

The Nameless 531

Chapter 531: Level

Dyon watched from the entrance of his cornered area as Madeleine and Delia were seemingly trying to suffocate Meiying to death.

Behind him, there was a battle raging. It was between Tau Aumen and Zabia Jafari. Truth be told, it was quite interesting, but Dyon couldn't be bothered to care.

"Hmph, so you left us all worrying just so you could go save another girl?" Clara teased, poking Dyon's side.

Dyon coughed. "I do a good deed, and this is how you treat me?"

"You could have at least said something," Ri pouted. "We were worrying."

"Okay, okay, sorry, sorry," Dyon wrapped his arm around Ri's shoulder, kissing her head.

Clara shook her head. "Upped and got two wives and suddenly forgets how to apologize to his friends. What happened to bros before hoes?"

Dyon grinned. "So you admit you're a boy now? I knew it all along to be honest. How could a woman be so aggressive. Literally no redeeming qualiti – "

Clara pinched Dyon's side, "Ah, ah," Dyon jumped, pretending to be hurt to appease Clara.

"How many times did they call my name while I was gone?" Dyon asked.

He didn't think he had been gone for long, but, martial battles could last hours, but they could also last a few seconds. If the battles he missed erred on the side of seconds, he might have missed much of the event already.

"You were called up three times," Ri said frowning. "They clearly did it on purpose. No one else has been called more than once."

"But, that Caedlum guy and Thor directly resigned. They happened to be two of your opponents, so right now you have two losses and two wins." Clara finished.

"Really?" Dyon raised an eyebrow.

Caedlum he could understand. But, Thor was a nice surprise. 'It seems I didn't misjudge you. I'll leave it up to Ava whether she forgives your sister or not. But, you two deserve my help.'

"Who was the person I lost to?" Dyon asked.

"Other than Vidar, there was this person named Jace Clyte." Ri answered.

"Alright. No big deal. To be honest, with this line up, I can probably still get top three." Dyon looked over his shoulder again. He noticed something odd about the fight between Tau and Zabia, almost like it was being stalled. But, he thought nothing much of it.

"Meiying," Dyon called.

Looking up, a misty eyed Meiying peaked over Madeleine's shoulder.

"I'm going to change your appearance a bit. There may still be some enemies lurking around here, and it might not be great for you to be out and about."

Meiying nodded, allowing Dyon's eyes to flash gold and change her features. Her eyes dimmed to a calm brown and her face became sharper, in contrast with its usual delicateness.

"Next fight." Elder Den's voice boomed.

"Oh?" Dyon looked over, 'Tau Aumen won... huh... Interesting.'

"Saru Shruti vs Vidar Ragnor!"

"Alright." Dyon said, finishing up with Meiyong. "After the tournament, we'll find an opportunity to explain everything to King Belmont."

Meiyong nodded, but before she could even finish the action, Elder Den's voice boomed again.

"Victor, Saru Shruti!"

Dyon snorted in laughter. It had been maybe five seconds, and he had already lost? That's sad even by his standards.

"You shouldn't laugh," Clara said teasingly, "Technically, you lost to him. He's been calling you a coward for the better part of a few hours."

"Next match! Lionel Belmont vs Thor Ragnor."

"As if. Ten moves would be more than enough for him. In fact, it's an overestimate."

"Sure, sure." Clara was seemingly having a lot of fun with this. She knew that Dyon would never hesitate to give up his prestige to save any one of them, but that didn't mean he like having his name trampled over. "You never gave me those books on array alchemy you promised."

"Oh, right."

"Victor: Lionel Belmont!" Elder Den's voice boomed.

Initially, Dyon was shocked. 'Is Lionel that strong?...'

But, when he looked over, he noticed that Thor had simply resigned again. It seemed he had no interest in placing in the top ten at all. Either that, or he was saving his strength.

"Here you go," Dyon smiled as his ring flashed, piling a bunch of beginner level books beside Clara.

"Next match! Saru Shruti vs The D – " Elder Den paused, shaking his head and sneering, "Victor: Sa –"

Dyon's eyes flashed. In an instant, his body disappeared from his position.

"Ah, ah." Dyon's voice suddenly interrupted Elder Den. "Sorry about that, I'm here now!"

Elder Den frowned, looking down toward Dyon. "Do you take this tournament as a joke?"

There was little else Elder Den wanted to call Dyon other than a coward, but even he knew how ridiculous that sounded. Dyon ran from Vidar yet came back to face the opponent that had beaten him in a near instant? He didn't feel like walking into a verbal trap again.

"Of course not." Dyon smiled, "But when nature calls, it calls. You can't have expected me to just hold it in, right?"

Elder Den's face twitched. What was he talking about?! Martial Artists past the foundation stage had no need for such things. In fact, as soon as you tempered your inner organs at the 5th and 6th stages, you would never again have to. Who was he trying to fool?!

"Ah, Elder Den, you have such a perverted mind. Nature calls for many things. I'm just a bit too embarrassed to share. But, I'll take my losses in stride. You won't stop me from participating from now on, right?"

Suddenly, a beauty gently landed onto the stage. She was truly worthy of being known as a member of the six beauties of the universe, although they had now lost one of their members.

Her delicate brown skin was flawless and unblemished. She wore a beautiful sky-blue Saree dress with long and flowing sleeves, but had a body that clung tightly to her curves. Her hair was a long jet black, but her eyes shone a piercing sky blue... She was truly perfect.

Vidar, who was on the sidelines, gritted his teeth. He didn't know where Dyon had gone, but, for him to come back at this very moment when he had just taken a devastating loss truly irked him.

Elder Den couldn't find a reason to reject. Since Dyon had accepted his losses, there was no longer anything to discuss.

"Begin!"

Saru Shruti stood silently – completely unmoving. And yet, Dyon too didn't move.

"I've been looking forward to fighting you," her voice was gentle, like spring waters gliding over the smooth rocks of a river.

The crowd was immediately mesmerized. This was the first time they had heard this beauty speak throughout the entire competition.

However, her words only served to further aggravate Vidar. She hadn't spoke a word to him! She simply ended his chances with a simple palm!

Dyon shook his head. "Women are truly too dangerous."

Saru Shruti smiled. "Since I respect you, I'll give you the favor of using my full strength."

How sensitive was Dyon to music will? It could be said that he was nearly without match in this regard. It had been the very first will he grasped and that was when he had no real concept of such a thing. So, how could he not tell what Saru was lacing her voice with?

However, why was he frowning? If he knew what was happening, especially since it was a will he was so familiar with, what need would he have to frown?...

