

The Nameless 541

Chapter 541: Good.

There was not a single pair of eyes not trained on Dyon. Whether they understood just what it meant for him to have mastery over such a will or not was irrelevant, the very feeling he was giving off was enough for the hearts of the masses to be moved in a way they had never felt before.

Supreme Laws were known as such not just for their power, but for their necessity. The world itself couldn't function without them, and yet, that didn't mean that some weren't still superior to others. And how many could possibly be superior to death itself?

The universe trembled in agitation, groaning in complaint. The only place that Dyon had used this form was within the Epistemic Tower – an isolated world. Even he hadn't been aware of what his power would do within the real world.

He suddenly felt unprecedented control over the stream and flow of things. He felt as though he had comprehended one portion of a cycle, and yet just that small portion was so vast and all consuming that he felt unstoppable.

He felt everyone's vulnerability. His Mathilde family technique suddenly upped its level of lethality, no longer just helping him see through techniques, but now also helping see how to most efficiently kill the one he was using it on.

Everything around him seemed to erode, even to the point of the strain on his own body being constantly fought against decaying in an instant. But, Dyon knew he could hold such a thing off for quite a while. Whether it be the purity of his energy cultivation, or the power of his soul, both helped him greatly in this aspect.

Ulu trembled looking at Dyon's transformation. With her sensory type abilities, how could she not understand the increase in Dyon's power? Not to mention the fact that their seal had failed! That was impossible unless his soul had been comparable to her own grandmothers!

Matriarch Lebna could only sigh. She had known that this was had a large chance of happening as soon as she noticed that even she had the inability to see through Dyon's soul cultivation. However, what could they do now? Even when she had warned Zabia, he was inconsolable. He wouldn't listen to reason. In fact, the look he had had in his eyes had scared even her.

She treated Zabia like a grandson, but in reality, he had the power and cache in their clan to command for even her death. However, today was the very first day that she had ever felt that if she pushed him too far, he really might use that power.

Dyon's scythe twirled across his palm as he felt his power steadily rise. Controlling a supreme law didn't end at just the will itself, but it gave you a fundamental boost in all aspect by connecting you to the true nature of things. Dyon's body suddenly felt one with world, a state completely impossible to reach with any less than will. A state that should only be possible once a will reached an 8th level intent!

With a single step forward, Dyon was instantly before Zabia's angered figure. In reality, Zabia was nearly a meter taller than him. And yet, he felt so very small. He was but a leaf in a stream controlled by Dyon.

Zabia's eyes flashed. Dyon's one weakness had been his lack of cultivation, which gave him a severe speed and reaction disadvantage. He had been forced to constantly calculate tens of steps ahead of his opponents in order to maintain a semblance of competition. And yet, all of that had changed.

Dyon's space will reached a new level, making use of his one with world state, he could use his space will to step through the void, something that would only be possible before had it been an intent or had it been the supreme law of void itself!

Ripples of darkness emanated from Dyon's bare feet as they slowly touched down. His movements were slow and deliberate, and yet Zabia couldn't make a single move.

A scythe screaming with death swung downwards, lofty and unblemished by the world. Its will was absolute. There was nothing could escape it.

"AAGGHH." Zabia's left arm was completely cut away from his body, flying off in a gush of endless blood even as he violently retreated.

And yet, even as he did so, his cries of agony only rang out again as his right leg was sliced away.

The crowd watched in horror as the systematic dismantling of a top 3 ranker took place directly before them. Was such a competition truly meant to be so easy?

Zabia's efforts at retaliation never reached Dyon. The ripples in space and time that set up his sword formation were completely sheered apart and eroded away by Dyon's sword will. His attempts at hand to hand combat were met with a blade and shining blackness, ending only in endless agony.

Blood poured from Zabia's body. But, he refused to give in. He constantly climbed back to his one leg, propping himself up by his single arm, even as fogs of black spilled from his wounds along with his blood.

His once dark and flawless still looked sickly. It began to flake and fall off with his every struggle. His black hair greyed, then whitened – with every passing moment, the domineering effects of death were taking their toll.

Ulu had become hysterical. Screaming out with tears streaming down her face as she was held back. She squirmed and pleaded, but her cries fell on deaf ears.

Dyon's face was deadpan. His skin had paled to such an extent that it had lost its tanned and healthy color, but he was so lost in his feeling of power that he had yet to notice the price he was paying.

The celestial experts couldn't stop trembling. The shock they were being given by just this one boy was too much. Just how could a child with less than three years of experience in the martial world reach this level?!

"Good." Zabia roared madly as he lifted himself up again. "Good! I'll play with you to the end!"

Chapter 542: Lay

A wild burst of aura erupted from Zabia's body. Flames of white danced around him, sparking and flaring to new heights with every passing moment.

"NO!" Ulu shrieked, her voice straining so much that her throat sheered against the force of her voice. Blood flew from her mouth before she passed out. Her psyche could no longer handle what was happening. This wasn't how it was meant to go. They were meant to be the King and Queen of their generation, moving their clans forward to a new level of prosperity.

It wasn't meant to go like this... It couldn't go like this...

King Belmont frowned as he watched the pure white flames rage around Zabia.

In the martial world, there were plenty of techniques capable of enhancing your abilities for an instant, but some came with more of a toll than others depending on the quality and the power provided by the technique.

However, there were two techniques anyone could use should they be willing to do so. These techniques gave a power boost beyond even words capable of explaining such things, and yet the price they cost would be high... It was a price you should only be willing to pay should your life be on the end of its rope.

The first, and milder of the two techniques, was the burning of Blood Essence. During cultivation, whether deliberately by body cultivation, or not – by simply focusing on energy cultivation – blood essence would increase. Much like the soul, should a person choose to place all of their efforts into energy cultivation, blood essence would slowly lag behind by a few stages, gradually increasing, but at a much slower rate.

Should one want a temporary power boost, it was possible to burn your cultivation in this way, using your blood essence as a catalyst. This would result in a permanent drop in energy cultivation, as well as a severe weakening of the body for an extended period of time. Depending on how much blood essence was burning, one could increase their instantaneous power by as much as an entire stage, giving a first level Essence Gathering expert, the power of one at the second level and so on.

