

The Nameless 551

Chapter 551: Soon...

One with mind was a relatively easier state to reach. In fact, without even trying to comprehend it, Dyon had.

Like the receptionist had said all those months ago, often times, clues to comprehending intents were tied to the name given to their level. One with mind was exactly that, it was a state of comprehension that allowed your mind to accept the will. However, it was still much shallower than one with heart.

You could think of one with mind as a state of understanding, while one with heart was a state of acceptance. But, it was obviously very difficult to come to a compromise like this with a will such as death.

One could easily understand that they were likely to die. But, just how many would accept such a thing?

However, Dyon felt that boiling down one with heart to acceptance was simply too shallow. He needed to think deeper. There had to be a reason why higher cultivation, lead to higher comprehension, which lead to quicker will advancement. Dyon couldn't accept the idea that higher cultivation would help you 'accept' a will with greater efficiency. If anything, wouldn't being a greater expert make you even less likely to accept death?

Dyon began to immerse himself in the feeling of death. In fact, he didn't even just focus on his current situation.

He thought about Darius Storm for the first time in months and how Ava had had to save his life then... He thought about his one vs eleven fight, and how he nearly died then as well... He thought about his fight with Chenglei... He thought about his first run-in with Alidor... He thought about how death qi had almost killed him at Lotus Tower... He thought about how many times he had thought of dying when he accepted his new set of meridians... He even thought of how Iris had attacked him and nearly taken his life. In fact, had Iris not wanted him to suffer, maybe that would have been his last day on Earth...

And yet, none of these stories bred any acceptance in Dyon. If anything, it fueled a defiance and hatred of death.

How could he accept death? He needed to protect his friends and family, he needed to spread a name for himself so his parents would be proud of him, he needed to live! Too many people were counting on him.

His wives. Little Black. Little Lyla. Clara. G man. Unc. He had to rebuild the Celestial Deer Sect and he had to avenge the Demon Sage.

He couldn't accept death... No... he wouldn't...

'Idiot...' Dyon's grand teacher watched silently, keeping his words to himself.

In the blink of an eye, three months passed with no progress.

By this point, Dyon wasn't even thinking about himself anymore. He had been trained on the idea of his parents and their death for the better part of a month now.

They were probably his largest barrier to accepting death. Dyon couldn't help but admit to himself, that the more he learned about the martial world, the more he hoped to one day find something to help his parents come back to him. Whether that something allowed them to be back permanently or just for a few moments, he would accept it.

Everything Dyon did was in hopes that they were somewhere, capable of seeing him and watching him do them proud. He hoped that the essence of their beings were being held somewhere in a stream of something in the unknown. With how the laws of the universe and wills seemed to dictate everything, why wouldn't there be some sort of formula that made a person who they were? And why couldn't Dyon find this formula? Find his parents?...

Dyon had lost track of how many times he had combed over those same exact words. With how quickly he thought through, he must have reached that same dead end thousands of times by now...

And just like that, yet another month passed... Leaving only 2 more...

'So stubborn,' Dyon's grand teacher watched quietly. When it came to the comprehension of an intent, no one could help. Dyon currently had access to the most potent helper there was – he was being faced with death itself. By all rights, with his comprehension abilities, crossing over to one with body should have been as easy as blinking an eye.

When he hadn't been focused on it at all, his soul had crossed the barrier without him even being aware. And yet, now that he was actively trying he seemed to be putting up barriers for himself. It wasn't as though Dyon wasn't intelligent enough to understand what was going on, but how could he bring himself to change the very foundation of his personality just to live?

He wanted nothing more than the sacrifice even his very values themselves – not for himself, but rather his loved ones. He didn't want to see his wives in pain, nor did he want to think about how his little sister would fair without him. What about his little brother? What about his promise to his master to protect him? Weren't they supposed to turn the lands of the Drago-Qilins upside down together?

'Little Black was improving so quickly everyday. Am I not going to be able to witness his peak?...'

Flames of dense blackness began to dance around Dyon as his defiance only seemed to grow stronger. Yet another month passed, leaving only a single one left.

Time continued to trickle as Dyon's black flames pulsed, but his mind still refused to give in. No matter how hard he tried, he could get his mind to accept and understand death, but he couldn't do it to the depths of his heart...

Dyon was on the same forked road Patia-Neva had tread... The question was whether he should build his dao upon a fake version of himself? Or his real self...