Quite simply put... This was a level of music will mastery he had never seen before.

Chapter 532: Disappoint

Saru's voice seemed to be everywhere at once. It echoed and reverberated as though a single sentence from her was worth the weight of thousands.

The air sung along with her melodic tone, trembling and dulling Dyon's senses. He couldn't help but stand there blankly for an instant, mesmerized and enraptured.

Vidar suddenly grinned on the sideline. This was how he had lost! Although Saru hadn't spoken to him, she had seemingly been able to effect change in the atmosphere, stunting his inner ear. He was disoriented and before he had the opportunity to do much of anything, he found himself kneeling in submission with his life under the full control of the beauty.

It was suffice to say that since Saru went out of her way to speak to Dyon, her attack on him was many times more effective!

This was a music path that Dyon had never heard of before... Something completely new. It went so far as gaining control over an entire sense!

Dyon's eyes dulled, darkening from their bright hazel green to a murky blackness. It was almost as though he had lost consciousness – losing a tangible understanding of what was going on around him.

Saru floated forward. Her speed was quite fast, and yet she still managed to seem unhurried.

A strange vibration began to compress on her small and delicate palms as she rapidly closed the distance. Her eyes were calm as a lake and her facial features didn't fluctuate. But, if you paid close attention, one could almost notice the small semblance of loss ... No, it was more like disappointment.

Saru lightly stepped before Dyon, the air on her palm oscillating gently as she pushed it forward.

All of her actions were graceful and seemingly without killing intent. However, any expert could see the danger of this attack. Despite all of the great warriors they had seen, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that Saru Shruti still boasted the strongest attack power!

BOOM!

Blood flew from Dyon's mouth as his chest almost caved inward. His body flew backward with such velocity that the back of his clothes were sheared off – first by the wind, and then from the friction, burning them to nothingness.

"Dyon!" Ri, Madeleine and Clara covered their mouths in horror. They had become so used to Dyon having everything within his control, so used to him being able to figure things out before he ever entered any real danger ... and yet, he had failed this time!

Even when he fought Femi, although there was a point where it seemed like he might lose, he had at least been able to put up a fight first! What was going on?!

Saru watched quietly as Dyon's body catapulted through the air. In her eyes, there was no need to attack again. She had no malicious intentions against Dyon. In fact, she cared little for this tournament in general. The only reason she fought was to sharpen her skills. She had thought that Dyon would be someone she would be able to do this against, but it seemed as though she had overestimated him.

In these tournament rules, there was no such thing as out of bounds. In reality, although the stage was quite large in and of itself, fights at this stage were no longer so restricted since they were occurring one at a time.

The battle would end when someone either gave up or lost consciousness. Those were the only two ways. Aside from death, of course.

Saru looked toward Elder Den to call the match. There was no reason to continue. In her estimation, there was no way Dyon had maintained his consciousness. The way her technique worked, it made

powerful bodies obsolete. It didn't matter how powerful Dyon's body was. In fact, as long as it was within Saru's range, having a more powerful body might be more of a detriment than a help.

Dyon's body crashed to the ground, skidding and skipping as though he was a flat rock gliding across water. The tough arena material even broke apart and separated as though it, itself, really was a liquid!

Noticing Saru's gaze, Elder Den frowned. He had been told, very strictly, by Patriarch Ragnor to maintain absolute fairness because they had been embarrassed enough times. He simply couldn't call the match even if he wanted to, Dyon still had his consciousness!

The flow of energy within a conscious versus unconscious expert was very clear and obvious. As a peak saint expert, how could Elder Den not be able to tell the difference? If he called the match prematurely, he'd become a laughing stock.

Saru Shruti raised an eyebrow, but, noticing that Elder Den had no intention of calling the match, a rare bit of surprise rippled across her features.

"Oh?" Her voice was light and detached as she looked toward the crater Dyon lied in.

She didn't hurry forward, deciding to observe the situation first. For him to take the full brunt of her attack like that, there was something off...

A hoarse cough suddenly sounded through the silent arena. The crowd watched with anticipation, wondering just what was happening.

Dyon stood slowly, still coughing. He winced a bit, stretching his back and spitting away the last bit of blood from his mouth.

"That was some attack," he said, laughing bitterly. The dullness in his eyes had faded, giving them back their previous sharpness.

Clara blushed furiously as she looked at the monitor, looking away to stop the quickening beat of her heart.

"Put on some clothes you pervert!"

Madeleine and Ri giggled at Clara's innocent reaction. But, what was maybe more surprising was the fact even Saru blushed, averting her gaze in such a way that it didn't seem like she was embarrassed, but rather that she couldn't be bothered to look at Dyon.

Looking down at himself, Dyon didn't seem too embarrassed. The sound of screeching females in the audience, though, awoke him to the fact that Ri would probably kill him if he didn't put on clothes soon.

Stretching his neck, Dyon's eyes flashed with gold, replacing his lost clothes in an instant.

Dyon jumped, propelling himself with wind will until he gently fell back a few meters before Saru.

"I have to say... Your technique is quite dangerous. It's certainly not simple to counter. But, if that's all there is, I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint another beauty today."

Chapter 533: First....!

Saru Shruti raised an eyebrow. She was trying to figure out whether this Dyon character was bluffing or not.

On one hand, it made no sense for him to have seen through her technique in only a single instant. It was much too complex, layered, and quite frankly, too high level for this universe.

But, on the other hand, he was clearly standing before her, perfectly fine. Had she underestimated the strength of his body? Or was there another problem with her calculations?

'No,' Saru inwardly shook her head, 'my calculations are never wrong.'

"I'm surprised, honestly." Dyon said, still stretching out the kinks in his body from being sent flying so far, "For such a dainty woman to be primarily a body cultivator. That's quite interesting."

Saru froze, her eyes narrowing.

Vidar grit his teeth. Dyon had already lasted for longer than he had, and he had clearly snapped out of the state he had the inability to.

Truth be told, Vidar's understanding of wills was shallow. It was his major flaw and a reason why his father hadn't hesitated to bring in Thor as a second first in line genius. Had he not been his son, Vidar might not have had that position to begin with.

That combined with the fact that Saru wasn't exaggerating when she said that her technique was far above anything from this universe, and Vidar simply stood no chance. He didn't have the experience, nor did he have the talent.

Suddenly, the space around Dyon began rippling.

"You..." Saru didn't know how to feel. Just what was she seeing? "I don't believe it." She said defiantly.

