger generation members after him. And after seeing Dyon grow up before his eyes, an indescribable faith and been borne within him for the young man.

Of course, there was the matter of the Dragon King to take into account. In the eyes of the Dragon King, he never bullied anyone because he would start his cultivation from scratch every time. However, in the eyes of the other Dragons and Qilins, a transcendent, even if they started from the beginning, was still above those of that level. As such, this fueled the hatred the Drago-Qilin lands had from the infamous Dragon King.

'I won't bore you with the details, since I know you've studied the ins and outs of every quadrant to death, but the Crystal Dragons do happen to be one of the King God Clans of the quadrant, so it's best to be incomparably careful. This is doubly true because one of the ten geniuses originates from their clan. Meaning, just because they'll only send younger generation members, and just because they'll likely fight you one on one as well, doesn't mean you'll be safe.'

Although Dyon knew the first part, he didn't know the second, although he could have probably guessed it.

Among the ten geniuses, 5 had King level Presences, but the other 5 had half-step King Dragon Souls. So, obviously, they were either Dragons or Qilins. For one of them to be from the lauded Crystal Dragon Clan, made perfect sense.

"I got it." Dyon waved his hand, not putting the danger in his eyes at all. Since he had decided to go, he would go. It was just he had some other things to do first, then he would go and check on his little brother and sister, before heading to the Crystal Dragon den. "But, I have something more important to discuss with you, old man."

"The fog will disappear after I step out of this treasure room, but I'd rather it not just yet, since the Tower cheated me, not once, but twice, don't you think it owes me the ability to bend the rules a little, hm?"

Dyon's grand teacher rolled his eyes. This young man really never wanted to take a loss. Even in the case of being cheated he, he still wanted to take advantage of his old limbs.

'How did I end up with such a shameless grand disciple...'

"None of that old man, you saw me getting cheated and did nothing. If you don't help me out, when I conquer and take this tower away, I'll put you in the same endless cycle as that clone bastard."

'Pft,' The old man snorted like he just heard a hilarious joke. 'Why are you pretending as though you weren't going to force me to help you even without being cheated? You think that just because you have The Seal, I can't see through you? You're too naïve.'

"Maybe so," Dyon shrugged, "But now, I have a legitimate reason. If I ever find the dick that structured these tower rules to be so easily circumvented, I'll be sure to advise him on his shoddy craftsmanship."

'When did you become so sure it wasn't my creation? You should be so rude to me, or else I can make your life a living hell.'

"Let's skip over the obvious cons, shall we?" Dyon ignored his grand teacher, instead looking around the treasure room.

He hadn't had a chance to before, but now that he took a breath, these truly were outstanding treasures.

There were herbs capable of increasing energy cultivation talent. There were supreme level weapons. There were all sorts of high-quality ancient pills, even some capable of giving special constitutions like Dyon's Queen Fairy pill. Dyon even noticed some small dosages of blood essence from high-level experts.

Of course, most of these treasures were exclusive to God trial takers, and even then, many wouldn't be able to earn them. Dyon was among the few who had the privilege of choosing from any of these presented treasures not once, but 6 times. The sixth time being compensation for his grand teacher trying to cheat him out of his reward.

Truth be told, it wasn't that Dyon's grand teacher tried to cheat Dyon. At that point in time, Dyon's body couldn't handle anything more than meridian formation level tempered meridians. If he tried to take a higher-level reward, say, essence gathering leveled or higher, he would have died without a doubt.

In addition, it also wasn't Dyon's grand teacher's fault that the meridians were quite low leveled. In fact, geniuses would never choose them as a reward. That was because changing your set of meridians also changed your energy cultivation talent, and because the meridians weren't originally yours, they would always end up being lower in quality. This was why Dyon's energy cultivation talent was still poor despite replacing his meridians.

In the end, this was why Dyon wasn't truly angry with his grand teacher. The old man had done everything for his sake, so why would he be angry?

'What an irritating little bastard.' The old man muttered. Of the Epistemic Tower participants, the only ones with the rights to speak to him were Key Wielders. However, even among them, Dyon was the only one he spoke to consistently. The rest might hear his voice once or twice, and even then, they would be highly respectful. Nothing like Dyon's nonchalant words at all.

Suddenly, Dyon's eyes landed on a beautiful silver and gold mask. It was perfectly oval, and didn't seem to have any other distinguishing structures aside from the exquisite patterns that covered its face. It didn't even have a protrusion for one's nose or eye holes, it was truly odd.

