

The Nameless 511

Chapter 511 Best of Luck

The next day, one hundred warriors stood at the center of the large arena as cheers rained down from the crowd of millions.

In the front, stood ten. Dignified and mighty in their approach and seemingly unfazed by the glances of envy given to them by the remaining ninety.

It was no secret how difficult it was to break into the top ten from the bottom ninety. Because of the system of challenges, a member of the top ten could receive up to the maximum of ninety should the challengers feel so inclined.

But, the problem with this was that even if you fought and won a battle with a member of the top ten, you'd then have to immediately start accepting challenges as well. This meant that despite what looked like an unfair setup to the top ten rankers, it was actually the more desperate for the bottom ninety. This was because if you managed to win a spot, it would have without a doubt been a hard fought battle, leaving you tired and vulnerable – the perfect target.

That said, many of the bottom ninety were hopeful, many just wanted to test themselves against the best of the best, and there were a select few that felt they deserved to be in the top ten and were only missing the accumulated campaign points. And maybe that last group would be the most troublesome for the top ten rankers...

First in line geniuses like Thor, Vidar and Caedlum all fell into this category. None of whom were even twenty years old, but all of whom had a faith seed and unlimited untapped potential.

In addition to them, there were some black horses that may very well have taken their shot at the top ten. But, them being black horses, very few even noticed them.

However, maybe the most striking part about this line up was just who made up the top ten.

(1) Lionel Belmont

(2) Tau Aumen

(3) Zabia Jafari

(4) Saru Shruti

(5) Jace Clyte

(6) Arivata Shruti

(7) Yazid Jafari

(8) Uma Hanu

(9) Dofi Nuru

And lastly, much to the surprise of everyone...

(10) Dyon Sacharro.

Dyon had been the most surprised out of much anyone else. Never had he expected the Cavositas would cave as they had and given him his top ten spot back, albeit at the bottom. This surprise was especially odd considering how domineering and disregarding Dyon had been. It smelt....

Fishy.

The truth was that the Cavositas had no real choice. Dyon had displayed too much power. And, if he was in a setting where he could wantonly challenge, then he would likely destroy the proceedings again. Their safest bet was to tuck him away in the top ten and in hope he didn't find a way to do anything to cause a ruckus.

That said, they still hadn't given Dyon his top one role, instead handing him spot ten reluctantly. Dyon didn't know how this subdivided the rewards. But, one could assume that the higher your rank the more benefits you received.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Elder Den's voice boomed. "As you all know, Earth has the great responsibility of hosting the world tournament this century. And, make no mistake about it, we've prepared the open up our most sacred of places.

"Many of you are too young to remember a time where the Earth was small, but know that Earth is still among the great anomalies of the world. This inner world of ours is rarely explored due to the danger it poses, but when has fear of the unknown ever deterred us cultivators?!"

The blood of the participants began to roll.

"Fight well. Put your pride on the line. If you're talented enough, you'll earn your spot amongst the top ten.

"However, do also remember that Earth's inner world is not made for everyone... You'll be guided by experts, and yet still the chance of dying is very real. This is why we can only allow the top ten in and this is also why the investment we place with you is directly correlated with the rank within the top ten you achieve."

Dyon sighed to himself, tuning out Elder Den's words, 'It seems Delia really isn't coming.'

、 Ever since he had sent the Patia-Neva family away to talk, Dyon hadn't seen a trace of them. And, with Patia-Neva's cultivation, Dyon wouldn't be able to unless he deliberately allowed him to. So, Dyon could only accept it.

'I guess that true story is a lot deeper than I thought. Hopefully she's doing okay...'

Off in the Clyte Royal God Clan section though, King Clyte was still fuming.

Just yesterday he had had Sofia in the palm over her ands, to stress and torture to his heart's content. But, now she was gone, right from under his nose! He couldn't stand it!

According to those who were there, Sofia had been there one moment, then gone another. He knew fully well her cultivation was too low to accomplish something like that. Someone had helped! But he had no idea who!

And now, because Delia was gone, he couldn't ruin her in the coming bouts. He could only sit there, letting his anger temper his heart more and more.

His hands balled into fists and the air around him trembled. No matter how 'weak' he seemed to be among Celestials, he was still one of them. He was an expert those beneath him feared and were in awe of. His fury alone could cause much more destruction than it already had been. But, he was forced to rein it in as best he could, veins pulsing throughout his body.

'Patia-Neva... It has to be you! You're probably also the reason that feeble of daughter of yours managed to survive the onslaught between Aiko and Elric.'

"I hope you're all ready," Elder Den grinned looking from the warriors to the crowd. "This will be among the fiercest competitions to have ever taken place. The top ten vs the bottom ninety. We've already proved once today that maybe not everything is as it seems..."

"I can only wish you the best of luck."

"Start!"

'Patia-Neva... It has to be you! You're probably also the reason that feeble of daughter of yours managed to survive the onslaught between Aiko and Elric.'

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“Start!”

Chapter 512 Undulations

Dyon scanned the neatly arranged rows of warriors before him. He sat, hovering in the air on a stage made for him. However, anyone who knew Dyon would know that a simple place in the top ten wouldn't erase all wrongs he had felt – especially since it was so far below what he deserved. In fact, he was feeling quite angry at the moment, despite the small smile on his face. Because they had put him in the top ten, he couldn't fight Lionel as quickly as he wanted.

In the end, Dyon decided to push those thoughts to the back of his mind, reclining on his array to look into the sky.

‘So sad. Ri and Madeleine wouldn't let me fool around with them last night because they wanted to spend time with mother and father in law. Such injustice...’

Seeing Dyon's demeanor, quite a few of the bottom ninety rankers were angered. How important was this event to them? And yet this Dyon was pretending as though their challenges didn't matter at all!

However, they were smart enough not let their anger influence their decision. To them, Dyon was a masochistic bastard with sadistic tendencies. He had allowed Femi Geb to think he was winning, even going so far as to get beat within an inch of his life, just to win easily in the end. How could such a person be normal? They were beginning to think the Demon Sage title suited him almost too much...

Elder Den casually scanned the crowd of warriors. This was supposed to continue until every one of these ninety either relinquished their right to challenge, or every one of them used their singular challenge. But, it seemed that they were just as apprehensive as they were every year.