Saru flashed forward, no longer waiting and definitely no longer patient.

Her delicate palm stretched out, oscillating the air around it and compressing it into an attack.

The atmosphere around them began to gain that heavy and illusory feel it had in the beginning. Bells suddenly appeared along Saru's sky blue dress, causing a corrosive whistling sound to fill the atmosphere. There was no question that the level of this attack on the senses had reached an unprecedented level.

Members of the nearby audience began to lose focus in their eyes, becoming disoriented. Some of the even weaker began to bleed from their ears, seemingly oblivious to what was happening to them.

At this point, the damage to the audience could no longer be ignored. Just what level had the younger generation reached to be able to do such a thing? This had never happened during previous world tournaments!

Elders of the Cavositas family had no choice but to flash outward, acting as protectors to several sections at once. This universe simply didn't have Array Alchemy on the level necessary to provide such protection. Providing arrays for voice amplification of image projection were about their limit. Had it not been for the previous Celestial Deer Sect, even interplanetary travel would be near impossible!

In an instant, Saru appeared before Dyon. Her palm struck outwards, decidedly more vicious.

A strange white pureness came condensed with her attack, causing its danger level to increase even further.

Dyon's eyes flashed with a high degree of focus before his palm, too, struck outward.

The air between their strikes compressed, turning into such a powerful vacuum that the tiles beneath their feet blasted outward.

For a moment, it seemed as though they were evenly matched. Both Saru and Dyon stood in a deadlock, palms seemingly touching, but really, they were separated by a thin film of volatile air.

Suddenly, the skin of Dyon palm sheered, splitting open and erupting in a volcano of blood as his body was once again sent flying without remorse. And yet, Saru was not the least bit happy as she watched him once again skid through the air and ground.

It didn't take Dyon so long to get up this time. He was up in an instant, flashing toward Saru and striking his palm outward again.

Saru's palm slapped Dyon away again, her strange white energy becoming more intense as her agitation grew.

However, despite being sent flying for the third time, Dyon didn't seem perturbed. In fact, there was a light smile playing on his features.

The crowd seemed confused. Why was this so one sided? And since it was, why hadn't Dyon given up yet?

A chorus of boos began to rain downwards as chants for Dyon to give up became louder and louder.

Vidar stood on the sidelines, sneering on one hand, and sighing in relief on the other. So what if he had lasted a bit a longer? Vidar thought. Even if he had, it just made Vidar look smarter for resigning much quicker. One knew his limits, and the other didn't.

That said, the growing frown on Saru's face told an entirely different story. In fact, if anyone was really paying attention, they would have noticed that she had long since stopped trying to use her confusion technique at all. Why? Because it wasn't working!

Dyon leaped upwards for the fifth time, his clothes completely unscathed and the smile on his face all the more entrancing.

"Time to get serious, don't you think?" He said lightly as his skin subtly bulged in agitation. "Demon Emperor's Will. Act 1. Stage 3. Perfection."

Dyon's speed reached an all new height. Booms of sounds and circles of agitated air blasted in his wake as he sent a sixth palm toward Saru.

Vidar's sneer only got wider as the crowd continued to boo, calling for Elder Den to end it. And yet, something astonishing happened.

BOOM!

Saru and Dyon's palms met. However, this time, there was no pocket of air between them and there definitely was no one sided affair. Even Saru's odd wide energy cracked under the pressure, slamming their palms together.

For a moment, people were almost fooled into thinking they were once again equal. But then, Saru stumbled backward!

Saru looked up in shock even as her father, Patriarch Shruti eyes widened in surprise.

She had lost her first exchange!

Chapter 534: Too...

A light smile played Dyon's lips. But, inwardly, he was still quite surprised. He had boosted his body cultivation by eight and yet he had only managed to make Saru stumble a step or two. Maybe the most troubling part was the fact he was sure that as a body cultivator, her techniques weren't limited to this.

Not to mention the fact his palm was still trembling from their contact.

'I won't be able to beat her with just body cultivation.' Dyon thought to himself silently.

"To have figured it out so quickly... You are truly a wasted genius." Saru said lightly, however, her latter words were spoken directly into Dyon's mind.

'Wasted genius?' Dyon raised an eyebrow but didn't think much of it.

"Your technique is fairly clever, but I have too much experience in the wills you use for it to have taken me a long time to figure it out." Dyon responded.

Saru shook her head, flashing forward to clash palms with Dyon once again.

Their battle raged, ripples in space and compressed air sending loud and crashing booms to the ears of those in attendance.

"You don't seem to understand," Saru said, her face serene even as their mighty strikes seemed to cause the world itself to collapse. "You're not normal."

Dyon smiled lightly as he began to coat his palms with celestial will, seeking out a way to break Saru's odd white energy.

"It's more so that you're underestimating the world I come from," Dyon replied.

The two of them clashed, their bodies both being sent flying.

An array appeared behind Dyon in an instant as wings burst from his back. A violent wind will sharpened his palm strikes and he sent wave after wave of compressed air toward Saru's retreating figure.

"Your first technique was a simple trick. You disorient the senses by using a combination of essence energy sent messages with real world messages. Something as simple as making a sound that really comes from the right, actually seem like it comes from the left, can cause an odd sense of imbalance and confusion." Dyon slowly explained even as weapon's hell array spun into existence, hundreds aiming directly at Saru.

"The inner ear itself is already important toward balance. So, if you add an extra level of complexity by disrupting its function, then you have a technique that leaves a person in an uncomfortable daze."

Saru leisurely dodged Dyon's attacks, slipping by them with ease. Her clan had its own sensing type technique that once again made use of vibrations and music will. She could dodge these attacks even with her eyes closed if she chose to.

But, despite her outward appearance, the shock in her heart was truly too much. She had expected Dyon to have a surface level understanding of her technique considering he had been able to adapt so quickly, but this explanation was truly too in depth! At Saru's level, that was exactly how the technique worked!

Dyon's weapon's hell pagoda blossomed into existence, plunging the surrounding arena into an eerie darkness of dripping blacks and reds.

A javelin jetted out from its doors, landing in Dyon's hands as a blazing formation of blinding white lights.

"Your palm strikes though," Dyon continued as he layered his javelin with piercing sword and wind will before pumping it was such pure demonic will that his skin reddened even further. "Those are quite special and are what really took me a bit of time to counter."

Dyon's arm shot forward, relentlessly sending his javelin toward Saru's calm features.

