

The Nameless 331

Chapter 331 Uidah

“Commander Akash, we still have some lower essence gathering experts in the Fletcher and Nodin family, no? With good archery and the Nodin family’s flight, we can counter that.

The demon generals are also more than capable of dealing with aerial combat. In fact, they’re probably our best weapon right now.

I can fight in the skies if I use my arrays. But, I can’t draw footholds as quickly as Dyon can, so, it’s best I stay on the ground. If we can force them to see aerial combat as a disadvantage for them, it would be best.

It is likely that the maze is useless now, but, I don’t think we should forget about it entirely. If we can distract the essence gathering experts from it and leave the meridian formation experts to their own devices, then the maze will still be a good advantage for us.” Ri spoke quickly as she tried analyzing all of the information she had.

Akash nodded in agreement. “I am most used to commanding the Elvin armies. As of now, we still have about eighteen thousand with about two thousand either dead or too injured to battle. Among them, we still have a few tens of essence gathering experts who’ve been forming the core of our defenses within the maze.

What we can do is bring them out to bolster ourselves, especially since their stamina is relatively intact.”

Suddenly, the rumbling of the approaching army was too close to ignore anymore.

Ri quickly nodded. “It seemed we’ve run out of time. I’ll leave the communication up to you Akash. Also, I hope the Niveus sect will help to the best of their abilities as well.”

Without waiting for a response, Ri flashed, disappearing along with the demon generals.

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Outside the maze, Bas and Liska were watching the approaching army. But, unlike what one would expect, their expressions contained no joy or triumph.

“Bas... Were they supposed to come?” Liska asked in a whisper as she hovered in the air on an array along with her husband.

Bas was silent for a while before he replied, “Something is wrong. We may have deviated from his plan, but, he always expects us to in some form or fashion. In fact, he usually reads our mistakes before we even make them and anticipates how we’ll respond to them. That’s just the kind of person he is.

But, this is definitely outside the scope of his expectations... The Uidah King God Clan being here isn’t good for any of us... They’ve figured something out.”

Liska’s brows furrowed, “Are you sure that Alidor didn’t want this? He did say he wanted to lure someone here...”

“But, the person he wanted to lure should have gone to the Epistemic Tower, not here. The Uidah clan suddenly becoming interested in this gate would only be worth it if Alidor lured the right person... But, if he somehow miscalculated and they become interested without the payoff... This could have all been for naught.” Bas grit hit teeth. “There are just too many variables this time! Even someone as smart as smart as him can’t account for all of this.”

First there had been Dyon wiping out the scaled elephants much too easily. Then there had been the exposing of Bas and Liska as just regular aurora wielders, which severely lessened their pressure on the battle field. After that, there was the discovery of Ri’s faith seed – and even further, there was RI’s faith seed’s true awakening – all of which came together to make this battle far more difficult than it should have been.

And, none of that even mentioned the fact Dyon had somehow been able to take out half of their army before the fighting had even begun.

Suddenly, the arrays below Bas and Liska began to vibrate violently before they shattered completely, sending them falling from the sky and into the path of the oncoming army.

“Since when did beasts have the right to stand above the Uidah King God Clan?” The sneer of a woman with long golden hair caused Bas’ voice to be caught in his throat.

‘Second daughter! Why would she come?!’

Stepping out of a carried vessel was the second daughter of the Uidah King God Clan, Silvyr Uidah.

Oddly enough, she was dressed identically to her elder brother, Kaeghan. Even as a woman, she wore no shirt, instead opting to cover her ample chest with her large prayer beads and golden hair. However, Bas didn’t dare stare or even gulp.

The husband wife pair landed heavily on the ground before bowing deeply, not showing even a hint of dissatisfaction. “We apologize, second daughter, we were rude. Please forgive us.” Bas kept his head lowered respectfully.

“Kneel and report.” Silvyr didn’t spare the basilisks a second glance as she looked off into the distance. What was confusing her was the fact that lotus tower was nowhere in sight, but, this was clearly the correct location. So, what was going on?

‘Concealment array?’ An eye opened on Silvyr’s forehead as she listened to Bas’ report of the past events. ‘Teleportation too?... Interesting.’

The truth was that as a high-ranking daughter of the meridian formation Uidah geniuses, she had the right to lead their essence gathering experts into battle. But, it had confused her when her elder brother had told her to come and campaign here, especially with such a power group. And, that was especially true because first son had always been wary of second daughter taking his place in the hierarchy. So, for him to tell her about this had been suspicious to say the least...

However, it really did seem like something odd was going on. Not only was there really an innate aurora expert here, he was clearly powerful enough to make up for a numbers’ disadvantage that had start as 40:1. That in and of itself was ridiculous.

That being said, what first son knew, and second daughter wouldn’t find out for a long while, was that second daughter was here to test a theory...

In first son's estimation, 'Dyon', or Alidor in disguise, had only defeated him so easily because of the Epistemic Tower spatial tears. So, he thought to himself 'what would happen if we met on a relatively neutral battle field?'

Second daughter smirked to herself as her buddha's eye seemed to peer through everything. It was time for the lotus alliance to learn the true prowess of the Uidah sons and daughters.

Chapter 332 Uidah (2)

Silvyr chuckled to herself, 'It seems brother has given me quite the interesting task. And here I thought he would be having all the fun...'

To Silvyr, her universe didn't have an innate aurora expert. Alidor's existence was assumed to have been wiped out with the destruction of the Gautama family. So, to her, this was the first time she was going to witness the prowess of an innate aurora wielder first hand.

The Uidah family had an inborn disdain for those like Alidor and Dyon – mostly due to their history with the Gautama family. As such, Silvyr was very much looking forward to this. What she didn't know was that Dyon wasn't here...

"This can be quite fun if we do this right..." Silvyr looked off into the distance of the arranging Lotus Alliance. It seemed that they had come out of their maze and were set to fight.

Her attention wandered through the forming lining, trying to see where this mysterious innate aurora user was. But, nothing stood out to her immediately, leaving her a bit disappointed.

However, when her eyes landed on the demon generals, they couldn't help but narrow. 'They're dangerous...'

Among the opposing army, only those hundred left a pressure Silvyr couldn't ignore. Suddenly, a seemingly simple mission had multiplied in difficulty twice... First by the knowledge of this innate aurora wielder, and secondly by this odd squad of white haired devils...

'Wait.' Silvyr's eyes picked up on something else. Somehow, this core of devils she was worried about were submitting to a woman? 'Blue-silver hair... Relatively petite... Common level sword?... Elvin? Who?'

“Who is that?” Silvyr asked.

Bas and Liska, who were still kneeling, followed the direction of Silvyr’s gaze to land on Ri.

“We believe that that is the woman of the innate aurora wielder you seek, second daughter.” Bas replied respectfully.

“Then where is the innate aurora wielder?”

“He should be dead.”

Silvyr’s brow raised. “Dead? When did he die?”

Bas and Liska looked at each other oddly, did that matter? But, they still answered. “He should have died the very first day of our attack. He fell into a death qi trap along with half of our army.”