Truthfully speaking, despite the top ten being in a tier to their own, you could still make rough estimates on their power by taking a few things into account. The most important was age and amount of campaigns undergone. But, this world tournament was truly an anomaly.

pa(ND)A NOVEL In past years, it was simple. The top ranked would usually be someone on the older side, like Tau Aumen. He was a person who had accumulated almost 20 campaigns and thus deserved to be ranked first. People would then usually have it as consensus that he was the strongest simply by virtue of having cultivated the longest and having the most experience.

This year, though, it was different. Because of discovering a legacy, Lionel Belmont had leaped to the first place position. This legacy had even affected the ranks of other who had entered, like Madeleine for example. However, unknown to everyone else, the only reason Madeleine wasn't within the top ten herself despite having actually inherited the legacy was because Amethyst's flames had destroyed everything on her person aside for her spatial ring and Dyon's gift to her. This meant that Madeleine's tracker hadn't recorded the final acceptance of the legacy.

As if that wasn't convoluted enough for everyone to wrap their heads around, there were other strange occurrences in the top ten. Saru Shruti and Zabia Jafari had come out of nowhere to break into the top five despite both having less than ten campaigns to their name. And, the most shocking part was that they had purposefully skipped some campaigns, tracking no points at all on several occasions!

Then, the greatest wrench in this entire system was Dyon himself. Those who were truly intelligent were starting to doubt whether he had really cheated at all. Maybe he had a similar interaction with the gates as compared to Lionel? In fact, considering how many treasures he had on his person, many were truly beginning to believe this. After all, why would someone as powerful as Dyon ever feel the need to cheat and sustain such a stain on his name?

Everyone here knew that there were many other bottom ninety rankers that had strength that might rival the top ten despite being on the younger side. There was no shame in being too young to rank highly. Everyone was aware that Dyon was only 19 years old and they all knew that it was his first campaign. No one would have looked down on him even if he didn't manage to rank at all. It just didn't make sense for him to take such a risk...

In the end though, Dyon was fully aware that the only reason people were beginning to change their minds about him was because of the power he displayed. There was no sympathy or logic. They only acknowledged him because he had the power to force them to do so. It was that simple.

Suddenly a loud boom and the crackling of lightning snapped everyone out of their thoughts. Dyon felt the array holding him up nearly shatter, but his eyes quickly flashed with a golden light as his array reinforced itself.

Raising an eyebrow, Dyon remained reclined as he tilted his head to the side to find a familiar figure standing on a few stages down from him. Dyon couldn't help but inwardly chuckle, 'You're not even challenging me, yet you felt the need to make sure I knew you were stepping up? If you're so scared, don't bother me.'

A few hundred meters away, Vidar Ragnors sharp blue eyes pierced toward the air to land on Dyon. He was pissed.

How much blood, sweat and tears had he put into his training so that he could put Dyon in his place? And yet his father had gave him expressed orders to not challenge Dyon and to first secure his place in the top ten. He felt his pride was being completely trampled over, and yet he didn't dare to disobey his father. Patriarch Ragnor was not a man who liked to repeat himself twice.

Lightning danced along Vidar's black robes as a silver spear appeared in his hand, slamming into the already formed crater at his feet.

The undulations spreading from the spear left no questions... This was a spiritual level weapon.

Chapter 513 I Am...

The leaders of the other planets couldn't help but narrow their eyes.

It wasn't a secret to anyone how weak this universe was. Even they had celestial experts that couldn't claim to have spiritual level weapons. At most they might have a few high-level master weapons. Maybe the luckier ones could claim to have lower grandmaster level weapons. And yet, now, there was first Dyon and his wives, and now this child too? What was going on?

Many had thoughts of taking Dyon's treasures, they just didn't dare to lose face so publicly. But now it seemed they had another target as well. The leaders of the Royal God Clans couldn't help but snort to themselves. They were the true leaders of the universe, and yet this genius of a mere God Clan and another genius of a dead and gone sect dared to be so brazen before them. As ridiculous as it sounded, they took it as a slap to the face.

That said, maybe most fittingly, there were only two leaders thinking this way. King Clyte and King Aumen.

Vidar's opponent turned a slight glance toward the silver spear, immediately deducing that it wasn't normal. In truth, he hadn't expected to be challenged so early. After all, he was ranked seventh currently. The safest bet for anyone would have been to challenge the ninth ranker, thereby avoiding Dyon, but still taking on a relatively weak opponent. But, it seemed that Vidar's pride had gotten the best of him.

If the seventh ranker was aware of this logic, most others would be aware too. His father had already told him to avoid Dyon, but he couldn't bring himself to choose the easiest opponent either. So, he went up as far as he could to a point where he thought he could still take an easy victory.

The seventh ranker, though, wasn't amused.

He was a member of Planet Nix, thus he had a very strong animosity toward Dyon. He hadn't been there when Ulu was disrespected, but it was enough for him to know that their queen had been. He had no intention of losing before he could face Dyon.

The final competition between the top ten would be a round robin. This meant that Planet Nix would have plenty of opportunities to cut Dyon down before eventually allowing their King to seal him. He was stronger than they had expected, but very few had any awareness of how powerful their King Zabia Jafari was. This Dyon was nothing before him.

The seventh ranker, Yazid Jafari, snorted as he took a good look at this Vidar Ragnar.

"Your pride will be your downfall," His words were simple and to the point. He didn't like to waste his time or energy. He would quickly dispatch with this person and be on his way.

In an instant, nine swords appeared in the air, hovering in a seemingly random pattern. But, those who were experts could feel the slight fluctuations in space and time around those swords... Their formation wasn't so simple.

The faint ripples in space gave the swords a sharpness that shouldn't be underestimated. However, what was truly scary were the wrinkles in time. Even Dyon frowned at this, looking toward Yazid Jafari with a serious expression.

The swords seemed to fade in and out of existence. In one instant there would be nine, at others there would be one, and in others there would be as many as 81!

They all seemed real, and yet ethereal all at the same time. There was simply no ease in explaining the phenomenon... And neither did Yazid bother to explain it either.

