

The Nameless 291

Chapter 291 Anything But

Dyon's heart pounded. He was quickly reaching the limit of his stamina. If he let up on distorting space around him for even a second, he would lose consciousness and likely be torn apart.

Without thinking much, he took out the damaged stone puppet. He had been so distracted by this decision he hadn't even stopped to think that he could make use of his puppets since he was outside the confines of the ancient game now.

But, the relief on Dyon's stamina did little to ease the endless tension he was feeling... He didn't even take notice of the drastic changes the stone puppet had undergone.

All he could see was the pain of his fiancées. He could only watch as Ri's beautiful blue silver tails became dyed in red. He could only watch as Madeleine's lips dripped in blood as she pushed her stamina beyond her breaking point. He could only watch... Too distraught to make a choice...

'WHAT DO I DO?!'

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Away from Dyon's mental struggle, two groups were approaching the enigmatic Epistemic Tower.

The first was led by a very familiar figure – Alidor Gautama.

"Brother, are you sure you want to do this?"

Alidor sat atop a scaled elephant silently as they crushed their way through a dense green forest. His sister was beside him, and about ten warriors sat behind them. But, he was completely focused. His eyes were in a perpetual state of gold as he constantly scanned their surroundings, changing the direction of the beast seemingly without rhyme or reason.

Noticing her elder brother's lack of a response, Keara sighed. "I know you're not satisfied with being an auxiliary branch family to the Uidah family, but that doesn't mean I think it's okay for you to risk your life like that."

The truth was that Alidor had been hiding his abilities as an innate aurora wielder since his birth as he secretly accumulated allies. He always used Bas and Liska as his proxies because he had no intention of revealing his plans until he was powerful enough. But, the more he studied the gates, the more his mind brightened to another possibility.

Alidor ignored his younger sister's words. "I received a report earlier that said it's likely Earth's innate aurora wielder died. This works to our advantage."

Keara, being used to her brother's antics, listened silently. Whether she could understand what he meant was one thing but asking Alidor for a full explanation was about the most difficult thing in the world.

But, in typical Alidor fashion, Keara got no explanation. Alidor simply raised his hand to his face, causing a flash of gold to appear. An instant later, it was as though he was a completely different person... a person that was the exact copy of Dyon.

Keara giggled. "Oh? Is this the poor boy who died? It's a shame he had you as an enemy, he's quite handsome."

Alidor didn't seem to get the joke. "I don't know whether he's alive or dead. All that matters is that he's no longer on the battlefield, so his appearance is useful to me."

A teasing expression colored Keara's features. "I heard from Bas and Liska that you insulted him. You never care enough to insult people. Did he get under your skin?"

Keara playfully poked at Alidor's shoulder, a bit happy to see her brother display an emotion other than cold determination.

Although Alidor was inwardly stunned by his sister's question, he didn't show it. But, that didn't mean he didn't have a moment of self-reflection.

What Keara didn't know was that that moment wasn't the only time he acted out of character that day. Not only did he insult Dyon, he had done so twice. And that was on top of injuring Bas and Liska. Did he get angry because the first step of his plan had failed? Was it because Dyon might very well be his match? Was it because something was telling him that there was no way Dyon died so easily?

Moments of confusion for Alidor had always been rare. And moments of losing control of himself were even rarer. Ruling with fear was completely idiotic by his calculations. He'd never do something so stupid. Bas and Liska followed him willingly, not because he forced them.

Keara grinned. Alidor may have thought his face remained neutral, but Keara was quite adept at reading her elder brother. "Maybe if he's alive you should be friends."

"Don't be stupid. I attacked his woman and insulted. And even if I hadn't, I don't need friends. I need subordinates. If he's willing to do that, then he can call himself whatever he wants."

Keara giggled. "This is the most amount of words you've ever spent on a single thing, let alone a single person. And plus, you attacked his woman as a distraction. Also, this is war. No one is safe just because they're a woman."

"You're naïve. People aren't rational when it comes to love."

Sighing, Keara grabbed onto her elder brother's arm. Truthfully, she was much too young to be in the gates right now. She was only about twelve, but Alidor was convinced that this was the safest place for them. They had been using the gate's cultivation cap to their advantage for years now. Often, the only people Keara had to talk to were her brother or Bas and Liska.

"So, you understand what it means to not be rational? Interesting." Keara pondered a bit. "Make me a tall blond with a massive chest and plump butt, oki?" Keara giggled lightly to herself as her brother completely ignored her, instead only slightly changing her features.

"Remember Keara. I'm only taking you with me this time because we're attack their towers now."

"Yea, yea, I get it. No one's left to protect the poor defenseless little girl." Keara pouted.

“It’s good that you understand. Don’t speak unless you have to and definitely don’t act foolishly. The Epistemic Tower will be dangerous.”

Keara nodded silently, gripping her brother’s arm tightly as they finally burst out of the endless forest.

She gasped as she took in the sight.

The Epistemic Tower was so tall that she had no way of seeing its peak. In fact, it was almost like a black rod stabbed into the ground. The outside was completely smooth and without blemish – even to the point that Keara could see no doors, windows or openings.

But, that wasn’t the most shocking thing. The forest ended not in a plain leading to the tower, but instead a sheer cliff! The ground around the Epistemic Tower was a deep depression that continued at least half a mile down.

That’s right. The Epistemic Tower was in a pit with a diameter that was at least fifty kilometers. There was no opening, no obvious way to reach it... and the worst part? The spatial fluctuations were so violent that you could hear loud tearing noises rip apart the air.

Seemingly innocent twinkles of silver and black appeared covered almost every inch of the pit. And it was clear to any observer that even the slightest touch from such a thing would only end in death. They might have looked quite benign and beautiful, but they were anything but.

Chapter 292 Outdated...

On another side of the forest, another group was making their way through. And, their atmosphere was much less adorable...

A young man with bronze skin sat with massive buddha prayer beads hanging around his neck. He wore loose and baggy pants with twisted rope a foot thick wrapped around his waist and ending as a bow to his back. Dyon would have recognized these as the ceremonial ropes of sumo wrestlers in the human world, known as shimenawa.

A faint dark gold energy emanated off of him as he was carried on a throne by four bald monks. And yet, despite monk-like attire, the young man had a long head of golden hair.

Every so often on their journey, one of the throne bearers would fall victim to a fluctuation in space, having them instantly be replaced by another among the hundreds trekking through the dense forest. Yet, the changes in space seemed to have absolutely no effect on the young man as he continued to sit completely oblivious to the deaths of his men.