"Shruti's Stomp, First Performance." Saru's curved body quivered, her hands clapping together as her foot rose before gently falling. There was no force in her actions, and yet a light ripple of blazing white took form, meeting Dyon's javelin head on without fear. Saru didn't even feel the need to dodge

"Every object has a certain frequency to it. The reason why a voice can shatter glass is exactly because of that. But, it's also what makes you quite dangerous," Dyon said, admiring Saru's defenses as they stopped his javelin.

This was why Saru had attack power among the best and why powerful bodies meant nothing to her. Saru had such mastery over the vibrational path of music will that she was capable and keying in on an object's internal frequency. She would then use that information to send palm strikes at this frequency to shatter her attack target in an instant. By all rights, Saru's first palm to Dyon should have completely crushed his inner organs to minced meat.

The only way to counter this technique was by either using overwhelming energy to suppress the attack, have a body so strong that it was outside of Saru's capabilities to match the frequency of, or, as Dyon had done, counter her wave frequencies with your own!

A massive animal's foot stomped down on Dyon's javelin, shattering it in an instant and leaving behind Saru's immaculate figure in the center of the ring.

Dyon's wings flapped leisurely in the skies as he looked down. He was confident, but he was also being cautious now. Although Saru had displayed more than enough talent to warrant the top ten, she was definitely still withholding more of her power. The question was... Just what were her limits?

Suddenly, Saru's white aura amplified to an all new level.

Her sharp blue eyes paled so completely that they became as white as the energy raging around her.

In the next instant, an oppressive and royal aura filled the stadium. It took Dyon but a moment to recognize the will path... The sovereign path...

Saru's long brunette hair whipped about wildly as her aura continued to grow.

Her body disappeared behind the blinding lights, sheering her clothes away as her skin began to be coated from toes to neck in a beautiful white leathery skin.

Patterns of gold and black trailed over her body, complimenting the tyrannical white. In the end, even her hair became a wonderland of blinding lights.

In the next moment, a five headed white elephant manifested ethereally above her head, roaring into the skies with a domineering might that shook the very foundations of the stadium.

Saru Shruti stood completely unperturbed. It was as though she had swapped her dress for a tight-fitting leather body suit, however, the partial scales covering on her nipples and treasured area made it clear to everyone watching that this was in fact her very own body.

She was like a she-devil. But her beauty had been brought to such an oppressive level that it was becoming difficult for bystanders to control themselves. It was as though a beauty beyond words had put on a skin-tight body suit that left so little to the imagination that she might as well be naked.

Saru's hair finally settled down from its blinding light, resting to a bright white along with her eyes.

"You should be proud," Saru said lightly, her voice seemingly layered with the airs of a queen, "Although this will be over before you get to enjoy the feeling, know that you are the first of my generation that I've had to use this transformation on."

Saru's feet sunk into the arena, cracking the tiles. It wasn't that she tried to do so... She was simply too heavy now.

"Come."

Chapter 535: Danger

Saru's feet angled upwards, leaving on the tips of her toes gracing the ground as an unparalleled savage and bestial aura dripped from her.

Dyon looked at the majestic elephant in the skies. There was only one way for a body cultivator like Saru to display a manifestation... Whatever her bloodline was, it was at the level of a transcendent level beast at a minimum!

'Come... huh?' Dyon watched silently as Saru continued to sink into the ground. It seemed that the arena itself could collapse around her at any moment.

For the first time in this competition, Dyon's humanoid manifestation made an appearance.

A domineering aura flooded the arena, clashing with Saru's sovereign path will. It leered over the surroundings, suffocating all those who looked at it.

Arrogance. Confidence. Unbridled contempt for all those who even had the thought of looking at it.

Six flaming black gold circles bobbed gently behind its twin pair of wings as wills erupted around Dyon.

His eyes reddened, carrying flecks of gold and purple as he pushed the Mathilde family's Asura's eye boldly flashed into existence.

The world became clear in an instant. Everything was so clear that even with the raging sound of the crowd, Dyon could see and hear the robust beating of Saru's heart. Her blood pumped so vigorously and with such vitality that her power could not be questioned.

Suddenly, all Dyon could hear was the beating of his own heart. It wasn't that the crowd had silenced itself, or that he had entered some kind of zone. The sound quite literally could not make it to them.

And then, Saru attacked.

Her speed was blinding, something that even lower level saints couldn't match up to. She blurred on the monitors, disappearing from sight. And yet, her movement were incomparably clear to Dyon.

His black metal wrist band sprung to life, appearing as a blade six feet in his hand.

Saru's trajectory didn't change. Her every muscle flexed in unison, like an engine revving all of its pistons at once.

This time, the air in her palm not only held the ripple of vibrations and her oppressive white energy, but also a flurry of lower level wills, boosting her power directly.

Dyon's movements were slow, but deliberate. His sword swung with a qi fused perfectly with her sparkling space will, sheering space in half with such power that the distinct sound of tearing filled even their vacuum-like space.

In an instant, blade met palm. And yet, there was no sound. The wills let a muffled groan loose as they both retracted their attacks before immediately continuing in a burst of exchanges.

Saru's speed was only matched by her nimbleness. Dyon's sword play didn't seem to have a style of its own. In fact, it was basic and simple. And yet, every strike held an ease of movement and a calculated lethality that seemed to cut off Saru's plans multiple steps ahead of them taking action.

The crowd almost wanted to laugh at Dyon's simple and reserved swings. Was this really what you'd call a sword master? And yet, as their exchanges continued, the less the waves of laughter came.

There was no doubt that Saru was much faster than Dyon, and yet, she had yet to land a solid hit. She felt stifled and stuffed into a box. Dyon sword play wasn't an art. It was a science.

The space around Dyon's jet black blade sang with a whistling superiority, perfectly countering each of Saru's attempts.

The swordsman in the crowd didn't know how to feel. Was this really the discipline they had spent studying their whole lives? It was so... crude...

A simple first level sword and space will danced along Dyon's blade as he continued to minimize his movements. What few noticed was that as time passed, his movements became more minimalistic. And with every swing of his arm, the wills on his blade became thinner and sharper.

Saru's features remained calm, but her heart was dancing about wildly. Any one of the things Dyon was doing to her now seemed ridiculous. And somehow, she got the lurking feeling... That he was still learning!

Her palm struck out again, meeting Dyon's blade for maybe their hundredth exchange.

Saru winced, her foot burying itself into the ground as she explosively retreated.

Looking at her palm, Saru's features fluctuated for the first time.

Blood slowly dripped from her toughened skin, falling to the ground silently under her gaze.