'Planet Nix.' Dyon narrowed his eyes. 'Their use of wills is quite... profound.'

Vidar's energy exploded.

Arcs of lightning spread wildly, trying to disrupt the odd field generated by the sword formation.

His spear pointed forward, glowing brightly as it heated under the pressure of his will. The transcendent weapon immediately reacted to its owner's change, sending terrifying undulations through the arena.

"My pride?" Vidar sneered, "Eat my spear."

Vidar's black robes burst, revealing a toned and heavily scarred body as he flashed forward.

'Fast.' Yazid's silver eyes focused. 'But speed means nothing before me.'

Yazid stood, completely unmoved. His swords glided through the air, glistening with odd blacks and silvers. Each movement seemed deliberate, and slow, and yet just fast enough regardless.

Vidar was shocked. He should have reached Yazid's position in an instant of time — they had only been separated by a few hundred meters at the most. For a lower essence gathering expert like him, especially with his main will of lightning being at the ninth level, it should have been child's play. And yet... one... two... three breaths of time and he was still half way to his position?

Every step forward felt like three back.

“Choosing me as your opponent was a mistake.” Yazid spoke calmly.

Vidar’s eyes flashed, ‘Danger!’ His body twisted, spinning in the air as he tucked his spear against himself.

There was no sound. No fluctuation in the wind. Nearly no sign at all. And yet, blood began to run down Vidar’s arm as a slice appeared on his arm.

‘What?...’ Vidar’s eyes narrowed as he took a look at the space around him. Other than faint and odd ripples that almost looked like the sky on an extremely hot day, there were no other oddities. If he hadn’t felt his lightning arcs being sliced through, he would have never sensed the sword coming. He may very well have lost in a single move!

Vidar stood from his kneeling position, his energy much more focused. He spread his lightning outwards, using it as an extended nervous system to boost his reaction time. This was a good passive ability of lightning and was coming in handy now.

The bleeding of his arm didn’t seem intent on stopping. In fact, it was getting worse. The wills Yazid had used were too profound for Vidar to heal it on a whim.

However, that was when something that shocked everyone occurred.

Tens of wounds appeared on Vidar’s body in an instant, sending jets of blood every which way.

The flesh of his bare torso immediately became mangled and drenched.

Vidar’s spear stabbed into the ground, sending violent arcs of lightning into his surrounding as his expression darkened.

“Your body is quite tough.” Yazid said nonchalantly, “I was trying to take at least an arm before making you quit. Consider yourself lucky. Take this opportunity to get off of my stage.”

“And if I don’t?” Vidar sneered.

“I’ll have to kill you.”

“Kill me, hm?” Vidar mocked, “Everyone seems to think that lightning is all our Ragnor family is known for. You can blame that on an overly famous for nothing ancestor of mine.”

Vidar’s body began to slowly expand. “However, I’m not Thor.” His voice boomed through the arena. “I am the embodiment of vengeance. The Giant of the Ragnors. The silent god, who frankly, is quite tired of being known as such.”

In an instant, Vidar stood at 20 meters tall, his weight crushing the arena below his feet.

“I am Vidar.”

Chapter 514 Ten Moves

Vidar’s hulking figure stood tall in the fluctuating space Yazid’s formation provided. His spear hadn’t expanded along with him, but it seemed he was prepared for something exactly like this.

In an instant, the spear that had become nothing more than a toothpick in his hands was replaced by another one that could be more accurately described as a massive pole that just so happened to have a blade near the top of it.

The spear was massive, being 25-meters tall and so thick that even Vidar’s large hands barely wrapped around it.

Yazid’s eyes narrowed, ‘This is a problem. His expansion wasn’t superfluous... His mass increased along with his size – he quite literally made more of himself. How is that possible?!’

Usually with expansion techniques, they would be exactly that – simple expansion. The mass of the person wouldn’t change, despite what the perception was. Originally, Yazid had assumed that Vidar’s technique was exactly that with the usual simple strength boost. If that was the case, it would be easy to handle.

However, the reality was well beyond his estimation. Vidar's body had become akin to a dense white star an instant away from collapsing into a black hole. The amount of matter he had condensed into himself nearly made gravity bend toward him instead of the planet!

'If he can – ' Yazid's thoughts were cut off by his exact fear acting out before him.

The arcs of lightning around Vidar amplified, matching his obscene size. And then, his hulking figure disappeared.

Yazid's worse fears had been realized. His technique relied heavily on manipulating the space and time laws around a given space. However, such things came with a limit.

If there was too much energy output to control, his formation would fail. If the energy quality was above his ability to manipulate, his formation would fail. If the area he needed to control was too large, his formation would fail.

But, none of those were the reason...

If the mass of his opponent was too large... His formation would fail.

Yazid tore through space, attempting to get away from the attack he knew was coming. But, a sharp pain suddenly permeated through his entire back even as he did so.

The skin of his back tore apart, charring and burning under the relentless lightning. Yazid grit his teeth, closing himself within space and appearing hundreds of meters away.

Blood dripped from his back as his dark skin became tainted in red.

Vidar's rumbling laugh filled the arena. "Seems my spear couldn't reach you. I was trying to take your life, to be honest." Vidar sneered. "You can consider yourself lucky. Take this opportunity to get off of my stage."

Yazid frowned. He didn't care that Vidar was throwing his own words back at him. What he cared about was whether or not he could win this.

It was clear that his formation wouldn't work anymore. His understanding was far more superficial than his younger cousin, so he could never hope to manipulate the space around such a large mass. But, regardless, he still had to win. Even if he couldn't make use of his illusory-like techniques, how many could match the sharpness of his swords? All he had to do was make use of his experience and cultivation advantage to dispatch this Vidar character.

Twin short swords appeared in Yazid's hands as he flashed forward, not giving Vidar the opportunity to take the initiative again.

"Haha," Vidar's voice boomed, "I commend you for your quick decision making."

His massive spear arched forward, bending under the strength of his arms. The speed of his strike was much too fast for the size of his body, and yet he did it. The most shocking part was that Vidar had yet to comprehend spatial laws, and yet the simple movement of his body sent ripples and cracks in space. No... That wasn't all. All the laws of the world seemed to crack under his presence. Quite simply put... He had the body of a god.