But, if he built his Dao of death upon something fake, the backlash of a supreme law crumbling from its base was far more profound than an elemental will... If there came a day where Dyon's stubborn personality shone through again, there wouldn't be any redemption... There wouldn't be a chance to build up again... There would only be death...

Time passed much too quickly...

Soon, there was only a day left...

Chapter 552: Zero.

Dyon was stubborn, but truth be told, he had no idea what he was working toward.

The first step in mastering a Dao, and the first real journey in understanding a will, was to first reach a state of one with mind. Dyon knew this, he understood this, and had long since taken this step.

However, the second step increased to an all new level of difficulty. This was why affinities existed and also why said affinities often influenced your personality.

Madeleine had an unmatched affinity for purity path type wills even before she gained new affinities with her faith seed. As a result, much of her personality revolved around being caring and selfless. Although having a Goddess' Disposition didn't automatically mean that you would be a magnanimous and benevolent individual, it still meant that your personality would lean toward such things.

Ri's beast blood heavily influenced her personality even before the clash between her Faith Seed and God level constitution was settled. And, once that conflict was resolved, her domineering traits became more pronounced, because that was simply what came with the Elvin Queen's Reign constitution. Let alone the innate superiority provided by being a prideful supreme level beast.

It was clear that the wills one could comprehend, depended on what their heart leaned toward. And, what their heart leaned toward, also decided just how powerful a Dao could be...

Patia-Neva's failure and the near crippling of his cultivation was a perfect example of this. His heart leaned toward the more natural aspects of the Patia-Neva bloodline, and yet, he threw all of that away for power.

The ice belt had been too much of a temptation... The progression in Patia-Neva's cultivation had been so staggering that he was almost willing to throw away everything he loved just for the benefits he thought he would receive. But, what he noticed much too late was that his thinking was twisted and contradictory....

Why had Patia-Neva wanted to grow stronger in the first place? Wasn't it so that he could repay Kawa Acacia for saving his life? Wasn't it so that he could perform meritorious deeds for the universe? Wasn't it so that he could help forge a better place for his wife and future child to live?

He was by definition a compassionate man. Compassionate to the point where it became tainted, twisted and ultimately blinding...

And yet that compassionate man had tried to sever his emotions... for the sake of being compassionate?

From the very beginning, Patia-Neva's one with heart had been built upon crumbling ruins. His foundation was so shaky that it would have been near impossible for him to form a Dao. He was driven so mad that he nearly did something unforgivable...

Patia-Neva's story was just a single example. The journey of cultivation was rife with warning tales like his. Dealing with and manipulating the laws of the universe wasn't meant to be easy. It was meant to be an uphill battle, and trying to learn something you had no compatibility with... Well... Simply shouldn't be done.

In one way, Dyon's grand teacher was right. Dyon didn't have any affinity barriers... With his intelligence, he knew exactly how to break through to the next will level, it would only take some time, patience, and coaxing. If he slowly tempered himself, he would eventually have a break through and reach a new level of understanding.

However, where Dyon's grand teacher was wrong was in assuming that Dyon would be okay with acting on that knowledge... That he'd be okay with laying down and allowing death to take over... That he'd be okay with bending to the whims of the universe...

Dyon was arrogant to the extent that even his manifestation's mere potential tore apart a weapon of the 33 heavens. It used its own residual energy to write letters so fiery and so corrosive, that even celestial level experts couldn't last beneath them for too long. And yet, the old man had somehow expected this very Dyon to accept death for what it was...

In the past six months, Dyon's comprehension had long since reached the one with soul level, surpassing both one with heart and body. However, he hadn't even broken through one with mind yet... Not in any tangible aspect...

Dyon understood why he had felt that death was simply part of a cycle... He understood that it lay at the end of the inevitable road everyone had to walk... He understood that the one will that would never erode was death, because in the coming times where there would be nothing, it was inevitable that something had been there first – and for that something to be gone, could only mean that it had died...

Dyon understood that death was in itself its own form of chaos, and that as the organization of life decayed and broke down, death would inevitably come to scatter what used to be...

Dyon understood that sometimes death was necessary... He understood that if there was no death, the drive that pushed people would be lacking... If you could live forever, could you say with any certainty that your motivations would stay the same? Even things as fundamental as the beauty of raising a child would seemingly become meaningless... If you could live forever, was there any use in passing on your genes?

The potency of Dyon's one with mind had reached unprecedented levels... And yet, he still couldn't bring himself to take the next step.