“First Son, we’ll be reaching the Epistemic Tower soon.”

The first son silently nodded.

Over the past few months, a lot of odd occurrences had been happening at this gate. Usually, he didn’t even bother attacking this weak universe.

As a King God Clan lead universe, they had many more universes to deal with than just this one. And those universes had much more glory involved in their conquering. So, why would he as a first son, come here to play? This universe was something best left to their inferior clans and sects.

But, that didn’t mean he didn’t pay attention to the happenings of this universe. The odd movements of the Basilisks and Phantus were especially eye-catching. In fact, it had become so obvious recently that the first son was almost sure that someone was leading him here on purpose.

‘Ha. You want to play games with me? Do you qualify?’

The Uidah family was truly a special one. They had rules over their universe for millennia and weren’t far from becoming an Emperor God Clan. Because of this, the first son decided to play this little game. After all, if this ended in their family winning this gate, wouldn’t they be able to invade the last universe they need to reach an all new level?

The scale of such a clan wasn’t something Dyon could imagine as of now. Where as the Royal God Clan of Earth had their most powerful experts peak at the third to fourth level of the celestial, a King God Clan so close to becoming an Emperor God Clan without a doubt had a lower dao formation expert! They were simply incomparable!

Because of the way gates were designed, especially with their cultivation caps, the sons of the Uidah King God Clan were ranked based on their cultivation. Beginning with the meridian formation stage, five sons were chosen. The first son here today, was the first son of the meridian formation stage – Kaeghan Uidah.

The simple fact was a ranked son of the essence gathering level would never waste their time on such a shit universe. In Kaeghan's view, even a peak essence gathering expert from this place was no match for him.

"I hear this universe has a few faith seeds?" Kaeghan asked absentmindedly.

"Ai, first son. It's quite shocking, they have three that we're aware of."

Kaeghan looked up and into the distance although the thick green canopy was too dense to see through.

"Why?"

This was truly confusing to Kaeghan. Even within the Uidah family, there were only two faith seeds currently since the others had yet to be reincarnated into their chosen geniuses. In fact, Kaeghan wasn't one of them. Only the Essence Gathering and Saint first sons had faith seeds, much to his irritation. The idea of such a weak universe having three, even to the point of them being concentrated on the same planet, was grating of Kaeghan's nerves. So, his first thought was to steal them.

But, he wasn't stupid. A family capable of fostering a faith seed to be passed on was definitely not one the Uidah family could take lightly. It was likely that the families had sent branch families to this universe for one reason or another, and it just so happened that the offspring of the branch families manifested their faith seeds. This meant that although the Uidah family could hinder those branch family members from making their way back to their main clans, stealing the faith seeds would lead to a concerted effort for war... Much more focused and poignant than normal campaigns.

If such a high-ranking clan, or clans, decided to focus all of their best talents on the Uidah gates instead of spreading them out as they usually did... It would be trouble.

"From my understanding, they are from branches of two Emperor God Clans..."

Kaeghan's head snapped toward his subordinate. In reality, it was the fifth son of the meridian formation stage, but he was little else than an ant in front of Kaeghan. "From our quadrant?..."

The fifth son nodded solemnly, a faint golden energy emanating off of him as well. "According to second daughter's information, we should be careful. They are the faith seeds of the Ragnor and Pakal clans..."

Kaeghan nodded solemnly. Because there were ten thousand remaining universes, they were split into quadrants which were made of a hundred universes each. In this quadrant, aside from the obvious Sapientia clans and the Uidah family, the other powerhouses were the Ragnor and Pakal Emperor God Clans...

Maybe if the faith seeds had been from a fellow King God Clan, it might have been worth the risk. After all, using the methods of the Uidah clan, there was always the possibility of tricking a clan of similar power. But, against clans with as much power and influence as the Ragnor and Pakal Clans? It was impossible.

In fact, the power disparity was to the point that the Uidah's information on those clans were severely outdated by several ten thousand years...

Chapter 293 Proud

There was the possibility that the range of those clans had surpassed that of an Emperor God Clan. It was much like the scope of information Earth had... If you don't have enough power, how could you afford to know such information? In fact, would knowing the information even matter to you?

Kaeghan immediately erased all thoughts of stealing their faith seeds. But, preventing them from reaching their main branches by boxing them off in this universe? Even kill them? Was no issue at all.

"Make a note, fifth son. In the future we'll be focusing on this universe a bit more. Not enough to alert anyone, but there's definitely a reason so many powerhouses are concentrated here. The Ragnor and Pakal clan didn't even bother to plant branch families in our universe, so why would they care about this one so much? There's something going on..."

Fifth son nodded. "If we can grasp this secret, elder brother, we can assure our places as sons for the rest of our lives."

Kaeghan nodded. Competition amongst sons never ended. Although he could be comfortable around fifth son because he was ranked so far below him, he still needed to be wary of third son and second daughter. Ranking directly correlated to resources, he had to ensure that he became the fifth son of the essence gathering level, and for that, he needed momentum, legacies, and power.

And with that last thought, Kaeghan and his entourage reached the edge of the deep pit that held the Epistemic Tower.

Kaeghan's blood boiled looking at the sleek black surface of the tower. "All signs point toward this place as what you're aiming for, right? Let's find out what you led me here for..."

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Up until now, it had been half a day of Dyon relying on the celestial puppet to watch Madeleine and Ri battle. He had almost floated away from the portals many times, but he always forcefully stabilized himself. He felt the need to burn these images into his mind.

He had watched as Ri fought for hours at a time, not caring for her own wellbeing. In fact, there had been a few times that if it wasn't for the demon generals forcibly teleporting her away, she would have collapsed.

Then there was Madeleine. The temple had finally opened, but the battle raging for those who had the right to enter was just as fierce, leaving the Sapientia clan in an even tighter corner.

Dyon's heart wrenched with every cut and bruise his fiancées sustained, with every twist of pain that appeared on their beautiful faces... with every near-death experience they dodged...

At this point, patches of blood had dried over them both. Ri's blue-silver tails and armor were completely ruined. It wasn't even clear how often she had forcibly healed their breaks... Madeleine was fairing much better injury wise, but her fatigue had clearly reached its breaking point many times. If it wasn't for many of the Sapientia family using themselves as shields, it was likely her injuries would be even worse than Ri's

And yet, Dyon sat there and thought... it was even to the point where he questioned whether he should have even opened his heart up as much as he had. If he had closed it off and conformed to human world ideals, would this decision be so difficult?

But then he thought, even if he closed himself off to feelings fostering for Ri, would they really not appear? If Ri was just his friend instead of his fiancée, would the decision really be any easier?