Yazid's short swords were dwarfed and the space he controlled was completely torn apart by Vidar, and yet it was all too late.

Their clash was like an irritated home owner swatting away a pesky fly.

,c-o-m Yazid's body flew through air, his bones crushing under the weight of the impact. He had managed to stop the sharpness of the spear from reaching him, mostly because Vidar couldn't control his use of space, but that didn't stop the endless lightning from searing his skin and paralyzing his muscles.

Not once in this competition had Vidar used his Faith Seed. And yet, in the moment he had, he brought out a domineering display that belittled Dyon's accomplishments.

Dyon had destroyed the 11th ranker with a few punches. But, so what?

Vidar flashed forward to end it all when a sudden message entered his ears. "Don't kill him."

How could Vidar not recognize his own father's voice? Even he didn't know what his father's plans were, but he, much like every other Ragnor, had no choice but to follow.

"Consider yourself lucky, I guess." Vidar repeated himself as he watched Yazid crash far outside of the arena in a sorry state.

Settling down, Vidar took his spot at the center of the stage that was now his. Surprisingly, the cuts that Yazid had inflicted upon him were healed but hadn't disappeared. Instead, they formed new scars along his body. Scars Vidar wore like badges of honor.

Sure, Dyon had demolished the 11th ranker... But Vidar had just done the same to the 7th... Just where had all these outstanding young men come from? The crowd cheered loudly, all the more excited to see the next rounds. How long had it been since a member of the top ten was dethroned? And now they had gotten to see it twice already!

Vidar's gaze set itself upon Dyon who was still reclined, his eyes closed as though he was taking a nap.

"Enjoy your rest while you can mortal. Your act isn't fooling me." Vidar sneered, sending his voice directly to Dyon's mind.

Dyon opened an eye, giving Vidar a cursory glance.

"Ten moves." He said nonchalantly before closing his eyes once again, smiling to himself as he leisurely resumed chatting with his wives.

Chapter 515 Or Worse

Dyon's words entered Vidar's mind, causing him to shake in anger. 'Ten moves? Hmph. We'll see.'

Truth be told, the crowd was shocked by Vidar's performance. He was so young, and yet had already managed to become so powerful. Vidar had even found his way onto a list compiled by the Uidah universe due to the potential his faith seed bestowed upon him. After all, even if he was a Ragnor, it wasn't as though the Uidah could just allow them to take over the entire universe.

That said, Dyon had inadvertently found his way to the top of that list. Initially, it wasn't his fault. This was because Alidor had disguised himself as Dyon before killing the 5th son of the Uidah. That action alone had birthed the Uidah's scorn for Dyon – it was no surprise to anyone that they were currently preparing a revenge campaign for when next the gates opened. However, the second reason Dyon could only blame on himself. After all, he had single handedly chased an army led by their second daughter alone!

There was a reason Dyon didn't place Vidar in his eyes. Even with his short time cultivating, he had come to understand many things, one part of which couldn't have its importance understated: and that was the importance of finding your own path.

In all of Vidar's bloviating and chest pounding, what was he doing other than relying on the hard work and insight of another?

The entire path the Ragnors took was ridiculous to begin with. They even went so far as to name themselves after the originator of their faith seeds. You didn't see Caedlum renaming himself, nor did Madeleine do so. However, what was quite worrisome for Dyon was that his mother in law had changed her name to Kawa, something he was sure wasn't her name to begin with considering he recognized that name from legend.

That aside, Vidar took such pride in his faith seed that it would be his downfall. But, that didn't mean he wasn't being quite useful to Dyon.

Now that he had an understanding of this quadrant's history, and he had come to know about the rise of Ragnors and more about the demon sage, how could Vidar's body not catch his attention? In fact, Dyon wouldn't be surprised if the original Vidar had cultivated that body the current Vidar was so proud of using the teachings of the Demon Sage.

,c-o-m 'It seems the path of body cultivation is more complex than I gave it credit for... To foster a body capable of distorting the laws of the world itself... Amazing.' It was just a shame that Vidar was barely using it properly.

An instant later, the rough landing of yet another challenger disrupted Dyon's thoughts.

'Not me again, huh. And here I thought I had enemies.' Dyon chuckled to himself.

He had expected them to try and tire him out by using their challenges. After all, there was probably only a single planet, Planet Mino, that Dyon didn't have any enemies from. But, it seemed they had learned their lesson. If they dared to use such a tactic, Dyon hoped they were prepared to pay with it with their lives. Since they didn't care about his life, why should he care for theirs?

Looking over, Dyon found yet another familiar figure from his comfortable and reclined position.

Thor stood tall at the edge of the arena, his long blond hair nearly touching the ground despite his now near 3-meter height.

A silver spear, reminiscent of Vidar's was clenched loosely in his hand as he looked toward his opponent.

Dyon always found it funny that all of the Ragnors used spears, he had been half hoping that Thor would come out with a mighty hammer so he could joke about it with Clara. But, he fully understood that if such a hammer really did exist, a mere branch family of the Ragnors wouldn't have it and it would have to be at least a supreme ranked treasure, much like the Demon Sage's tower.

Thor, unlike his kinsman, was much more lowkey. He had no intention of getting bent out of shape for his pride.

In life, there were very few things that Thor wanted or expressed, but that didn't mean he didn't have a fire burning inside him no one had seen. Well, mostly no one.

There was a reason why when Dyon listed the people he wanted to take with him into the Epistemic Tower, he had included Thor.

This was a man who had once been the entire hope of his branch family, just for that all to be taken away in an instant. True, it was his own little sister that had betrayed their newly formed Storm family,

but what choice had Tammy had? If she didn't take initiative to act, who's to say that the Ragnors wouldn't have stolen her brother's faith seed and given it to another? In fact, who's to say that they didn't still have plans to do so?

They were a brother-sister combo that had no one to rely on but themselves. They were too intelligent to ever truly trust Patriarch Ragnor with their lives... But they were also too smart to ever disobey him...

To everyone, the Ragnors here were a mere branch family. An insignificant piece of the larger clan sent to spread their influence to weaker and lesser established universes.