Dyon's soul could no longer be said to be gold. It had become a dense and dark black... Almost as though it was a single step away from crumbling entirely...

Despite the ticking time, it seemed as though Dyon was at peace.

One minute...

His soul was like a calm lake, tranquil and without ripples.

Ten seconds...

He was very much aware of the time he had remaining and was very much aware that his failure meant death.

One second...

The flickers of black flames engulfed Dyon.

Even in the end, regardless of the fact he understood it was coming... He would never accept it. He would never accept Death.

Zero.

Chapter 553: Drowned

Time flow returned to normal in an instant as the raging clouds in the sky crackled with black streaked of lightning.

Since Dyon's apparent death, little more than ten minutes had passed. And since the appearance of the key? Less than a second.

King Acacia was at a loss. He didn't know what to do.

His wife was likely consoling their daughter, trying to get Ri to calm down and not do anything too reckless. It was up in the air whether she had even noticed what was going on. And, even if she had, it was another question mark as to whether she would act or not. To Kawa, there was nothing more important than her daughter. After being away for eleven years, it was unlikely that she'd be willing to fight for such a worldly matter while Ri was in pain.

The other problem was whether or not it was worth it to reveal themselves now. He knew that despite their best efforts, Patriarch Ragnor knew of their connection with King Belmont, but, the larger issue was whether or not he saw them as a threat.

Very few knew of Queen Acacia's origins, and by proxy, very few knew of her power. In addition to this, with King Acacia's entering display, many of the clan heads would have come to an understanding of his power – and have also likely concluded that he was fairly weak. Which meant that if they waited, they could still bide their time and use the element of surprise.

Yet another problem was seen in the choice of whether to act at all. With King Belmont's order in place, everyone understood that they weren't meant to move. There was a possibility that that might be enough to hold people back from charging toward Dyon's treasure. However, if King Acacia acted, it would be like putting up a beacon, letting everyone know just how important that key was.

Whether those who came to this universe knew or not, that key was essentially every single one of their goals. With the information the Epistemic Tower held, there were no cultivation resources in the quadrant that could be hidden from their eyes, and that wasn't even to mention the cultivation resource the Epistemic Tower itself was! After all, the creator of the tower was a man with a will so strong that his very own techniques became new laws of the world to the point where everyone was born with an Aurora. He had even created his very own supreme level law!

'He truly didn't cheat to become number one...' King Acacia thought this for maybe the hundredth time since the appearance of the key. But, even he could still not believe it.

"Edyrm." Suddenly, King Belmont's voice snapped King Acacia out of his thoughts. "Is that what I think it is?..."

King Acacia nodded solemnly.

Silence reigned. No one knew how to proceed from here. With the natural phenomenon booming through the arena right now, shaking the very Earth itself, who would believe that this was a normal item?

King Belmont had a mind to allow those closest to Dyon the ability to head to the stage and take him away, but in the cultivation world, when it came to situations like this, no one had an inkling of respect for the dead. How many would really listen to a decree like this? It was likely they were already itching to break his moment of silence command, and barely a few minutes had passed!

It was suffice to say that the temptation for the geniuses closest to the battle were even higher. After all, they had been the top ten rankers, so they were on standby for when next their name was called. They hadn't expected for two of their own to die before their eyes, but they were still quite close to the arena... And many of them had eyes shining bright as they eyed the key.

The truth of the matter was that normal Tower keys were illusory. They would be given 'in spirit' to a clan that conquered the tower and would only appear within the gate. When the rules deemed that the tower had been sufficiently conquered by another party, then the ownership of the illusory key would shift. However, this key was tangible! It didn't take a genius to understand that there was a massive difference. For a key to manifest itself in solid form outside the gate could only mean that it was extraordinary.

Suddenly, Patriarch Ragnor's voice boomed as his laughter filled the stadium, accompanying the rolling thunder of the skies.

"Let's let the younger generation fight over it, then."

The faces of Caedlum and Saru twisted in disgust. This was a person who had just died, and yet this supposed member of the older generation was trying to sow chaos.

Tau Aumen's eyes flashed with something imperceptible as wreathes of golden flames spread from his long golden hair and outwards from him. He arrogantly took a step forward, walking slowly and deliberately toward the key. He didn't seem to see a need to rush, he felt that Lionel's first place was nothing but luck considering he ran into a legacy temple. In terms of combat power, he was unmatched.