Silvyr giggled at this information. “He’s not dead.”

Not bothering to explain any further, Silvyr turned back to her army, a devious plan forming in her mind slowly.

Despite how much she disdained her elder brother for maintaining a position higher than hers, she still had to maintain the loftiness of the Uidah family. So, letting Bas and Liska know that the only reason she was sure Dyon was alive was because he elder brother had failed to kill him... Didn’t exactly work in her favor.

What Silvyr didn’t know was that the run in her brother had had with ‘Dyon’, was actually Alidor. However, how could she ever make such a guess? To her, there was no reason for anyone to have a need to disguise themselves as Dyon. Alidor had only done so as a safety measure. It allowed him to use his innate aurora freely, while also protecting his identity.

But, in order to deduce something like that, Silvyr would have to know that a) there was a surviving member of the Gautama family and that b) they also had an innate aurora. That's would be the best explanation for why someone would impersonate a Dyon in particular.

"Vice Commanders, on me!" Silvyr's ample chest jiggled as ten golden haired commanders stepped forward with stifling auras.

Looking over her commanders, she smiled a smile that wasn't a smile. Silvyr couldn't remember the last time she had genuinely been happy about something, but, destroying enemies on the battle field was about as close as she'd get.

"There are a little over hundred enemies of any real note," Silvyr began. "That being said, they're only of the lower level of the essence gathering. You as my vice commanders have been handpicked. I won't accept any losses to an inferior universe."

"Al!" The Vice Commanders slammed both of their fists to their chest in an odd salute. But, the sound that caused reverberated through the battle field, sending rings of ethereal permeation crashing through the air and causing even the meridian formation basilisks to cough up blood.

Ri's eyes narrowed at this display. Even she was forced to circulate her celestial qi to remain unaffected. But, the rest of the army wasn't doing so well... Even the outer layers of the maze were threatening to collapse. 'They're trying to destroy our morale...'

This showing had proven one thing: The Uidah army vice commanders weren't simply lower essence gathering experts... It was likely that they surpassed such a level, entering into the mid essence gathering stages. However, that wasn't the only problem...

After the meridian formation stage, strength was no longer only denoted by your cultivation stage. Because of the nature of energy cultivation, essence gathering experts of the same level could be of drastically different power levels.

Why? Because not everyone had the same foundation. In the foundation stage, quality was separated by how thoroughly your technique could spread essence energy throughout yourself. However, in the meridian formation stage, quality was determined by how many meridians you managed to open before stepping into the essence gathering stage...

The minimum requirement for forcing entry into the essence gathering stage was establishing yourself at the peak of the 6th stage, or 54 opened meridians. However, experts who did that were known as 7th grade essence gathering experts... and they were the lowest of the low. If you managed to reach the peak of the 7th stage, or opened 63 meridians, you would be known as a 6th grade essence gathering expert. And so on until the 1st grade, or 108 opened meridians

But, therein lied a problem. Ri had no idea what grade of essence gathering experts the demon generals were... But, she did know that many of the elves were only of the 5th grade... Only the peak geniuses of the major families would be of the 4th grade and even that was a massive leap in power. Every grade was like a completely new level. A 4th grade essence gathering expert of the 1st stage could toy with a 5th grade essence gathering expert even if they were separated by two or even three stages!

And yet... From the power displayed by the Uidah Vice Commanders... There was no doubt that they weren't of the 4th grade... No.

The Uidah Vice Commanders were without a doubt lower 3rd grade essence gathering experts!

Chapter 333 Last One

There was nothing they could do about the power difference. Ri couldn't only hope that the grade of the demon generals could match up.

From what Dyon had told Ri about their origins, it was very likely that they were strong... But, it was hard to put in perspective the strength of the demon generals because these were only the surviving members of the demon sage's army.

According to Dyon, all of the demon generals that headed armies in higher level gates had been killed for their threat. But, the remaining demon generals were the much younger ones that had yet to grow to that level of strength. On top of that, they were demon generals the demon sage had accumulated near the end of his life, because many of the demon generals that had been there during his prime, and before he entered the Timeless Library, had been dead before he even returned...

So, the question was... Did these demon generals match up to the demon generals the demon sage had in his prime?... Or... Were they lesser versions? The answer to that question could quite literally decide the fate of the lotus alliance.

'Lower 3rd grade essence gathering experts... about 82-84 opened meridians... This'll be troublesome...' thought Ri.

Still, she stepped forward as her hair darkened and her black tails whipped out from her.

Ri winced as she felt a drastic drop in her stamina. But, she knew she had to push herself to the limit or else she wouldn't be of much use on the battle field.

Without her faith seed, she was still powerful, but only when compared to lower meridian formation warriors... If she didn't use her faith seed in combination with her god level constitution, it was impossible for her to fight against enemies as strong as these.

So, she ignored her groaning bones and her tearing muscles, gripping her sword tightly as she stomped into the ground viciously.

Cracks spread through the trembling grey ground, steeling the frayed nerves of the lotus alliance.

"Let's go." Ri leaped forward, charging with the demon generals at her back.

Silvyr's eyes flashed, not having expected the lotus alliance to initiate the attack. But, soon, a smile spread across her face as she leisurely climbed back onto her throne. "Let them feel despair. Then..." Silvyr's light laughter sent shivers down the spine of her army as she absentmindedly groped her chest. "We'll make them turn against each other."

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Away from that battle field, Dyon had brought Alidor out to the first floor of the Epistemic Tower. It seemed he could will himself to different levels, but, there was also a cap. Much like what the old man had said, Dyon would need to have sufficient success outside of the tower to earn higher levels within the Epistemic Tower.

"Big Brother!" Kaeara ran over to Alidor, happy to see him again. But, when she saw how weak he looked, she snapped an unhappy gaze toward Dyon. "What did you do to my big brother? You bully!"

But, before Dyon could answer, Alidor suddenly kneeled down, pulling his little sister into a tight embrace. He didn't say anything, but this was the most emotion he'd shown in a long while. Even Kaeara was confused about what was going on. She was being hugged so tightly that she couldn't even lift her arms anymore.

Dyon smiled, walking passed the siblings and toward his own.

"Successor, you finally came back! I beat this persona game months ago, how could you leave your mistress bored for so long!"

Dyon's brow twitched at Fraenor's antics. 'Mistress? Madeleine would laugh but Ri would kill me! You're too much...'

"Sorry, sorry. I didn't expect to take so long either," Dyon patted Lyla and Zaire's heads. It seemed they had been bored for a long time too.

Fraenor smiled. Although she liked teasing Dyon, she really did appreciate this successor. They could have very well ended up with a horrible leader, but, Dyon was caring and thoughtful much of the time. He was definitely someone Fraenor found worthy of her loyalty.

"What do you plan on now, successor?"

Dyon thought for a bit, looking back at the two hugging siblings. "Alidor, what do you want to do? Do you want to stay here? But, if so, what about your little sister?"

Alidor looked up, wiping his face to try and hide his glistening eyes. But, he seemed unwilling to let go of his little sister. "I don't think I can leave her..."