To the slightly more intelligent, the Ragnors were here on a mission. To do what? They didn't dare to speculate... But to invest so much in sending a family here, the goal couldn't be normal.

But, to the very members of the Ragnors themselves? They were little else than caged animals, bent to execute on the whims of a man they were sure couldn't be a simple God Clan patriarch.

That said, Thor knew that he only had one job. And that job was to get into the top ten. He didn't have to be flashy. He didn't have to flex his muscles. He just needed to do what he needed to do so as not to have the ire of their clan patriarch pointed toward him... Or worse, his little sister.

Chapter 516 Another

Thor's opponent stood at a much shorter height but didn't seem too worried about her opponent.

Dofi Nuru, another member of Planet Nix, was ranked ninth overall, just above Dyon. She was the clear best pick for anyone seeking to join the top ten, and it seemed that Thor acted knowing this. He was no Vidar.

However, seeing Thor's calm demeanor, Dofi had no intention of belittling her opponent. Their Planet Nix had worked covertly to gain so many top ten spots. In the beginning, they had been happy to secure three, but now that number had suddenly been cut to two. Although members of the top ten who were booted also had the right to a single challenge, it was obvious that Yazid was in too much of a sorry state to challenge anyone. She couldn't afford to lose her spot!

A dense and dark fog started to seep from the edges of Dofi's dark flowing dress. She was a dark-skinned beauty in her own right, although her looks fell short of Ulu's. However, she had a sinister and dangerous aura to her that was much more refined and alluring.

Seeing that Dofi was prepared, Thor's entire demeanor changed. His blue eyes sparked with arcs of lightning, but unlike Vidar, his ranged wildly along the color spectrum. Dangerous reds, bright blues, eerie greens, and even conventional golds erupted from Thor, threatening to crush everything in its path.

This was the difference between Thor and Vidar. Vidar learned lightning will because that was just the way of the Ragnors. However, Thor was little else than the very embodiment of that will. He was lightning, and it was him.

Dofi's expression froze, 'One with heart!'

Thor's lightning will had broken into the second intent level! And he wasn't using his constitution to boost it!

What kind of concept was it for a person who was barely 20 to already have a second level intent? Let's just say even some saints who had lived for hundreds of years couldn't claim such a thing!

'I can't let him get close, he has too much of an advantage in close combat.' Dofi's mind raced as her dark will spread, covering the arena in a shadow land.

Darkness will was a high leveled will as well, placed on about the same level as celestial, time and space will. Time will was never labeled as a supreme law because its use simply had too many restrictions. However, it fell a step below along with darkness.

Everyone was beginning to notice a similar pattern with all these Planet Nix warriors... Their use of wills was simply on a complete other level. Time, space and darkness wills were supposed to be rare, and yet they used it to such a high level.

Thor and Dofi disappeared from view, but their battle was raging onwards.

Thor hadn't moved a single step, but he had brandished his spear, waiting.

Dofi had become one with her shadow land, her silver eyes darkening over into abyssal pits. The path she had taken in her darkness will wasn't strictly offensive, in that it didn't increase her attack power. But, what it did do was increase her attack savviness.

Yazid didn't seek to overwhelm her opponents. Instead, she worked slowly. Her first task? Erase her opponents senses!

Plumes of darkness erupted around Thor, seemingly unbeknownst to him. His sight had been cut off, but with it had gone his hearing as well. Even more interesting, the darkness had offset his lightning's ability to act as an extension of his nervous system because it was constantly sending signals along every arc Thor sent out. It was felt as though the darkness was a tangible object, feeling along his lightning strikes and stopping him from sensing minute changes in the realm.

Suddenly, the plumes of darkness became shadow warriors, brandishing weapons and each launching a simultaneous attack toward Thor.

And yet, in all this time, Thor hadn't moved a single inch.

The weapons careened forward.

One meter.

Half a meter.

A foot.

Mere inches.

Dofi held her breath, trying to withhold her excitement. 'These Ragnors are all brute strength. That Vidar character, if it wasn't for his overbearing body, how could Yazid have lost? They have no finesse and little understanding of wills!'

However, just as Dofi was about to celebrate her impaling Thor, he was suddenly gone.

A flash of lightning tore through the shadow domain, sending crackling and charred bits of arena flying into the air.

A sickle appeared in Dofi's hand. She was a top ten ranker. She had earned her place. She was no pushover. Dofi had no intention of losing so easily, but she was shocking that she couldn't feel Thor even within her own domain!

What would have shocked Dofi even more was that from an outsiders perspective, her domain had already collapsed. The only part that remained was a small cloud of darkness left around her! To the crowd, Thor was visible, standing in the air with his spear brandished and ready.

He knew exactly where Dofi was, even to the point of using his lightning intent to destroy her domain every but her immediate surroundings.

Dyon watched this with a newfound respect for Thor, 'His understanding of lightning will far surpasses my understanding of anyone of my wills... It not just about the power, it's also about the way he uses it. He's comprehended no less than ten paths for that single will! Maybe more!'

Thor raised his spear into the air even as Dofi felt around frantically with her darkness will, trying to prepare for the incoming attack she had no clue would be coming from above.

In the lightning path, each color denoted a new discipline. But none were more tyrannical than the destruction path of red lightning.

Crimson arcs rained down from the skies, piercing toward the tip of Thor's spear as he stood silently.

And then, a blinding flash of light tore through the air. Thor's spear careened forward, intent on taking his victory. But, much like Vidar had, Patriarch Ragnor once again told him not to kill.

Dofi's chest nearly caved in as lightning sent her flying from her domain. Blood flew from her mouth, staining her already dark dress with a crimson as robust as Thor's lightning.

Just like that, another top ten ranker fell.

Chapter 517 Massacre

Dyon had seen the weakness of Dofi's darkness technique just as Thor had. The problem? She covered the surface but paid no mind to the ground beneath!

Thor could have used force to destroy her domain directly, before clashing with her head on. But, he knew that would have been a waste of strength, and he might even end up losing. Thor's cultivation was still at the higher meridian formation levels and the only reason he could bare using an intent was because of his Faith Seed. Using lightning will simply placed little burden upon him.