But... There was a much more severe technique. One that there was nearly no coming back from even if you had the best medicines in the world... One that would put your life on the line itself... And that, was the soul burning technique.

So often people underestimated the power of the soul, but little did they understand just how important it was. The soul was a fundamental connection to the world itself. It was what truly gave mortals the right to forge their place in the world and it was the gift of the heavens to the weak so that they could one day become strong... The idea of burning such a gift away from temporary power was unheard of... And yet, that was what was happening now...

Zabia's peak Essence Gathering cultivation tore through the divide, causing clouds to rage in the skies as saint energy rained down upon him.

And yet... It didn't stop there...

First saint level... Second... Third... Fourth...

The crowd watched in shock as Zabia's cultivation continued to climb, seemingly without pause.

"You want to show me death? I gladly accept! But before I step away from this world, I'll show you the pride of my Jafari Clan!" Zabia roared into the air.

Suddenly, sparkles of silver and black overwhelmed the black fog that leaked from his wounds. And then, before the eyes of everyone... His limbs grew back!

No... That's not what happened... Time reversed on his wounds... It was almost as though they had never happened to begin with!

This was the price necessary to use time will as a Supreme Law. This was the price detailed and explained in the Jafari legacies. For the power to control the universe as you saw fit, to bend it to your will and see what you want done, done... The cost was your life!

All of this time, Zabia had been using a technique that was already heaven defying. By restricting his time will to an infinitesimally small distance above his skin, he could control the time for him and him alone. He could extend this principal to his swords as well, controlling just the time flow of them as objects. With this loophole, he was able to use time will to the capacity of a Supreme Law within that finite space.

That was how he was able to sneak up on Dyon in an instant and why Dyon was being cut by swords that were seemingly appearing from nowhere! The swords and Zabia had both been in the future while Dyon was still in the present! How could you possibly react to something not within your timespan?

The problem with this technique was that it was a ridiculous stamina drain. In addition to this, the more Zabia used it, the more damage his soul took. In a short battle, he could slowly heal himself over the course of a few weeks. But, in one as long as the one he fought with Dyon, he found himself struggling more and more as his stamina and soul depleted.

Seeing that his technique was no longer working, Zabia made a decision. As a man, he refused to not have the capability of protecting his own family. He hated himself for not having been there for Ulu when all of this had happened. And for what? To go on a bullshit mission he hadn't even really done anything during anyway? For the sake of increasing the power of a clan for what? For the future? What future was there if he couldn't protect it?

Zabia roared madly into the air as a heavy sword weighing hundreds of kilograms appeared in his hand. It was without a doubt a Spiritual weapon. However, the aura it gave off being flooded with endless saint energy was something that Dyon had never been able to match.

Fifth saint level.... Sixth....

"Die!" Zabia's figure disappeared completely. He was within a stream of time completely separate from everything, and yet his range had increased to such an extent that Dyon felt his reaction time significantly slow. Even the erosion ability of his death qi came to a full stop.

If time couldn't progress... How could there be any death?!

And then, the piercing sound of shattering bone rang through the arena.

Clara raised a shaking hand to mouth, tears falling without end. Ri's bestial roar shook the arena, her kitsune form bursting forth as all she saw was white. Madeleine paled, unable to move...

Dyon stood in the middle of the arena, his eyes slightly widened as he slowly looked down.

In his chest lay a massive sword.

Chapter 543: Even in Death

Zabia looked into Dyon's eyes cruelly, pulling his sword out to reveal a hole so massive that it shouldn't be possible for any meridian formation expert to survive.

And yet, he didn't feel happy. All he could hear were the wails of his wife as he fell to a single knee.

The soul burning technique should have lasted much longer than this, but what he had done with his time will was too heaven defying. All of the power he had gotten was used in an instant...

He had sacrificed for power once, and that had ended up with his wife's chances at having a child being shattered right before him. And then, at the end of his life, he had done it again... How laughable.

In all his anger and rage, he had insisted he was protecting his family, and yet now that he was dead, who would do so now? Would the fate of his wife and children change? What exactly had he accomplished in killing the only person he knew could cure her?

Kawa Acacia sped out from the Belmont skybox, intercepting her daughter and disappearing in space before anyone noticed her. She held Ri's head tightly against her chest as she shook violently.

Ri's screams filled the space, sounding completely inhuman. She pushed and scratched and clawed, but how could her cultivation be a match for Kawa's?

The crowd was stunned. They had no idea what had just happened.

In previous matches, it was very much possible for celestial experts to intervene. In a battle of such weak warriors, in their airs, it was as simple as waving a hand to interfere. And yet, in that instant, the battle had far surpassed that of the younger generation.

Dyon was using a Supreme Law! A will on the level of which none of them had managed to even remotely breach. It was a level of will that gave the Uidah an unprecedented advantage over them during each and every campaign, and that was without sending out their best!

Even worse, Dyon death will with without a doubt at the ninth level. The Uidah at most had ethereal permeation at the 3rd to 5th level. Just what kind of concept was it to have a supreme law at the peak will level? That was the equivalent of having an elemental will at the 8th intent level! It gave you access to one with world, something even they hadn't touched as experts.

It was at that point that there was little doubt in anyone's mind that Dyon was number one. It was simply impossible for any other members of the younger generation to match him. His power was too outstanding and his star shone too brightly. He was unmatched!

The thoughts of the crowd flashed back to their very interaction with this young man. They remembered the chorus of boos they had greeted with him and how unperturbed his confident smile had been as he swept two otherworldly beauties into his arms without a care for the world.

Number One in the World, he had said... The Demon Sage AKA Dyon Sacharro...

That name was burned into their memories. A genius that had died too early...

And yet, through all of this... Through all of this power... Yet another genius had willingly given up his life to kill him!

Zabia had used the sacrifice of his life in order to deal a fatal blow to Dyon. A fatal blow that utilized time will to a scale that shouldn't have been possible for any expert in the world... A skill so heaven defying that it had made the supreme law of death look like little more than child's play.

On a battle of that scale, even the celestial experts couldn't intervene. It had reached a level where even their thousands of years of cultivation meant absolutely nothing in the face of these children!