Dyon raised his sword above his head, causing a reverse pulse of space to accumulate as though it was a heart beat. The air vibrated and oscillated violently, trembling under the pressure.

Suddenly, the space and sword will fusion went under a fundamental change that sent small blades of unparalleled sharpness dancing around the stage.

Saru's arms crossed her face, protecting it as she dodged.

'A level two fusion... Truly a wasted genius...'

"Maybe if you were as old as you said you were, you would have won." Dyon said lightly, taking advantage of the fact their noise was isolated. "This is the first time I've met a woman who willfully added years to herself."

Saru froze. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Dyon smiled but didn't say anything further. "Be sure to say 'I give up' in time. I would hate to be the man who erased such a beauty from this world."

Saru's heart raced as Dyon's sword oscillated yet again. 'No... Third level?!'

How often did Dyon get to fight someone on his level? The sad truth was that it was rare for him. Quite frankly, as his soul strength continued to sky rocket, he found fighting people in and around his cultivation tedious. Their movements were so slow, and his mind calculated so quickly that even if his energy and body couldn't keep up, he could take shortcuts to succeed.

But, Saru was different. She was the first that he had met since he awakened his energy cultivation that truly pushed him. And because of that, he was able to refine himself and learn.

"Take my attack." Dyon said faintly as his hand swung down from its lofty position.

Suddenly, the barrier of sound completely shattered. An incomparably large gash of space and sword qi twinkled with a dangerous light, prepared to halve Saru's perfect body.

There was only one thought Saru's bestial instincts screamed through her ears.

"Danger!"

Chapter 536: Tragic

Saru's white eyes flashed. "Shruti's Stomp. 3rd Performance!"

The five headed white elephant looming behind Saru trumpeted into the skies. The space shook violently as Saru clasped her hands together.

Beasts with weaker bloodlines trembled, bowing in agitation to the appearance of their queen.

Suddenly, three massive elephant feet appeared in the skies, layering atop of one another and sending a tempest of air rushing outward from itself. Its movements seemed slow, and yet maintained an air of suppression and dominance that threatened to shatter even Dyon's level three fusion.

In an instant, they clashed. Ethereal white leather matched an unrelenting slash, both not giving way. And yet... Dyon raised his arm again...

His arm slowly swung downward, sending yet another careening toward Saru's already struggling features.

Blood seeped from her mouth as she struggled, unwilling to relent.

"Shruti's Stomp. 4th Performance!" Saru grit her teeth, pushing the words out even as she fueled yet another stomp.

However, there was only so far she could push herself.

Much like the soul and meridians, the body tires. When a body cultivator like Saru makes use of a manifestation, she was tapping into an innate technique of her bloodline, namely her defensive technique 'Shruti's Stomp'. However, the problem with doing such a thing, especially when Saru was so young, was that it worked to heavily fatigue her – she lacked the stamina and efficiency to use this technique for an extended period of time, let alone having the ability to use it to as high a level as she was now.

A low cry escaped from Saru's lips as her manifestation shattered.

Her delicate figure was blown away by the impact before being immediately chased into the distance by two space cleaving sword qis.

"Victor: Dyon Sacharro!"

Dyon stretched out his hand and shattered the sword qi. It was clear that Saru had lost consciousness, but, he flashed forward as his eyes shone a purple gold. Before anyone could see, a concealment array blossomed around Saru's still figure, but the glimpse of perfection Dyon saw caused his nose to redden before he turned away.

Saru had, of course, been relying on her transformation to hide her naked body. And, now that she had lost consciousness, it was suffice to say that that transformation hadn't lasted.

'I guess using any kind of manifestation in such a way is highly dangerous...'

It was clear that the reason Saru had lost consciousness was because of the shattering of her manifestation. Since it wasn't soul based, Dyon couldn't use Devour on it, but, that didn't stop him from overwhelming it anyway.

In the end, it became clear to Dyon that with greater talent and techniques, risk came along as well even when learning them was easy. Manifestations couldn't reach their peak usefulness unless they could materialize into the real world. And yet, almost ironically, it was that very materialization that put them at the most risk.

Dyon's eyes dimmed as he looked at Saru, but he quickly averted his eyes, placing the blanket he had created over her before shattering his concealment array and walking away.

It was clear to everyone in that instant that Saru was in the nude, and yet, there were mixed feelings about Dyon so quickly covering her up. That said, it was a clear sign of respect. Especially considering he hadn't extended the same courtesy to Iris Ipsum.

"Thank you," A soft voice came from behind Dyon as he walked away.

Looking back, Dyon smiled lightly before flashing away from the stage. Coincidentally, he landed beside Vidar who was apparently fuming in anger. It shouldn't have been so easy to beat her! Even if he understands music will, there shouldn't be anyone alive who could conquer her so quickly.

Seeing Vidar's face, a light smile played Dyon's feature.

"Forget ten moves... A single swing is probably enough at this point." He said lightly before walking away.

By the time Vidar had realized what was just said to him, Dyon was long gone, of in the distance and leisurely sitting cross-legged with his focus focused. However, he couldn't say anything. He could only watch and accept...

"Next Match!" Elder Den boomed, "Arivata Shruti vs Jace Clyte!"

Arivata was already on the stage, gingerly helping her cousin down from the stage as her name was called. In the next moment, she had stepped forward, prepared to battle.

In the skies, Dyon had closed his eyes in meditation. He had truly learned a lot from his fight. Namely, he had learned that with his increased soul strength, he could finally fuse wills beyond just the first level!

In addition, he was able to control the output of his sword-space fusion into finer and finer detail, such that the sharpness would be concentrated and therefore all the more potent.

Time and time again, he found that his soul gave him an unprecedented advantage in terms of comprehension ability. And yet, he had yet to fully grasp just why that was as the battle between Arivata and Jace erupted.

The soul was of unprecedented importance to the martial world despite its being neglected. Despite what the pursuit of energy and body cultivation might tell you, both of those were just a means to an end, and both were just as fleeting. What truly connected you to this world was your soul.

When Ancestors of clans slept to increase their karma during reincarnation, it was their soul that tethered them to this world and gave them an opportunity. When you reached the pinnacle of mortal cultivation, it was your soul that aided you in forming your Dao. When you transcended above it all, it was your soul that housed your cultivation, forming faith seed and passing it along as you saw fit.

The soul was without a doubt the foundation of all things, the core that made up your world and how you perceived everything around you.

Without a soul, you were disconnected from the world in a way that could only be described as tragic.