Dyon had just spent the last more than half year of his life with Ri. They shared tears, pain, and victories. When he was in a coma, she took care of him everyday for months on end. Although she never brought it up, Dyon's heart broke thinking of all endless nights she must have spent wondering if he would ever wake up.

And then there was Madeleine, his first love. He had been attracted to her strength and beauty almost immediately. Imagine the level of will power someone had to have to believe their death was inevitable, and still remain kind and caring? And then the strength she displayed in choosing to live, in a martial world that told her there was honor in death, just so she could repay Dyon for his sacrifice.

These thoughts ran through Dyon's head again and again before he finally settled on a choice.

The first thing Dyon did was take off his last wrist band, diligently crafting it to a necklace identical to Ri's before carefully placing it into a spatial ring.

Then, sitting on the shoulder of the puppet, he spread out thousands of profound stones before himself. Using the ability of the Tree of Life and Death, he proceeded to refine the stones into an easily usable form, perfect for replenishing stamina. Fruits of energy began forming on the branches of the obsidian tree, glowing in a dim gold before breaking off.

Dyon repeated this again and again until he had completely filled two common level spatial rings with hundreds of these fruits.

Then, the last thing he did was create two communication arrays. He poured his thoughts and feelings into both. In the end, he held both rings silently, knowing that this was the right thing to do.

Dyon's hands flashed as he coated both rings with celestial will. Circulating the Florence family technique, his winged humanoid figure appeared. Golden tattoos spread across his shirtless torso, boosting Dyon's celestial will to its peak.

Then... Dyon threw the rings away from himself. One tore through the void toward Madeleine. And the other? Tore toward Ri.

Dyon nodded to himself, his main spatial ring flashing as an adorable little girl appeared in his arms.

"Big brother?" Little Lyla blinked, looking around confused. The dark space was something she had never experienced before. Suddenly, Little Lyla felt something was off, causing her to frown before a look of realization crossed her features.

Lyla patted Dyon's cheeks happily. "You did the right thing Big Brother."

Dyon smiled bitterly. 'I really can't hide anything from this little girl...'

Sighing, Dyon spoke, rubbing Little Lyla's head. "Big Brother is useless, can you help me?"

Lyla giggled. "Okay Big Brother, I'll help." Pointing out her small hand toward a seemingly random direction, Lyla spoke again. "That way."

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On the battle field, Ri winced as she felt another blade slice at her tail. She was losing her stamina faster and faster with every rest session she took. What had surprised her though, was the fact none of the demon generals had even felt a need to rest. Maybe it was because they were more experienced with long, drawn out battles, or maybe their demon will made their bodies more robust in combination with their cultivation. Regardless, it was truly impressive.

Ri sighed, 'Will I really never see you again?...' Her heart ached for what seemed like the millionth time as the same thought resurfaced in her head.

“Commander!” Arios’ voice boomed, snapping Ri out of her stupor to find a blade headed for her head.

‘Shit.’ Ri dodged to the side, leaping forward to stab a snakeman through the ribcage before dodging a mace that swung in her direction.

Suddenly, a blinding flash of light swept through the sky, appearing before Ri and not giving her a choice but to accept it slipping onto her finger.

Everyone looked stunned. Even the beast army leaped backward from Ri. The gates were too unpredictable to just ignore a random flash of light like that.

Ri shook violently, ‘Wha – ‘

Ri froze as a message entered her ears, tears spilling over as she listened.

Watching such a she-devil cry in the middle of such a situation only caused everyone to pause all the more so. Even the demon generals had to surge forward to surround Ri and ensure she wouldn’t be attacked in this state.

Away from that battle field, a similar scene was occurring in the midst of the Sapientia family. Tears streaked down Madeleine’s cheeks as her hand lightly traced an elegant necklace that now graced her neck.

Both women had listened to the same simple message... and that told them everything they needed to know.

Dyon’s voice was strong and unwavering, leaving no room for debate.

Ri and Madeleine nodded heavily from begin to end...

Following the directions of the little girl in his arms, Dyon absentmindedly mumbled to himself. “The Sacharro family doesn’t lose. Take them for everything they have.”

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Ri stepped forward, a bright smile spreading across her face. "My name is Alexandria Sacharro."

In much the same way, Madeleine's hand flashed as an energy fruit appeared in her hand. "My name is Madeleine Sacharro."

'We'll do you proud.'

Chapter 294 Mean...?

Dyon sat silently on the shoulder of the puppet. He had finally calmed himself enough to think clearly, at least to some extent. So, he finally noticed its changes.

The stone was no longer anything of the sort. The puppet now had an obsidian sheen to it that was reminiscent of the Tree of the Life and Death. It made Dyon think that maybe he had misunderstood the makeup of the puppets. Were they connected to ancient singularity techniques?

If you thought about it, puppets that guarded the legacies of a race as powerful as the elves couldn't be simple. They had eroded to a point far past what Dyon could remedy currently, but, he'd slowly tease apart their secrets.

Every so often, Little Lyla would change their direction, but, most of the time, she played with Zaire who Dyon had brought out as well. After all, he couldn't just leave Little Black alone.

The world around them was pitched in absolute darkness. Except for the odd spatial portal, there was nothing but black. If it wasn't for the faint energy shield coming off of the puppet, they wouldn't be able to see anything. Well, that and they'd likely be torn apart by the spatial will.

'Arios likely fell into a situation like this. Maybe he ran out of stamina and couldn't protect himself anymore. That's likely why the demon sage had to save him.' But, the question is, did the demon sage save him in this time, or another?'

This question was actually of utmost importance. If the demon sage saved Arios in this time, that would mean that it was the demon sage who brought them to a separate time.

‘That doesn’t make sense though. If the demon sage had such powerful time will, the situation with the Timeless Library would have never happened. After all, if he could just go back thousands of years on a whim, why would he have ever suffered a loss to his enemies?’

‘No. There was definitely something more to this. If the demon sage wasn’t the one to send Arios back, then it was this space. Which means, something, or someone here, is powerful enough to do something like that.’

Dyon smiled. This was about to get interesting. His heart had settled, and he was determined to let Madeleine and Ri carry burdens themselves. Many hours ago, he had already figured out a way to help both of them. All he had to do was enter one spatial portal, save either Madeleine or Ri, then tear a hole in the game again. With Little Lyla’s help, it would only be a matter of time before he found his way to the right spatial portal.

But, he decided against it. At first, his mind was in too much turmoil to even think of that solution. However, the more he thought, the more he ran over what Madeleine and Ri told him again and again. They wanted to help him. That meant the only thing left for Dyon to do was to let them.

