

The Nameless 271

Chapter 271 Pathetic

Dyon looked up toward the three-meter-tall woman who seemed intent on charging toward Ri as well. "I think it's best you stay out of this, my little feu glace isn't too happy right now. Your husband dug his own grave by questioning the decisions she makes."

Dyon flashed forward with his celestial movement technique, the faint ripples of space being left in his wake.

The white-haired girl's eye flashed with surprise, Dyon's swinging sword seemed to take up all of her senses.

"Liska, BE CAREFUL." The young man's voice boomed as Dyon's sword continued to swing downwards, but it was already too late.

Liska's eyes widened as she raised her arm up in defense, the sword cutting directly into her flesh.

"Interest..." Array's bloomed below Dyon's feet as he leaped backwards, watching as blue scales spread across Liska's arm.

'She's not a dragon... Something different?'

Liska looked down at her bloodied arm in a rage, looming over Dyon. Her eyes became blue gem-like slits, seemingly piercing toward Dyon's very soul.

Dyon suddenly felt as though his body was solidifying. His eyes widened as a realization came over him.

'Soul attack? Petrification?'

Almost as though in response to Dyon's thoughts, a long red tongue slithered out of Liska's mouth.

“Serpent King’s Reign: Petrification!”

Dyon smirked. ‘A basilisk huh... I wonder how many more human world legends are real... But, if you’re trying to use a soul type attack on me – too many have tried and failed.’

The battle was over even before it began. Dyon immediately circled his devour technique, completely crushing Liska’s soul attack.

It was clear Liska hadn’t expected this at all. The feeling of her shoulder being pierced through, being pinned to the ground and stood over by a man she had just looked down on... it was too much. She couldn’t even maintain her scaled form anymore.

She tried to circulate her aura to use arrays to get out of her situation, but every time she did Dyon circulated his devour skill, completely cutting off her power source. If she had been even a second late in retracting her attack, she’d be dead.

In fact, the only reason why she wasn’t dead now was because her soul was still too powerful for Dyon to actively try and absorb on his own.

“Bas...” Liska cried out, her voice coming out as little more than a mosquito’s whisper.

Bas looked over, completely shocked. Liska was a genius, how did she lose so quickly? But, his mind suddenly thought back to the technique Dyon had used to replenish his strength.

‘He has a perfect counter to soul attacks!’

However, wasn’t it too late to think of this now? He had to focus on this fight, or else he’d end up exactly like Liska.

Ri’s tails seemed to have minds of their own, flashes of gold and blue melded with raging red flames as she clashed with Bas again and again.

Bas' hand flashed as two sabers appeared in his hands, red scales spreading over his skin as he towered over Ri.

But, Ri didn't seem fazed. Her tails seemed to have an odd pure energy that blocked attacks out of her normal range, threatening Bas with their power every time they whipped out.

Ri's sword danced through the air, her style much more elegant than Dyon's. It was as though she was drawing in the air, her sword the very reincarnation of softly falling snow.

Ri leaped backwards, beams of ice shooting forward without remorse. "Ice Petal's Dance..."

A massive lotus of ice appeared in the sky, hovering beneath the feet of Ri's demon fox manifestation.

Her eyes flashed into a deep blue, icing of the gold. The wind picked up, rapidly cooling under the oppressive ice will.

Dyon watched with a smile on his face, feeling completely at ease.

"First petal: Ice rain."

Bas charged forward, his sabers curving through the air toward Ri, but they never got a chance to reach her.

Tens of petals separated, spinning in the air before charging forward with the downward swing of Ri's sword.

BOOM!

Bas was flung backward, deep cuts dripping with a blood red that was hardly distinguishable from his scales.

“Fuck! Serpent King’s Flame: Crown!” Bas’ arms shot from himself as a massive ring of fire appeared around him.

Ri looked on calmly, her dark blue hair coated in a sheet of ice. “Second petal: bloom...”

The ice lotus immediately expanded to another size, the temperature dropping again. A shimmering light of blue and gold raged through it as Ri pointed her sword forward, her hair fluttering in the strong winds along with her tails.

“DIE!” Bas’ ring of fire surged forward. But, almost as quickly as it spread, it was stifled just as easily.

The lotus slowly descended from the skies, as though there was no choice but to wait for its fall.

Bas could only look up in the sky helplessly, his body locked by an inescapably piercing cold.

Dyon smiled, ‘I guess it was a mistake to anger her, hm? Well, I’d say you live and you learn but – ‘

Dyon’s thoughts froze as his eyes widened.

“RI, MOVE!”

Ri’s move was taking too much focus, she had no thoughts to deviate to her surroundings. And unfortunately, that was the opening someone else took to attack!

Dyon’s body flashed, completely ignoring Liska and leaving his sword in her shoulder.

‘NO!’

A calm looking young man appeared from seemingly empty space. He had a flower in his long black hair and held an oil paper umbrella in his hand. It was as though he was taking a leisurely stroll instead of stepping into a raging battle.

His umbrella folded, piercing toward Ri's back. A golden array bloomed in the direction of Dyon, trying to slow his pace down.

Dyon's eyes flashed, 'Innate aurora! They have three of them, not two?!'

Wings burst from Dyon's back, his humanoid manifestation appearing in an instant, skyrocketing his soul to the peak of the Essence stage.

The eyes of the young man widened, he had no idea Dyon had a second manifestation, much less one that boosted his soul strength!

The young man's array shattered immediately, much too hastily made to match up to Dyon right now. His lip curled in disdain as his umbrella continued to pierce forward, but Dyon was having none of it.

His eyes raged with purple-gold, an intricate lower master level defensive formation blossoming in the air between Ri and the umbrella.

But, the young man remained unperturbed, a stream of energy flying outwards from his umbrella and towards Ri's back.

Dyon flashed forward again and again, feeling his legs crack and fracture under the constant pressure of pressing his celestial movement technique forward with amplification arrays.

And then, just as the energy was about to reach Ri's back, Dyon lunged forward. "First act, third stage Demon Emperor's Will!"

Dyon's body immediately expanded to five meters tall, his muscles tearing and ripping under the strength of his first transformation of this level.

He wrapped his arms around Ri, pulling her out of her attack. The lotus exploded in a rain of ice, piercing toward Bas.

“AGH.” Dyon grit his teeth as the black crystal coated scaled on his back were pierced by an inexplicable energy. It seemed gentle, and yet so grating, calm, and yet so raging. Dyon nearly blacked out from impact.

He could only look up helplessly as the young man flashed to campaign head Akash, killing Commander Draven with a sweep of his umbrella without giving her any time to react. It was as though the young man could completely erase his presence. What Dyon hadn't realized yet was that he was the only one who could see the young man!

The demon generals were too far in the distance to do anything, still tending to the army. The appearance of the young man was too abrupt, if it wasn't for Dyon's complete focus and the habit he had of enhancing his senses with his crystal will, Ri would be dead!