Dyon thought for a bit. 'The basilisks are the only ones truly under Alidor's control. He simply uses them to manipulate the other parts of Uidah universe...'

"Alidor. What exactly is the nature of the relationship between you and the basilisks?"

“It’s not complicated. It’s just that I saved Bas and Liska once and they’re fiercely loyal beasts despite what the legends say. They agreed to help me, and I agreed to help them rank highly.”

“Alright. Then, come with me. You’ll stay in my ring along with everyone else.”

“Ring?” Alidor looked up in confusion.

“Yes. I have a spatial ring capable of holding living people. Aside from that, there’s no real use in letting you stay here if you want to stay with your little sister. The gates would only be useful to you if you were in the Epistemic Tower.”

Alidor nodded, patting his little sister’s head before composing himself.

Kaeara’s large black eyes blinked as she looked up at her elder brother. She had never seen him act like this, so she was surprised into silence.

“Let’s get going.” Everyone flashed into Dyon’s ring as he stepped out and into a void tear, heading toward lotus tower.

What Dyon didn’t know was that as he made use of the Epistemic Tower’s key to speed through the gate, a massive shadow was lurking and waiting for the opportunity to strike.

In fact, describing this shadow as massive didn’t do it justice... This entity was so large that it dwarfed planets and even stars... Maybe if Dyon had had the proper perspective, he would have realized that much of the darkness of the spatial pockets weren’t just darkness at all... It was the body of something unimaginable...

Suddenly, a booming voice rang out, causing the shadow to tremble with anger. “It will never be your time to prey on my grand disciple. It’s best you continue to be quiet. Know your place.”

The old man’s voice raged at the shadow, his anger clear.

A raspy voice rang out in response. “We’ll see how long you’ll last. You want to put your hope into another little boy? I’ll tear him apart like I did the last one and make sure you watch.”

Chapter 334 Do?

The battlefield was getting chaotic.

The demon generals fought hard to keep the essence gathering experts in check, but, having realized how powerful the demon generals were, they had formed squads to team up against them.

Arios fought against at least ten on his own. Twin black blades that curved to ten inches graced each hand as he crouched with his every attack.

The Sicarius family was known for its assassin techniques, but, these twin blades were more of their signature than anything else. This was why Dyon had gotten the feeling that Ava’s main weapon wasn’t a whip – it was because she had twin blades of her own. But, if her last name was Sicarius, and she used their trademarked weapons, her identity would have been revealed much earlier than she wanted.

But, as Arios fought, it was becoming very clear to him how troublesome the Uidah clan was. If it was 1on1, he had no issues killing them – even to the point that it would be easy. However, in a group? When their goal was to whittle down the morale of the lower ranked warriors? It was nearly impossible.

The roars of Dyon’s vice commanders rang through the battle field, laced with music will in their attempt to keep the fire within everyone lit. However, the problem was that there was only so much music will could do. It followed a law of diminishing return... The more it was used in quick succession, the less of an effect it would have.

So, while the meridian formation experts of the Uidah universe were finally free to attack the maze without reservation, the lotus alliance’s reserve troops could only inch backward in despair... Although the numbers advantage the Uidah had was less than before, it was still about ninety thousand to eighteen thousand... And that advantage was only becoming more and more clear.

But, they continued to fight, albeit desperately. There was no other choice. This was life and death as this point... Retreating in the gates was very difficult, especially when out of the scope of the stability of the Earth Tower.

To retreat in such an unpredictable landscape was suicide. The weather had changed so often and the cyclones had raged so abruptly over the past few months, that the lotus alliance and even their enemies never got a real chance to breathe.

Almost as if one cue, the temperature of the battlefield suddenly dropped, hitting below freezing in an instant.

Ri's tails whipped wildly, her sword cutting forward and slashing through any meridian formation experts she could fight. The gold of her tail had dimmed considerably and even the black was lightening to an unhealthy grey...

She struggled, using the boost the snow storm gave her to amplify her ice will. 'I should teleport back... I can't keep this up...'

Ri wasn't even able to step through the void anymore. Her speed had lessened and her attacks were only effective on lower meridian formation experts... a power level that was becoming more and more rare on this battle field.

"Hear me!" Silvyr's voice blanketed the battle field, clearly laced with the mysterious will of the Uidah clan.

A smirk played on her face, it was time for her plan to come into effect. "The campaign will end soon. And honestly, I'd like to head home. It's been a hard few months.

Now, crushing you before the end of the day makes no difference to me. I have plenty of time to make it back to my gate. But... I could leave now...."

Ri's brows furrowed as she continued to parry attacks. "Ugh..." Ri felt a sword slice into her shoulder for what felt like the millionth time. But, when she tried to circulate her essence to heal herself, she suddenly felt empty.

"However, there's a price. Destroy the teleportation pad within your little maze, and I'll only kill those outside, leaving you alone. Then, I'll be on my merry way." A cruel smile curled on Silvyr's features.

Bas and Liska had spent months analyzing how the Gorilla's Den formation worked and had concluded that there must be a relay station for the teleportation. So, as soon as Silvyr heard that, she had devised this plan.

By focusing on making sure the demon generals had the least amount of impact on the battle field, the meridian formation experts were lulled into a false sense of despair. In reality, the situation was much better than they thought. The mere fact the demon generals could handle ten at a time, even stalling their vice commanders, was keeping a strong hold on the potential for victory. But... Silvyr knew this... So, she decided to play a little trick.

Without Dyon's communication arrays, no one had a full scope of the battle field. It was impossible to tell what was really going on from their vantage point. But, Silvyr, with her Buddha's eye, had a clear advantage over everyone. And Ri, although she had fully awakened her aurora, simply did not have soul strength capable of making up for Dyon's absence.

Inside the maze, the big sect members looked at each other. A cold sweat had been permeating, but with this last bit of hope, shouldn't they take it?

Hashim looked at Lehabim before they both nodded. "Let's do it." They rushed to the center of the formation, but, found Delia blocking their way.

"Stay back. I won't allow you further." Delia stood firm with sword in hand, her hair whitening and her eyes becoming a steel blue.

Delia hadn't gone out this time because the experts were simply far too beyond her. Without her god constitution being fully awakened, her cultivation had slowed considerably in the meridian formation stage. In fact, she was only marginally stronger than the big sect geniuses.

If it was just Hashim and Lehabim, she could stop them. But, to deal with the growing crowd? Delia couldn't help but pale even in her determination.

Outside the maze, Ri thought of immediately taking out her teleportation plate to leave and handle the anarchy she knew must have been breaking out, but, it seemed the Uidah army was more than prepared for that.

Their tactics immediately changed. Instead of taking a defensive position to block off the powerful members of the lotus alliance, they began to attack with a fervent passion, not allowing them any time to teleport back.

Ri and the demon generals could only fight to protect their own lives... Desperately swinging their weapons.

Within the maze, Delia backed up slowly. But, the increasing amount of big sect members was starting to weigh on her psyche. There was no way she could handle all of this.