So, he had two new goals now. The first was teasing apart the secrets held in this dark spatial world. And the second? The Epistemic Tower.

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“Little Lyla, it’s best if you go back with Zaire now. I’ll bring you two back out when it’s safe, okay?” Dyon’s eyes trained on something that made even his spine drip in a cold sweat. It was a feeling he had never felt before. It was an insurmountable mountain.

Little Lyla’s large pink diamond eyes blinked while looking at Dyon. “Be careful big brother.”

Zaire nodded, giving Dyon a fist bump. It seemed to be his new favorite thing to do, much to Dyon and Ri’s amusement.

The two children disappeared as Dyon took a deep breath. 'The puppet is absolutely useless hereâ€¦'

Dyon say quietly, steeling himself through observation.

The obsidian puppet seemed to vibrate in submission, almost creeping backwards.

'This is suicide.' This was the only thought the repeated in Dyon's mind. Death was the only ending he could see.

A core of foggy black hovered menacingly in front of him. In fact, it was such a dense black that it stood out even in this space.

Dyon knew before he asked Little Lyla for help that this game was built on an array, much like every other ancient game. But, what did that mean? Mulling over this thought he suddenly connected a few things.

The goal of an array is to literally manipulate the laws of a confined space. That confined space, in terms of its size, was determined by the power of the array.

Dyon had always likened arrays to writing code in the human world. Symbols were commands, thus meaning you used your aura and soul as the ink or pixels of the words and numbers. Because of this logic, Dyon had always been able to simplify symbols to take shortcuts, something that experienced coders did all of the time. It was common knowledge amongst them that some forms of code and code language were always more efficient than others.

So, knowing this, what did it mean for Lotus Tower to have such dense sources of death qi? Or for the ancient game to be connected by so many spatial portals? Or for Arios to fall to a completely different time because of the game?

It was simple. That meant there was someone who wrote 'code' for some of the strongest representations of space, time and death Dyon had ever encounteredâ€¦ Or would likely ever encounter.

But, there was something else. What did it mean for someone to use an array to program changes in space, time or even death?... What did it mean for someone to be able to simulate a will to such a close extent that even Dyon, with his keen senses, mistook all of these spatial fluctuations as true space will?

Just what did all of that mean?...

It meant someone was writing the laws of the universe with their array alchemy. Someone who toyed with the concepts of reality as easily as breathing. Someone who had created the perfect representation of death before Dyon right now

Chapter 295 Violet

‘Can I really use this as a catalyst? Won’t I implode trying to absorb this?’

The truth was that when Dyon used his master and her husband’s blood essence as a catalyst for the Florence family singularity technique, he had nearly died. The worst part was, he had almost died more than once.

Imagine taking the essence blood of creatures that were dao formation experts at their peak, and manipulating them into manifestations for yourself. Something like that wasn’t easy. And yet, this death core was even worse than that!

‘Wait... core?’

Suddenly, Dyon thought of something. ‘Abyssal Core?’ If Ri had been here, she would have definitely rolled her eyes. How ridiculous was this logic? Using a name you made up to figure something out? Maybe only Dyon would risk something like this based on such flimsy logic.

And yet, the more Dyon thought about it, the more his eyes shone.

‘Maybe it’s impossible to absorb it all with just one technique... But, what if I use two?...’

Dyon knew this idea was stupid. Regardless of how many techniques he split it into, it was still himself that had to execute them. Even if he used a clone, the pain would be the same. But, that was the thing... The pain would be the same, but the death would be escaped!

Anyone who was in Dyon's mind would feel as though they were running around in a maze. In that instant, Dyon's deductions jumped around exactly like you'd expect from some with an innate aurora. Maybe even more-so considering Dyon's innate aurora was perfect.

Essentially, the idea of cores reminded Dyon that he didn't only have a single absorption and integration type technique. He had the Florence family technique to form a humanoid manifestation, but, at the same time, he had his Weapon's Hall abyssal cores.

But that was where things got odd. Sure, Dyon could absorb the abyssal cores of weapons, but there was clearly no weapon here. There was only death. But, wasn't there a weapon that existed to be the perfect amalgamation of death? What could be better to absorb this death core than a reaper's scythe?

Unfortunately, the wild ideas didn't stop... Dyon planned to experience death again and again and again... Until he fully absorbed the core. 10% clones couldn't cultivate or train soul techniques, but, being canon fodder for refining catalysts? They were perfect.

Maybe the wildest part, though, was that Dyon planned to do this for the space and time cores as well. However, he was fully aware that absorbing the death core would be much easier. Why? Because the death core was only meant to affect the area around Lotus Tower, it was meant to be a small part of the ancient game. That was why Dyon could even attempt this. But, the space and time cores connected every gate in existence, that used to exist, or would exist... It wasn't something Dyon would even want Little Lyla getting close to.

Therefore, although he had already decided to one day find those cores, today wasn't the day. Right now, he'd focus on integrating the epitome of death within himself.

Soon, he'd need to be a reaper. There were too many people who thought he was an easy target, that he was easy to deal with, that his friends and family were toys for their pleasure... As they say, 'you reap what you sow.'

Dyon smirked. 'I'll just help you with the reaping bit.'

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In Madeleine's gate, the situation had completely flipped from earlier. Not only had Dyon's energy fruits given her a great boost, his words had relieved her heart of all burdens, giving her celestial will an unprecedented leap. The pure feeling that filled her being caused a smile as radiant as the stars in the sky to spread across her face. She had manifested her first intent!

Her power was simply on a whole other level. It was as though a goddess had stepped onto the battle field.

It wasn't that the armies the Sapientia family faced didn't have essence gathering experts, it was just that the idea of someone comprehending an intent at the first essence gathering level was absolutely ridiculous.

An intent was the next level wills reached. But, the reason many didn't learn it so early was because an intent was what you needed in order to grasp saint energy. Normally, many who became saints might not even grasp an intent until they reached the peak of the saint stage!

The most shocking part about intents were that they weren't just a power boost, they were a complete qualitative change. Madeleine's celestial will became like pillars of light smiting down enemies from the sky, completely erasing their attacks. And when Madeleine combined her intent with her music? The Sapientia army became nearly untouchable.

Many of the King God Clan shivered. Some even assumed someone had broken the rules of the gate and allowed a saint to enter. What other explanation could there be!?

But, Madeleine continued to play her lyre, her attacks focused and filled with purpose. Many who died by her hand couldn't even bring themselves to be angry. If such a beautiful goddess smites you, did you really deserve to live in the first place? Maybe she was right in wanting your death.