However, the moment Dyon's eyes landed on it, he knew instantly that this mask was a 4th grade Supreme Treasure.

This greatly moved Dyon. The Demon Sage Tower was a supreme treasure, but it was only of the 1st grade. Aside from the Demolition Cube Dyon had stolen from Elder Daiyu, and his treasures of the 33 heavens, in addition to the Dragon King, of course, this was the greatest treasure he had ever seen.

Supreme treasures, much like every ranking before it, were split into 12 stages, with stages 9 through 12 being classified as pseudo weapons of the 33 heavens like the Daiyu's Demolition Cube.

Dyon had no idea what grade the Dragon King classified as, but he knew that the Demolition Cube was a 9th grade supreme treasure. His spatial ring, which he took as the inheritor of the Celestial Deer Sect, was also a 9th grade supreme treasure. Dyon wasn't making full use of it because its grade was earned due to the quality of its soil and ability to grow spiritual plants and fruits, so he left it with Eli.

From his grand teacher's words, it seemed that the ring was earned by his master during these trials, and seeing the treasures around, he definitely believed it.

If people knew that Dyon alone had so many treasures, it would definitely cause an uproar. But, this was just the benefit of being the sole heir of a sect that once ranked first among all quadrants in existence. And Dyon would take full advantage of it.

"Old man, what's this mask? Is it special? Why am I so drawn to it?"

'Your eye is actually quite good,' The old man snorted. 'Although the aura of this mask is only of the 4th supreme grade, that's because it has some internal damage despite its outward appearance being so pristine.

'It was once of the 10th supreme grade, its name is actually quite pretentious and long winded, but given its abilities, it's quite deserving of it.

'It's called: [Swallowing Lightning Willow's Dance].'

"Oh?" Dyon stared fixatedly at the mask, captivated by its name.

'The Lightning Willow is a special tree that grows in lightning dense areas. Unlike most trees made of wood, it actually has a dense metal attribute.

'Normal Lightning Willows have a black exterior that make them difficult to distinguish from other more common trees. However, their insides gradually turn a silver color as they age.

'In actuality, Lightning Willows that have undergone nine revolutions of ten thousand years are highly sought after because that is the point where they can begin to store tribulation lightning, albeit the weakest saint tribulation lightning.

'After nine revolutions of a hundred thousand years, they become capable of housing celestial tribulation lightning.

'After nine revolutions of a million years, they can house dao tribulation lightning and can be listed as the equivalent of the second highest level, dao level abyssal cores.

'As you know, materials like these are very expensive because they're one of the known counters of Presence, which is highly important in the cultivation world.

'That aside, once a Lightning Willow begins its tenth revolution of a million years, it begins to evolve toward its first revolution of ten million years, and thus begins to exhibit those golden veins you see on the mask there.'

"You mean?" Dyon's eyes shone.

'Yes. This mask is made from a Lightning Willow that has undergone nine revolutions of ten million years.'

Dyon breathed out a turbid breath, "How could such a treasure still be here? No one has taken it before?"

'Well, for one, treasures of this level are plentiful within the tower. However, I guess you could still say that this is among the best.'

'The reason it's still here is because just like you, others saw it as a mere 4th grade supreme treasure. But, unlike you, they didn't see how special it was. Your sensitivity to weapons has truly helped you out here.'

"I see..." Dyon's brow furrowed. "How do I fix it?"

'There's nothing to fix, per se. The mask is just running low on quality lightning. In addition, the lightning it needs to raise its grade must be of the tribulation grade, and it also needs to be a dao tribulation. Until then, it will remain of the 4th supreme grade.'

"Are you saying this mask can make my tribulations easier?"

'Not only that, it can store the tribulation lightning to allow you to temper your body slowly, something you wouldn't have the time to do normally.'

'It should make tribulations easier by about 30 or so percent. Although, currently, your tribulations would be pitifully weak considering your energy cultivation talent. So, cutting it by another 30% would be beating a dead horse.'

Dyon almost felt like laughing at that joke, but he rolled his eyes instead. Was this old man really a supposed legendary transcendent? How lack luster.

"I'll be needing a mask anyway," Dyon said, "Might as well make it a high-level one."