King Acacia frowned. He didn't understand why Ragnor would say such a thing. Vidar and Thor were clearly too weak to compete with Tau or even Lionel. What did he get out of this? Unless...

'Are they in an alliance?...' King Acacia's True Empathy wasn't omniscient. It wasn't possible for him to peer into someone's brain and extract whatever information he wanted. If you wanted him to tell whether or not someone was lying? It was possible. If he had to tell an enemies motives in a heated battle? It was possible. If he had to read the surface intentions of a person? It was possible. But, something as complex as understanding whether or not two clans were in an alliance was too much, there were too many nuanced threads of thoughts to sift through.

Pillars of dark flames continued to erupt around Dyon's corpse, cracking the ground beneath his feet and shattering the air itself.

Ri trembled with rage. "I'm not going to let them do whatever they want to do!"

She suddenly disappeared from her mother's arms, much to Kawa's shock. Ri's figure flashed through the skies, her anger bearing down on Tau.

In an instant, Madeleine was by her side. The rage in their eyes had reached such a palpable level that Tau was forced to pause and frown.

"Move." He said plainly. "For the disrespect your deceased husband has shown my planet, taking away his things is the least of what I should do. If you don't want to follow him in death... MOVE!"

A cyclone of golden flames rose into the air, combating the eerie darkness with a blinding light. The head of a lion rose above it all, roaring into the skies with an arrogance that matched its pride.

Suddenly, the world vibrated to a resounding beat.

Baddum. Baddum. Baddum.

The sound was so fierce that it drowned out the thunder in the sky.

Chapter 554: Take It Out

Lionel Belmont flashed forward, not caring for Tau's perceived superiority. As far as he was concerned, his rank at number one wouldn't change.

However, what they were all burying deep within was an apprehension... A doubt that had Dyon lived... They wouldn't have stood a chance...

Lionel's figure was bathed in red and blue flames, dancing along his feet as the drastic hot and cold caused small explosions that increased his speed even further.

Tau Aumen immediately noticed this. His eyes narrowed, a deep disdain settling into his features. "It seems I've let you strut around for too long."

The rest of the rankers stayed back... They simply didn't have the strength to take part in this battle. Even Saru, who should technically have, was so heavily wounded by her fight with Dyon that she had lost too much of a step.

A roar reverberated through the skies, drowning out Tau's lion completely.

In the next moment, everyone froze... It was in that moment they all seemed to realize something odd...

Dyon's manifestations had yet to disappear...

The rage of Dyon's humanoid manifestation boomed, a tempest of soul strength threatening to shatter the arena.

Middle Saint Stage... Peak Middle Saint Stage... Higher Saint Stage... Peak Higher Saint Stage... Peak Saint Stage... Pinnacle of Saint Stage!

Rings of sonic booms blasted into the air.

The domineering clouds separated, cowering in the face of a sound so arrogant that the heavens seemed to bow down. The crackles of black lightning struck into the ground but felt like mere whimpers in the face of the growing wave of black flames.

Ri and Madeleine turned from their position in the sky, their delicate bodies trembling against the violent surges of wind.

"You all have a lot of fucking nerve." A voice laced with music intent sent rage filled words tearing through the stadium.

'Death isn't something that'll be dictated for me. Death isn't something that's inevitable to me. Death isn't something that I'll bend over and accept.

'The laws of this universe are meant to be used. The path of cultivation is meant to be in defiance to the heavens. What would I look like if I folded to the will of the universe? Why? Because that's what it wanted? Ridiculous.

'You won't dictate my death. You won't dictate the death of my loved ones. There'll come a day where I'll rewrite your laws with a wave of my hand. A time where even the cosmos itself won't be able to dictate my actions.

'This is what my Dao will be built on. There is nothing in this world that will ever shake my heart. Even in the face of death!'

A flaming black gold circle hovering behind Dyon's manifestation began to glow, prominently highlighting a blinding white flame.

In an instant, the black flames that once coated the arena disappeared in a flash, replaced by such a strong purity that Madeleine nearly felt inferior. But, in her heart, all she felt was an endless happiness.

Dyon hadn't reached one with body. In fact, he had just barely stepped into one with heart, increasing his life by just a few seconds and extending the time he had by a fraction. He had forged a path even his grand teacher hadn't seen. He tossed away all conventions of how death intent should be mastered. No. Dyon wouldn't become a puppet of death. He would become a reaper. This martial world would come to know his wrath.

His control of death qi increased with each passing moment.