That said, the numbers disparity between the Sapientia and the opposing universe were simply too large. Although Madeleine had forced them to sustain major losses and had plenty of fruits to replenish herself, maybe there was another way...

Madeleine turned her gaze to the temple at her back. 'Maybe if we enter, there'll be another exit? The gates are odd, it's quite possible the temple is spatially connected to another place. Maybe this isn't even the only place this temple appeared?'

The temple itself was extraordinary and imposing. It had hundreds of massive pillars holding it up. And yet, what had to be the most striking was its color. A striking violet.

Chapter 296 Tome

Despite the rarity of what was occurring with Madeleine, something very similar was happening on Ri's battlefield.

The ice purity path was a difficult one. In fact, it was so difficult that Ri's mother felt the need to leave behind part of her cultivation for Ri in the form of the cave's ice pool.

What Ri didn't know was that the ice purity path wasn't even the best path for her... Ri's mother was a kitsune as well, but, kitsune came in different forms. More specifically, the kitsune supreme beasts had thirteen faith seeds. And Ri's mother? Had the faith seed of the river kitsune – Kawa. However, Ri's mother had no idea that her daughter had a faith seed!

The reason was simple. Normally faith seeds were easily detectable by high ranking members of families that they originated from. However, Ri's faith seed had been in opposition with the god level constitution. If Ri had had a normal god level constitution, maybe her mother would have still sensed it. But, a top three god level constitution was already nearly comparable to the weakest faith seeds. So, Ri's mother had had no idea.

Which of the other twelve faith seeds did Ri have? Ri didn't know. But, what was clear was that Ri's affinity for ice purity was nowhere near her mother's, and yet, she had forced herself to learn all so that she could follow the same path as her mother. In the end, this was why Ri only knew four wills: wind, water, ice and sword.

Although using the term 'only' when referring to four wills seemed a bit ridiculous, for a wielder of a faith seed from a supreme beast clan, this was far too little... And it was all because Ri was trying to be someone she wasn't.

However, Dyon's words had broken a dam within her. It was as though she found an identity she didn't have to chase after. She wasn't chasing a missing father or mother, she wasn't trying to fill a void in her heart and she wasn't trying to keep a kingdom together. Right now, she was Ri. Ri Sacharro. She was herself and no one else.

For the first time, Ri's hair wasn't the only part of her that darkened, and this time, it wasn't to a mere dark blue.

Ri's hair blackened completely, fluttering in the wind wildly as her sword suddenly became sharper. Ri's tails followed suit, their blue-silver color become a jet-black.

Black-gold tattoos traces their way over her as her tails whipped out violently. Suddenly, Ri's every step seemed to take her tens of meters at a time. Her sword seemed to slice the very space, not even allowing flesh to bleed before it fell to the ground. In fact, Ri's beams of ice will no longer seemed to be of the purity path... they held nothing but a dense will for destruction. Black ice jetted out of them, piercing through everything in their path.

It suddenly became very clear to everyone why Ri's faith seed had conflicted with her god constitution... Elvin Queen's Reign was about elegance and purity, a path quite similar to celestial will. But, what Ri was displaying right now was an eerie darkness... a path that was the complete opposite.

If Ri's mother were here, she would know immediately what was going on. Ri's faith seed was one that hadn't appeared in hundreds of generations... The kitsune of the Void – Kukan.

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All the while, Dyon sat in the dark spatial pocket. The pain he was undergoing was unimaginable.

Whenever one of his clones died, he felt everything they did. He felt their organs corrode. He felt their bones crumble to ashes. He felt their skin burn and mummify before ripping apart. And unfortunately, this was an inescapable fate for the clones.

And yet, with every death, Dyon's smile grew wider. Maybe it was a smile through gritted teeth, gritted teeth that had turned red with blood because of how tightly Dyon clenched them, but it was a smile nonetheless.

The faces of two beautiful women were all Dyon focused his thoughts on. He was sure that they were fighting hard right now, so, he could only do his part.

Behind Dyon, the black and blood red Weapon's Hall loomed, but its door was ajar as streams of death qi entered it with the death of every clone...

Dyon's humanoid manifestation was out as well, tattoos dripping in a black-grey aura etching their way onto its skin as Dyon melded more and more and the death humanoid manifestation with it like he had done with his master's manifestation and her husband's. After all, it would be a bit ridiculous to have tens of manifestations.

And just like that, another day passed. It had now been a day and a half since Dyon had dived into this rift and he had gained so much.

That being said, Dyon's soul was completely exhausted. Without anyone to use devour on, he had been sustaining hundreds of 10% clones for hours on end, and that was on top of dealing with death again and again...

But, what Dyon had yet to realize was that the fact he experienced death again and again was what truly made this death core his... His understanding of the concept was at such a level now that even without the affinity and power given by the Florence family technique and his abyssal core, he could very well learn death will to its peak now.

'I need to rest, or else going to the Epistemic Tower will be useless...'

And so, Dyon did just that, taking his time to replenish his soul properly.

However, there was yet another thing that had escaped Dyon's notice. In his ring, neatly arranged among his important items, the 'ranking' tome had been glowing faintly with a black aura. When its

pages flipped opened, it landed on the [dao of array alchemy] ... but, the array was completely black now!

But then, it suddenly reverted to its original form. The pages of the tome closed, silently resting in the space Dyon left it.

Chapter 297 Not An Answer

Dyon rushed through the forest, sprinting with a smile on his face. He had asked Lyla to help him stop by Ri and Madeleine's portals and it was safe to say he had little to worry about now.

In terms of the Lotus Alliance, it seemed as though the Gorilla's Den formation had been pierced through a few times, but, the vanguard had managed to hold out long enough for the formation to extend backwards.

Ri's new form had been a surprise to Dyon, but, he liked the idea of his fiancées getting stronger – something that was definitely true when he noticed Madeleine had learned her first attempt.

On Madeleine's side of things, they had lasted long enough for reinforcements to come. Dyon didn't recognize the clans that supported Madeleine aside from the Sapientia clan, but it was enough for him to know they were her allies.

Because of the added support, Madeleine had decided to enter the temple – a place Dyon was sure had to be some sort of legacy. And... something was telling him that he could fully trust his Madeleine to benefit greatly.

Dyon grinned, leaping from branch to branch. His bare feet relished in the feeling of the damp wood and soft grass. But, he was constantly on guard. His eyes had not stopped shining gold since he entered this forest...