Chapter 537: Next Match

Dyon's meridians trembled during his meditation, but he forcefully suppressed it once again, unwilling to have a breakthrough in his energy cultivation right now. He could almost sense his individual meridians slowly becoming a bottomless depth... As though they were approaching a limit of infinity. But, he calmed himself, knowing that the process would take much longer than it seemed.

Arivata and Jace's battle seemed to last the longest. Arivata was a body cultivator, much like Saru. But, she didn't have the same bodily transformation Saru did. It was either that her bloodline wasn't potent enough, or she hadn't tempered herself enough to be able to.

That said, it didn't stop her vibrational wills from being potent.

On the other side, though, Jace was clever enough to use his own form of counter. As a wind will expert, he was capable of copying Madeleine's methods in creating a vacuum to not allow the oscillations in the air to effect him. It was quite possible that had Jace never seen Madeleine's battle, he would have never understood this point. But, on the other hand, he deserved credit for being clever enough to figure out just what Madeleine was doing, why she was doing it, and how she was doing it.

In the end, though, Arivata managed to outlast Jace. Because of her body cultivation, her stamina was just that much better. Jace wasn't used to Madeleine's technique, and as such, was much less efficient and wasted a lot of energy. In the end, it was a recipe for his failure.

"Victor: Arivata Shruti!"

The battles continued until everyone had fought five total battles. Because Dyon had been called so frequently to begin with, he was conveniently not called up again. It was becoming very clear to everyone that these "random" matches, weren't so random after all.

Vidar boasted a single win against Dyon forfeit, and another against Thor's forfeit. However, he was clearly unhappy with it because aside from those two forfeits, he couldn't seem to buy another win. Even Caedlum who had conceded his other four matches decided to fight him and won!

After his fight against Vidar, Caedlum took that opportunity to pre-emptively forfeit his remaining matches along with Thor, leaving the two of them as the tenth and ninth ranked for the tournament. Thor, of course, being tenth and Caedlum being ninth.

Because of the two of them, everyone else had at least two wins, and would as such be ranked above them.

Coming into the final stages, Jace Clyde had 3 wins, having been lucky enough to receive three forfeits since he was one of Dyon's opponents during his absence.

Dyon also had three wins, two were forfeits, and one was up against Saru Shruti.

Because Dyon had held back, Saru was able to fight again after receiving treatment. Although she didn't seem to be in tip top shape considering her manifestation had been shattered, she had already been running through the competition even without her body transformation. In her current state, she was still confident in ranking within the top five. But, her gaze seemed to shift over to Dyon much more often than she'd like to admit to herself. She couldn't help but think about not just the battle, but also Dyon's pointed statement about her true age...

The top contestants had yet to meet each other aside from Zabia and Tau. However, that match had been quite lack luster, resulting in Tau's win. Dyon had found that match odd himself, but he was busy trying to consolidate what he had learned.

Among the remaining contestants, only Tau Aumen and Lionel Belmont remained unblemished by losses. With there being a 4 ways tie for wins between Dyon, Vidar, Jace and Arivata, many thought that the rankings were fairly set when it came to the very top.

However, that was only until Arivata and Dyon were both called onto the stage and Arivata directly conceded in gratitude for Dyon protecting their young mistress' dignity.

With that, Dyon, Saru and Zabia became tied, each with four wins, with only Lionel and Tau above them with five.

Then, Saru and Zabia fought. It was a great battle, but it was once again odd... Saru won, moving ahead to five wins. But, Dyon couldn't help but once again feel as though there was something off about Zabia. His eyes seemed cold... Too cold. And yet, his killing intent wasn't being unleashed on his opponent... He seemed to be waiting for something... No... Someone...

The wins and losses no longer mattered to him... Again and again he ran over in his head what he had learned just earlier that day, but he couldn't seem to focus his anger... Not when it was on the wrong person.

Just earlier that morning, Zabia had been elated. His mother had accidentally let it slip that a few months earlier, she had sensed life within his wife, Ulu. However, she had chosen not to say anything because that was a moment a husband and a wife should share together. Often times, married couples would withhold such information from the public until a proper amount of time had passed – only then would they share it with family and friends.

But... Zabia's mother was beginning to get antsy.

'It's been almost three months now.' She had said. 'Why haven't you two let me know I have a grandchild coming along.'

Her words had been so cheerful and teasing. It sent Zabia into a frenzy, complete happiness overwhelmed his senses as he too playfully berated his wife for being too cautious and reserved.

'You're too calculating little Ulu. How could you not tell your husband!' He had laughed so uproariously, playfully putting his ear to his wife's stomach.

He hadn't noticed Ulu's lips tremble. He hadn't noticed her countenance pale. And by the time he had, and the stinging pain assaulted his senses... It was too late to take any of it back...

All of his joy... All of his anticipation... All of his plans...

All of it came crashing down...

"Next Match. Dyon Sacharro vs Zabia Jafari."

Chapter 538: Today...

Dyon stood silently across from Zabia. It wasn't lost on him that this man had some sort of connection with Ulu, but Dyon wasn't the type to transfer the sins of one to another. As far as he was concerned, Ulu had already paid dearly for her mistake and would be paying for the rest of her life. Whether the relationship between Ulu and Zabia was close or distant was irrelevant to him.

Zabia, however, wore an expression so dark that the atmosphere seemed to turn heavy in response. His momentum was deep and rumbling, his thoughts seeming to manifest and take form in the real world, carrying a hidden but towering strength with it.

Planet Nix was a planet that specialized in a host of rare wills and disciplines, each more troublesome and awe-inspiring than the next.

The Nuru God Clan was won born of darkness. Although failing to reach the pinnacle of a supreme law, the power of a wielder of darkness will could not be underestimated. The numerous paths birthed a versatile and dangerous will that left little weaknesses when mastered.

The Lebna God Clan was a clan of soul and spirit experts. Their seals were their trademark, capable of tying down even the most powerful of experts with a single thought. Their control over a battle field was near unmatched, and their manipulation was uncanny.

However, the clan that stood above them both was the Jafari Royal God Clan... Specialist in time will.

There was reason that time will wasn't listed among the supreme laws. Not only was it a will just as difficult to learn as any supreme law, it also didn't provide any of the benefits that should come with one. Legacies related to time will were too rare, and the use of time will was so constrained and limited by the laws of the universe that wielders of it would be seen as those wasting their time...

And yet, despite understanding this, the Jafari still continued to take pride in their speciality, still continued to pass down their wills... Still continued to hold on to this seemingly useless will.

Even Dyon only maintained his time will in order to make use of its fusion with his space will. It simply took too much stamina without enough pay off to wield time will... It wasn't worth it...