Zabia slumped to the ground, panting heavily as he held onto his heavy sword with the last of his power. His hair had whitened, first because of Dyon's death will, but then because of his own sacrifices. He battled hard, trying to keep his soul from dissipating, hoping against hope that maybe he had cut himself off from the power in time to salvage the last bits of his life... And yet, with every breath, his life seemed to slip further and further away from himself.

King Acacia looked down at the arena, his face such a harsh shade of red that everyone around him was afraid to say a single word.

'Didn't I say that I'd bring you back from the dead just to kill you again if you made my daughter a widow?!'

In the Ragnor and Cavositas section, Patriarch Ragnor insincerely shook his head, "Such a shame. For a genius to die so young."

Suddenly he paused, a message entering his ears, 'Now huh?... This is actually quite a good time. But, to think the diligent Elder Daiyu would make such a big mistake. It seems to me that you've gotten senile in your old age.'

There was no response as communication was cut off completely.

Patriarch Ragnor's blue eyes flashed. It was finally time. It wasn't ideal... But when were things like this ever?

On the arena floor, all pairs of eyes still rested on a handsome young man who remained standing tall. His scythe remained firmly planted on the ground even as blood dripped from the gaping hole in his chest...

The last pieces of his heart were still visible, but it had also very clearly stopped beating completely.

His inner organs had been smashed to oblivion, his blood pooled so thickly that it no longer shone crimson, but rather seemed to be a deep black. It was no longer possible to distinguish the individual bits and pieces falling out of him... The very fact he could remain standing was a testament to the arrogance that seeped into his very bones.

Even in death. He was still Dyon Sacharro.

Chapter 544: All the Anger in the World

The crowd remained silent. Even Elder Den wasn't entirely sure how to proceed. Although he had played his part in labeling Dyon as a coward, that was little more than because it was what he was told to do. However, if there was one thing that was always respected in the martial world...

It was strength.

It had become clear to everyone here that the likelihood either Tau Aumen or Lionel Belmont could survive the onslaught of Dyon's death qi was minimal. The idea of a nineteen-year-old having access to a supreme law, a supreme law that hadn't appeared in the world in thousands of years, and the fact he had somehow managed to learn it to the peak of the ninth level, was nothing short of ridiculous... And yet, hadn't that been exactly what occurred before them?

However, where there was sympathy and remorse, how could there not be satisfaction and hatred?

Iris Ipsum's younger sister after losing the love of her life to Dyon, had sent her very own blood to a fool's errand. In the end, her sister had ended up crippled and listless. The fact of the matter was that although Iris Ipsum was alive, she might as well have been dead. Her dignity had been stripped from her and it was all to protect a younger sister that had never been in the right to begin with.

But, to Rose Ipsum, with Dyon's death, justice had been served. She disgustingly chalked up her own elder sister's sacrifice as a price worth paying.

Madeleine's family breathed a sigh of relief. As long as Dyon was dead, there didn't seem to be a reason for Madeleine to avoid them anymore, and she could reassume her position as the Sapiientia first in line genius. Much like the rest of the naïve crown, they took the words of Head Sapiientia as law. So, when he had said that Madeleine was only allowed to go with Dyon if her virginity remained in tact, they had believed it wholeheartedly.

Dyon, of course, had let Head Sapiientia say whatever the hell he wanted because he knew Connery had no way of stopping him one way or the other.

'She's free...'

Madeleine's former master squeezed her fists with excitement. She had been forced to watch as Dyon began to output power that even she would have problems matching again and again, and she was becoming helpless to the situation.

Connery Sapiientia smiled lightly to himself. He was already thinking ten steps ahead. With Dyon gone, not only would there be no one to obstruct him in taking Madeleine back, he could also use Madeleine's status as Dyon's widow to take the items he left behind! Using the status of the Sapiientia, he would not only have the moral high ground, many would concede that allowing the Sapiientia to house things would be the least confrontational arrangement.

And, even beyond that, items in this universe capable of ascertaining virginity were practically nonexistent. Their rarity was on a completely different level. So, Connery could very well marry Madeleine off as he pleased!

The scheme came together so well that he almost lost his composure and chuckled.

All of this time, Madeleine hadn't moved a single inch. With each passing moment, her face seemed to grow a new shade of white as it became more and more clear just what had happened.

Tears fell from Clara's eyes uncontrollably. She couldn't remember the last time she had lost control of her emotions in this way, and yet, it was as though a flood gate had been opened. She wanted to speak, to say something... Maybe it was to scream out her hatred for the world... And yet, nothing would come out.

Meiying, with her changed countenance was stunned. Wasn't this the same boy that had saved her just a few hours ago? A boy with arrogance and pride seeped so deeply within his bones, and yet he didn't hesitate for a moment to throw it all away for the sake of her life?

Even worse, Meiying knew something no one else here knew. There was something attached to the death of a mortal that she couldn't even fathom bringing to light. It hurt too much. The pain in her chest only seemed to grow until she too felt tears streaming down uncontrollably.

However, in the midst of all of this, there was something those on opposing sides of the spectrum had yet to notice. Despite being dead, Dyon's array on Meiying's features had yet to disappear. Unlike his creations, something like that would have to be constantly powered by his soul and aurora.

But, maybe most glaringly was the fact his manifestations had yet to disappear from the skies...

There stood tall his humanoid manifestation, along with the Tree of Life and Death Dyon had used to tear apart Zabia's darkness domain, and even still there was his weapon's pagoda...

That left one simple question that no one had asked yet... How could a dead man still have a soul?...

Within an odd cut-off world, Dyon swore to himself for probably the millionth time. He couldn't believe how ridiculous this situation was, and the more he thought about it, the more pissed off he got.

'I'm in this situation because people can't accept responsibility for their actions? Really? This bullshit martial world. I swear to god if I don't wipe this entire place beneath my feet, I might as well not be Dyon Sacharro.'

What probably pissed Dyon off the most was how he assumed his wives were reacting. And what about Clara? They shouldn't have to go through this.

'Fucking Hell.'

He was absolutely furious. If he could have, he would have been thrashing about, venting his fury on any practice dummy he could find. He wouldn't even mind giving Vidar the time of day just so that he could pummel his skull in!