When he asked for Little Lyla for help in getting here, he had pictured coming to the Epistemic Tower. But, it was clear that Lyla had brought him to the closest portal possible, and yet, it was still this far away. So, the only explanation was that the spatial fluctuations were too fierce to form a portal any closer.

But, Dyon was much too happy to care. He was enjoying the free feeling of the wind flying past his shirtless torso and the comfort his sweat pants were giving him. Sure, his battle changpao was proper for when he was leading. But, right now, he preferred to be himself.

‘Mom? Dad? Your son chose pretty well, don’t you think?’

Suddenly thinking of something, massive flowers began blooming around Dyon. They were all a dull white color, characteristic of blooming 10% clones.

Soon, tens of Dyon’s spread out, each going off to study the spatial rifts the littered the thick forest. ‘I don’t even want to think about how many spatial rifts I’d have to absorb to form a proper catalyst. But, that doesn’t mean I can’t use this to comprehend a new path for my spatial will...’

As of now, Dyon had comprehended two uses for his spatial will. The first was heavily connected to his celestial movement technique, and the second had to do with his gravity will – something he could only use when he combined his space and time will.

But, these spatial rifts were very different, and watching Ri fight had given him some inspiration. It was about time he learned an attack path for his spatial will.

Dyon could only laugh to himself when he thought of Ri. How Ri had learned spatial will when she hadn’t known it before? The only explanation had to connect to her faith seed. It seemed his little feu glace had access to some interesting abilities. Especially since it didn’t seem limited to just spatial will...

A serious expression flashed on Dyon’s features as he became aware that the spatial distortions were becoming thicker and more frequent. ‘I guess we’re getting close.’

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Away from Dyon, Alidor, Kaeara and a group of about ten other Basilisk warriors were slowly making their way toward the Epistemic Tower.

They had been forced to leave the scaled elephant in the forest, so, Alidor was carrying his sister on his back as he carefully swerved through what essentially amounted to an endless field of mines. Except these mines were among the most dangerous things in universe.

Yet, Kaeara had full confidence in her brother, even to the point where she was occasionally hum tunes and ask silly questions.

“Big brother, why’d you make me read all of those books if even you don’t listen to them?”

Alidor raised an eyebrow but continued calculating each of his movements. If it was just his life, he’d probably be moving much faster. But, he calculated the same problem and checked it over probably hundreds of times before making a move now. He wasn’t willing to put his little sister at any risk.

It was also possible for him to use energy to stave off the spatial fluctuations like the first son had, but he wanted to maintain his peak stamina... A battle he couldn’t afford to lose was coming up.

Kaeara pouted. “All of the books say to take Epistemic Tower last. If you had, none of these spatial fluctuations would even be here. So why are we going now?”

Alidor sighed. “The fact its easier to take the Epistemic Tower at the end is the reason we’re not doing it.”

“That’s not an answer!” Kaeara whined, licking the back of Alidor’s ear in defiance.

“This is a game.”

“Ugh, that’s not an answer either!”

“It’s because of this that we were able to bring the Scaled Elephants across to the Earth Tower side without losing them to weather or the other sporadic changes of the gate.”

"I'm ignoring you. I don't like you. Hmph." Kaeara turned away, resting her cheek on Alidor's back instead of resting her chin on his shoulder.

Alidor didn't respond. He didn't like explaining things anyway. His mind worked much too quickly to slow down. It was something his sister complained a lot about, but he couldn't help it. Plus, he was too focused on making sure they didn't die now, because if who he was leaving a trail of crumbs for actually showed up, he needed to be at full strength. 'This is step one.'

Away from Alidor and his little sister, and a long time after they had that conversation, Dyon was still making his way through the forest. But, unlike Kaera, he was fully aware of what was going on.

Chapter 298 Control

Before Dyon had come to the gate, he was already aware of the fact the Epistemic Tower was always the last tower to be conquered. The reason for that went further than just leaving the hardest for last. After all, wouldn't it make the most sense to conquer something difficult while you have less towers to protect? If you tried to conquer a difficult tower, all while protect eight others, you'd only make it more difficult on yourself.

No. The reason the Epistemic Tower was always conquered last was because only when you controlled eight towers would you have enough control over the laws of this gate to turn off the spatial tears that littered the area. This was what made it worth it. Conquering Epistemic Tower would suddenly become manifold easier if you didn't have to worry about.

However, if you looked at this like it was a game, were things really so simple?

If you looked at the Epistemic Tower like a special area of a game that could only be properly accessed under the right conditions, wouldn't turning off the spatial fluctuations, despite being easier, force people to miss out on something great?

Originally, this had been Dyon's plan. When he was speaking to Ri on the day he awoke, he had already planned to do exactly what Alidor was doing now. He wanted to see what was different about the Epistemic Tower if you didn't turn off the spatial fluctuations. Why? Because weren't spatial fluctuations evidence of spatial distortion?... And weren't spatial distortions only prominent when there was a new plane to enter?

Much like the spatial pocket Dyon had just been in, or a legacy world opening, tears in space only meant one thing: there was a portal to another place. And considering how violent the fluctuations were, this place was definitely worth exploring.

But, Dyon's problem now was that he was no longer the only one who had deduced this. He was used to be the smartest person in the room, but now a worthy rival had entered... A rival who had much more experience with the gates and the cultivation world than he did...

Alidor had proved himself from the very beginning. When Dyon had read the memories of the Vice Commanders, he had experienced an emotion that was all too rare for him... He was impressed.

There was one thing that was very clear about the gates: their spatial fluctuations were connected, and as long as you didn't die, you could take advantage of it.

When you delved into the deep portions of the game like Dyon had, you gained the ability to even connect to other gates! But, on this scale here, the scale the game meant you to use... Alidor was able to use them to connect to differing areas of this gate itself!

But, the problem with that was although the idea seemed simple, it required a level of array alchemy theory Dyon just didn't have... That's why he couldn't help but be impressed.

Although Dyon's talent in array alchemy was undoubtable, even Ri had better fundamental knowledge of it than he did. This wasn't because Dyon ignored it, it was simply because he hadn't had enough time.

Alidor and Ri had spent years studying array alchemy. Ri because she was simply interested, but Alidor did it as a means to survival. If he wasn't the best, he and his sister would have long died.

The calculations Alidor used to comprehend and bend the ancient game to his will were theories of array alchemy Dyon had not a single clue about. They were in portions of his master's memory he simply hadn't had the time to delve into...