The campaign heads were even more useless. They had never intended on helping Dyon in the first place, and although commander Draven's death wasn't beneficial for them in the least, they too weren't fast enough in reacting...

The young man's array alchemy was so powerful that even Dyon hadn't sensed him until he planned to attack!

The last thing Dyon saw before he blacked out was the young man's cold expressionless face radiating in victory as he swooped Bas and Liska away.

“Weren't you going to crush me 'just the same' when I appeared? Why are you lying on the ground now?”

“Pathetic.”

Chapter 272 They Aren't

Ri's lay under Dyon in shock as her transformation slowly disappeared.

“Dyon? Dyon!” Ri pushed herself up, rolling Dyon off of her back.

She wanted to chase after the young man to get him back for what he did to Dyon, but a sudden coughing snapped her out of her thoughts.

Ri looked down to find a wincing Dyon. "You idiot! I should knock you out again!"

Dyon chuckled. He could clearly see that despite her words, her hands were trembling as she held onto him.

"Help me circulate some celestial will... He left some odd energy in me and its effecting my control."

Ri nodded, immediately grabbing onto Dyon's hand and trying to circulate her celestial will. Because of her affinity for purity given by her faith seed and god constitution, she had already reached the 3rd level, enough for Dyon to get a grip on himself and take over.

However, even as the energy was slowly purified, Dyon's frown became deeper and deeper. He felt his organs slicing apart.

The energy was heavy and permeating, it was as though it had a will of its own. 'Just what is this...'

The crowd of campaign armies watched this scene speaking amongst themselves.

Akash was completely disgusted with herself. She was supposed to be the campaign head of the elves and yet Dyon had done all the work so far, and all she had done was lose a prisoner. In fact, she hadn't even realized what was going on, or even why Dyon was running toward Ri until he was suddenly heavily injured and Commander Draven was no longer breathing.

How could non-innate aurora wielders, especially when matched up against someone with a higher cultivation than them who also happens to wield an innate aurora, possibly detect them? Even those with cultivations higher or comparable to the young man weren't focusing on finding a hiding entity. After all, they were only aware of the opposing universe having two innate aurora wielders... They had never seen that young man before!

Delia and Ava had been near the edge of the army, tending to the wounded foot soldiers, but with Dyon's injury, they immediately sprinted to his aid.

Dyon sat up slowly as the last of the energy was purified. Although he was worried it taking so long, he had prepared exactly for this instance. He was getting quite tired of taking months of time to recuperate, so, he had used his pill condensation technique to combine grandmaster level healing pills into their original potent form. And luckily, since healing pills were more ubiquitous than constitution awakening pills, he had formed many more than just three.

Dyon's hand flashed with a pill he immediately swallowed, circulating it slowly.

The campaign heads felt they had no reason to stay, whether Dyon survived or not was something they cared about, but, a sudden voice stopped them.

"It's best you all stay and listen to me carefully. Well, that's if you want our planet to survive. Because if I'm correct, and I most likely am, there will be no negotiation this time."

Delia and Ava reached Dyon's meditating figure, looking down at him with as much confusion as everyone else.

The brows of the campaign heads twitched. Didn't you just lose? What could you have possibly learned from that? That you're weak?

The only one who seemed to react differently was Airic. Although the other campaign heads couldn't be bothered to realize the genius of Dyon's tactics, he could. "What did you learn?"

Dyon looked up toward Airic and smiled, feeling his aching muscles slowly mend themselves. "I learned about why they came here, of course."

Ace's lip curled with disdain. "Was what you learned written in the ground? It doesn't seem like your eyes could have been facing anywhere else."

“You guys don’t have to worry so much, I’m fine.” Dyon turned his gaze toward Ri, Delia and Ava. “Do I look like the type of person to take losses so easily?”

Ava and Delia thought for a moment before nodding.

“Yes.” They said simultaneously.

“Uh –” Dyon laughed, not knowing how to respond. Maybe they were right, he did do reckless things for apparently no reason sometimes.

Ri giggled, flicking Dyon’s forehead. “Idiot.”

Dyon sighed. “Didn’t anyone ever tell you explaining a joke ruins it?” Dyon’s eyes bore into Ace. This Ace character was getting annoying.

Ace’s lip twitched, feeling an odd pressure coming from Dyon. ‘Isn’t he supposed to be injured?’

Ace was very much correct about that point, although Dyon was healing much faster than usual, he still needed time. But, what he was about to say was wholly needed.

However, despite his injuries, Dyon’s words had caught the attention of the campaign leaders, something was indeed strange about this attack.

Suddenly, Dyon turned to Ri who was on her knees, helping to prop him up. “This isn’t the best place to speak about this... I think I might need some help.”

Ri nodded, happily helping Dyon stand. She swung Dyon’s arm over her shoulder while wrapping her arm around his waist.

Dyon looked into the army. “Well? We can’t very well speak about this in front of everyone. It’s best this remain as lowkey as possible.”

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Soon, the campaign leaders were gathered atop Earth Tower.

Dyon sat at the large round table along with the rest of the campaign heads, still pale and clearly so weak he had to lean on Ri.

“Ri, what did you find odd about the ones they called Bas and Liska?”

Everyone seemed surprised by Dyon’s question, but they quickly recovered. Although this woman was by Dyon’s side all of the time, it was probably time they recognized her as the princess of the Elvin Kingdom.

“For one, most glaringly, although they pretend to be innate aurora wielders... they aren’t.”

Silence reigned the room...

Many here recognized Bas and Liska. In fact, this wasn’t by any means their first encounter with them. Their level of array alchemy was so out of the realm of their understanding that many here had just assumed they were born with innate auras. Weren’t they?

Chapter 273 Secret

This assumption seemed to be backed up as well. For example, Bas’ aurora blazed red while Liska was a pale shade of blue. Didn’t that deviate from the white a regular aurora should have?

However, if they had seen Ri’s aurora turn blue, would they really think this? Ri’s aurora hadn’t even been at 100% when it changed color, it had only just passed the 30% threshold.

At first, Dyon hadn’t known what this meant. He could guess that it was connected to Ri’s special soul, but there was no other information he had on it. In fact, even his master’s memories had nothing, which is what made him think that it was a secret related to the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect.

But, when he saw Bas' red array, something suddenly clicked in his mind. Bas was a beast! Ri was part beast! It all made sense.

Ri's aurora likely started off as white because she was part Elvin. After all, Grand Elders Cormyth and Kroak, despite being Elvin, both had white auroras despite being past the 40% mark.

However, Bas and Liska likely had their own unique aurora colors from the very beginning. After all, they had no other bloodlines mixing in with their souls.

That being said, this wasn't the most important part. The fact those memories weren't in Dyon's master's memories meant yet another thing. The destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect involved beasts... and it without a doubt involved beasts who used their auroras to do something very important. Something so important that the 25th White Mother left it as a clue for Dyon.

"If they aren't innate aurora wielders, then what are they?" Evelyn spoke up, clearly not in the mood to side with anything these two had to say.