“Get out of the way, little girl.” Lehabim sneered, his red hair lighting on fire. “I hear the Niveus sect has already kicked you out and the bitch you chose to follow is dead. You no longer have any protection unless you count that useless father of yours. It’s best you leave this be. At least that way we can leave you with your dignity.”

‘Where are the elves and the Niveus sect? Are they really going to let their leaders die like that?!’

But, what Delia didn’t know was that Evelyn hadn’t gone out to the battle this time... She had retreated into the maze and was currently hiding among her members, holding them back from interfering.

As for the elves? Akash was currently commanding them on the outside. Because she had said she was best at commanding the elves, she had taken action on that thought as well. But, now... the only person left capable of doing much of anything was Delia... What could she do?

Chapter 335 Slavery

Delia backed up slowly, her brows furrowing as an increasing amount of big sect members inched toward her. Clearly, they understood Delia could hurt them, so, none of them were willing to be the first to jump forward.

The room around them twinkled with the faint gold of defensive and concealment arrays, and yet there was nothing fantastical or alluring about the scene that was taking place.

“How could you all be so selfish! Ri, the demon generals, and the elves have been putting their lives on the line! On the front lines! While all you’ve been doing is huddling up in here! The only reason you’ve

survived these attacks up until now is because of them!” Delia’s voice trembled as she edged between anger and tears. She just could not understand how there could be such horrible people in the world.

People had taken away her mother for selfish reasons. They had destroyed her father as she once knew him for selfish reasons. Selfish people were all the reason Delia needed to push herself. But, she still remained naïve to her core. She still couldn’t fathom how Evelyn, a big sister she had once looked up to had betrayed her. She still couldn’t understand how the seemingly nurturing Matriarch of the Niveus sect had played a hand in forcing her to lower her defenses – just to trick her in the end.

Even now she would never think that Evelyn was simply ignoring this situation. Even now she couldn’t understand how these people could turn on the ones who had been preserving their lives for all this time.

However, Delia’s pleading fell on deaf ears.

“Stop spewing your nonsense.” Hashim pulled his black rod from his back, his dark skin rippling as he steadied himself to attack. “I owe this Dyon dick a debt of revenge. Because of him, our quotas have been decimated. Although I would have liked to pin his woman beneath me, having her die in a sea of enemies will have to be a close second.”

Delia’s lip trembled. She had never felt such a level of disgust in her life.

“Enough talking. Even if she was here in front you, you wouldn’t be able to do that.” Lehabim sneered, jeering at Hashim. “But, this Delia girl is decent. After the army leaves, we can have our way with her, no?”

“Are you retarded? The trackers heavily penalize friendly fire within the gates. There’s no need to go overboard.” Hashim glared at Lehabim. But, his point had hit on the second reason no one was willing to attack just yet. No one was willing to take responsibility for the loss in ranking their sect would suffer should they be the one to attack. That’s why they were trying to scare Delia away.

That said... At the end of the day, what was more important? A ranking? Or your life...?

The truth was that intra-universe fighting was looked down upon for the anarchy it caused. As such, part of the ranking system, in order to temper the competitive spirits into the right avenues, was a penalty for such things. The reason Dyon never got penalized for attacking Evelyn was because he had yet to activate his tracker and he is the only one within this gate capable of manipulating the trackers in such a way.

Almost reading their thoughts, Delia gritted her teeth in anger. "I don't care about my ranking nor will I be scared away by the likes of you. It's either you attack, or you leave."

The members of the big sect twitched at Delia's response.

"If you want to die so badly, let us help you then." Lehabim's fiery red hair raged as he pulled out his saber. "Go on Hashim, teach her a lesson."

Hashim's lip curled in disgust, "Why don't YOU teach her a lesson?"

The big sects could only watch as their two geniuses bickered back and forth. The only two remaining that could possibly influence the decision were Orbis and Jessica, but they seemed to be struggling with the decision themselves. But, in the end, they too stepped forward.

"You two stop your nonsense, the four of us will attack together. This is a matter that concerns the survival of our sect." Jessica stepped forward, her wind will picking up at her feet as she planned to strike.

Orbis followed whatever words Jessica said. As soon as she made a decision, he too made his.

His feet stomped into the ground causing a dense clump of earth to begin to coat him as a large embroidered hammer appeared in his hand.

Delia's features steeled. It was likely that the rest wouldn't attack, after all, these four were the best the big sect had to offer – their very best seeded geniuses... The only one missing was Venus...

“Listen, Delia. We’ll give you one more chance.” Jessica tried to mediate once more. “I was recently promised to Oliver Sapientia in marriage, you could say we have a faint connection, no? I wouldn’t like to have to hurt you.”

Delia’s brows furrowed. ‘Big sister’s brother?’

Delia had known for a long time that Oliver had feelings for Venus, not Jessica. Even back years ago at the Legacy World Opening, he had doted on her. So, why was Oliver marrying Jessica?...

Orbis was as shocked as anyone. He felt as though his heart was breaking. After years of pursuing Jessica, she had just gone to someone else?

Jessica didn’t even look back to Orbis, understanding quite well how he must be feeling. However, with the rise of Madeleine, Jessica had to take advantage of Oliver’s concurrent rise. It was for the good of her sect and her family. Jessica could only ignore Orbis.

The truth was that Oliver had originally had deep feelings for Venus, however, things had changed drastically after Dyon had left...

The Bai family was now closely tied to the Daiyu family...

Focus Academy was no more...

And the Viridi family was sold into slavery...

Chapter 336 Despair

Seeing Delia’s struggling, Jessica relaxed a bit, hoping that her words had been enough. She was a part of the Wind Blade Sect and was completely unwilling to destroy their rankings by tanking her own.

The ranking systems were complex. But, there was a reason why Dyon had registered under the Elvin Kingdom.

Every ranking not only effected the prestige of the individual, but also the prestige of the clan they come from. Jessica was well aware that although she must preserve her life for the sake of her clan, she also wanted to do so while minimizing the impact such an action would have.

However, Delia's next words only forced her smile to freeze.

"Tell yourself whatever you need to, to feel better. But, warriors should have integrity. And none of you have that." Delia's white hair waved wildly as she braced herself to fight against the big sect seeded geniuses.

"See what your talking got us, Jessica? Nothing but wasted time. Let's go." Lehabim launched himself forward, his saber flaming in an arc toward Delia.

The three remaining seeded geniuses attacked as well, ready to kill Delia if need be.

Delia stepped forward, her blade clashing with Lehabim's and forcing him back. Her arm vibrated under the pressure. This wasn't the fighting style she was used to. She always danced and flowed with her sword play, but... that kind of style now would give her opponents too many chances at attacked the teleportation pad behind her.

Before Delia could think of counter measure, blades of wind whipped out from Jessica as she maintained her distance.

Delia stumbled, wincing as the sharp wind cut through her skin. But, there was little time to focus on that as Hashim's rod and Orbis' hammer attacked her from both sides, intent on crushing her.

"Ice rain!"

A storm of hail spun around Delia viciously, blocking their approaching weapons for an instant and allowing her to leap out of the way.

Delia panted heavily as she looked at her slowly approaching four enemies...

'What do I do?...'