He hadn't grown up with great resources, as the member of a branch family of a branch family. However, he wasn't willing to become an Essence Gathering expert unless he was of the first-grade level, something nearly impossible in this universe.

Because he was painfully aware of the weakness in his cultivation, Thor usually tried to avoid direct confrontation. In this case, Dofi was a peak Essence Gathering expert much like most of the other top ten rankers. She had been weary of Thor's high level lightning will, and thus decided to use an indirect approach. But, that had been her downfall.

Thor realized that using his lightning will as an extension of his nervous system was impossible to do in Dofi's darkness domain because although she hadn't grasped it at the intent level, darkness will was still a step above any elemental type will in terms of quality. However, he also knew that directly destroying it would cause an one on one battle he wasn't too interested in fighting.

So, he made use of the ground. This was exactly why Dyon was so impressed with Thor's use of wills.

Even without mortal realm knowledge, Thor had grasped the concept of every object withholding its very own electric and magnetic field due to the particles that made them up. Although lightning couldn't

conduct through everything with ease, this was the martial world. If Thor wanted his lightning to go through something, it would go through it!

All Thor had to do was make use of the fields in the arena tiles to check for anomalies. One anomaly would be where he stood. And the other anomaly would be where Dofi stood!

Using that information, he destroyed every part of her domain but her immediate surrounding, giving him a perfect target for his lightning strike.

The battle was over in an instant. It was clear at that point that the Planet Nix warriors weren't the only ones with exquisite control of their wills.

In the end though, every member of Earth seemed to tacitly understand who the third, and likely final, challenger would be.

During their campaigns, three Faith Seeded geniuses had emerged. The first was Vidar. The second was Thor. And lastly? There was Caedlum. After all, not many knew of Ri and Madeleine's faith seeds.

Seemingly on cue, a teenage boy that was barely 19 years old dropped onto one of the arenas, facing the eighth ranker: Uma Hanu.

Uma was a female, but she seemingly held none of her gender's stereotypical qualities. She stood at two meters tall, was as thick as a wall, and her side burns were much too prominent for what one would expect to find on a woman. Dyon had half a mind to be reminded of Akash, but even that Elvin commander hadn't been so masculine.

By Uma's side was a thick pole of about a foot and a half in diameter that was black along most of its length, but at a tip of pure white. It was suffice to say that her hand couldn't wrap around it, even with her large figure, so it rested in the crook of her elbow. It looked much more like a piece of furniture or an important fixture to the structural integrity of a room, but it was clear and obvious that Uma actually planned to use it as a weapon.

Didn't wear a shirt, but instead had what looked like a bandana strapped across her chest, leaving her rippling muscles and cut abs in full view.

Seeing that Caedlum had challenged her, a wild grin appeared on Uma's features. All of the planets had seemingly wanted to take the spotlight away from her Planet Mino, maybe it was time she won it back.

- Uma took hold of her long brunette hair, sliding a band from her wrist and doing her hair up. Her sideburns seemed to grow more prominent with her actions, revealing just how thick they were. But, soon, everyone watched in shock as they realized it wasn't a mere optical illusion... Her sideburns really were thickening and growing!

Thick brown hair began to sprout all along Uma's soft brown skin. Her jaw grew, lengthening and protruding to give her an underbite.

Primal growls escaped from her lips and fur matted her body. Her arms lengthened and her back curved, leaving the remaining exposed skin to darken into a richer shade of brown.

Uma fell forward, a singular fist slamming into the ground and sending a reverberating boom throughout the arena. She hunched into a position, ready to explode at any moment all while keeping her massive pole to her side.

The calls of a primate sent a wild aura crashing through the air. Uma had become an ape... But, as much as many spectating wanted to laugh, she only continued to grow more massive...

The two-meter-tall frame became three... then four.... Then five... All the while her pole grew along with her... from three meters, to five, to ten!

The sinister glow in her golden eyes set on Caedlum's calm features. And yet, while he looked calm, a slaughtering red aura had begun to drip from him.

This was a battle all body cultivators looked forward to. There would be no wills. There would be no energy. There would be no soul.

This would be a clash of raw strength – a bloody massacre of world collapsing fists.

Chapter 518 Without

Away from the activity of the World Tournament, a plan millennia in the making was underway.

The location was the Belmont Holy Land, but, instead of being the luscious boon of nature it was usually, it was shrouded in a dense darkness from within. However, from the outside, nothing had changed at all.

“Have you not contacted King Belmont yet?! He was prepared for an instance like this?!” A Belmont with flowing purple hair raged as his peak saint cultivation raged as he faced off against something that shook him to the core.

“Elder, we aren’t able to communicate at all! We’ve tried awakening the Ancestors from their slumber, but even that’s been cut off!”

The Belmonts that had remained to defend their land were in despair. Just this morning, everything had been perfect, and yet it had all changed in an instant.

They couldn’t believe how easily their communication had been cut off. They had reserved arrays for centuries, dating back to the time of the Celestial Deer Sect, in order to ensure that this never happened. And yet somehow these enemies they had never see before still cut them off. Just what kind of power did it take to cut off arrays created by foremost experts of that level? They couldn’t even fathom it!

That said, if they were to choose, accepting something like that was more acceptable. But, to not be able to awaken their ancestors? This was ridiculous!

The lifespan of celestial level experts could be expanded by tens of thousands of years as long as they induced deep sleep within themselves. The concept was very simple. In a mortal body, over time, damage to the body and, namely, DNA, would lead to aging. However, when one reached the level of a Celestial Expert, that damage was slowed to such a considerable degree that you could live up to ten thousand years as a human and even up to thirty thousand years as an elf or beast.

But, there was a level of control over the body that peak expert reached that allowed them to stop their cells from dividing, thus shutting down their whole bodies and stopping the progression of this DNA damage. This would only be done once a Celestial or Dao level expert reached the very end of their

lifespans, unable to transcend. This provided clans with an extra layer of protection from their best experts in times of distress.

Depending on the level the expert reached during their normal life span, they could be awakened anywhere from a single to tens of times without death. And then, after performing this duty for their clan, their good karma would increase, thus allowing their chances of reincarnating with higher talent much better.