However, all of the anger in the world wasn't going to do a damn thing for Dyon right now.

Chapter 545: Torrent

There were a few things working in Dyon's favor. But, unfortunately, there was much more working against him right now.

His first instinct was to immediately use his soul power to the maximum level to heal his body, but there were a few issues with that. But, none were more important than the fact the only reason he hadn't died was because of Zabia.

How ironic. The person responsible for putting him in this situation was also the only one giving him a possible out.

During Zabia's last attack, he had stopped time flow completely around Dyon. This was because without time flow, death qi became completely useless. As Zabia had thought at the time: How could there be any death without time progression?

This was an absolutely domineering and heaven defying technique that was currently costing Zabia his very life, despite the small scale it was being used on.

However, even with the sacrifice of his life, Zabia was still completely unable to lock Dyon's soul in time – although he had been able to slow it significantly. Which meant that if Dyon so wished it, he could tear through this film of time-stop by exerting pressure on it with his soul. But... There-in lied a problem...

As soon as Dyon removed this time-stop, his body would speed toward death immediately. He didn't have the confidence to ensure that he could preserve his life before that occurred. He would have to reconstruct all of his inner organs first, at a minimum! With how powerful Dyon's body was now, even with his Saint soul, that was too tall a task. It would take him at least half an hour, even if he was minimalistic and quick.

In the end, this meant that Dyon's one saving grace was also acting like a ticking time bomb. The more time that passed, the more likely the time-stop would shatter without Zabia's power backing it. Then Dyon would have no choice but to try his luck... and likely die.

'Think dammit!'

Clones were useless. Even if he created a 75% clone, it still had to be powered by his original soul, that was simply how the technique worked. If he tried to stuff his soul into the body of a clone, it would implode. Dyon's body was already strained enough carrying a saint soul, let alone if that body was suddenly 25% weaker.

And that was not to mention if that idea would even be feasible. Dyon didn't have the experience separating his soul from his body that Arios had. He had no idea if it would be possible. And, even if it was possible, would his clone really survive such a process? Such a risk was ridiculous to take.

Dyon's next thought was the Demon Sage's technique. Hadn't he extended the life of the demon generals by thousands of years, even to the point of stopping their aging completely, in exchange for their sanity and looks? Maybe he could use that technique?

But then, Dyon shook his head again. That technique required a level of body cultivation expertise maybe only the Demon Sage had ever had. That was not to mention the fact he didn't know the technique, nor was he powerful enough to execute. Such a heaven defying technique, even with the concessions that were needed to be made, could definitely only be executed by a half step transcendent like the demon sage.

Dyon's next thought was even wilder than the next. Wasn't the Dragon King's faith seed still here? He had been flooded with images the moment he formed a true connection with his weapon, but the Dragon King had fully submitted to him. However, that didn't mean that the Dragon King wasn't capable of taking over his body if Dyon wished it... right?

The reason the Dragon King had submitted to Dyon, despite his otherworldly pride, was because when he forged his remnant into a weapon, he had taken on the aspects and aesthetics of a weapon soul. In every way, shape and form, no matter how much he remembered his previous life and glory, in the moment now, he was nothing but a weapon – one difficult to control and win over, yes... But, still wholly a weapon.

This was the price the Dragon King had to pay in order to continue to play his games in this plane of existence. Usually, the Dragon King was able to ignore its nature, because by all rights, it really never came across a worthy owner. As a man who had transcended and forged his Faith Seed into a weapon, how many could really be worthy to own him?

However, Dyon was a complete anomaly even the Dragon King couldn't have ever thought of. This was a young man with the accumulated weapon talent of billions of people across millennia. The will to submit by the Dragon King so far outweighed his ability to fight back, that Dyon had barely had to fight back against him. It was even to the point where Dyon had never even felt the presence of the Dragon King.

But... There was a problem with this approach too. If Dyon allowed the Dragon King into his body, he would definitely cease being tied down by the laws of a weapon! It would have a completely new bridge by which to operate... Dyon's body!

The other option was to do what his master had done... If Dyon allowed his soul to reach a severely weakened state, he could house his soul in the body of someone he trusted until they then came across a technique capable of reconstructing a body for him. In fact, that process might be easy for him considering how many body cultivating resources he had access to. In fact, considering who the Demon Sage was, he might, himself, already have a body construction technique. In fact, wouldn't a powerful sect like the celestial deer sect have access to such a technique as well? Considering he wouldn't be in shape to take the trials of the demon sage to earn that technique, his master's sect was a good alternative.

The more he thought about that last possibility, the more it seemed to be the best route for him. However, there was still a problem with this... Like Dyon had thought previously, souls couldn't exist without a body until it reached the celestial level. So, the question was could Dyon even do this? His master could house herself within him without having to rely on his body's strength because her soul was strong enough, but would the people Dyon trusted enough to do this with be able to carry the burden of both his and their soul?...

Dyon descended into a torrent of curses again, 'FUCK!'

Was he really going to die like this?

Chapter 546: Floating...

"It'll be okay Little Lyla, you don't need to watch this at all," Uncle Acacia tried to shield Lyla from the image of the boy she called big brother being skewered. He didn't know how effective something like this would be against a True Empath, but he had to try even though his heart was hurting.

He was quite fond of Dyon, and even more fond of his relationship with his niece. He couldn't think of a better young man for Ri. And yet, there he stood with his life ended much too soon...

But, Little Lyla and Zaire suddenly said something simultaneously that shocked those around them.

"He's still fighting." They said with determination on their little faces.

In the skybox, King Acacia had narrowed his eyes.

'Fight.' He thought silently.

"Belmont." He said quickly afterwards.

"Mm?" King Belmont looked up in a daze, still at a loss for words for what was going on.

"Lock everything down."

King Belmont's brows furrowed, "Wh – "

"The movements of the Ragnor's are reading attack and it seems they won't be alone in it. But, more importantly, my son in law still hasn't given up yet."

Although Lionel Belmont wasn't in the skybox any longer, Elwing was. When he heard those words, he was shocked before he looked down toward Dyon.