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Outside of the array maze, the situation wasn't much better.

The wounds of Ri's skin and the blood that trickled from them only increased with each passing second. Even the gash in her forehead had reopened, nearly blinding her vision completely.

And yet, she continued to fight as it seemed hundreds of meridian formation basilisks wanted her head. Ri's state had made them all forget that she had once been a peerless beauty on the battlefield. All they saw was an enemy, a bloody mess that would only look better by being found at the end of their weapons.

'I have to use it.' Ri thought to herself weakly as her knees buckled. "AAGGHH."

Ri forced the Tree of Life and Death into existence.

The roots spun in the air wildly, piercing through the unsuspecting basilisks and causing shrills of agony. But, it seemed like even with their lives on the line, the basilisks didn't dare disobey the commands of Silvyr. If they let Ri teleport away, even the eradication of their entire race might not satisfy that she-devil.

So, they ignored the piercing obsidian branches, continuing to pressure Ri and not allowing her the space to breathe.

But, the small influx of stamina helped Ri hold on for just that much longer. Although her soul power was quickly running out, her essence energy and bodily wellbeing were improving slowly.

Seeing this, Silvyr frowned before she made a gesture toward a Vice Commander in the distance.

Once reaching the Essence Gathering level, communicating with a hundred meters with your essence was possible. This way, you wouldn't have to use wind will as a substitution as Dyon had been.

To use this on a battle field wasn't very effective, though. For one, the reason you had to be of the essence gathering level was because sustaining such communication required enough energy. And secondly, if communicating with just one person took so much energy, imagine how much would be required to communicate with hundreds if not thousands as Dyon had with his communication arrays.

However... Silvyr communicating with her closest Vice Commander to send an essence gathering expert over to finish off Ri? Easy...

The Vice Commander immediately reacted to Silvyr's voice, training his eyes on the distant Ri. "You." The Vice Commander leaped back from his fight with the demon general, pointing toward one of his subordinates. "Go and finish her."

The essence gathering expert nodded, training his blood lust onto Ri's injured figure.

The expert was a middle-aged man who had been fighting amongst the Uidah for a long while now. His talent wasn't exceptional, as such he had had to slow down considerable when he was in the meridian formation stage in order to become a 4th grade essence gathering expert. Although this was a far cry from the 3rd grade levels of the Vice Commanders, it was still very much respectable... Especially in comparison to the universe he was about to fight right now.

The man flashed forward, edging toward his pray.

Silvyr watched from atop her throne, a smile playing on her features as her plan was set reach its conclusion.

With the death of Ri, whether the warriors within the maze had broken to her demands before or not, they would definitely break now. After that chaos was sowed successfully, Silvyr could go about destroying the outer portions of the army.

Then, would she really let those members of the big sect go?

'How ridiculous.' Silvyr chuckled to herself. 'You expect me to have come all of this way just to kill a few nobodies? If I don't conquer a tower, what's my purpose here?'

The Uidah King God Clan had attacked such a lowly planet. This was already beneath them. If they somehow came back with no real fruits for their labor, wouldn't that be much too embarrassing?

The members of the big sects were destined to die. They just didn't know it yet.

So, as the seeded geniuses edged toward Delia... And the lower 4th grade essence gathering expert edged toward Ri... And the demon generals and the elves could only watch helplessly, locked into their own bloody battles... Despair loomed over the lotus alliance.

Chapter 337 Rest

Delia fought hard, even to the point of becoming as bloodied as Ri was on the outside.

She lost count of how many wind blades she had narrowly dodged and how many times her arms had threatened to shatter under the might of the saber, rod and hammer that constantly bombarded her.

And yet, she stood firm.

The truth was that Delia still had no idea whether her god level constitution was of the top three or of relatively normal stature... Without having awakened it fully, or even to a great enough extent, there was no real way to tell.

However, the way she fought now, anyone would be hard-pressed to label her as anything normal.

It seemed like she was awakening her own ferocity with every blow she parried and every strike she withstood. She thought of how much she wanted to see her dad become the man he used to be. She thought about how she wanted to bring her mother back under her very own power. She thought about how she wanted to be as mentally strong as someone she always thought of as her elder sister – Madeleine.

With every thought, her ice path slowly raised itself up, resonating with her constitution.

There were many paths to every will, each as important as the next. However, when one found the perfect path for them, the ease of progression was something to marvel at...

The Infinite Ice Hell constitution was within the top three without a doubt.

The Goddess' Disposition provided unmatched purity and elegance. A wielder of such a constitution would reach the epitome of grace and gentleness. They would be caring and loving, but also soothing and gentle.

Elvin Queen's Reign was slightly different. This was a path of sovereignty. A domineering and unyielding path. But, it also contained an undoubtable righteousness and fervent passion for good. A wielder of this constitution would be demanding but would have a heart as soft and delicate as the clouds.

However, Infinite Ice Hell was something completely different. It was a path of rage and endless permeation. A cold to the core mentality that refused to allow anything to escape it. This constitution allowed the ease of a path that many found unattainable within the ice wills... The path of the absolute.

The seeded geniuses began to shiver as they suddenly realized their wills and cultivation weren't shaking off Delia's ice as easily anymore.

Their actions had sealed her heart to emotion. The only thing Delia saw was an endless white that coated her vision... It was an endless white that she attributed to the death of her enemies. Her will was dominant and her ice was absolute.

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Outside the maze, Ri was struggling on her own as well.

She tried to spur on her void will and tap into a next level like Delia had, but the truth was that Ri had been fighting much harder and the stress of the battle was much tougher on her than anyone else.

Not only had she carried the worry of Dyon with her for days before he relieved her of that, she had also pushed herself far past her limits afterwards.

The demon generals were essence gathering experts and demonic will cultivators. Their bodies had access to far more stamina than Ri's did. However, much of the problem lied with the fact Ri had to fight at her best constantly to be of good use.

Although beating 6th and even 8th level meridian formation experts from their universe was very much easy to Ri, the experts of the same level from the Uidah universe were simply too much better... Ri had only just awakened to faith seed fully, she had stifled her will progression trying to follow a path that just wasn't hers, and now she had to fight enemies of much higher cultivation than herself. It was simply too taxing...

So, when Ri noticed an essence gathering expert rushing toward her with a despicable grin playing on his features, she couldn't help but laugh bitterly to herself.

Her soul strength was already tapping out after a few minutes of using the Acacia family technique, her improved stamina was dropping even faster than that, and it seemed like even lifting the sword in her hand was too much effort.

Aeson watched from afar, trying to spear his way toward Ri much like the demon generals and Arios were. But, it seemed like the Uidah army only willingly opened up space for their comrade, and soon, he was right on top of Ri.

Knowing she was finally cornered, the basilisks finally took in a deep breath, pulling back to allow the Uidah soldier to deal with the rest. If Ri tried to teleport away now, there was no way the Uidah warrior would give her time to. There was simply too much of a difference between their cultivation and their stamina.

Ri breathed hard, her chest heaving through her reddened silver armor.