Whereas Alidor practiced an array alchemy built on solid fundamentals and traditional theories, Dyon's array alchemy was almost as wild as a university student's note taking short-hand. In fact, the truth was

that Alidor had not once studied anything related to alchemy. He had dedicated all of his life to studying formations.

In this match of tradition and new age... Dyon lost severely.

Dyon suddenly became aware that this was likely why he had never made heads of tails of the arrays etched into the tome... How would you understand the most complex of things without first grasping the basic fully?

Much of the arrays Dyon drew now were new and innovative ones he built on top of the old. Using teleportation relay stations or communication arrays powered by multiple people were things array alchemy didn't have normally. But, no matter how impressive that was, Dyon needed to know that the martial world wasn't to be underestimated...

Dyon's thoughts flashed back to his first interactions with Delia and his thoughts on the technology and innovation of the martial world.

'I have to remember. It's not that the martial world isn't as intelligent as those from the mortal realm. It's that they have no need to advance in areas if they can use power to replace it.'

Why would military tactics be rampant in a world where power spoke over everything? Why would they need storage bracelets when they had space will? And why would they simplify their arrays like Dyon did when they could build much more complex and intricate things without such simplification.

Dyon's wings burst from his back as he twisted in the air. He cut through the last of the thick trees to suddenly find Epistemic Tower before him.

The feeling of danger was palpable as Dyon hovered in the air silently.

It wasn't that Dyon's array simplification had become useless, but, if he didn't build a solid base first, his array alchemy would soon hit a bottle neck he wouldn't be able to surpass.

Dyon's goal was the same as it had always been: to leave the biggest mark on the martial world. All in hopes that his parents were looking down on him and smiling. For them, he'd make sure the Sacharro name never faded... And if that meant he had to form the perfect balance between martial world and mortal world... Then he'd do it.

"Dao of array alchemy. Epistemic Tower. My own legacy. I'll take control of them all."

Dyon's wings tucked as he dove off of the edge of the cliff without hesitation, the wind slicing past his face as he headed into an unknown adventure.

Chapter 299 Not

Away from Dyon and approaching from the opposite side of the Epistemic Tower, were first and fifth son.

Fifth son panted heavily as his energy barrier was continually bombarded with spatial tears. That being said, Kaeghan seemed completely unperturbed.

"First son... I'm not sure if I can hold out for much longer."

At first, Kaeghan wanted to send a few spiteful words toward his useless younger brother. After all, how could you claim to be a ranked son of the Uidan family and still be so pathetic? But, when he noticed the trail of dead bodies behind the two of them, the seriousness of the situation dawned on him. Fifth son had been acting as sole throne bearer for Kaeghan for a long while now...

Currently, Kaeghan and fifth son were the only ones left, and there was still a dense patch of about five hundred meters to go before they reached the true base of the Epistemic Tower.

Kaeghan stood, his body flashing into the distance as he left fifth son behind. "Stay there and refine some profound stones if need be."

Ignoring fifth son, first son continued flashing forward. But, even he reached a point where he needed to begin dodging the fluctuations. 'It gets quite dense...'

Soon, Kaeghan stood but a few feet from the tower.

His vision was invaded with nothing but a perfect black. The tower had not a single stain or blemish, it was as though it stood separate – completely unaffected by the wear of time. ‘How do I get in?’

Kaeghan stretched his hand out slowly, hoping to touch to tower and find a clue. But, a sudden sense of danger overwhelmed him, causing him to leap back.

His eyes narrowed, immediately scanning his surroundings. ‘What was that?’ Kaeghan’s eyes trained on the tower. ‘Was it you?’

Fifth son watched this scene happen with a look of confusion on his face, ‘First son retreated? Why?...’

Kaeghan’s hand swept up and toward his forehead, an action he was all too used to. It was something he did to activate the Uidan’s signature technique [Buddha’s Eye]. But, He suddenly felt something very wet on his hand. ‘Wha – ‘

Kaeghan’s eyes widened. His hands... They were bleeding. In fact, bleeding didn’t even properly describe the damage. His hand had been completely marred to a nearly unrecognizable point. The whites of his bones shone through with clear markings of a weapon running across them and he could even see his muscles twitch with every movement of shock he made.

Maybe if Kaeghan felt something, this wouldn’t have been so bad. He had reached out his hand in a dumb move and made a mistake. If he coated his hand with more energy, he would have thought that he could force his way through. But... even as Kaeghan stared at his mangled and twisted hand... He felt nothing.

Fifth son shook violently watching his elder brother be so severely injured. Neither of them even knew what happened. How did this happen? If first son couldn’t withstand the Epistemic Tower, how would he?

“Uh... F -first son,” fifth son stumbled through his words, clearly agitated. “M-maybe we were wrong? There hasn’t e-ever been records of anyone even approaching this tower without first conquering the other eight...”

Kaeghan didn't immediately reply, instead choosing to take out a grandmaster medicinal pill to quickly heal his hand.

After flexing it comfortably, he looked back toward the tower. 'Why wouldn't I feel pain...'

A thought flashed through the first son's head. What if it was because there was no reason to feel pain? 'An illusion?

No. An illusion wouldn't disappear because of a healing pill...'

"Don't you find the rules of this gate to be interesting, fifth?"

Although Kaeghan spoke to his younger brother, his eyes remained trained on the Epistemic Tower, he felt an endless feeling of fascination. As a genius of the Uidah family, although you could say he worked diligently to maintain his status, much of what he had accomplished had been easy. But... This tower truly seemed to be a wrench thrown into all of that.

"In our quadrant, there are several hundred gates for our hundred universes. And yet, this is the only one with an odd number of towers, did you know that?" Kaeghan continued speaking, not too intent on waiting for answers.

"I can't claim to have information on each and every gate, that would be asinine. But, we have impeccable information on about 20% of the gates in our quadrant, and information by proxy on about another 50%." Kaeghan's eyes sparkled. "Imagine that! 70% of our quadrant's gates have an even number of towers! Except for this one!"

Kaeghan's odd energy began leaking from him involuntarily, he hadn't felt his blood boil with anticipation like this in a long time.

"We never pay attention to this gate because it's connected to such a weak universe... But there has to be a reason, don't you think?

Does this have to do with why the Ragnor and Pakal clan would send branches here? Was it calculated for their branches to give birth to faith seeds? There's so much we don't know!"

"Big brother." Fifth son finally found a space to squeeze into Kaeghan's monologue. "Did they really come here for this gate? If they did, why would they come to a universe with such a lack of energy density? With the talents their clans give birth to, wouldn't they benefit more from our universe?"

Kaeghan thought for a bit. Fifth son did make a good point. The gate, after all, had two points of entry. Not one. Yet, they essentially handicapped their branches.