However... Somehow, the Jafari continued to survive. An ancient and stubborn clan, yes. But, one that had lasted through the torrent of the ages nonetheless.

Few understood why and even fewer understood how. But what was clear was that underestimating a clan like this, would only lead to your downfall.

Nearly half a minute had passed since Dyon and Zabia stepped onto the arena floor, and yet neither one had moved.

The crowd didn't dare to say a thing. If this was any other match, they would likely have begun to boo by now. But something seemed different about this match... There was a story they didn't know about.

Ulu watched silently from the Planet Nix stronghold. Her expression was dead, and her eyes were hollow. A dense darkness filled the space as everyone's mood seemed to sync in unison.

Her hand was placed lightly on her stomach as her chest beat slowly – almost too slowly – filled with endless regret. Why had she even done what she had done? Was it worth it in the end? Was the potential increase in power their clan might receive worth the life of her child?

Ulu couldn't even delude herself into thinking that had she known she was pregnant, she wouldn't... No, couldn't have thought of doing those things to Ri.

She wanted to believe that maybe if she had had a little bit more motherly instinct... A little bit more sympathy and foresight... She would have been able to avoid all of this...

And yet now all she had was a baby in her belly that she had little understanding of... Was her child already dead?... Did it matter if their child was alive?... With her womb sealed, how would she ever give birth?...

Ulu was a part of the Lebna God Clan. By all rights, with her sensitivity toward sensory type techniques, she should have been the very first to realize that she was pregnant. But, it seemed that their elders were just that much more powerful. Until this morning, she hadn't even known she was pregnant at all... And now she wished she never knew...

Maybe if it was just her womb that was sealed, Zabia might have been able to maintain enough rationality to put their plan first. But, how could he be expected to do so in this situation? Ulu hadn't even attempted to calm her husband down. She hadn't bothered to remind him that he was meant to seal and not kill Dyon. In fact, she hadn't even been able to speak or think clearly for the entire day.

All she felt was regret... Endless regret.

Elder Den stood in the skies with a confused expression on his face. Now more than a minute had passed and yet neither warrior had made a move. He was quite clear on the fact that he had long ago said begin, but there was little he could do now.

Dyon continued to stand silently, his eyes trained on Zabia who had yet to look up from the ground this entire time. Judging by his demeanor, Dyon had long since come to understand that this man's relationship with Ulu wasn't so simple. In fact, it was so close that Dyon could see his soul blackening more with each passing second.

Zabia didn't even seem to be using time will. The black fog wafting from him was without a doubt a darkness will.

Suddenly, the silence was broken.

"I don't care what your reason was. I don't care what you think my wife did or didn't deserve. For the price of playing with the life of my child... Today is the day you die."

Chapter 539: Detect

Tens of dense black swords appeared in the air as an opaque domain of blackness surrounded Dyon and Zabia.

Dyon's eyes flashed with a sudden realization. This technique was the same one used by Yazid against Vidar, and yet, it was on a completely other level. It even incorporated the darkness domain used against Thor!

The illusory and yet tangible sword blinked into and out of existence, but suddenly, as the domain thickened, they disappeared entirely.

Dyon had no time to think about what Zabia meant. And, quite frankly, he didn't have the time to care. He immediately bloomed his humanoid manifestation into existence, boosting his soul to its full extent while awakening the Mathilde family technique.

His eyes sharpened, piercing through the darkness as the swords once again appeared within his field of view.

Dyon had been very much impressed by this technique. It combined the use of time will and space will in a unique way, making use of their ability to distort reality in the perfect way. The only issue he had seen with the technique was the stamina needed. To use time will as a simple illusory technique buffer was like the waste of all wastes.

However, that was only what Dyon had thought before he saw the final attack that hit Vidar before he was forced to activate his Faith Seed's constitution.

At that time, Vidar had been standing completely still with his nerves prepared to react at any moment, and yet, in an instant, tens of swords wounds appeared on his body without any warning. There was no sword qi. There was no spatial fluctuation. In fact, the illusory and ethereal swords hadn't been anywhere near him.

Dyon had thought of two possible explanations for this.

The first was the dimension and multi-plane path of spatial will.

Dyon dodged to side, swinging his sword in its usual calculated angle as the soft clanging of metal meeting metal reverberated through the dark domain.

This multi-plane path of spatial will was something that Dyon had only thought of in theory before he found notes on it within the celestial deer sect's library. It was a path capable of hiding things in space. However, with enough mastery, it would begin to separate the image of something from its effects on the laws in whatever space you wanted.

Essentially, you could hide the body of a sword within a different plane, effectively hiding it from sight and perception. But, you could keep its sharpness within this plane. Thus meaning that you could make your attacks nearly undetectable.

This was on a completely different level than simple invisibility because while invisibility hid you from only one sense, this path hid you from all of them!

Dyon's ear twitched in agitation as his head dodged to the side. He hadn't heard anything, but the uncomfortable feeling of blood dripping from his ears had alerted him to something even his eye technique had missed!

'Dammit...'

Dyon could no longer see Zabia, and although he had the means to tear this darkness domain apart, he didn't want to play all of his cards all at once. He wanted to see just what Zabia wanted to do first.

Dyon knew a thing or two about being as angry as Zabia was now. Just because he didn't care for Zabia's anger, didn't mean he didn't understand it.

A man who had delved so far into his emotions wouldn't be content with killing his prey from afar. No. Zabia wanted to feel Dyon's flesh crumble beneath his palms, he wanted to see Dyon cry out in agony from as close as possible, he wanted to tear Dyon's soul out himself. This was nothing more than foreplay. Zabia was coming.

The crowd could only watch as the faint echoes of blades clashing against blades sounded. All they could see was a dense black fog, and yet the anticipation they felt hadn't died down not one bit.

It wasn't long before Ri, too, understood just what Zabia meant. Unlike Dyon, she didn't have to focus on a battle. So, when she heard Zabia mention a child, it was suffice to say that she was conflicted. She didn't know how to feel...

Yes, she absolutely hated Ulu down to her very core. Had Dyon not been strong enough to save her, wouldn't they be slaves right now? Would Ulu feel bad about Ri no longer being able to have children? Would this Zabia character even give them a second look? And yet, she was supposed to feel pity?

Ri clenched her fists so tightly that blood began to soak her palms. But, that was when a soft hand clasped over hers and she looked over to find Madeleine smiling gently.

"What would you do?..." Ri asked softly.