Everything on the battle field seemed to pause... This was probably the most important turning point. If Ri died, the alliance would fold. The Elves would lose a princess. The demon generals would lose another commander. The big sects would see their central figure... gone.

Evelyn watched this scene with a slight smile playing her features. It was as though what was happening was something Ri deserved. To her, what was the need to get involved? Her hatred for Dyon had clouded everything, even when she thought he was dead.

Akash tried to use her double headed spear to make her way over, but the Uidah army was simply out of her league.

Aeson, Arios and the demon generals weren't fairing any better...

Everyone could only watch.

But, suddenly something odd happened. A smile spread across Ri's face as she lifted her sword for her last stand. "Sacharro's don't lose..." She whispered to herself.

Yet... Despite her words... Ri's stamina gave out.

Under her constant fighting, she had been able to distract herself from the fatigue. She ignored the pain of her sliced flesh and her crushed bones. She ignored the searing pain of her heart as is pumped wildly, trying to keep her upright. She ignored the fact she hadn't even produced a single drop of sweat in days... Her body was tapped out.

And now, in this rare moment of pause and relaxation, it all hit her at once. All the pain, all the fatigue... Everything. And suddenly, she couldn't stand anymore.

The elves and demon generals watched in horror as Ri's eyes closed and her body fell forward.

"NO!"

No one had any concept of who uttered those words, but it seemed to be the thoughts of everyone.

They had watched their princess fight with her everything for months. And even now, her sword was raised high as she lost consciousness.

Ri's greying tails retracted completely, her darkened hair returning to its previous blue-silver color.

But, she never hit the ground.

Everyone watched in shock as a handsome young man seemingly appeared from thin air, his back to the essence gathering expert.

Something had changed about him so fundamentally that it felt as though they were witnessing the appearance of a God amongst men.

The tattoos on his back glowed faintly with a golden hue as black flames slowly circulated around him, permeating such a scorching heat that even the Uidah army backed up, unwilling to get close.

Dyon's heart shook in anger as he held the fragile Ri in his arms. Her face held such a peaceful smile that one could almost forget the damage she had sustained.

Picking her up, Dyon nestled Ri into his chest, circulating his celestial will and aurora as he slowly healed her.

Before, the battlefield had only held the semblance of silence – it was a state that had still held the clanking of swords and the raging of battle... It was just much quieter than before. But, now? Everyone seemed locked in place. Even the big sect members had turned from their battle with Delia to focus on the appearance of this young man.

Dyon lowered his head, kissing Ri's forehead softly as she shifted in her sleep to lie more comfortably in his arms. His actions couldn't have been more gentle. He treated her so delicately that it was impossible to conclude that she was anything but extraordinarily precious to him.

"You've done enough. I'm here now... I'll handle the rest."

Chapter 338 Too

Silyr's brows raised at the appearance of Dyon. She had always been quite open with her sexuality, but it had been quite a while since she had last been interested in a man.

Bas and Liska, who were still kneeling before Silvyr's throne, couldn't help but look back. But, the sight they saw sent shivers down their spine. Although Silvyr had told them that Dyon hadn't died, they had only accepted it because they didn't dare to refute the second daughter of a King God Clan. However, wasn't the evidence directly in front of them now?

"Is this the innate aurora wielder?" Silvyr's grip on her breasts tightened ever so slightly, a faint excitement blushing her cheeks.

"Yes..." Bas responded softly, a bit off-put by the fact it wasn't only Silvyr reacting so strongly to Dyon's appearance, but also his own wife.

He nudged Liska, causing her to turn away in embarrassment.

Dyon's body had changed completely. There was a reason the martial world had more beauties than the mortal realm did, and that reason was energy cultivation. The purification allowed for by essence energy was so dramatic that Dyon's features had gone from comparably handsome to most others, to almost otherworldly. It was as though all shackles that had been fettered to him were removed... He was quite simply in his perfect state.

But, just that wasn't enough to make someone like Silvyr nearly lose control. She had many attractive men in her harem, and even if they weren't to the level Dyon reached now, the difference wasn't drastic enough for such a reaction... The reason lied in Dyon's power.

Silvyr had never felt such a stifling atmosphere come from a young man her age. His presence, his demonic will, his demeanor... She wanted it for herself.

However, Dyon didn't care. Looking down at the soundly sleeping Ri, he diligently circulated his wills to heal her, even including his essence energy. With his new energy cultivation, Dyon's ability to heal had reached new heights. He was no longer limited by the quality of his body, or even Ri's. But... The more time passed... The more uneasy the warriors watching began to feel... Because with each passing second, with each new injury Dyon found, with each sigh of relief that escaped Ri's soft lips, Dyon's anger only grew.

And yet, for some inexplicable reason, no one could bring themselves to move. It was as though death loomed over each one of their heads, and should they choose to? There would only be the end of their lives waiting for them.

Minutes passed before Dyon's eyes flashed a final time, completely swapping Ri's wrecked armor for soft and oversized sweatshirt and sweatpants. He had wanted to give her something comfortable to wear, but this was the most comfortable outfit he could think of.

Ri shifted in her sleep, groaning awake. Suddenly remember she was supposed to be battling, she started, jumping up in Dyon's arms.

Dyon was surprised by her sudden movement and didn't have a thought of dodging as Ri's forehead slammed into his.

"Ow..." Ri rubbed her forehead before she realized her feet weren't on the ground and that she was instead being help up bridal-style.

"Hm?" Ri's blue-silver eyes blinked as she looked around, confused to find a ring of black flames around her. But, what was even more odd was the fact that no one was attacking. "What's going on?"

Suddenly, a familiar scent caused Ri's nose to twitch. In fact, the scent was so much better and much stronger than it had been before. "Dyon?"

Ri looked around excitedly before she finally realized she was in someone's arms. Looking up, she found a wincing Dyon trying to get over the fact his head had just been rammed.

Confusion flashed through Ri's features. 'Was my husband always so handsome?... Did I miss him too much? Am I seeing things?...'

But, Dyon's touch, the comfort Ri felt in his arms, and his pine cinnamon scent... They were all too real for Ri to ignore.

Tears started glistening in her eyes.

“Little feu glace? Why are you crying?” Dyon looked down at Ri, his heart still weighed with a heavy feeling of guilt. He still didn’t know what was true and what was fake from the old man’s illusion. In fact, maybe it was only wishful thinking that made him hold on to the possibility that there were some falsehoods.

But, now wasn’t the time to deal with that. He just wanted to make sure Ri was okay, first and foremost.

Ri’s small hand touched Dyon’s cheek, almost as though she was checking whether he really was there.

“You really are back...” Ri whispered.

Dyon’s healing of Ri suddenly reminded everyone that underneath the endless injuries and blood... There was an ethereal beauty that had been before them. Despite how almost comedic it was as the oversized sweat shirt drooped down Ri’s arm as she lifted it up, her beauty could not be ignored anymore...

However, not everyone was happy about this. The middle-aged man who had been assigned to kill Ri was trembling with anger. As a warrior, having someone turn their back to you and completely ignore your existence was something he couldn’t tolerate.