'Normal masks are quite useless in the cultivation world. If you chose a normal plastic or metal one, it would be easily seen through. Only with a high-level mask could you truly hide your identity.'

Dyon nodded, "I probably won't wear it most of the time, I just need it so I can visit Ri and Clara without anyone knowing who I am."

'You don't have to worry about that. The mask assimilates with your face, which is why it doesn't bother with the nose or eye holes. So, it can appear and disappear with a thought.'

"I'll take it then." Dyon's hand stretched out, causing the mask to fly toward him of its own will.

Dyon's grand teacher couldn't help but shake his head at this. Dyon didn't use any energy to this, obviously, considering his energy cultivation was sealed. Rather, a Supreme level treasure had a will of its own and it was clearly begging to go with Dyon.

'You don't even know its other abilities.' Dyon's grand teacher chided with unconcealed disdain.

Dyon waved his hand, placing the mask on his face and allowing it to brand him and form a connection.

"Well, now I do." Dyon smiled. "There's about a 10% boost to speed. There's a lightning shield it can generate as a life saving measure. It makes me immune to lightning based attacks that don't contain tribulation lightning. And there's also a movement technique inheritance within it. It also seems that this movement technique is far more suitable for me as compared to my other one.

"Oh? It seems the movement technique inheritance isn't alone, there's a whole lightning inheritance in here. It also looks like it can raise my affinity and comprehension of lightning based techniques and wills.

"In addition to all of this, anyone who tries to pry into my true appearance or aura with their sensing abilities, would be in for quite the bit of damage to their soul."

Dyon was completely enraptured by this mask.

It seemed that using the lightning shield function was actually the reason the mask was 'damaged' to begin with. Depending on who was attacking, the shield could completely drain the mask completely. As of now, it seemed to have enough energy left to block a full strike from a lower dao formation expert. But, after that, it would lose all of its abilities and become a normal mask.

Dyon wasn't too depressed about this, though. After all, a treasure that could do such a thing was rare beyond belief. So, he was quite content as the mask dissolved into his face, disappearing without a trace.

Chapter 868: And?

'Yea, yea. You didn't mention how – '

"How it might evolve beyond a 10th grade supreme treasure if there was enough tribulation lightning?"

'Cocky prick.'

Dyon's eyes seemed to smile as he once again began to scan the treasure room. Suddenly, his eyes brightened.

"Is that a King level Reverse Scale?"

'Yes, but that reward is here for the Dragons, not you. You can't use it anyway.'

"I might have a way to, though."

'You mean with the technique from the second trial? You should be careful. The second trial was created using an odd time will path, but that doesn't guarantee that everything from that era is true. I have no doubt that the technique once existed, but it's possible that there might be some small mistakes lost during the creation of the second trial world. If there are enough mistakes, you could go into cultivation deviation.'

'If I was able to communicate with you during the trials, I would have told you not to waste so much time on it. But, alas, I couldn't.'

Dyon pondered for a bit. But, he still felt that the technique was real. On the other hand, his runic vein theory was still too shallow to make an accurate judgement.

"I'll listen to you grand teacher, but only partially. I'll take this King reverse scale, but I won't use the essence blood within it for my technique until my attainments in runic vein theory are high enough."

The old man sighed, 'Remember that a reverse scale is no joke, especially one of a King level character. There's a reason why it takes a Dragon multiple scales to upgrade their own, much of the scale's efficacy is lost in the battle to assimilate it.'

'But, if you're going to be stupid and make an enemy out of the whole Drago-Qilin lands, you might as well take the Half-Step Sovereign Dragon Soul instead, lest you blame me for cheating you again.'

Dyon's eyes refocused when he heard this. He had been staring so fixatedly at the King reverse scale that he almost missed the fact there was an even more powerful scale just nearby.

When his eyes landed on the finger length golden scale, he suddenly felt his heart stop beating. A roar that could have shaken the heavens resounded in his heart, causing blood to flow from his ears and his chest to contract and forcefully push blood out of his mouth.

Dyon coughed violently, spilling mouthful of blood after mouthful of blood onto the treasure room floor.

"What a bullshit reverse scale." Dyon raged. "You're already dead. Accept your fate."

Dyon had never seen such an overbearing reverse scale before. Although the Daiyu had handed him millions of them, they were all seemingly red and from a particular dragon race that couldn't stand anywhere near the level of this golden scale.