Ri turned sharp eyes toward her. "What a stupid question. If they aren't innate aurora wielders, they're simply formation experts."

Evelyn scrunched her eyebrows in anger. "Do you think I need a cheap Elvin princess who relies on humans talking down to me?"

Ri laughed. "I see. Cheap, hmm? You must have had many grand battles against Bas and Liska since you know them so well, right? Why don't you regale us with the tale of how the mighty Niveus first in line genius did something other than steal from her innocent junior sisters."

Evelyn's jaw clenched shut. Whether Ri decided to bring up Delia or not, she still would have lost the exchange. When had she ever done anything like fight Bas one on one? In fact, even if she had, would she have been on the verge of winning like Ri?

Elwing stepped up to mediate the situation. "Have some respect Evelyn. I think it's quite clear she's earned a seat amongst us."

Dyon was a bit surprised by Elwing's shift in demeanor. He didn't buy it, not one bit. He was planning something, or at the very least trying to get them to lower their guard. But, Dyon still very much remembered his antagonistic words and his threatening Little Black – or Zaire now, Dyon supposed.

But, in response, Evelyn could only grit her teeth in silence.

Ri didn't seem phased by Elwing's words, it was as though she was quite used to the two-faced nature of nobles. That probably came with years of building up her alliance and whatever time she spent being shunned by the Elvin major families.

"But." Ri continued. "The young man with the oil-paper umbrella... Is very much the real deal."

Dyon nodded. There was a reason why he could draw arrays so quickly and conceal himself so well from Dyon. His array mastery wasn't too far off from Dyon's, even with Dyon's human world experience. Although, that was also as a result of age and time spent studying. After all, of Dyon's year and three quarters in the martial world, he spent eleven months completely incapacitated.

This young man probably began learning formations as soon as his innate aurora was discovered. Without having to spend time awakening it, he could have begun as early as five years old should he have been so inclined. With him being between 25 and 30 year old now, the age of some of the older campaign heads like Voron, Vidar and Akash, his time spent studying was not to be questioned.

"Essentially," Dyon picked up where Ri left off, "their whole act was a sham. A quite ridiculous one at that, honestly."

Dyon thought for a moment before proceeding. "From the beginning, everything felt off. They seemed overly confident for being two people with no cultivation among a crowd of hundreds of thousands. They spoke about nonsensical things. Bas even sniffed the air with his nose, it was a very poor showing honestly."

Confusion colored the faces of many. What did sniffing the air with his nose have to do with anything?

Dyon shook his head. "If you all knew more about beasts, a lot of your problems would have already been solved," Dyon said offhandedly thinking back to the scaled elephants. "Bas and Liska are Basilisks,

essentially the king of serpents. Snakes have nostrils, but their most sensitive smelling is done with their tongues. It doesn't make sense for a Basilisk to use their nose to pick up something important, he was either putting on a meaningless act, or sending a signal."

Airic's eyes glowed while looking at Dyon... His thoughts toward Dyon were steadily speeding toward infatuation. 'This man is exactly what a Sapientia should be...'

"This Bas even said nonsense about him knowing that my javelin was meant to complete a purification type array and that the only reason he didn't tell Commander Draven about it was because he deserved death.

"Although he was correct about the purification type array," Dyon said, thinking back to the time he had used the exact same array on the demon generals to try and wake them up, "It was only a guess. And it was a guess he only made after flying over the battle field and feeling my residual celestial will."

"Then, what did they do all of this for?" Asked Voron. Voron was actually the more reserved of himself and his brother. However, that didn't mean his battle spirit didn't blaze like a Cavositas' should watching Dyon's battle.

"All of it was an act centered around one thing: Killing Commander Draven and his men... Because they held secret they didn't want any of us to know."

Chapter 274 Sigh

"But if they held this secret, and they're all dead now, ten of which you killed by the way, why are we having this meeting?" Vidar spoke up, questioning Dyon's purpose.

"Well, even if there was no remaining information left to be told, the mere fact Bas and Liska are innate aurora wielders is important enough. That not only raised morale, it makes you less apprehensive in dealing with them.

"They draw arrays significantly slower, the range of the sixth sense is nearly non-existence before surpassing the 50% mark, and their array alchemy stamina drains faster. That completely shifts everything."

Many nodded, that piece of information was quite important. But, it didn't change the fact they struggled with them. If they were so useless, why were they so good on the battle field?

As if reading their minds, Dyon continued. "The only reason you probably struggled with them is because the real innate aurora wielder was in the background. But, his cultivation doesn't far outstrip any of yours, which is why he chose to remain hidden, controlling everything from behind the scenes.

"However, he was forced to come out today because he underestimated me and Ri.

"I didn't make use of my aurora for the entirety of the battle and neither did Ri. Because of that, what he saw was something ranging between two possibilities. It was either we had no aurora or had auroras comparable to himself. And, being the only innate aurora wielder he had ever known. in his and our universe, which do you think he assumed was more likely?"

What Dyon said was correct. When auroras and souls were of similar level, it was difficult to read each other. This was why Ri was able to automatically see through Meiyong's aurora awakening, while the young man couldn't see through Dyon's and Ri's. After all, all three of them were at 100%.

"Because he assumed we had no aurora, it was a logical leap to him to also assume our souls were weak since the two usually went hand in hand. So, why would he think that his geniuses would lose to us who had no energy or soul cultivation?"

The campaign heads nodded, this logic was indeed foolproof.

"That aside, there's the matter of why I really called you all here. Don't you find it odd that the Phantus were chosen specifically?" Dyon paused, letting it sink in for a moment.

"Airc, what are the Phantus to you?"

"They are the best defenders the opposing universe have in defending Gautama Tower. There is no doubt that their scaled elephants and robust body cultivation lead to explosive defending, if that makes sense, and outrageous stamina."

Dyon nodded. "And yet, they were not only sent here, but also sent here under the supervision of 3 supposed innate aurora wielders? Even if the opposing universe had a system like ours, where attacking was unregulated and only defending was as a collective, that wouldn't make sense. Because, even if the Phantus decided to attack on their own, why would they be followed by such important people?"

"Just what point are you trying to get at? We're all aware that there's something odd going on, we just don't know what it is." Ace was beginning to get impatient, it felt like they were waiting forever.

"It's simple really," Dyon said looking unperturbed, "he made a mistake and I won."

Everyone looked at Dyon as though he was delusion. What do you mean you won? Is lying faced down, pale skinned with fractured bones, a victory now?

Dyon shrugged. "You don't understand how my Devour technique works, and clearly they didn't either. If they had, they would have done whatever was necessary to kill me, unfortunately they didn't. And I was already prepared."

Dyon paused. "They for some reason went out of their way to attack the Earth tower when there were at least three other towers out there to test on.

"On top of that, do you see many campaign leaders missing from you all at all?"

