

The Nameless 91

Chapter 91

All Dyon had left to do was figure out what to do about body cultivation techniques. Dyon had a feeling that there was a reason for three paths in cultivation. Much like array alchemy, he didn't think they should be separated. In fact, he was certain that you'd only become a true expert if you practiced all three.

But, despite his confusion, there was one thing Dyon was sure on. Body cultivation involved creating your own bloodline.

For example, the demon qilin bloodline within Dyon currently was first cultivated by an ancient expert many millions of years ago, and yet it still remains this potent after so many generations of dilution. Of course, it would be replenished as some further down the line would decide to also pursue body cultivation, but Dyon doubted they ever reached the same level as their ancestor.

This thought made Dyon's blood boil.

'Once I manifest my blood line to its peak, I'll put a super baby in Madeleine,' He thought with a grin.

That being said, there were many things that still left Dyon apprehensive. When the qilin and celestial deer essences completely merged with him, what evolution would the bloodline take? Were bloodlines just about improving one's strength and affinity for wills? How did constitutions, and specially god level constitutions, connect with the idea of bloodlines?

Despite all he had read, Dyon still had so many burning questions. In a book Dyon was reading on constitutions, he had found out that they were essentially bloodlines granted by the heavens. Almost like the will of the martial world itself didn't want body cultivation to fade out of existence so it was screaming at the top of its lungs: "LOOK! Look at how powerful you could be if you followed the true martial way!"

Originally, Dyon hadn't thought much of this. But, the more he thought about the perfection you could reach cultivating body, energy and soul, the more he realized that maybe it really was heaven's will for this to happen.

So, although Dyon didn't have a god level constitution, he was confident that if he found enough bloodlines to merge with his own, he would soon form a bloodline incomparable to even those top three god level constitutions.

Then, he thought about how the earth level body cultivation techniques were all about how to temper your blood with your understanding of wills, intents and doas, and he got even more excited.

'I'm already so lucky to have the bloodlines of two transcendent beasts in me. In fact, I might have a companion in Little Black who has surpassed transcendent beasts because of his lineage. If I can use my understanding of wills to even further temper my bloodline, and then combine that with other transcendent level beasts, or even the bloodlines of ancient experts like those who started the bloodlines of those beasts and god level constitutions...

'Why would I need those shitty body cultivation manuals?'

Dyon smiled. He had finally understood what he needed to do. Destroy and rebuild his soul. Find and merge with bloodlines. And accumulate knowledge on energy cultivation to the point of being able to create one that perfectly conformed to himself within two years.

Dyon smiled bitterly, 'Easy... right?'

All that left is to find strong techniques.

'I've reached small success of the first layer of the celestial movement technique. It has 3 levels to it, and each is broken into small success, large success and perfection. So, I'll have to slowly improve that as my celestial, wind and space wills improve. For attacking, I have my sword and the weapon's hell array.

'Although I have not cultivated any sword techniques because none of the ones within the Celestial Deer Clan were good enough considering it wasn't their specialty, I can pretty much match up against more earth level sword techniques used at this level purely because of my understanding of sword wills.'

For now, Dyon wanted to focus on those martial techniques. If he found anything interesting in the future, he would use them as well. But, having less that you were more proficient at, was better than having a lot you barely understood.

'my sword, my movement, my body's strength and my arrays... it should be enough.'

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Madeleine's eyes slowly opened as she felt her bra slip off and a comfortable white shirt being put over her head.

She looked up to see Dyon sliding into bed next to her with a smile on his face. Madeleine was in a trance, 'It seems he really loves me...'

It wasn't that Madeleine doubted Dyon. It was just that as a human, sometimes you needed little things like this to let your heart rest well.

Dyon taking off Madeleine's clothes to make her comfortable as she rested may seem like a small gesture, but how many men wouldn't take advantage of that opportunity? How many men wouldn't have woken Madeleine up to try and get something out of it for themselves?

A bright smile appeared on Madeleine's face as she watched Dyon roll over and gently fall asleep before falling asleep herself.

This day, and the past few days, in fact, had felt like a dream. She had never experienced such happiness in her life.

From the moment she woke up to the moment she laid her head to rest, her lips and face almost ached from smiling, yet she couldn't stop herself from doing so.

All her life, she was either seen as a pawn to be used or discarded. Though she knew that Dyon was infatuated with her in part due to her beauty, she still felt that deeper underlying connection that told her he would rather die than see her harmed... And, the truth was that he almost had... There was

maybe a parallel world out there where she never got to see his face again, and that thought tore her heart apart...

'I've yet to have an opportunity to protect you... You're so strong and always have a smile on your face despite what you've been through. I'll work hard so I can stand by your side... forever and always.'