'This scale is from the Golden Dragons of the Drago-Qilin Lands. Much like the Crystal Dragons, they're a race born with Gold Dragon Souls and also happen to be one of the King God Clans of their quadrant.'

'Even among Dragons and Qilins, their arrogance is on another level.'

Dyon stepped toward the scale, grabbing it with a fire in his eye.

The scale seared his palm, attempting to burn all the way through.

Dyon's Presence erupted in full force, bearing down on the scale. Although it couldn't match up to a half-step Sovereign Dragon Soul, this particular reverse scale wasn't attached to a Dragon or Qilin. This meant that it was far weaker than it would be should it be assimilated.

The rage of the scale eventually became docile, allowing Dyon to pick it up. Dyon knew that his Peak King Presence was only the equivalent of a lower King to middle King level Dragon Soul, so he was quite lucky to be able to take this half-step Sovereign Dragon Soul.

With a flash, the Dragon Soul disappeared into Dyon's [Inner World]. The fact Dyon could do this let him know that it wouldn't be long before the seals on him were undone, which was quite gratifying. Not having his soul to use felt particularly uncomfortable to him.

Originally, it would have taken 5 to 10 years to complete his Inner World, and that was because of his overwhelming soul talent. However, after his soul was damaged, the estimated time skyrocketed to centuries.

After Amphorae healed his soul, the time once again dropped down to about 5 to 10 years. But, that was when his Inner World evolved to an Ancient Inner World. Taking the characteristics of Ancient times, and even beginning to produce its own primordial energy, made his Inner World much more troublesome to form.

In the end, Dyon didn't know exactly how much time it would take. But, now, about 13 or so years had passed. Unfortunately, this wasn't an exact science. Even Dyon's more sure estimates deviated 5 or so years. He could only be thankful that the process seemed to be closing in on its end.

What he did know, though, was that once his Inner World entered the world formally, his power would increase to all new heights.

After taking his second treasure, Dyon once again began to look around. He had four more selections to make, so he wanted them to be as perfect as possible.

That was when he remembered that the Demon Sage's blood essence had always been difficult on him. Because of its dark and demonic leanings, he constantly had uncontrollable lust. Maybe he could find a blood essence to balance it out here?

"What do you think? Is there such a treasure here?" Dyon asked after explaining his thoughts to his grand teacher.

'To balance out the Demon Sage's blood essence?' The old man spoke thoughtfully, sinking into his own mind.

The very first time he had met Dyon, he had sensed the Demon Sage within him. Remembering the rampage the Demon Sage had gone on due to losing himself to the demonic path, Dyon's grand teacher couldn't help but worry for his little grand disciple. After all, Dyon's personality was much too similar to the Demon Sage.

However, after time passed, and he observed Dyon more, he began to see the error in his previous thinking. Although their personalities were similar, Dyon never despaired.

In truth, the losses the Dyon had suffered weren't any less than the Demon Sage already. He had lost his parents at a young age, he was forced to endure shame and misery at the hands of powerful clans, his entire world was quite literally destroyed by a menacing old lady. Yet, unlike the Demon Sage, Dyon didn't break.

Honestly, that was partially due to Dyon's master sacrificing herself to bring Dyon's mind state back from an unchangeable depth, but something told the old man that Dyon would have eventually climbed back out of those hells before anything too terrible happened. He just had too much confidence in Dyon's dao heart.

That said, it wouldn't be too bad of an idea for Dyon to mitigate the risk of the Demon Sage's bloodline. But, this would be a highly difficult thing to do.

For one, the Demon Sage was an incomparable talent, and his body cultivation reached the peak possible in this plane of existence. To find someone matching in this talent was nearly impossible.

Secondly, body cultivators tended toward the demonic path to begin with. So, not only was it difficult to find a matching talent, it was even more difficult to find a matching talent of a counter path.

Thirdly, there was the matter of quantity of essence. It was simply too rare for an expert to leave all of their blood essence back in a single place or to a single person. Usually, they would leave a drop or two in order to give their descendants a boost in talent or affinity. It was rarely enough to boost cultivation like what the Demon Sage had done for Dyon.

These three problems were a great hurdle to leap. There were definitely blood essences that might work here, but the quantity they were left in simply wasn't enough for Dyon who had already assimilated 32.2% of the Demon Sage's blood essence.

'Maybe...' The old man started, but suddenly paused. Shaking his head.

"What is it?"

'It's not possible for you right now... But it could be in the future.'