The story was more rhetorical, of course. The Ragnor clan was here, the Pakal clan, although silent, was here, the Sapientia clan... No one was missing.

And they had all come here to defend against the attacking Scaled Elephants... So, who was defending the other three towers?

A sudden dreaded realization hit the campaign leaders. But, their response only made Dyon shake his head in disappointment.

“You all likely have your other brothers and sisters guarding the other towers, which is fine... for now. But, how long do you think that would last? Think about how long ago you got the report that they would be attacking, and yet it took until now for them to show up?”

“That’s the second point of this meeting: The other three towers are in danger. And it’s best that even after I tell you what I have to tell you, that you all leave to protect your respective towers.”

The campaign leaders nodded. Truthfully speaking, they had still made the right decision. Hind sight was always 20/20, but, how could they have possibly known an 18-year-old would show up and deal with all of their problems for them? The scaled elephants required at least the numbers they had brought to deal with. If it wasn’t for Dyon, the battle would still be raging right now.

In fact, the scaled elephants were such a problem, that Dyon had order them be killed in their hibernation. Using Phantus bred animals to attack the Phantus was much too risky.

Suddenly, Elwing’s voice cut through the stoic atmosphere, “Then what is special about your devour technique?”

“Devour is first and foremost a defensive type technique. It acts as a shield against soul attacks. However, it also has facets of attack, and... memory absorption.”

The eyes of everyone in the room widened, a sudden realization hitting them. All this time, the young man with the umbrella thought he was playing around with Dyon, when really, Dyon already had what the young man wanted to keep hidden!

“Before I absorbed the souls of the Vice Commanders, I had already seen through Bas and Liska. So, I homed in on keeping their relevant memories. In addition, when I had Liska pinned down, I took opportune times to absorb bits and pieces of her memories as well.

“Because of the nature of the secrets I now know, there’s little I can tell you all.” Dyon raised his hand expecting the agitation that spread through the room. “Once I say it, you’ll understand why.

I always felt that the gates felt much too much like a game...” Dyon voice was faint, thinking back to the first time he learned about the gates from Ri. That was his exact first impression. The gates were like an

area control game where controlling certain towers gave you certain benefits and you only unlocked everything by holding all the towers.

Dyon sighed.

“Sometimes I hate being right. The gates don’t just seem like one. They are one. This gate is the largest scale Ancient Game you’ll ever play.”

Dyon leaned back with a woe is me attitude, his demeanor making even those who didn’t hate him to their core feel the urge to kick at him.

Chapter 275 Strongholds

Over a year ago, Madeleine had told Dyon about the Ancient Games. To many in the martial world, they were simply a form of entertainment. Three enigmatic games, with admittedly odd origins, but also seemingly harmless.

However, was that true? Were they truly harmless? And why didn’t they think more about the kind of power it took to lord over the rules of these games? The mere fact it was impossible to speak about the rules amongst each other should have been a cause to pause.

The worst part was that Dyon had yet to come into contact with these games without his life being on the line. In dead kings valley, if it wasn’t for the stone puppet, he would have never had enough time to learn the game’s rules. And now here, his most potent rival seemed to be taking advantage of the game’s mechanics to pin Earth into a corner.

“Truth be told.” Dyon continued. “This information is relatively useless to you all as it stands.”

Many eyes looked up from their thoughts and focused toward Dyon at this point. Everyone was thinking the same thing: ‘Why?’

But, before Dyon could answer, Airic stepped in. “The ancient games have always been dominated by elves because of the Eostre family. And now its being used to deal with us in the hands of an innate aurora wielder. The deduction is quite simple. We don’t have the insight necessary to compete.”

Agitation and competitive spirits blazed at these words. Who were they? They were among the best geniuses this entire universe had to offer. Three of them, namely Vidar, Caedlum and Thor, had faith seeds. And yet they were being told there was something they simply wouldn't get?

"There's a solution to that, of course." Dyon interjected. "If you can awaken your auroras to larger percentages, you'll have a chance. But, for now, I've only given you this information so as not to be a hypocrite. I, for one, hate it the most when people tell me there are things I can and can't do based on the way I was born. So, I'm giving you a chance to do something.

"Secondly, I'm not as selfish as the whole of you. Half of this planet belongs to my home. I was raised here too. I'm not a stranger or an alien to this place. Take this information. Learn from it. Prove that you're the so-called geniuses you claim to be."

Flames lit in the eyes of the campaign heads as they watched a hobbled Dyon be brought out under Ri's strength. And yet, despite his seemingly weak state, his back was wider than any of them had realized.

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Many kilometers away, three familiar figures were making their way through the Earthen Passage under the dark shadows of the mountain range.

Bas and Liska leaned against each other for support, clearly severely injured.

The sword wound in Liska's shoulder was very much still there. She didn't have medicines potent enough to deal with Dyon's sword will, which was exceedingly odd to them. From every angle you analyzed it, it seemed as though Dyon hadn't used anymore than a first level sword will... And yet, it was so potent?

Near by, but not bothering to do much to help the massive couple, was the young man with the oil-paper umbrella. He twirled was looked like a long silver sword in his hand, and if one looked closely, it was the very sword that had been in Liska's shoulder. It was odd, but he seemed strangely infatuated with it.

Suddenly, the young man spoke. “Do you know why I decided to attack the Earth Tower as opposed to one of the closer towers?”

The couple looked to the young man before shaking their heads. After all, it didn’t make much sense. If the goal was to conquer a tower, choosing one that was not so easy to scout out would have made it easier to keep their action covert.

“Do you know my goal?” The young man extended the sword from himself point it forward.

“To replace our universe’s King God Clan.” The couple responded without hesitation.

“And how do I want to go about doing that?” A strange energy began dripping from the sword. It was heavy, yet free flowing – and it happened to be the very same energy Dyon was attacked with.

Bas and Liska thought about this for a moment, this was clearly not a question they were expecting nor knew the immediate answer to.

“By winning negotiation rights?” Bas asked probingly.

The young man sighed. “You’re too short sighted. Can’t you tell there’s something strange going on? Something different from any other time we’ve entered the gates? Why do you think I was able to execute the plan like I did?”

Bas and Liska were silent. The mood of the young man was something they themselves, despite having spent the most time with him, had no way of gauging. In times where he berated them, it was often best to keep quiet.

“Today, something that hasn’t happened to me in a long time happened.” The young man’s personality and focus seemed whimsical. He asked questions, then ignored them. Started on a path of explanation, before completely swerving away. Bas and Liska could only listen helplessly.

If you were to use Dyon as an example of what to expect from an innate aurora wielder, you may come out disappointed. Why? Because many of them acted exactly as this young man did.

Their minds work so quickly that they're almost on an entirely different plane of understanding. To the young man, his vague questions and statements should have been enough for the snake couple to understand what he meant. He was completely oblivious to their emotions.

"Imagine that." The young man chuckled to himself, casually swinging the sword. "I was wrong about something! How interesting."