If those Ragnor and Pakal branches had grown in the Uidah universe, they'd likely be much stronger than they were now... There was too much of a massive difference in energy quality.

Plus, why would the Ragnor and Pakal clans leave a trail of crumbs for him to come here if they had went out of their way to disguise the reason behind their clans coming here in the first place. What would those massive clans want with a mere first son of the meridian formation stage?

Suddenly, first son was snapped out of his thoughts. Before, he had been hearing the gentle movement of energy as fifth son refined profound stones. But, the sound had disappeared. This wasn't something he would have noticed normally, but, the tower had put him on edge.

Kaeghan's head snapped back, his eyes widening in shock.

His eyes locked onto a handsome young man with caramel skin and short hair that shone in a combination of red golds and browns. He oddly had a little girl clinging to his back and a few injured followers behind him. 'How did they get so close without me noticing!'

But, what truly angered Kaeghan was something completely different. Although he didn't respect fifth son, for better or worse, he was still his younger brother – a younger brother that carried the pride of the Uidah clan with his actions. A little brother that was being hit so tightly by his neck that his face blued in agitation as his feet flailed.

The handsome young man's eyes locked onto Kaeghan. "You're not the one I wanted to lead here."

Chapter 300 Time

Kaeghan stared at this young man, saying nothing for a long while before he spoke. "I advise you put my younger brother down. For someone from a no name universe, you sure have a lot of balls challenging the ranked sons of the Uidah clan when you're merely in the Meridian Formation Stage."

Kaeara said nothing, but she scorned the first son inwardly. They were from the Uidah clan's universe, they were simply in disguise.

Maybe that was good for Alidor who was using Dyon's face... But, maybe not so good for Dyon.

"Hm. Well, it would be a waste to use what I prepared on you. So, you can go. Feel free to come back with reinforcements."

Alidor couldn't be bothered with fifth son anymore. His hand flashed in a gold that laced through fifth's body. Suddenly, fifth son couldn't see, hear or feel anything. It was as though all of his senses were completely cut off. In the end, he could only pass out – dropping to the ground in a pathetic heap.

Kaeghan's eyes narrowed. 'I received a report that this no name universe had an innate aurora wielder, is this him?'

The truth was that this was information Alidor purposefully leaked while sealing off all information about his own appearances. After all, why would Dyon's universe share information with the Uidah clan? In addition, the only members of the Uidah universe who witnessed Alidor's appearance was the dead Commander Draven and the loyal Bas and Liska. Alidor's identity was safe.

To Alidor, he could kill the first son here and now. But, that wouldn't benefit him as much.

If Kaeghan died, the Uidah clan would sweep it under the rug and maybe send some stronger talents here to deal with Dyon. But, what Alidor needed was the right son to be interested in the tower. A son he could use to break the most taboo of rules... A son he could steal a faith seed from!

"Good." Kaeghan straightened, his large prayer beads rustling on his broad bare chest. "Purging the universe of another innate aurora will be good. Father would be pleased."

A cold light flashed past Alidor's eyes, but, he quickly calmed himself.

If he wanted to kill the first son smoothly, he would just need to make use of the odd energy that he had used on Dyon. However, since he wanted the first son to leave alive, using that energy was out of the question. It would reveal his identity without a doubt. So, if Alidor wanted to make the first son run, he'd have to use other means.

"You know." Kaeghan braced his wrists. "My family is quite used to putting innate aurora users in their place."

Cracking his neck, he pulled the thick rope from his waist, slapping it to the ground as it instantly became an eight-foot-long rod.

Kaeara imperceptibly trembled at the first son's words. She turned away, trying to tune it out.

Alidor immediately noticed his younger sister's shift in emotion. Gold flashed in his eyes as a silencing array manifested to hit her ears. Bypassing it, Alidor whispered words of comfort. It was something he did often, but, when it came to these old memories, he would step out of his comfort zone to do so.

Kaeghan noticed this, laughing to himself. And yet, he completely misread the situation.

"Worried that I'll kill your big brother? Maybe you should have told him to think about that before he attacked a member of the Uidah family. Do I look like those flat nosed Phantus clan plebs?"

"It's best you open your buddah's eye now, or else you won't see how you lose." Alidor said faintly.

Kaeghan didn't respond. He felt like this was past banter. Disrespecting the Uidah clan shouldn't be tolerated.

But, even as Kaeghan took a step forward, a large defensive array appeared behind Alidor, completely protecting his sister as he stepped forward – disappearing.

Kaeghan's eyes widened. 'Wait? What?'

Bracing his large rod against himself, Kaeghan immediately stopped underestimating Alidor. His hand sped toward his forehead, trying to open his buddah's eye. But, it was too late.

A rift in space opened up before him. Alidor could only sigh to himself, 'I miss my oil paper umbrella...'

"AAGGHH," Kaeghan leaped backward, but his back was immediately shredded to pieces by yet another spatial rift.

"You!" Kaeghan's eyes immediately trained on his hand. Unfortunately... It was no longer attached to himself.

Not only had Kaeghan's back become a bloody mess because of his hasty and useless retreat, he had lost his hand!

"You should be careful. The spatial rifts are quite dense here. We're too close to the tower."

'What is this nonsense. He's disappearing in space, but he isn't using spatial will?' A sudden realization hit Kaeghan, causing his eyes to widen in shock. 'He's using the spatial rifts?! How is that possible?!'

Although Alidor couldn't teleport to Epistemic Tower, within the space around the tower itself, he could manipulate it all he wanted.

"For the sake of my sister's mental health, I'm going to do you a favor and send you on your way now. Unfortunately, as punishment for hurting my sister's feelings, you can consider your brother dead."

"You! How dare you!"

Alidor's face remained dead panned, "You can go now."

Disappearing again, Alidor appeared behind Kaeghan, kicking toward his back.

A flash of gold appeared at Alidor's feet. As soon as his foot connected, Kaeghan was coated with an array even Dyon wouldn't know anything about. And yet, it somehow still didn't have the characteristic purple of the master level...

Kaeghan could only break out into a cold sweat as he was sent flying directly into a spatial rift, completely disappearing from sight.

Alidor didn't seem too surprised by the result. All he had done was send the first son into the forest that was about 50km away from here. If he chose to come back, Alidor would already be long gone anyway. After all, the tower he wanted was right behind him.

Turning his gaze toward the seemingly peak-less tower and not even bothering to look toward the fifth son as his implanted arrays ended his life, Alidor undid the arrays on his little sister. "Alright. Time to go."