'Can you really survive this?...'

King Belmont's surprise increased, but he slowly calmed down before nodding. "It's quite convenient having you back."

In the next instant, King Belmont's order rang through the arena. Out of respect for the deceased, since they were two geniuses of unprecedented talent, there was be a pause of half a day. But, that was where the order became weird and those with intelligence began picking up on the fact that something weird was occurring...

They weren't allowed to move from their designated areas.

Patriarch Ragnor chuckled at this order. He had long since known that King Belmont was wary against him, but even he was surprised that the usual passive king had acted so unilaterally for once. It seemed he had his hands-on information that was fairly tangible.

Either way, it didn't matter. Patriarch Ragnor's job wasn't on a time constraint. All he had to do was bring the necessary pieces to the location because their planned sneak attack would no longer work. As such, pre-emptive action was needed. As long as he acted before the World Tournament was over, it would be fine.

If he started acting antsy now, it would only raise suspicion.

Of course, Patriarch Ragnor was only reacting like this because he had gotten word just a few days ago that King Acacia's True Empathy wasn't functioning properly. The Ragnors information network wasn't to be underestimated.

Unfortunately, he had yet to be informed of a change. Or else, maybe, he would have reacted differently. After all, even he couldn't predict just how heaven defying the scope of Dyon's abilities were...

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'Power.' Dyon thought. 'Power.'

Why did he always settle on this? It wasn't as though he needed a reminder. He was always chasing after becoming stronger. Even his wives didn't know how hard he worked. Or, more accurately, they knew but decided not to comment.

Dyon's obsession with cultivation was bordering on psychotic. Why? Because at the end of the day, the only way to avoid situations like this was to become more powerful.

Would he be worried about not being able to construct his body in time if he was more powerful? No. Would he even have to reconstruct his body if he was stronger? No. It just all came wrapping back around to the penultimate measure of your worth... Your power...

A thick scent of death started invading Dyon's senses. For the first time, he really felt like he was on death's door. If he delayed any longer, he really would die... And everything he had built until now would be for naught.

Dyon knew that this scent wasn't really a smell. It was just his soul being invaded with his imminent doom. A looming fact of life and an inescapable reality for all... death...

Dyon's sensitivity to it far surpassed the normal human. He couldn't help but think about why, of all the Supreme Laws, this was the first he had stumbled across. Why couldn't he have stumbled across life instead? Wouldn't it be a simple matter to save his life then?

How was understanding death better supposed to help him? So he could die quicker? What the hell was that...?!

The death qi on Dyon grew as he inched toward the edge.

'I can't wait any longer... I just have to try it...'

Dyon focused his mind, trying to slowly sever the connection between his soul and body even as the death qi flooded him, sinking him further and further into the feeling of dread. The time-stop was clearly becoming weaker, and time went from a complete stop flow, to slowly inching forward.

At first, it was a tiny leak. Maybe a second would move forward for every ten minutes as Dyon strained to learn to control his soul in a novel way. But, even with his soul talent, dealing with flood of death qi made it difficult to focus. That coupled with the fact he was beginning to feel pain now that the time-stop was losing its effect, and it wasn't a great recipe for success.

Then a second moved forward for every five minutes...

Dyon's body was beginning to emit a thick and dense black aura imperceptible to everyone but him.

'Focus.' He reminded himself.

His praise of Arios reached to a completely new level in this instant. Severing such a connection while maintaining your consciousness was nearly impossible. And, it was starting to become clear that the only source of pain wasn't from Dyon's body... But also the sheering of his soul away from it...

Dyon's soul shuddered.

Time shifted forward again... A minute passed for every second that moved forward now...

Suddenly, Dyon's body began to glow as death qi continued to invade his soul.

The crowd looked over, still solemnly contemplating the past day's events. But, now they felt as though a miracle was about to happen. And yet, what really happened was beyond the expectations of everyone...

The glow intensified as a key slowly separated from Dyon's forearm, before gently floating in the air, as though it was waiting for anyone to take it.

King Acacia's eyes widened in shock. His kingly demeanor was completely shattered. He suddenly understood everything, but it all felt like it was too late.

There, floating before the eyes of everyone was the Epistemic Tower's Key...

But, what stabbed King Acacia's heart with pain was the fact that this would only happen if the key felt that it no longer had an owner... Something that would only happen if its previous owner died...

Chapter 547: To Think...

In another plane of existence, an old man's brow furrowed. He sat in a rocking chair, looking out onto a war that had already raged for hundreds of thousands of years. And yet, this was the first time his features had fluctuated from his normal calm smile in just as much time.

'One of my chosen lost their ownership of their key?...'

It was absolutely impossible for any one entity to keep tabs on the going-ons of ten thousand universes at once. However, what this old man could do was keep his mind tethered to 100 specific towers. This allowed him to anchor his mind in the lower planes much like the Dragon King had done with his weapon – except this was on a much grander scale.

The rarity of a chosen losing their key could not be understated. These were usually warriors that were coddled and groomed to perfection by their universes. And, even in cases where they weren't, the advantage that an Epistemic Tower key gave you in hiding and biding your time was unprecedented. If you had been talented and clever enough to conquer the tower, there was no doubt that you were also smart enough to use the key effectively.

With all things being equal, the likelihood that a key holder would lose possession of their right was minimal.

When the old man cast his mind out and trained it onto the tower that was now ownerless, he couldn't help but sigh.

This old man was Dyon's grand teacher, of course. How many young geniuses had he seen die in his millions of years of life? He had lost count, truthfully speaking...

But, that didn't mean that some didn't pain him more than others. Although he had plenty of geniuses he favored, and none of them would surpass his first disciple in his heart, Dyon was one that had left a lasting impression on him.

To the old man, the words of a genius meant little. With his abilities, he could delve so far into the mind of a person that he would likely know them better than they knew themselves in a mere breath of time. And yet, Dyon seemed to have a depth that even he couldn't see all the way through.

Because of this, he had had no choice but to ask Dyon directly how he would react to knowing the truth of things. In any other situation, that would have been a waste of his time. He had become so lofty and otherworldly, that he had begun to see the thoughts of lesser beings as predictable and pattern driven. But, somehow, the thoughts of a child who had an age that wasn't even fit to count as a mere second to him had caught his interest.