Bas and Liska lowered their heads in response, avoiding the gaze of the young man as he continued to speak to himself.

"He's still too young to play with me though. And I unfortunately don't have time to wait for him to grow. Whether it be intelligence or strength, he's woefully lacking."

BOOM!

The sword in the young man's hands burst from the stress of the strange energy.

Bas and Liska grunted in pain as shards of stray metal embedded themselves into their skin. But, they didn't dare make any more noise than that.

"Ha. The idiot probably thinks my goal is to attack the other three strong holds and that I was using the Earth Tower as a distraction. As if I could plan something so unoriginal and bland."

The young man seemed very pleased with himself as he discarded the hilt of the sword, walking forward with a smile on his face. His air of confidence hung in the wind to an almost palpable degree. The energies of the world themselves seem to revolve around him.

"I, Alidor Gautama, don't lose. Especially not to bratty kids who seem to think they can provoke me.

"Let them put all their strength into defending their 'strongholds'. By the time they look up, it'll be too late. The Epistemic Tower and all its secrets will be mine."

Chapter 276 Memories

Dyon grunted as Ri gently lowered him to the bed. He would need a few more hours before he was in perfect shape. Although he had melded together grandmaster level pills, it seemed the energy the young man had used was quite special...

“You’re such an idiot.” Ri said for what must have been the millionth time. Her hands flashed with blue as she spun spatial transference arrays into existence to help Dyon take his clothes off in the least painful way.

Dyon smiled watching Ri act so flustered. “You think I could just let that happen to you?”

“YES!” Ri pouted. “Risking your life for me isn’t something I want.”

“Hmph.” Dyon tried to roll over in defiance, but the stinging pain in his torso made him change his mind. “What kind of man sneak attacks a woman. He’s as good as dead.”

Ri flicked Dyon’s forehead. “He’s too powerful for you, don’t be stupid. He didn’t put everything into his attack because it was only meant to divert our attention from him killing Commander Draven.”

“Yea, yea. He’s still dead.”

Ri giggled at Dyon’s antics. She fully understood he was only pretending to take this lightly. An event like today to someone like Dyon was very much etched into his psyche. Fairness, age, background... These were all irrelevant things to him. In Dyon’s mind, there shouldn’t be anything in this world able to catch him off-guard, and the fact something had was grating on his nerves.

Gently pulling Dyon’s clothes from him, Ri knelt on the bed and kissed Dyon’s forehead. “We’ll take him down together, okay? Who told him it was okay to hurt my man?”

Dyon sighed in relief as Ri’s ice will washed over his body. ‘This is better than any ice bath...’

Ri smiled, lost in her own world as she kneaded Dyon’s tight muscles, trying to ignore the pain in her heart from seeing the horrid bruises on his torso.

“Akash will probably want to head to Lotus Tower soon.”

Dyon nodded. Each God level Clan had a specific tower they usually gravitated toward protecting. The reason for this was because each tower usually had quirks and tendencies of their own, despite their overall unpredictability. As a result, many had towers they had gotten used to the oddities of, thus making them more comfortable under those conditions. For the elves, it just happened to be Lotus Tower.

In terms of the key towers themselves, there were a total of nine. Other than the Earth Tower and Gautama Tower, which were both at opposing ends of the gate, the Epistemic Tower was found directly in the middle of the two. The remaining six towers were left three to each side of that midline connecting the Earth, Gautama and Epistemic Towers.

In the end, it was an asymmetrical arrangement that resulted in four towers being closer to either side, with the Epistemic Tower being placed directly in the center of everything, oddly connecting it all.

“Things are about to get very dangerous, Ri.”

Ri paused her massage, before continuing. “Were there things you didn’t tell them?”

“I would love to be part of a world where I didn’t have to scheme and hide anything, but unfortunately, that’s just not possible.” Dyon always instinctively put up concealment arrays when he and Ri were alone, and this time was no different. “Especially when we consider the caliber of enemy we’re dealing with right now...”

Ri nodded. “His movements odd, but also oddly planned. The reasons behind them seem obvious, but it also seems that it was designed that way intentionally. I don’t have any idea what his motives are.”

“I can’t claim to know either. I only have some guesses.” Dyon winced a bit as Ri’s hands glided over a particularly sore spot. “What I can say is that the memories I took from the Vice Commanders and Liska had nothing to do with this gate being an Ancient Game.”

“It is not one?”

Dyon shook his head. "It is. I'm about 80% sure that it is. But, that's only something I figured out learning about how they crossed the gate without losing their massive beasts."

A pensive look appeared on Ri's face. "So... He wants us to think that his focus is to attack the other three towers by not fainting, by actually doing it. All while his goal is something else."

Dyon smiled, Ri's leap in logic went at least three steps ahead. She was clearly getting sharper because of her awakened aurora.

She was also exactly right.

This was clearly a test run. And it was a test run that served two purposes. The first was to pull all of their most powerful members back to the Earth Tower. This was executed perfectly because of how painfully easy it was to scout an attack directed toward Earth Tower. After all, there was only one entrance. By making it obvious that Earth Tower was about to be attacked by the very powerful Scaled Elephants, the campaign heads would have no choice but to pull back.

The second purpose was as an actual test run. How else would they know if their method of traversing the gates worked unless they tried it? But, it was very important that this test run be to Earth Tower, or else it would slow down the timing of everything else. Completing two steps in one was most efficient.

To any outside observer, that was it. The opposing universe wanted to attack the three gates while their best defenders were away. But, anyone who thought that would have missed one important fact: The fact the innate aurora wielder had come personally.

This wouldn't have been a point worth bringing up if it had only been Bas and Liska, but, the very fact a young man who had spent so many years diligently hiding his identity would come out just for this even after watching the Phantus get decimated with no sign of stepping in? Something else was going on.

But, even that wouldn't have been enough for them to assume this was a ploy. It would have only been enough to raise an eyebrow. However, what Ri was banking on was what Dyon had taken from the memories of the Vice Commanders and Liska. Memories he still had yet to say a truthful word about.

Chapter 277 Goal

Dyon pulled Ri into his arms, ignoring the pain. The cool touch of her armor was actually quite soothing in and of itself.

“Imagine ignoring pain just to be a pervert.” Ri giggled teasingly.

Dyon grinned. “I can’t ignore the needs of my little feu glace just because of a little pain, can I? Or else that umbrella guy wins. I can’t let that happen.”

“Pft, at least let me take off my armor,” she said pushing herself up. “Tell me more.”

Dyon rolled in the bed trying to use the endless pillows to comfort himself in Ri’s absence. “From the memories, I could tell that there’s something very important he’s keeping them in the dark about. Actually, I don’t even think he’s trying to keep it all that secret, he just enjoys looking down on his subordinates.”

“You mean he’s given them all the tools to figure it out and he’s laughing about the fact they can’t?”

Dyon nodded. “What’s clear is that there’s something different about the gate around this time. In fact, it might not be solely this gate.

“This may sound a bit convoluted and contrived but think this through with me a bit.”