"And?..."

Chapter 869: Even Then

'Although there aren't any blood essences of this plane capable of countering the Demon Sage, a drop of blood from a transcendent would be more than capable of countering it a thousand times over. It would definitely fulfill your needs. It's just that if you tried to absorb such a thing now, even to let it rest in your body, you would die in an instant.

'I'd only allow you to do something so stupid if you integrated the Demon Sage's blood essence to at least 90%.'

Dyon raised both brows.

According to his calculations, 55% was enough for him to be considering a dao level body cultivator. 90% would definitely correspond to a high-level dao body cultivator. A single drop of blood essence was worth such caution? Transcendents were quite amazing...

'However, this reward is something only to be found on the dao floors, for obvious reasons. You little kids have no business absorbing such a thing. In addition, it's very difficult to earn, easily as difficult as the God trials, although that's apparently not difficult to you.

'That said, you should keep in mind that it's not certain that you'll have the opportunity to earn it. Remember, you need to be a part of an Emperor God Clan to climb to those peak floors. Not just that, but you need to be a member that carries the faith of your clan, or else you won't be recognized by the tower. Because of that, although the actual mission to earn the blood might be easy to you, the actual qualifications needed make it hundreds of times harder.

'To climb from no clan, to an Emperor God Clan in a single life time is ridiculous, even for you.'

"You're beating around the bush, old man. What is it that you're trying to say?"

Dyon could almost feel the sly grin on his grand teacher's face. 'I can reserve the drop of blood for you right now, but it's worth your remaining treasure picks, how about it?'

Unexpectedly, Dyon didn't even think about it. Instead, he snorted. "Don't be ridiculous. Within a millennium, I'll be ruling over my own Emperor God Clan. Within ten millennia, I'll rule over three quadrants. I'll get that blood on my own time, don't worry your pretty little bald head."

'I am not bald, snot nosed brat!'

"What was that? I can't hear you over the shimmering of all these treasures I'm going to take. Or, was that the light reflecting off your head? I can't tell."

If anyone entered treasure room at this point, they would hear a mixture of cursing and laughter they would be shocked to find out that it came from their highly respected Tower Entity.

"Hey, old man, is there a reward exchange for energy stones by any chance? I'm kind of broke right now." After teasing his grand teacher for a bit, Dyon decided to get back down to business.

When he left for the trials, he left all of his wealth with his wives so they wouldn't have to struggle for anything. He ended up leaving the most with Clara since he knew that her mission would require the most capital, but in the end, that left him with nothing. He didn't even have a spatial ring to carry his things anymore although that role could be taken by his Inner World.

As of now, the only things he had on him were his ragged and torn sweat pants, the Dragon King wrist band on his right arm, and the mask that had melded and disappeared into his face. He didn't even have a shirt, it was truly too sad to witness.

'You come to a treasure room like this, and you ask for energy stones? Truly not putting heaven's treasures in your eyes. Don't waste the opportunity on useless things, if you need money, there are plenty of ways to make some in the outside world. With your strength, it's especially easy. And once your soul is unsealed, it'll be even easier.'

Dyon sighed, he knew the old man was right, but having no money made him feel uncomfortable. Although he planned to see his wives as soon as he left this room, he couldn't very well ask for some back, could he? How pathetic would that be? He would rather die.

Putting that matter aside for now, Dyon began to once again scan the room, when he suddenly thought of a question.

"How do you feel about my Battle Changpao, old man?"

Dyon's Battle Changpao was a treasured armor he had only worn once during his very first campaign. It was designed exactly like the traditional Chinese garb, with elegant folds and an ancient air to it, but, obviously, Dyon wasn't too fond of wearing it. Other than looking cool, with its bright white and gold leather like exterior, he didn't find much benefit to it other than it adding an almost unnoticeable layer of protection.

Truth be told, this wasn't necessarily the Battle Changpao's fault. It was a transcendent level armor. But, the problem was that without celestial level energy cultivation, or at least sainthood level at a minimum, it wouldn't be able to bring out much of its power at all.

As Dyon had long learned, weapons could be split into two paths: the Legendary path and the Common path. The Legendary path weapons had the ability to display their prowess regardless of the energy provided to them because they had the capability of borrowing energy from the universe. Common path weapons relied on their wielders to provide them with the necessary energy.