'And here I was hoping to give him some guidance when next the gates opened...' The old man sighed. Truthfully speaking, the gates only needed to close because he himself was gradually losing the power to keep them open. Realistically, if he continued to pour his soul strength into the gates, they'd never need to close for 'maintenance'. But, even he had his limits – limits he couldn't help but hate right now.

The old man closed his murky eyes, ready to cast his mind away from that universe. 'Maybe it's time 100 Epistemic Towers became 99... That way, maybe I'll last a little longer –' The old man paused, 'Hm?'

With Dyon's grand teacher's level of True Empathy, if Lyla and King Acacia could tell he was still fighting, how could the old man not? However, given the oddity of the situation gave him, even with all his experience, cause to pause.

'What...?' How long had it been since he was confused? The emotion was almost foreign...

He closed his eyes once again, and used the Epistemic Tower of Dyon's universe as a beacon to project his mind outward. If the experts in that universe were on a high enough level, they would have felt a formless presence of unprecedented power descend onto their world... The likes of which they had never, nor would ever feel again.

However, the old man's cultivation was simply too high for them to fathom, let alone sense.

The old man sighed again when he noticed the floating key and Dyon's upright form.

'Don't tell me you died in this garbage tournament. You'd make all my hope in you seem like a joke...'

But, when the old man noticed the residual soul of Dyon's opponent still slowly dissipating, his brows furrowed again.

'Soul burning technique... Your personality is truly infuriating Dyon. To make someone go so far just to kill you.'

Despite his thoughts, the old man still continued to ponder the situation. Even if Dyon's opponent had done such a thing, with how many life saving measures Dyon had, it should have been possible to survive for the length of the burning...

'This young man is an upper grade 2 expert, but that's still a far cry from Dyon's grade 1 peak level... Although it is quite rare for someone to reach such a level in this universe, just what is going on here?..'

The old man, out of curiosity, spread his mind outward, scanning the rest of the arena. Everything was happening so quickly that it was as though everyone was locked in place, when in reality, the old man's processing speed was just that quick... Miles ahead of even Dyon's. No. It was more accurate to say light years. Even light millennia.

'Shruti Clan?... Indra's faith seed?..' The old man got another surprise, 'What are they doing here?..'

'Kitsune?... Ragnors?... Oh? Amethyst's faith seed? Oh? Kukan's faith seed? Isn't this supposed to be a weak universe?'

The more the old man looked, the more shocked he became. He recognized Thor's faith seed, then Vidar's, then Asura's faith seed.

When he finally settled back on the young man who had burned his soul, a sudden realization hit him.

'To think the Jafari still exist in the cosmos...'

Chapter 548: One With...

The old man turned a pensive gaze toward Dyon and sighed again. He had more or less figured out what was going on, and was quite impressed that Dyon was still fighting. Even the fact that Dyon hadn't once thought to rely on someone other than himself was impressive – having thought of the Dragon King for but a moment before tossing away the idea entirely.

'Too stubborn. So what if the Dragon King takes over your body? You'd still have a chance to live.' The old man shook his head, 'Much too prideful...'

'Hm?...' At this point, the old man was tired of being surprised, and yet, another overwhelming shock came to him. 'Peak of the Middle Saint stage soul?... How is he still alive?...'

As Dyon had expected, his grand teacher had not once thought of the possibility of Dyon's soul reach the saint stage so quickly. Even with understanding just where Dyon's soul talent came from, seeing it in action in front of you was the only way to truly understand the level of domineering it was...

'He won't survive a celestial level soul... He'd have to permanently separate his body and soul and operate his flesh as though it was a puppet – but then it would become impossible to energy or body cultivate anymore. That's the only way... Actually, there's another.' Suddenly the old man smiled, 'You're quite lucky to have the inner world sanctuary technique...'

The old man sighed, 'Sometimes I can't tell whether this child is a genius or an idiot. He has the most robust thinking I've ever seen in someone with such weak cultivation, and yet his knowledge of the martial world is so limited that he can hardly put it to use.'

He has access to so many wills, and yet his use of them is so shallow and one dimensional. He uses wind will as a simple speed boost. He only sees sword will as an attack qi. His death qi is only used to erode. He doesn't even know what that black and white flame in his manifestation mean. He's simply wasting heaven's treasures.'

'Old man, how long are you going to spend standing there berating me!? I get it already!'

'Oh? You sensed me? One with world hm... I guess you would be more sensitive to such things as compared to these clowns...'

Truthfully speaking, Dyon had only caught the end of his grand teacher's thoughts. The old man processed things so quickly that even with his one with world, Dyon had only just caught onto the fact that he was here. That said, it was only because his grand teacher hadn't bothered to hide his presence, nor his will and voice.

'With grand teachers like you, who needs enemies.' Dyon continued to try and separate his soul and body, struggling mightily.

'What you're doing isn't going to work, you know. It's not that you have less soul control than that Arios character you're thinking of. It's more so that your soul is simply too difficult to control. In a lot of ways, even my Aurora technique isn't able to make full use of it, quite shameful really...'

'Thanks for the vote of confidence, but I can't really divert my attention right now.'

'Your body's time flow is closing in on real time. Who asked you to provoke a Jafari?'

'His wife tried to make my wife barren!'

'And? So what? Who asked you to pretend as though you didn't know this Ulu was pregnant? Who asked you to let him think that you wouldn't save his child? You put yourself in this situation because you're too arrogant. Always trying to one up people. Even if I couldn't read your mind, you think anyone on my level would believe that someone with a 6th sense as sensitive as yours wouldn't have sensed life in her womb? Dumbass.'

'Tch.' Dyon didn't really have a response for that.

'Had you just chopped his head off in an instant, instead of playing around with him to make him reform himself, your wives wouldn't be crying right now.'

'A transcendent level being calling a junior a dumbass. The world itself is rolling over in its grave...'

'Speaking of your wives,' Dyon's grand teacher continued, ignoring Dyon's comment, 'You're quite lucky to have the virginities of both Amethyst and Kukan. Usually, faith seeds don't contain primordial yin considering those who formed them lived entire lives of their own. But, Kukan and Amethyst were both abstinent. Technically speaking, you have 4 primordial yin seeds within yourself.'