Ri smiled, climbing into the bed beside Dyon.

“The key towers must all be connected somehow. After all, the main thing we know about them is the fact when all of them are controlled by a singular universe, you can change its fundamental laws.”

“Yes. Now that you mention it, they must have a way of communicating with each and unlocking something for that to be possible.”

“Mm.” Dyon continued. “At the same time, each key tower seems to have its own unique set of laws that it abides by.”

“Also true. Lotus Tower has odd patterns, but, we’ve gotten used to it over time from what I understand. When I asked Akash about why we stick to specific gates, she said the other towers were different and not worth the excessive danger necessary to learn about them.”

Dyon nodded, he had thought as much before as well. “From what I see, the Phantus’ pride was used against them to get them to voluntarily take such a dangerous mission. After Madeleine completely embarrassed them, they felt the need for revenge and redemption. But, I think there was also a second reason they were used. And it likely has to do with their earth will affinity.”

Ri’s eyes widened. “Are you saying that Earth Tower isn’t just named after our planet?”

“It’s likely that Earth Tower was named in reference to its laws, which then led to the name of our planet.”

“Why do you say that?”

“That was just an interesting connection I thought of. I have no idea if it’s true.” Dyon chuckled to himself. “However, what is true is the fact that Liska’s memories noted the idea that the guy she calls Alidor chose the Phantus for this attack because of their will specialties.”

A sudden realization hit Ri. “That... Someone who would have an innate aura must be extremely intelligent. But, choosing the Phantus would look like a clear lapse in judgement to anyone. Afterall, the only reason we suspected something was going on behind the scenes was because of their massive scaled elephants. Had they attacked without those scaled beasts, there wouldn’t have been much to speculate about at all.”

“Exactly. The choice of using the Phantus was two-fold. One, the might of the scaled elephants forced everyone back here. And second, it was to learn more about the Tower. And the only reason they would feel a need to learn more about a tower with such a stable environment—”

“Would be if it was part of the Ancient Game...”

Dyon laughed. "I think he's too used to no one being able to see through him honestly. It's likely he thinks this went way over our heads."

Ri smiled, snuggling into Dyon's chest. "But what are we going to do about it?"

Dyon grinned. "We win the game of course."

A serious look crossed Ri's features before she spoke. "What exactly are these Ancient Games, Dyon?"

Dyon sighed. "I don't know... All I'm sure of is the fact that they seem to protect something larger than we can fathom a lot of the time.

"The tome from the Elvin Kingdom, the technique of its first page is something I still can't grasp. And I've spent hours meditating on it.

"Then there's the second page, that now holds the dao of alchemy etchings. I can't make heads or tails of that either.

"That's not to even mention the fact it had the ability to cleanse the demon generals and True Empaths.

"And yet, they were both protected by an overly complex Ancient Game that we could only get through with what essentially amounted to an ex dao formation level puppet."

The more Ri thought about what Dyon said, the more she realized how right he was. If it wasn't for the puppet, they would have died. And, other than the puppet itself, even the True Empath was such an enigmatic existence that it, in and of itself, was already a cheat.

"So, you think this gate is protecting something of that level too? And that every gate is?"

"What I think is that someone – anyone, who has the ability to tunnel a hole between two universes, stabilize it, and have it still live on to this day, is an existence we can't fathom. And I also think that those existences aren't singular in nature."

Ri thought for a bit. "There are 10,000 universes left if we take Elwing's word at face value. Even if we assume every universe has only 5 gates like ours, you're saying there are 50,000 legacies of such a ridiculous level?"

"Probably not. I just think that if we put together the clues about how many secrets this universe holds, maybe we lucked into those legacies. I'm not saying other universes won't have legacies within theirs, but I doubt it'll be of the level of ours."

Ri's brows furrowed, there wasn't much she didn't agree with Dyon on, but she couldn't understand his words just now. "What do you mean?"

"Elwing's legend isn't the first we've heard of the oddities of this universe.

"There's the fact people don't seem to like that I'm from the mortal realm. There's the fact that, according to my master's memories, the Earth expanded millions of times from its original size. And there's the weirdness surrounding the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect and their connection with the Daiyu clan.

"Then compile that with the legend of the phoenixes, their wars, and Amethyst?... Something big happened in this universe. Something bigger than people are willing to talk about."

"Are you saying the legacy here is Amethyst's?"

"No. The gates were here long before her. This someone is much more powerful than even Amethyst."

"Then what do you want to do?"

Dyon grinned. "Well first, I want to make love to my little feu glace."

Ri rolled her eyes. "Be serious, pervert."

Dyon winced as Ri poked his torso to remind him how much power she held over him right now. But much to her exasperation, Dyon didn't back down. "And then, after I do that, I'll go show that Alidor bastard that I know damn well his goal is the Epistemic Tower."

Chapter 278 Tomes (1)

A few days later, Dyon's body was feeling much better. Well, physically that is. In terms of his emotions?... He wasn't doing too well.

"WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING HERE?!" Dyon looked down at two children who held guilty expressions on their faces.

One was a little boy about seven or eight years old. The other was a small girl with pink hair of the lightest shade possible.

Ri stood beside Dyon, frowning as well. They were riding in a vessel pulled by Grimbold family beasts on their way to Lotus Tower. Since the gate would be stable for a few more days on their long journey, Dyon had decided it would be best to begin cultivating the Elvin Ancient family singularity techniques. But, when he flashed into his spatial ring, he immediately felt a connection he shouldn't have... A connection to Little Black!

Right now, they stood by the empty orphanage Dyon had built within the ring. He had, of course, left all of the orphans in the Elvin Kingdom.

Dyon sighed, he didn't want to get angry with his little brother and sister, but they really did something unforgivable this time. It was much too dangerous for them to be here, and the situation was much too complex for him to take them away now.

He immediately guessed that Little Black used their mental connection to enter the ring, but he was confused about how they pulled this off without him noticing. Did it have something to do with Little Lyla?

'Fuck!'

Seeing the two children were on the verge of tears, Dyon finally broke away from his stern look.

“Okay, Okay. Don’t cry.” Dyon kneeled down, pulling the two of them in his arms. “You two still have to tell me why you did this.”

Little Lyla looked up at Dyon with watery eyes. She could tell that Dyon was really bothered by this, but she couldn’t explain the way she felt about things. Sometimes she just got urges, and something was telling her she had to come no matter what.

“Big Brother, it’s not Zaire’s fault. I asked him to take me. I can’t explain it, but you have to take me with you. There’s something very important I have to help you with.”

Dyon rubbed her small head. “Okay, but you have to promise to stay inside the ring, alright?”

In the end, Dyon could only accept this. Even Little Lyla couldn’t explain how she felt or how her abilities worked, how could he expect a tangible explanation? But, that didn’t mean he didn’t have a few guesses... most of which led back to the fact there was something different about the tower this time. And it was likely because someone had finally started playing the game properly...