Since the changpao was a common path weapon, since Dyon didn't have the energy to give to it, it was only partially better than normal clothes. Not to mention the fact it was ridiculously heavy, so it restricted Dyon's movements a lot. In the end, it just wasn't worth wearing.

That said, pseudo weapons of the 33 heavens, as well as actual treasures of the 33 heavens, could all count as pseudo legendary weapons. This means that although many of their abilities might require the direct interference of their owner, they might have one or two abilities that can be used passively, or, in other words, with the help of the universe's energy.

Knowing this, Dyon was thinking of replacing his changpao with something more suitable, not only in power, but also helpfulness. After all, he couldn't very well take out the Dragon King armor all the time.

'Since you're asking that question, you probably already know that it's mostly useless to you. As for what you could use to replace it, there are many options here, but none of them are any less flashy than your Dragon King armor. I assume you want something more covert.'

Dyon nodded, that was indeed what he wanted. "You don't have anything in the style of chainmail? Something that can be hidden under clothes, perhaps? I'd prefer to not use the mask's life saving measure unless I absolutely have to."

'Hm. If you plan on hiding it under your clothes, there may be a few options. But, you should know that the Reverse Scale is quite the defensive treasure. It's possible to use it, instead.'

Dyon raised an eyebrow, "It can be used like that?"

'It can, yes. But, in order to do so, you just have to make use of your runic flame. Normally, I wouldn't bring this up, because if your body is connected to it, and the scale breaks, the backlash would be enough to kill a normal expert at your level.'

'But, not only do you have a celestial level body already, breaking the scale of a Golden Dragon, a scale of the half-step Sovereign level no less, is a pipe dream even for a peak dao expert.'

Dyon was surprised. "Even for one not attached to its original owner?"

'Yes, even then. A reverse scale protected the most vital flesh of a Dragon. As such, it's also by far the hardest scale on its body. In addition to the nourishment it receives from the dragon's blood essence, much of the dragon's vital energies pump through it as well.'

Chapter 870: I Understand

Dyon pondered a bit, before nodding. That did, in fact, make sense. "What do I do about its size?"

'Sometimes I question if you're intelligent at all. Just how being was your martial father? Your master?'

A sudden realization hit Dyon.

'Just because it was small enough for you to wrap your hand around it here, doesn't mean that this was its original size. A single reverse scale from a beast of that size can be anywhere from tens of meters to hundreds of meters at full length. It only shrinks down like that when they enter their human forms, like the scale on your little brother's forehead.'

"I see. So if the scale can't be destroyed by even a peak dao formation expert, does that mean I can run rampant? Or is there a catch?"

'Of course there's a catch. For one, powering this scale requires your bodily stamina and it definitely isn't a cost many people other than you can handle. If you can't power its increase in size, it'll go right back to that small shield it is now. I guess if you place it over your heart it can protect that small area then.

'Secondly, the power it can provide is only as much as your body can. Although your body is at a lower celestial level, the reverse scale should help you scale up its defense to peak lower celestial levels, or lower mid celestial levels with ease.

'Thirdly, do you think it's so easy to turn a dragon's scale into a weapon? If your body isn't eradicated on your first attempt, you can consider yourself lucky.'

Dyon sighed. "Fantastic." Without waiting, Dyon immediately summoned the golden scale before, without pause, pouring his golden runic flame into it.

In an instant, Dyon felt almost as though the scale could move to his will, but directly afterward, yet another Dragon's roar resounded in his mind. This time, it was easily ten times more powerful than before.

Blood dripped from Dyon's seven orifices, but his gaze remained locked and true.

His Presence erupted once again, bearing down on the scale.

"You're mine now, be obedient!"

However, unlike the previous time, the scale didn't feel up to calming down. It struggled violently, constantly trying to send its power through Dyon's runic flame and directly into his heart where it resided.

Unlike his aurora flames that could be destroyed without any impact to himself, runic flames were completely different. They were connected to your vitality, in fact, they were quite literally born of your blood essence. Any damage to it could cause irreparable harm to yourself.

While an aurora, was, at the end of the day, an external resource, the runic flame was not. Dyon was quite literally putting his life on the line to subdue this reverse scale.

Just when Dyon felt that his mind might collapse, the Demon Sage's essence roared to life, almost as if to say, 'If I bowed down to this kid, what right do you have to think you can't?!'.

Dyon felt a new power feeding into his runic flame, adding flecks of black and red to the pure gold.