'I suggest that if you ever come across Amethyst or Kukan in the future, you run. I doubt even with their demeanors that they'd let that slide...'

Even in Dyon's state, he couldn't help but shiver. 'Why can't people tell me things like this in advance... I don't even know what having primordial yin means...'

'Of course you don't, you know nothing. You have no idea how valuable a powerful woman's virginity is. How you stumbled onto two amazing wives like this is beyond me. How they fell for such an idiot is even further beyond me.'

'You have access to a ridiculous amount of power in you. Goddess' disposition primordial yin. Elvin Queen's Reign primordial yin. Violet Phoenix primordial yin. Void Kitsune primordial yin. And you probably just thought it meant an immediate boost in your cultivation, but that was nothing more than the effect of dual cultivating for the first time.'

'I don't exactly have someone to teach me these things.' Dyon snorted. 'All my grand teacher does is shit on me. Wait...'

'Don't even think about it. Yes, the ice phoenix is the phoenix of life. And the fire phoenix is the phoenix of reincarnation. But, you simply don't have the time to comprehend such things right now. Not to a level where it'll be of any use anyway...'

'You're forgetting something.' Dyon said. As soon as he heard his grand teacher's voice, something had clicked in Dyon's mind.

'Pft. I'm old and weak. I can't divert my strength to such an ungrateful grand disciple.'

'Don't be like that grand teacher. Think about how sad your nieces would be if I died.'

'Ridiculous. In my opinion they're better off without you.'

Suddenly, a pillar of dark aura erupted from Dyon, reaching high into the skies and tearing through space.

'Oh...' Dyon barely understood what happened. But, the shuddering of the skies and the arcing black lightning told him all he needed to know. 'One with mind... Intent level death qi...'

Chapter 549: Beacon of Hope

The moment a Supreme Law tore through to the intent level, the universe would react as violently as it would during a break through in cultivation. The idea of a being grasping the power of a supreme law wasn't something the universe was willing to accept. This was the same as allowing a person capable of bending the most important laws of the universe to their whim!

Truthfully speaking, Dyon hadn't even been trying to comprehend intent level death qi. All this time, he had been trying his best to control his soul separating from his body.

Time was still moving much too slowly in comparison to the reaction of those in the arena, so only Dyon and his grand teacher noticed the change. And, it was suffice to say that Dyon's grand teacher was shocked.

'A nineteen-year-old, without an affinity, capable of learning a supreme law to the intent level... Your soul's ability to connect with the universe truly surpasses everyone else at your cultivation level... Maybe I was wrong, if I helped you, you might really be able to grasp life will using your wife's primordial yin as you once used Lotus Tower's environment to learn death will.

'But...'

Dyon furrowed his brow, he suddenly felt like he could last longer in this near death state than he had before. He had such a grasp of death, that it innately came with an ability to avoid it. But, it wasn't enough to get out of this situation completely. That said, he suddenly felt that if he improved his death comprehension enough, he would be able to survive... There just wasn't enough time!

'But?' Dyon asked.

'The near death state you're in right now is a rare opportunity... It would be a shame to waste it learning the opposite will... Not to mention, the only way you were able to learn a Supreme Law so quickly, even with your soul's advantage taken into account, is because you used your clones to experience death again and again. Even with your wife's primordial yin, it'll be exceedingly difficult without that hands on experience. In fact, if you tried to do so, your death qi would interfere heavily to the point where it would be nearly impossible.'

Dyon took a deep breath, feeling like he had some breathing room. Even if time unfroze now, he felt like he had at least ten minutes of life with his death qi comprehension. He could divert death from looming over him.

'What level of intent do I have to reach to get out of this situation?'

'One with body,' Dyon's grand teacher responded without hesitation. He had long since known this, it was just that he didn't believe that even if he helped, that Dyon would be able to reach such a level. 'That level allows you an undying body as long as your head and soul aren't destroyed... There are other limiters like having the necessary energy to heal the rest of your injuries, but with your soul strength, that shouldn't be a problem.' The old man snorted. 'Imagine thinking that death couldn't also grant you life. Your understanding is so shallow I could puke.'

Dyon sucked in a breath. It wasn't that he hadn't seen that level of intent before. In fact, many of his demon generals were at that level. However, there were major differences between him and his demon generals.

For one, his energy cultivation was far below the saint level. Even if he could push it to the essence gathering level anytime, that would make him unable to use anything but his body's power for at least a decade. And, if he couldn't use his wills or his soul was locked away, he would immediately die.

Without saint level cultivation, the connection to the universe was hampered. With each increase in energy tier came a higher sensitivity to the laws of the universe, which made learning wills easier. This was why a saint could learn even wills they had poor affinity with when their cultivations reached a high enough level, like Madeleine's master and music will.

Although Dyon's soul gave him a connection with the universe few could match, that was only when compared to those at his level of cultivation.

This universe was nothing but an anomaly. One exceedingly weak when compared to others. Even in other lower level universes, mastering a will to the ninth level as an essence gathering expert was seen as no big deal. It was Dyon's ability to fluctuate his wills from level to level that was truly seen as impressive – that and the ability to master multiple paths per will.

That said, Dyon had only two years of cultivation time, was still a meridian formation expert, and had multiple wills mastered to the 9th will level... Not just one. That was in addition to having now grasped three intents!

All in all, Dyon's ability to learn wills was still marginally inferior to saint level experts with talent comparable to his demon generals, although not by much. But, ridiculously impressive for those of his standard.

Unfortunately, that meant that he would need at least as much time as they needed to learn wills to the one with body level... That meant at least 5 to 10 years! And, considering the fact his body and energy cultivation lagged so far behind his comprehension abilities, it was unclear just how long Dyon could maintain a supreme law of that level should he succeed.

That said, if it was completely focused comprehension, without being distracted, the time could be severely lessened. However, that would still require one to two years – and was also something warriors weren't willing to do, that being because there was more to cultivation than just will comprehension.