“If you two are done washing your necks, I think it’s time you die.” The man’s black hair was streaked in gold, reminiscent of mixed blood Uidah clan members.

Ri was snapped back to reality due to the unwanted voice. She tried to climb out of Dyon’s arms, but, suddenly found that Dyon’s grip was too tight for her to do so.

When she looked up, all she found was a gentle smile. “You just lie there comfortably. In fact, you can even take a nap if you want. I got it.”

Ri wanted to protest, but something about Dyon seemed unfathomable right now.

A peak first grade expert hadn't appeared in this quadrant for centuries because of the decline of celestial will. Although Alidor was trying to find a new path by using his innate aurora, that was obviously not something everyone had access to.

And now that Dyon had used Alidor to become used to his new body, only he knew how powerful he was...

And it was about time for others to find out too.

Chapter 339 Let's

"Okay." Ri smiled brightly, resting her head on Dyon's bare chest. His heart beat was so steady and strong that it almost lulled Ri to sleep. But, despite how tired she was, she wanted to see this through to the end.

Dyon continued gently circulating his aurora within Ri. Although he had healed all of her external injuries, there was still too many accumulated internal injuries. And that wasn't even to mention the stress her soul was under after forcefully pushing the Tree of Life and Death to her limit.

Turning toward the fuming warrior, Dyon's face immediately became cold.

His eyes scanned the man standing less than five meters from himself. "Wash my neck?"

The man trembled under Dyon's gaze. He didn't understand what was going on. He couldn't feel any cultivation coming from this young man, and yet, he felt as though his life was in Dyon's hands.

"74 opened meridians. Second stage essence gathering. Lower 4th grade." Dyon deduced this almost immediately. "Why would you think you had a right to kill my wife with such pitiful cultivation?"

The brows of the surrounding warriors twitched at Dyon's provocation. Was this kid about to try and fight them with no cultivation and a woman in his arms? What kind of ridiculous concept was that?

Suddenly, Dyon's demonic will blazed. A dripping red gold aura spread out from him, emanating a stifling pressure.

The Uidah warrior suddenly felt as though his knees would give out on him at any moment. His will to fight was being slowly erased and it seemed as though Dyon's presence was only becoming larger and larger.

"Please! I'm sorry!" The warrior fell to his knees, shivering in fear. All he could see before him was an insurmountable mountain. There was no use in resisting. This was the king of all things.

The sovereignty path was something Dyon had long since awoken to, ever since his very first talks with Ri. However, before he could use it to its fullest extent, it was basically relegated to a seduction tool that Dyon imperceptibly leaked.

But, now? Dyon could sustain his demonic will at the peak of the ninth level and his understanding of himself had reached an entirely new level due to the True Empath trials.

A normal person might have been crushed by the mistakes of their past, having it weigh on their hearts for years to come. But, Dyon was different. Where others saw failure, he saw room for improvement. Where others saw a dead-end, he saw a path through. Where others saw despair, he saw courage and bravery.

Dyon knew he had made mistakes, but leaders make mistakes all of the time. What separates the greats is their willingness to adapt and change. Dyon's confidence in himself was unmatched. He had no doubts.

He would bring the lotus alliance out of this situation. He would bring his fiancées away. He would have his name reign supreme in the martial world.

With all of these goals in mind, this wasn't the place for him to stumble.

Dyon's eyes flashed with a purple gold as a brilliant weapon's hell array appeared behind him, spinning viciously in the air. "Some things can't be forgiven..." He said faintly.

A spear laced with wind and sword will pierced forward, impaling the lowered head of the Uidah warrior. There was no time to scream or cry out in agony, there was no time to despair... there was no time to regret.

Silvyr's eyes flashed with anger at this scene. It wasn't that she cared about the death of a foot soldier, but what she did care for was the face of the Uidah family. And one of their members dying while begging for their life on their knees was not something that she wanted to see.

But, Dyon couldn't care less. This man was only the first that would die.

'I need to regroup the army... It's not possible for me to do so for everyone, but just the demon generals should be enough.'

Wings burst from Dyon's back. A domineering black and a pure white shone over the battlefield, lifting him into the air with unmatched speed.

However, he wasn't escaping.

Wind raged around Dyon as he abruptly stopped in the air, holding onto Ri in his arms.

The air became heavy as Dyon's humanoid manifestation appeared, looming over the battlefield with an oppressive might.

Dyon's soul strength immediately climbed to the peak of the Blossom stage. However, this time, Dyon felt no stress. His body felt light and comfortable... This was his perfect state.

The wind whipped beneath Dyon, laced with roaring black flames.

The armies were forced to retreat. Many were only of the meridian formation level... Their power simply wasn't enough to deal with the fusing of Dyon's wills. He was simply too domineering.

'What is he doing?' Silvyr's eyes narrowed. She was used to being a step ahead of her enemies. She had never used tactics in the strictest of sense, but she always had plots that often worked in her favor. Psychological manipulation, allocation of warriors, concentration of forces, these were all things the Uidah family with their buddha's eye were good at.

But, Silvyr couldn't make heads or tails of Dyon's actions. She could only watch as hundreds of meters of space opened up beneath his feet along with a steadily growing array.

Ri looked so very fragile in Dyon's arms, but the security she felt was unmatched. It was as though anything Dyon did could only lead to victory.

So, when Dyon looked up and winked at his demon generals and tens of miniature arrays sped out from him and toward them, people could only watch with baited breath.

Arios' eyes flashed as he suddenly realized Dyon's intention. 'A large array coupled with many smaller ones? I don't know what happened to you in the past few months... But, you've suddenly become a monster.'

With that last thought, Arios disappeared from where he stood along with one hundred other demon generals.

Before anyone could wonder where they went, the massive array below Dyon's feet suddenly glowed with unparalleled brightness.

... As the light slowly faded, the only thing that was left was complete shock.

Using the same principle of a larger teleportation relay station and many smaller teleportation arrays... Dyon had arranged all of his demon generals below him.

A smile crossed Dyon's features as his eyes dimmed from their purple gold to his normal hazel.

"Let's end this."

Chapter 340 What You Started...

Everyone was suddenly very much aware of how powerful an innate aurora wielder was on the battle field. To be able to completely change the landscape on a whim was something that could only be described as godly...

And yet, Dyon did it easily.

What the observers didn't know was that this was only made possible by Dyon's ingenuity. If he had tried to draw a separate teleportation array with coordinates and distance for everyone, he would have burned out – even with it just being a hundred.

However, to create just a single teleportation platform and many much smaller and easier to make connections to said platform, was a much less taxing task.

“Spartan Formation: Demon Emperor's Will Variation 1.”

As soon as the words left Dyon's mouth, the demon generals suddenly became giants.

Their skin reddened, and their muscles and bones creaked under the pressure of the demon sage's ultimate body enhancement technique... And although they didn't have access to the perfect stages... That somehow made them look all the more dangerous.

The demon generals immediately shifted, forming a perfect square.

Ten demon generals made up each side as Dyon created layers of defensive arrays to protect their corners.