**

Later that day, Dyon sat in the tent he had made within his spatial ring with Ri playing with Zaire and Lyla nearby.

In front of him sat three tomes, each with its own oddities and quirks, but all equally as ancient. These were, of course, the tomes of the Acacia, Mathilde, and Florence ancient families.

Dyon had already read through all three books. In fact, he had memorized them all the way through as well. The problem was deciding which one to start with. Although he had every intention of going through all three, right now what he needed was the most useful one.

‘All three of them are simply... Amazing.’

There was little to say in terms of the quality of the techniques. Even just thinking about their various possible applications would have any cultivation savvy individual drooling.

The Mathilde family was a warring family, quite similar to the Grimbold family. However, there was no doubt that their manifestations... there was simply no comparing the two.

The manifestation of the Mathilde family was known as the Asura's Imperial Eye. It gave its wielder an immediate boost in combat power. This involved predicting the attacks of an opponent, seeing through their weakest points, and even executing psychic attacks that depended on one's soul strength.

From just these points alone, Dyon could think of a myriad of applications. If he used the eye to see through attacks, he could pinpoint the best areas to utilize his celestial will in order to cripple attacks. This was something he thought he would need much more experience to do effectively within real battle situations, but, it seemed this manifestation would allow him to bypass the need for experience to a fairly large extent.

Then there was the idea of predicting the movements of an opponent. This was of course not something you would be able to do directly from the start of a battle in cases where the Asura Imperial Eye wasn't cultivated to a powerful enough extent. In the beginning stages of the eye, a time period would be needed wherein the eye's wielder would have to exchange enough rounds with their opponents before the eye could see through the opponent effectively.

However, once the eye reached a certain level, and the opponent was within the range of the wielder's cultivation, then seeing through the opponent without even exchanging a single punch was very much possible.

That being said, maybe the most interesting part of the Asura Imperial Eye was its psychic attacks – attacks that directly correlated to killing intent...

Essentially, once one chose the path of the Asura Imperial Eye, you were going down another path of cultivation. A path that included killing and warring without end. A path you only took another step forward on when you killed.

'Imagine that...' Thought Dyon to himself. 'You don't only strengthen the imperial eye by increasing your own cultivation... The more you kill, the stronger it becomes too.'

Dyon was exactly right, for every person he killed, their animosity, hatred, and pain would become a part of his power. But, that wasn't all. Maybe the most enigmatic thing about the Mathilde family manifestation was its ability to steal the will of those you killed.

For every genius Dyon crushed, their future goodwill would become his. For every young master he snuffed out of existence, their destiny would become his.

That was the way of the warrior. For every battlefield you conquered, you became stronger, your legend grew, and your name spread.

And with every commander and general you killed, their glory, their success, their future – became yours.

Chapter 279 Tome (2)

That being said... Dyon still wasn't convinced that the Mathilde Manifestation was the one he should begin with. Because, believe it or not, the other two lost out in no way.

The next tome Dyon read was the Florence family singularity technique. At first, he had thought its abilities were relatively straight forward. But, the more he thought about it, the more he shivered at the possible applications.

The technique itself was simple: cloning. However, this cloning was far beyond what a normal clone would entail. This technique allowed you to create doubles of yourself with, according to Dyon's opinion, negligible handicaps.

The beginning stages of the technique were fairly tame. You had the ability to create a clone that matched up to 75% of yourself once every other day. This clone lasted a week. You could create two clones that were the equivalent of 50% of yourself a day, and these clones lasted two weeks. The last caveat was that you could create near limitless number of clones that were the equivalent of 10% of yourself. Just like the first two clone types, this was also capped by your soul power, but, because you could make hundreds at Dyon's soul strength, he didn't bother calculating the actual number.

It was clear from this alone, that the amount of soul strength needed to create clones that matched up to a larger and larger percentages of yourself, required exponentially increasing amounts of soul strength.

‘It seems that this technique also allows you to supplement it with outside sources... That way, you can increase the time the clone is sustained for.’

However, that was easier said than done. The technique itself was already heaven defying. To then find spiritual items able to improve it was a tall task. But... the thought of making the perfect clone was really tempting to Dyon.

That aside, although the idea behind the manifestation was simple, the things Dyon read about how the Florence family used it opened his eyes to a whole new world of possibilities.

Ri had once said that she had never seen humanoid manifestations before, but that was because the only ones ever to exist were destroyed with the disappearance of the Florence family. This was because creating clones was only one aspect of the Florence family singularity technique. The main ability of the technique was to create multiple humanoid manifestations!

By cultivating multiple manifestation, each tailored to a different will, the Florence family was able to boost their affinity in learning different wills. Because of this, the technique was split into hundreds of variations, each meant to cultivate another aspect or quirk of a will. For example, the Florence family sword will manifestation, although Dyon didn't need it, essentially gave the same boosts to them that Dyon's Weapon's Hall gave him! The only limit to the Florence family was the talent of the wielders of the technique. Theoretically, you could master hundreds of manifestations over time and gain an affinity for every will in existence!

The only other thing that limited the Florence family was finding proper catalysts. Something that could range from killing an expert with the matching affinity, to stumbling upon an abyssal core, to absorbing blood essences to fuel the technique.

Dyon couldn't help but laugh to himself. ‘How ridiculous is this... This isn't even the most heaven defying aspect of the technique...’

In the Florence family history, it wasn't unprecedented for their strongest elders to master tens of variations on their technique, in the end becoming masters of that many wills. However, this was hardly what made the Florence family the most impressive. They quite literally had the ability to speed up their cultivation exponentially simply by using their clones!

When one created clones of 75% or 50% or even 10%, they were able to be used for fighting, learning, or cultivating.

Clones at the 10% level didn't have the ability cultivate because they didn't retain enough talent to do so. However, clones of 50% and 75%, were very much able to do so.

Clones of the 75% level were the quickest in terms of cultivation, far outstripping those of the 50% level. As a result, they were the most efficient in terms of improving one's cultivation. After a week, the clone would be reabsorbed, and their experience would become yours. But, the most poignant point was that your cultivation would increase by the amount theirs did!

As for 50% clones, their use, according to Dyon's calculations, most efficiently lay in learning techniques and gaining experience in manipulating wills.

The only handicap, aside from the speed reduction in learning and cultivating of the clones, was the fact that what they could do, whether that be in cultivating or learning techniques, could not be related to the soul. Meaning, you couldn't use the clones to cultivate a soul type technique or cultivate your soul in general.

To Dyon, this made sense. After all, melding together improvements into your body or energy was easy. However, the soul was a much more delicate construct. In addition, the technique itself was being sustained by soul type cultivation. Therefore, it didn't make sense if you could power it with your soul while also powering up your soul.

The best part was that none of what Dyon had thought of even considered the applications the Florence Singularity technique would have in battle. Imagine having another, maybe even another two or three, minds connected perfectly with yourself in battle. The coordination would be immaculate. And what if you combined that with the Asura Imperial Eye? Staring down your opponent from multiple angles? What could possibly escape your attention in such a situation.