'Wrong.' Dyon's grand teacher interjected. 'Like I said, I'm ashamed that my Aurora technique is actually holding you back. Everything you use your soul for, you use your aurora as a medium of action. Whether that be your sixth sense or your will comprehension.'

'But I thought that since my aurora was awakened to 100%, I should have access to 100% of my soul?...'

'By normal measurements, yes. But, considering the fact it was because I used normal measurements that your saint soul almost killed you, it's safe to say that it's best that I throw that out of the window. You don't need to use your aurora as a medium to comprehend wills. After all, not everyone has awakened their aurora, and yet don't they also comprehend wills?

'Truthfully speaking, if the aurora was perfect... The soul wouldn't be looked down on so much. At the end of the day, it's just a technique I cheated to make seem as though it was a natural part of the world's laws. As such, it's flawed like every other technique.'

'There's another thing that separates you as well. Most people have wills that they simply cannot learn, no matter how hard they try... But, I don't think you have that problem. That said, this isn't necessarily a good thing either. You have almost too many paths to follow.'

'So...'

'I'll help you. But, in exchange, when next the gates open, you must listen to exactly what I say for twenty years. You don't get to have an opinion of your own in that time frame.'

'Okay.' Dyon responded resolutely.

In reality, his grand teacher was his best shot. Why? Because his grand teacher had 5 abilities, but there was one in particular that caught Dyon's attention.

Dyon's memory flashed back to his first journey into the Epistemic Tower and to the words written above the trial entrances...

True Empath.

Innate Aurora.

Ethereal Permeation.

Cycle of Reincarnation.

But, most importantly, the beacon of Dyon's hope... Temporal Lock.

Chapter 550: Accept

'Truth be told,' Dyon's grand teacher started, 'You're quite a fool for putting hope into this technique. But, considering I can see your thought process, it's on the borderline between insanity and genius.'

Dyon had no real idea what his grand teacher's Temporal Lock did, but if the name was any indication, as the old man seemed to imply, he had the ability to change the flow of time in a given space. However, there was a problem that Dyon was very much aware about when it came to time locked areas.

This wasn't Dyon's first interaction with changed time flow. In fact, the celestial deer sect's remnants had many such cultivation rooms although they required an exorbitant amount of energy stones to use. That said, the reason why Dyon hadn't been able to use them because time distortion came with it distortion of laws themselves. Unless you had a high level of time comprehension, it was impossible to simultaneously slow or speed up time and comprehend other wills.

However, this was a very different situation... In theory. In this case, Dyon wasn't trying to grasp a law outside the scope of the time lock. No. This time, he himself was dying! In theory, this should alleviate all potential issues with distortions. Or, more accurately, lessen them enough that it would be a feasible use of time – that being because this distortion was inevitable.

That said, to increase the chances as much as possible, the first step would be dangerous... Dyon had to be as infinitesimally close as possible... To death...

'Before you take this chance, there are a few things I need to tell you.' Dyon's grand teacher started. 'For one, I can only give you half a year at the most. I'm not all powerful and am much too far away to give you any more time than that.'

Dyon was inwardly shocked. 'You can extend a fraction of a second to 6 months and you somehow think that's too little?...'

The old man snorted, 'If you were next to me, extending a fraction of a second to thousands of years would be child's play.'

'The second thing you have to promise me is that you'll save this Jafari clan member.'

Dyon inwardly raised an eyebrow. It was well within his power to stop Zabia's soul from dissipating. In fact, whether the old man said anything or not, he would have if Zabia was able to answer one of his question to his satisfaction.

However, if Dyon used his method, Zabia would still be crippled for life. His soul would take so long to recover that properly cultivating would be nearly impossible.

'I'm quite surprised that you planned to save him... Maybe I didn't misjudge you then...' The old man sounded sincere for the first time since Dyon had known him, as though he was reminiscing about something.

Dyon's mind was something that always made odd conclusions much too quickly. In fact, he often leapt over tens of steps to reach an answer without even often times knowing what those steps were. But, something was telling him that maybe the Jafari's time specialty and his grand teacher's Temporal Lock ability weren't so separate after all...

If he was right, then maybe in an odd way, he owed his death and life to the Jafari.

Despite seeing Dyon's thoughts, the old man decided not to answer to them directly. Instead, he said something else entirely too vague and enigmatic...

'I've walked through many lives and have sowed karma with too many people...'

Dyon snorted in laughter, 'I was wondering when you were going to go all vague sentence sensei with me. Seems it was only a matter of time.'

'Snotty nosed kid. Keep it up and I'll let you die.'

'Hey, I had a perfectly good plan going until you so rudely interrupted.'

'Ah, ah, ah. What'd I say? You have no opinions of your own for the next 20 years.'

With a wave of his hand, an endless pain invaded Dyon's senses. Time began to move forward, and the crowd of the arena suddenly noticed the changes in the sky.

The crackles of black lightning and vortex and torrents of winds picked up. And yet, all the celestial experts had their eye on was the key floating in the air just in front of Dyon. They all seemed to think that this phenomenon had everything to do with the key. After all, to them, Dyon was dead.

Madeleine and Ri instantly understood what that key was, but that only pained their hearts further.

"He lost ownership..." Madeleine's shoulders trembled. Her eyes were listless, it was as though her soul had been taken from her body. She wanted nothing more in that instant than to trade her life for Dyon's, and it was in that very instant, that her celestial will evolved...

But, she took no notice...

Dyon's pain increased, but in the very next moment, he felt nothing at all... In fact, it was as though he was disconnected from everything, sent away into a vast sea much larger than himself...

And that was when time stopped once again.

Dyon's once golden soul had become swathed in an eerie black aura that seeped into it deeply. There was no time to waste, Dyon, for maybe the first time, sat and truly began to think and comprehend a will.

He was immersed in the feeling of death, but at the same time, he was contemplating the most efficient way to reach past a state of one with mind to a state of one with heart.

It wasn't long before Dyon realized he would have to do the most counter-intuitive thing he had ever done... He was a person who could look down even the greatest of odds with an undying will to survive. No matter how high the mountain, no matter how deep the waters, no matter how lofty the opponent, he would still hold onto his will. But, this time...

He would have to accept death with his very being...