However, maybe the oddest part about the formation was that the ten generals making up each side were so very spread out, even as far as being five meters apart. It seemed that this made no sense, if the point was to make use of a spartan like strategy, small spaces and a tight formation was better. But, Dyon ignored all of this.

The remaining sixty demon generals formed the center of the square, fifteen covering each side.

But, this only raised more questions. Why had fifteen behind ten? What was the point of the spaces?

Many had these thoughts running through their minds, but Dyon only leisurely watched the shifting with a smile playing his features.

Suddenly, he lowered himself to the center of the square formation, hovering just five meters above the ground.

His wings retracted as an array appeared below him. Sitting cross legged, Dyon held Ri in his arms as he faced an army of nearly a hundred thousand. A sad look appeared on his face when he thought about what it must have been like to fight this many without him to communicate with everyone. But, it was all over now.

“You’re about to realize that I’m the most dangerous person on this battlefield.” Dyon said faintly. His voice was laced with an indomitable music will and a fiery rage dripped from him.

He was angry. He was angry that he hadn’t been here. Angry that he couldn’t take responsibility as a commander. Angry that his fiancée had been hurt.

“If you want any chance of winning. It’s best you find a way to get to me.” Dyon’s eyes darkened as he circulated the Mathilde family technique.

Suddenly, his 6th sense was amplified, complementing the Asura’s Imperial Eye.

Dyon had realized something from the words of the old man. When the entity had said that the buddha’s eye was a distant relative of the aurora, Dyon had initially thought that it was just an exaggerated joke. However, he then thought about it further... Didn’t the aurora have another name? And wasn’t that name ‘mind’s eye’?

If many eye techniques could be traced back from the inspiration they found with the aurora... Then didn’t that mean that Dyon could use his aurora to better understand and amplify these techniques?

Dyon couldn’t have been more right.

His irises became a solid gold with flecks of red and purple etching into them. Dyon could suddenly see everything. Whether it be directly in front of him or hundreds of meters away.

And then... a massacre began.

The Tree of Life and Death bloomed behind Dyon, tearing through the grey soil and snaking its way through the battlefield.

Cries of agony rang out bodies were pierced, and limbs were torn.

The roots suddenly became coated with a dense black fire, sweeping the writhing bodies into nothing but ashes as fruits began to fall from the Tree the hung above Dyon's head.

Then, everything got worse.

Massive white flowers began to bloom on the battle field as Dyon's clones began to run amok. Their goal was simple: Use devour and be reabsorbed into Dyon.

The amount of soul power the 10% clones could absorb was minimal. In fact, they could only absorb the soul power from nearly dead meridian formation warriors that Dyon had already stolen all of the essence energy from. But, the amount they absorbed still outweighed the amount Dyon used in making them...

So, it was exactly as Dyon had said. The demon generals had not moved a single inch and yet within five minutes, a thousand of the enemy meridian formation experts had already been slaughtered.

The Uidah essence gathering experts just stood there in awe. Even the lotus alliance couldn't help but tremble at the display of power.

It suddenly became very obvious to everyone what the purpose of Dyon's formation was... It wasn't to set the demon generals on the approaching armies and hope they could win... The demon generals had one job and one job only: Make sure no one bothered Dyon as he vented his rage.

Bas and Liska felt their hearts being torn apart. This wasn't the Uidah experts that were dying, it was their own clansmen! Their very own brothers and sisters! They wanted to fight, but what could they do in the face of such power?

The big sect seeded geniuses couldn't even hold onto their weapons anymore. They believed that they could survive for now because they didn't know Dyon could bypass the gate's rules... But, what about when they left the gate? Would Dyon look for revenge? They had thought he was dead!

Jessica's lip trembled as she looked toward Delia, "D-Delia... I-I, I had to survive. Please, please don't tell Dyon. Please!"

The four of them dropped to their knees, pleading with everything they had.

Delia looked at them silently. Something had snapped within her when she unlocked the path of the absolute, but she was very much still Delia. Soft hearted... Naïve... and much too lenient...

So, she only nodded. Walking away and toward Lotus Tower to heal herself. There was simply no doubt in her mind that Dyon had this won.

Outside of the maze, the massacre continued.

The number of basilisks had already dwindled from ninety thousand to nearly eighty thousand, and yet, Dyon seemed to not tire.

To him, eliminating meridian formation experts was as easy as breathing. His soul was currently at the very Peak of the Essence Stage, meaning the peak of the essence gathering stage.

[Author's Note: Up until this point, I've made the mistake of calling the Essence Stage the Blossom Stage a lot. To clear things up, the progression of the soul goes: Foundation Stage, Blossom Stage, then Essence Stage. Really sorry about that guys, I'll be on the look out for that mistake going forward]

His energy cultivation was at the very peak of the meridian formation stage. And his body cultivation was also at the very peak of the meridian formation stage. They were simply no match for him...

Dyon felt no need to attack the much more difficult Uidah warriors. If they wanted to do something, they could come and deal with his demon generals, they were already itching for combat.

The elves had already retreated into the Gorilla's Den formation as instructed by Dyon. If the Uidah wanted to attack them, they would have to first go through the demon generals.

Silvyr had said and done nothing through this whole ordeal. The deaths of the basilisks meant nothing to her, she only wanted to try and find a way to win.

But, every thought she had seemed completely stupid.

'Wrap around the white-haired demons and attack from the side? No... no... The gates aren't a playground, I can't just skirt around unmarked territory. To make things worse, this raging snow would make such a maneuver slow, by the time I got into position, the rest of the army would be wiped out and the much smaller group of a hundred would have an easy time intercepting us... Dammit!'

'Maybe charge at them directly, hoping to blast through? That's even more ridiculous! It took ten of us to fight one when they were unorganized. What are we supposed to do against them now that they are?! Dammit!'

The more time that passed, the more it became clear there was only one option left...

Silvyr grit her teeth as she said words that felt like poison in her mouth, "RETREAT!"

Today was simply not their day. She had only brought a thousand essence gathering experts to deal with this tower because she had gotten reports that it was weak. And then, she went on to further underestimate the sheer impact an innate aurora wielder could have.

Had the Uidah army come with a hundred thousand essence gathering experts, what Dyon had done wouldn't be possible. It would take too much focus to use his Tree of Life and Death against warriors of that caliber. But, this day was different... This day was a triumph for the Lotus Alliance.

They held their heads high as they watched the basilisks and the King God Clan retreat.

This was a battle they had fought for nearly four months, and yet, it had ended because of one young man within the span of a few hours.

Some felt shame, but others began to carry a deep reverence for Dyon... And others seem to have fallen even deeper in love.

Ri laid on Dyon's chest. She hadn't made it through the battle.

She slept soundly with her small hand rested on Dyon's neck.

Ri looked absolutely perfect.

The small smile playing on her soft lips, the crystalline snow that matted her blue-silver hair, even the rosiness of her cheeks as she slowly made her way back to peak health under Dyon's gentle guidance...

'We are together in all things.' Dyon thought quietly as he watched Ri fall into a deeper and deeper sleep. 'What you started, I finished.' Leaning forward, he planted a kiss on Ri's forehead before he too headed toward Lotus Tower.