Its power blasted outward, shining with a majesty that was more than worthy of ruling the cosmos.

Seeing this, the old man sighed. He knew from the beginning that Dyon alone was much too weak to subdue a dragon's reverse scale. But, he allowed it to happen anyway because he expected this result.

It wasn't that Dyon's will wasn't strong enough, but rather he simply didn't have the power to back that will. Only the Demon Sage did.

The fact that the 32.2% of the Demon Sage's blood felt the need to help Dyon out let the old man know that the Demon Sage really had changed in the latter portion of his life. Although he had never said the words to Dyon, he felt that this kid here was worthy of being his successor. And given his arrogance, would he allow anything to harm him? Of course not.

The scale pulsed before acquiescing. Maybe in its prime, it could have fought toe to toe with the Demon Sage, but without the support of its body, it could do no such thing.

Dyon's eyes blinked awake from his trance before he eyed the dragon scale before him. It was currently revolving in his palm, light flickers of gold, red and black shining across its metallic gold surface.

With a thought, Dyon's runic flame once again erupted, causing the scale to expand to hundreds of times its size in an instant.

He immediately felt a drain on his stamina, but it wasn't nearly as much as the drain placed on him by the Aurora Steps. Even in a drawn out battle, Dyon felt that if he was clever with his actions, he could withstand using it for a few hours.

As for the eruption of blood essence from the Demon Sage, Dyon felt that as well. It seemed that the blood essence he had integrated from the Demon Sage could be used to boost his runic flame temporarily as well. He was surprised to see that it turned his lower comet level runic flame, into about a peak level moon runic flame. That was truly quite a leap.

Unfortunately, he found that in this state, he couldn't use the Dragon Scale's Dragon Soul but Dyon expected that much. If it was so easy to do, the Dragon Refining Arts wouldn't need to exist. But, that

didn't matter too much. The Dragon King said that his Dragon Soul was only a step away from evolving from the King level too, so this scale and the Dragon King were probably on par. And, unlike this reverse scale, Dyon could use the Dragon King's Dragon Soul.

'Hmph. Don't be ridiculous. Even between half-step Sovereigns there are differences. My full strength Dragon Soul is easily two times more powerful than this clown's.' An ancient voice Dyon hadn't heard in a long time reverberated in his mind.

Dyon rolled his eyes. Although he could use the Dragon King's Dragon Soul, it was limited by the number of unlocked seals he could handle. Before, the Dragon King's domain was able to freeze Elder Daiyu only because the Daiyu Clan only had lower bronze reverse scales, so, even in a weakened state, the Dragon King was still able to heavily affect him. But, right now, Dyon's Presence was far more powerful than the pressure the Dragon King could emit.

The old man suddenly interrupted Dyon's thoughts, 'How about for your next treasure, you take the weapon from the third and fourth trials?'

"What a scam, taking a weapon that I caused to grow up counts against me as a treasure taken?"

'Stop complaining about everything,' In the next instant, a massive broad sword appeared before Dyon.

It looked completely different from before. Its metal body like finish was gone, replaced by a sleek black body coursing with red veins. It had dark chains riddled across it, clearly meant to act as a harness while also doubling as a tool for combat. Additionally, the obnoxiously long handle was wrapped in a powerful leather Dyon was sure he would have no chance of breaking.

The blade was blunt as always, but definitely made up for it in ridiculous size and weight. A 7 foot long body and a 2 and a half foot long handle was truly pushing it, but Dyon was still inexplicably drawn to it.

'You have no idea how many people would kill for a Life Stealing weapon.'

'Not only is it powerful, it's also the mark of the top 100 God Trial finishers because only they have the right to take this weapon away from the tower.'

'In addition, although the Life Stealing aspect is useless to many others for cultivation, since you have understood death intent, it will definitely help your comprehension. A warrior capable of comprehending the Life Stealing path is one that will be feared across the cosmos.'

"Oh? It's a matter of status? Then, of course I have to take it then." Dyon said with a grin.

'It's also a weapon that cannot be stolen. No matter how greedy a person is, once they recognize the origin of this weapon, they wouldn't dare to. This is because a person who steals this weapon will forever be unable to enter the tower.'

"I see... That's convenient."

'Do be careful though. Unless you use the Life Stealing ability, all anyone will see is a supreme level weapon.'

Dyon nodded, "I understand."