Madeleine at Ri for a good long while before shifting her gaze to the dome of darkness in the distance... A dome where their husband was without a doubt fighting for his life.

"Let's trust him with the answer." She finally responded. "Because I think you've already made up your mind." Madeleine smiled, gently circulating her celestial will to ease the pain in Ri's palm.

A half laughing sob escaped Ri's lips. She really had already made a decision. How could she allow a child to pay for the sins of their parents? It wasn't fair. But, at the same time, what if her and Dyon had been with child at the time too?

In the end, Ri could really only leave the answer to Dyon... Because there just didn't seem to be a right one...

Bloody wounds continued to accumulate across Dyon's body. His mind was racing as he continued to calculate again and again to make his sword swings more precise.

He had come to the conclusion that this likely wasn't the multi-plane path... Or, that it wasn't it alone. The reason being was simple. Dyon's space will was on a higher level than Zabia's, having already reached the 9th will level. There shouldn't have been anything Zabia could hide in space that Dyon couldn't detect.

Chapter 540: I'll Show You...

Regardless of whether Dyon used his spatial will to its peak level every time or not was irrelevant. The fact that his comprehension of space had reached that level meant that there was nothing Zabia should have been able to get past him. And yet, his wounds continued to grow.

They were shallow, and Dyon mostly dodged fatal wounds, but that still told him that there was more to this.

However... The second possibility that Dyon had thought of was much too frightening... If the Jafaris were really capable of such a thing, they were too heaven defying!

If such a thing was possible, all thoughts of time will not being a Supreme Law would be completely upturned.

He wasn't willing to conclude such a thing so easily.

Unbeknownst to Dyon, Zabia was slowly edging toward him. He had long since understood that Dyon had senses that were far from the norm, or else he wouldn't have been able to deal with the disparity in speed between him and Saru. In addition, his grandmother in law and matriarch of the Lebna God Clan had already warned him that Dyon's soul level was ridiculously high.

Knowing this, he had decided to be cautious. Despite his anger reaching a fever pitch, Zabia had spent all day tempering it, even going as far as to lose battles that were well within his ability to win just for the sake of hiding his power.

This Dyon character had surpassed his limits time and time again. And, Zabia had little doubt that Dyon had yet to use his full power.

Maybe, if Zabia knew just how much Dyon had hidden himself, he would have been even more cautious.

Blades began to appear from nothingness before Dyon, slicing passed his defenses and digging into his once unblemished skin. He already brought his Demon Emperor's Will to the peak of the first act, and yet he still found his reaction time to be too slow.

Suddenly, a palm slammed into Dyon's back, causing his eyes to widen with shock. 'How did he get so close!?'

Dyon tumbled forward, his back searing with pain. Suddenly, his Demon Emperor's Will fell from the third stage to the second. And then from the second to the first. And then it stopped rotating entirely!

It felt as though Dyon's body was as fragile as when he first stepped into the martial world.

He could feel the seal trying to worm its way toward his soul cultivation, but it shattered entirely. However, his energy cultivation didn't have the same luck – being sealed completely.

'What...' Dyon's eyes flashed with seriousness. But, before he could do anything, he felt a sharp sword sliced into his left arm.

Dyon had tried to dodge with his usual minimal movement, but he suddenly realized that his speed was nowhere near where it had been.

'Shit'.

Blood ran profusely down Dyon's arm as it hung limply to his side. He immediately diverted his soul power from observation to healing, but that was the instant danger flashed through his senses again.

He leaped backwards, furiously creating amplification arrays at his feet to make up for his lost speed.

Dyon's right arm flashed forward, swinging three times in quick succession.

The dings of metal on metal rang outwards even as even more cuts appeared on Dyon's back, cutting much deeper with the loss of his body's toughness.

It didn't take long for Dyon to understand what had happened. 'He cheated!'

How could someone Dyon's age create a seal capable of hindering his energy and body cultivation? If his soul cultivation hadn't been so domineering, wouldn't he be completely helpless right now?!

There was no doubt in Dyon's mind that this was an external aid brought in by Zabia. It's no wonder he had used the darkness domain even knowing that it was useless against Dyon. It wasn't for the sake of Dyon, but so that no one could see what was going on!

Anger built up in Dyon's chest. He didn't care if this Zabia wanted to get revenge for his wife, but what he did care about were those who used despicable means even when they were clearly in the wrong.

Suddenly, a laugh so arrogant and pompous it made even noble men shiver rang outwards from Dyon.

His soul power raged, breaking through from the Lower Saint stage to the peak of the Middle Saint stage in one step.

All the while, this Zabia was using his darkness will to hide his deeds from the crowd, while using another technique entirely to hide from Dyon. It wasn't a space technique. No. It was a time technique. One that would have been enough to frighten anyone in existence if used by the proper expert. But right now, Dyon could hardly care.

The Tree of Life and Death ripped through space, tearing the darkness domain apart in with a single sweep.

Zabia's figure was revealed in an instant, but seeing that Dyon only had an injured arm, he frowned. He had no idea how Dyon had dodged with all of his cultivation sealed... Unless...

'His soul isn't sealed!'

"I don't feel like wasting my words on you." Dyon said through a sneer so fierce that it was almost as though he treated Zabia as a shit stain beneath his feet. "You think you've known despair? I'll show you true despair."

A wild aura raged from Dyon, permeating such dense darkness that the smell of death and bloody roses filled the arena.

Dyon's humanoid manifestation roared into the skies, causing the protector elders to once again have to take action, shielding the audience from the permeating music intent laced with Dyon's new comprehension of the vibrational path.

Tattoos of grey and black danced across Dyon's skin, greying his healthy caramel to a pale white.

The seal within Dyon eroded to nothing, being eaten away by death qi in an instant. It stood not a single chance.

Just as quickly, Dyon's body and energy cultivation raged to their peak, breaking him through to the third stage of his Demon Emperor's Will.

The crowd trembled as even the God and Royal God Clan heads stood to their feet and the hearts of the top ten rankers seized.

Dyon's sword morphed in his right hand, growing steadily into a ten-foot-tall rod. In the next moment, a blade curved from its edge, glistening in an eerie darkness as it loomed over Dyon's figure.

The weapon's pagoda in the skies trembled in space, leaking a dense fog that touched down to the arena, quaking the stadium in its entirety.

A supreme law that hadn't made an appearance in the martial world since the death of the phoenixes had finally made its way back.

Dyon's scythe swept across his body, sending a tempest of winds raging through the air and shattering the ground beneath his feet.

"I'll show you death."