This concept of karma was quite complex, and often something one needed to reach a high level of cultivation to come to an understanding of. But, it paints the perfect picture for how difficult it was for an enemy to interrupt such a sacred system. It was simply unfathomable.

However, during that Belmont elder's last thoughts, he was almost happy that their ancestors didn't have to come out to face what he was facing.

A massive ball of dense black flames engulfed him and an entire mountain range with a single thought. The destruction was unholy.

Dragons had descended upon the Belmont family Holy Land.

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Back in the arena, the battle between Caedlum and Uma was raging.

The feral growls of Uma's ape filled the stadium as she swung her pole toward the calm Caedlum.

Furious booms of fist colliding with stone was grating on the ears, lasting exchange after exchange with blurs of red skin and dense fur flashed across the stage.

"HAHA!" Uma's growls turned into delighted laughs. Caedlum's lack of hesitation at using his body to meet her rod was immensely satisfying to her.

This was a true man! She thought to herself.

Caedlum remained unperturbed. "Pakal Emperor's Will. Act 1. Stage 1."

In an instant, Caedlum's body grew to three meters tall, his frame expanding to meet Uma's next coming strike.

His foot slammed into the ground, sending cracks reverberating as fist seemed to glide through the air.

Dyon's eyes flashed. The first thing he noticed was the similarity in technique. But, he had already guessed that his Demon Emperor's Will was shared, at least in some portion, with the Pakals. What caught his attention more was this Caedlum's fist movement.

It seemed so slow... But...

Dyon's thought were interrupted by Uma's massive figure flying backwards.

However, instead of hearing a dull and pained cry, Uma's laughter only increased. "Yes! More!"

Uma flipped in the air, landing softly on her hind legs before leaning her forward to slam her fist into the ground again. But, this time, the shock wave was on an entirely new level.

The raging cultivation of a peak Essence Gathering expert wildly flooded the arena. But, it wasn't energy cultivation! Her body was just that powerful!

Her once brown skin reddened as her energy amplified, again and again.

Suddenly, the arena cracked under her weight as she tossed her pole into the skies. If anyone was paying attention, they would have noticed that the upward force needed to throw her rod was so much that it cracked the stage beneath her feet! Just how heavy was that weapon?!

Uma roared, bringing her fists to her chest and pounding madly. Her eyes reddened, turning into rubies of dense blood, veined out of proportion.

Just as her rod fell from the her skies, spinning wildly, Uma's fist found a way to its end, sending it careening toward Caedlum.

Space cracked, wildly distorting reality as the sound barrier shattered to the naked eye.

panda nOvel.cO,m Even Caedlum's normal calm expression turned serious at this moment. The amount of power in this strike was something her previous attacks couldn't match up to a even tenth of!

Without time to think, the rod was before him in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 519 Risen

Caedlum crossed his arms, wincing as he felt his forearms crack under the impact.

His body flew backward, sliding across the arena floor. However, this was by design. The shortest distance for him to go in dodging was downward, so he made the decision as quickly as possible.

However, Uma only smirked.

Under the shocked gaze of everyone in attendance, the rod expanded its length by hundreds of meters in an instant!

How rare were weapons that changed form? So rare that even King Acacia himself had put that on the top list of abilities Dyon's Dragon King sword could do. And yet, here was yet another!

King Belmont narrowed his eyes. He had long since gotten intelligence reports about the shifting of power on not just Planet Nix, but also Planet Mino.

With the previous defeat of two Planet Nix warriors, thus kicking them out of the top ten, he had felt slightly relieved. It wasn't ideal for those spots to be taken by the Ragnor family, but, the Ragnors were

at least a variable that the Belmonts could account for. The Nix and Mino planets were complete anomalies!

The World Tournament only took place every hundred years. But, that time was a drop in the bucket even for a Saint level expert. For the power structure of not just one, but two entire planets to be sent into complete upheaval in just that time was unprecedented. And yet, it had happened.

In fact, the first inklings of the new Jafari Royal God Clan of the Nix, or the new Shruti Royal God Clan of the Mino, only started popping less than two decades ago.

Even more interestingly, it was around the same time that the Kitsune locked on to this universe as a location they could find their Kawa in...

What event set them off? Even the culprit was unawares. But, just under two decades ago, there was in fact an event that shone a beacon on this universe. And it was that same beacon that sped the plans of the Daiyu forward.

Everyone was so focused on this World Tournament, but those privy to the right information, knew how little it really meant.

In an instant, Uma's rod had extended itself back under her arm. Now an expansive hundred meter long rod lay horizontally under her control... Hovering just above Caedlum's figure as it skipped along the stage tiles!

Uma grinned, her uproarious laughter filling the stadium. A vicious glint in her eye lit as she tilted forward, slamming the rod downward.

The sound was sickening, forcing most to look away. The loud boom was accompanied by a crunch that could only have been human bone grinding to dust.

A mist of blood erupted from Caedlum's position. His body cultivation technique heated his body up to such an extent that even when he bled, it came out in a gaseous form. However, that only made this worse, increasing his blood lost by manifold as his veins pumped vigorously.

Uma's ape form continued laughing. "Get up! I'm having too much fun! Get up!"

There was no doubt about it. Uma's body cultivation had reached such a frightening level already. But, with the boost of her beast form and her fur reddening technique, she had pushed her upper limits from essence gathering to the outer fringes of sainthood!

The problem with body cultivation techniques that amplified strength was that simple amplification didn't allow your body to reach saint levels unless it was by a ridiculous amount. Even if your body was at the peak Essence Gathering level, it didn't necessarily mean that any minute change could bring your body up to the saint level.

This was the same principle as will amplification. You could use manifestations and constitutions to boost your will to levels your comprehension didn't match, but you would always be weaker than a person who had truly reached that level.

The Demon Sage had understood this, this was why he created the Demon Emperor's Will amplification technique. Instead of relying solely on simple amplification, it also used aspects of comprehension. This was why Dyon needed to master intent level demonic will in order to breach the second act of the technique. This was the only way for his body to truly reach the level of a saint!

However, almost too shockingly, Uma's technique had nearly accomplished the same thing! Her body was already at the level of a pseudo saint, and was but a hair's breath away from truly reaching that level even as she lifted her rod to slam downward again!