In addition, although you would experience the death of your clone as though you had died, you wouldn't feel the pain. As long as you could leap over the mental hurdle of the feeling of death, your clone could be the perfect exploration equipment. Which was most likely the perfect use for a 10% clone.

In the end, the technique was ultimately broken down into two portions. The first was the manifestation. The ability to create humanoid manifestations with specified affinities that then boosted the user's ability to use said wills.

The second, was the cloning ability. To essentially create clones that could speed up your body and energy cultivation, fight along side you, and learn techniques along side you as well!

However, what surprised Dyon even more, was that even with how amazing these two singularity techniques were... in the end, he knew he could still end up choosing the Acacia Family Singularity Technique.

Chapter 280 Tomes (3)

It wasn't that the Acacia Family Singularity Technique was so much better than the other two. It was only that in consideration of Dyon's circumstances, their technique happened to be perfect for him.

When Dyon had first met Ri, she had told him that her father's manifestation was mist. At first, Dyon had attached this to Uncle Acacia because he hadn't been aware of her origins at the time.

But, something was wrong. Did Ri mean that the King had a mist type manifestation? But, according to his knowledge, King Acacia was the first of the Acacia family to awaken their original manifestation in millennia. Yet, the Acacia family technique wasn't mist... It was a manifestation they called: The Tree of Life and Death.

When Dyon told Ri about this, she too was confused. According to her knowledge, her father's manifestation was indeed mist. She hadn't been lying to Dyon at the time. However, as they thought about it, they settled on another possibility. King Acacia had the Tree of Life and Death manifestation, but, chose to use illusory type techniques to hide it, to the point where only Sinaht Sigebryht was aware of its true form. And the more Dyon read about the technique, the more he realized just why someone would want to do that.

The Tree of Life and Death was the most useful ability to Dyon now for two reasons: healing factor and stamina.

The problem with Dyon's devour technique was that it was only a short-range stamina booster, and it only did so for his soul – completely ignoring his body's fatigue and the eventual energy cultivation fatigue he would have.

But, the Tree of Life and Death was different. Not only would it replenish his body and energy fatigue, it could do so at long range!

Imagine hundreds of roots spreading through the ground of a battlefield, wrapping themselves around unsuspecting victims and becoming the fuel for Dyon's continued fighting. Yet, what made Dyon shake with agitation was the fact that the original weakness of the technique was that it couldn't replenish the soul while it replenished your body and energy. Meaning, you were essentially trading your soul strength for body and energy strength. However, how could Dyon have this problem if he used Devour simultaneously? Both techniques completely and perfectly complimented each other!

The best part was that this wasn't the end of the abilities of the Tree of Life and Death. Not only did it have the ability to steal energy and stamina from people, it could do so from the surroundings as well. Meaning, even in the absence of people susceptible to the roots of this manifestation, Dyon could pull energy from the air and earth at a much quicker rate than he would be able to normally.

This also had the added effects of making the Tree of Life and Death manifestation highly sensitive to concentrations of energy. Which may very well be useful in a myriad of applications. However, there was one thing that stood out to Dyon about this ability...

'This means...' Dyon's eyes widened as a thought suddenly crossed his mind.

Being able to take energy from the air much quicker didn't just apply for battle, it applied for cultivating as well! Meaning, if Dyon cultivated this singularity type technique, regardless of his talent for energy cultivating, he could increase his pace at absorbing energy exponentially by using the Tree! All he would have to do was lay energy stones around himself, and his rate of absorption would accelerate! Even without energy stones, his energy cultivation speed would be nearly unmatched!

'What if I used clones at the same time...' The possible combinations of these techniques were endless. It made Dyon almost not want to choose.

'Fuck it.' Dyon thought wildly. 'I'm going to learn the Florence cloning technique first, create a 75% clone, then use it to cultivate the Mathilde family singularity technique. After I create the clone, I'll use my main body to cultivate the Acacia family technique since it's more important to me.'

The clone technique was only one aspect of the Florence family technique and as such would take a shorter time to learn than the entire technique would. In terms of the second aspect, he had already decided to use the Florence family technique to increase his affinity for certain things, and he knew the perfect catalysts.

Dyon planned to drain himself of the blood essence given to him by his master and her husband. Using them as a catalyst, he'd trade off the ability to increase his body strength further in order to gain perfect affinity the wills he was lacking in... Especially celestial and demonic will. Therefore, the remaining 69% of blood essence he hadn't fully integrated, would go toward the Florence family technique. He would then rely on solely integrating the demon sage blood to body cultivate. After all, it was far more powerful than the demon qilin or celestial deer essence.

In addition, because he was only focusing on integrating one blood essence now, it would also go faster.

'This works out perfect. I get to keep my bodily strength at the peak of the manifestation stage and still gain the benefits of my master and her husband's affinities. Although... it will probably be painful removing the blood from myself despite it not being fully integrated...'

Suddenly Ri sat next to Dyon on the bed, pulling him out of his thoughts. "Did you make a decision?"

Dyon grinned. "I'm just going to do all three."

Ri rolled her eyes. "I knew you'd end up doing that anyway. Remember to be careful, the techniques are powerful, but there's a reason for that. They're not easy to cultivate... What do you think about the Acacia family technique?"

Dyon paused for a moment. "It's amazing. I didn't even think about it before, but this technique benefits more than just the person using it. While it can improve my stamina and healing, I can technically divert the energy I absorb as well. Meaning, I could heal our entire army if take in enough energy."

"It is pretty amazing..." She said absentmindedly, stroking the cover of the tome.

Dyon immediately knew what Ri was thinking about, so, he pulled her into his lap, holding her quietly and stroking her long blue-silver hair. “Your father is very powerful, little feu glace. It’s to the point where I doubt he left because he lost his mind.”

Ri nodded silently, letting Dyon comfort her. It was clear why she was bothered. They had figured out long ago that it was likely Ri’s father had this exact manifestation... So how could someone so powerful, with so many abilities, just disappear? Although Dyon didn’t want to say anything because it might only make it worse, it was likely King Acacia had left due to Ri’s mother.

A kitsune was a supreme level beast. In fact, it was a supreme level beast so powerful that it lorded over other supreme level beasts. How could the background of Ri’s mother be simple? It was likely King Acacia was fighting a difficult battle all by himself right now. And Ri wanted nothing more than to help him.

“When we find them, Ri. Because, trust me, we will. I’ll put my everything into bringing them both back. I want to carry half of your burden too.”

Ri smiled, kissing Dyon’s cheek. “Th – “

“Ah, ah, ah. I better never hear words like thank you from, ever! Okay?” Dyon playfully held his finger to Ri’s lips, silencing her as she giggled lightly.

“Okay. Let’s cultivate.”

Dyon nodded, turning to tomes.

It was good that they did this now... Because the gates were about to get even more unpredictable.