Another gush of blood mist escaped from Caedlum as he coughed. He knew he couldn't afford to lose, but he was truly too young. He was the same age as Dyon, but he didn't have world breaking soul talent to make up for his short time cultivating.

The top ten was truly too strong...

Vidar had lucked into an opponent that his faith seed could directly counter. Thor had such mastery of his wills that he was able to take advantage before his opponent realized her mistake. But, Caedlum's opponent's strength was his strength... The only difference was that she had cultivated for much longer!

‘Damn... I guess I have to use it...’ Caedlum thought bitterly. The problem was that he knew good and well that if he did, he could forget about competing for a better spot in the top ten. He would forever be slotted into the tenth position. But, maybe he’d have to be happy with that. Because, quite frankly, if he was in such a sorry state, someone could very well challenge him and boot him out of the top ten entirely!

Suddenly, a dense red began to drip from Caedlum as Uma threatened to slam her rod down yet again. But, this time, its momentum was stopped entirely.

Uma frowned. Her arms flexed, but she couldn’t move the pillar at all! It was stuck!

The rod began to slow move upwards, completely out of Uma’s control. She tried to stand her ground, but she found herself nearly losing her footing entirely.

At the other end of the pillar, an astonishing sight graced the eyes of the silenced crowd.

A young man with skin as red as the blood coursing through his veins stood at ten meters tall. However, that wasn’t the most shocking part.

His arms had multiplied from two to six!

He was like a demon risen from the dead.

Chapter 520 Missing

Caedlum roared, sending a reverberating boom throughout the arena as he yanked Uma’s rod from her before throwing it with such velocity that the rod itself cracked under the pressure.

Uma’s eye’s widened. ‘That’s a grandmaster level weapon! What?!’

All this time Planet Mino was trying to stay lowkey, they had disguised their weapons as simple master level ones, which was why no one noticed the oddity of Uma’s rod until it expanded in size. But, Uma knew the truth behind the weapon’s strength! It shouldn’t be possible to crack it like this!

Patriarch Pakal sighed. He knew very well the state his son would be in after using this technique, but, it seemed he preferred to win this battle and injure himself than to lose his old man some face. 'I've truly burdened you too much... You're just a child yet you carry such a weight on your shoulders...'"

Twin horns continuously grew from Caedlum's forehead as his aura seemed to grow more and more powerful with each passing moment.

'Is this his Faith Seed?... How domineering...' Dyon thought, his eyes flashing with appreciation.

Uma's voice raged as she slammed her fist forward to meet the coming rod. This was her weapon! How could she be harmed by it?!

But, reality was cruel. In the face of absolute power, Uma's rod had forgotten who its master was. It didn't slow, nor did it stop in the face of Uma's rage. It only carried forward, snapping the bones in her arm and causing a blood curdling scream to fill the stadium.

Caedlum leaped in the air, the dark abyss of his eyes entranced on Uma's weak figure. She had managed to stop the rod in the end, but it had clearly cost her the use of both of her arms. But, just how domineering were the healing capabilities of body cultivators?

Under the view of the crowd's shock and awe, the whites of her bones began to mend at a pace the naked eye could witness.

That said.... Would Caedlum wait for such a thing?

He fell from the skies, a flurry of six arms and fists riddling the crown of Uma's head with power that could only match a saint!

Just how ridiculous was it for Caedlum to reach such power? Uma's technique had taken her from the peak Essence Gathering stage, to a pseudo saint level. And yet, Caedlum had started at a mere lower essence gathering level and brought himself all the way up to a true saint!

Uma was sent crashing into the ground, being grinded in further and further with every punch.

Roars of anger filled the stadium as Caedlum's fists became coated in blood. In what seemed like an instant, Uma's fur dimmed to brown, and then disappeared entirely, leaving her naked and muscular body completely exposed.

Caedlum seemed intent on slamming his fists downward again, but that was when a sharp pain filled his senses, causing him to stumble backward and fall to his knees.

He panted heavily, his arms disappearing as though they were never there right along with his gained height. He looked up expectantly at Elder Den.

The previous battles had been obvious, so his judgement wasn't necessary. But, here, Caedlum was severely injured and Uma seemed to be trying to get up as well.

Elder Den waited, watching the two contestants struggle to climb to their feet.

There was no question that a glint of expectation was in the eyes of the bottom ninety contestants. No matter who won, they were severely injured! If they were quick to challenge, they just might earn a spot in the top ten!

This was especially true of the top 20 contestants. If a normal bottom ninety ranker won, they would be immediately challenged. But, if one of them, as high rankers to begin with did, then it might act as enough of a deterrent for others to not challenge then at all.

Caedlum and Uma both had blood seeping from their mouths, but at the same time, they both managed to stand to their feet.

'You can do it.' Dyon thought resolutely, silently supporting Caedlum. He hadn't had many interactions with the guy, and the few he had had were quite cold, but he had a small respect for Caedlum after hearing about the burden his father had placed on him.

Even if Dyon had initially held a grudge against Caedlum for not helping him when he had to fight one versus eleven at the Legacy World opening, something Dyon of course hadn't done, he definitely

wouldn't now. Caedlum had his family's future to think about. His father quite literally placed all of their hopes and dreams in him. How could he risk his life for a person he had only met just days before?

Caedlum brandished his fists, prepared to fight as he looked into Uma's dark brown eyes. In fact, they were almost too dark for brown at all... But, that was when Caedlum noticed that it wasn't because of the color of her eyes that it was so dark... She had lost consciousness!

"Winner: Caedlum Pakal!" Elder Den's voice boomed

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At this time, the city of the Cavositas was completely empty. After all, there was no fee for attending the World Tournament. Anyone who could be there was... Which was why the figure of a lone girl, raggedly dressed, running down the barren streets was so odd...

She was petite and had long brunette hair. But her most striking feature were her violet eyes.

Her clothes were torn in many places, and she had blood streaking down her leg, but she had a determined expression on her face as she clutched a box tightly to her chest.

If Madeleine or Delia had been there, they would have instantly broken down into tears and embraced her as tightly as they could...

This was their missing sister, taken away from them by the cruelty and harsh realities of the martial world.

Bai Meiyang.