The crowd watched with baited breath as Dyon's death omens fluctuated wildly. Every time his death seemed inevitable, he would extend his life by just a few more seconds, before the cycle repeated itself again and again.

The universe groaned in agitation and anger. Dyon's life, it wanted it!

But Dyon's defiance and arrogance roared into the skies again and again, daring the universe to act if it could.

"My life is mine!"

The gaping hole in Dyon's chest slowly closed, pushing death further and further away.

The white flames caressed Dyon's wounds, fusing with his aurora and pushing his soul's prowess to the limit. With Dyon's soul talent, and how long he had spent using his soul to sense the laws of death, how could its power not increase? He had managed to jump an entire stage in six months! With just a single more step, he would have a Celestial soul!

Madeleine looked over at Ri who was to her side. She saw eyes that were all too familiar to her... Eyes that expressed nothing but love...

Celestial will bloomed within Madeleine, and yet, it felt so much different than before... So much more powerful...

King Acacia's eyes snapped away from Dyon's heaven defying feats toward Madeleine. His sensitivity to things matched what Dyon's 6th sense would be like once he reached his level of cultivation. Except, instead of it being because of an innate aurora, it was because of his True Empathy! How could he not understand the substantial change in Madeleine?

'Her celestial will... It's a supreme law now....'

A pillar of blinding light fell from the skies, accompanying Dyon's white flames.

Suddenly, Dyon's life began being extended by minutes instead of seconds. And then it was hours instead of minutes. And then it was days... Then weeks... The months... Then years...

In an instant, no one could see the end of Dyon's lifespan. It wasn't that he had become immortal, but rather, he had returned to his youthful self. Just like every other youth, the looming presence of death was too far away to calculate.

A hand tore through the pillar of light, grasping onto the key that hung in the air. There was no resistance. In fact, the key sung happily, disappearing in an instant.

Stunned silence filled the arena as a handsome young man stepped out of the dissipating light. His looks had gained a dark edge to them that only seemed to make his appearance more captivating. This was a man that had seen the edge of death and fought his way back. Defying the heavens themselves.

King Acacia chuckled bitterly, 'You little bastard... I can't see through your soul strength anymore...'

Dyon flashed into the skies, instantly swooping his wives into his arms, not allowing them to say a word.

Suddenly, he laughed as he felt their soft waists. "I guess I won, huh?"

Tears drenched Dyon's bare torso as neither of them seemed able to speak. It had only really been ten minutes, but it had truly felt like a life time...

But, all of that was interrupted.

The sound of clapping made Dyon's brow furrow. He looked up in the skies to find a man with long blond hair and striking blue eyes strolling in the air, his hands clasped behind his back. Shockingly, this man was lean in stature, yet stood at least five meters tall!

"Truly spectacular." The man spoke with a barely perceptible pressure. And yet, he managed to fill Dyon with a feeling of unease that he had never felt before. This was the first time in the martial world that anyone had made him feel a need to take a step back.

"For me to see such an outstanding young talent in my life has truly broadened this old one's horizons. I can only hope that my sons manage to become a tenth the talent you are."

King Belmont frowned. He had commanded for no one to move, but he had used Dyon's death as an excuse. The problem was, Dyon was clearly alive now!

"This old one would like to broaden his horizons even further," A small smile played on the man's chiseled and handsome features, "Won't you take that treasure out again? I would love to take a few moments to analyze it."

Chapter 555: Boomed

The old man coughed.

Laughing bitterly, he wiped blood from the corner of his lips, 'To think such a pathetic showing of power would put me in this state...'

He would never tell Dyon this – partially because of his pride, and partially because that brat was too serious when it came to things like this – but something like projecting a technique through so many dimensional barriers was too much for him in his old age.

Even worse, when he had felt like Dyon would die, he had extended the time past his limit. That small extra fractions of a second may have seemed like nothing in the face of six months, but that was only if you didn't consider how far the old man was already pushing himself to match that six-month total in the first place.

In fact, because of the old man's kindness, Dyon was able to reach a state where he thought his death was inevitable, and yet it didn't occur. Because of that extra split second, Dyon was able to grab onto life, deepening his understanding of death and increasing his life by increments.

By the time the old man couldn't hold on any longer, Dyon had taken the reigns, fighting for his life himself.

'He's laid down a one with heart for himself that will make it exceedingly difficult to move forward in... His comprehension is already at the one with soul level, and yet his intent is still stuck at one with heart.

The universe isn't so easy to toy with Dyon... There may come a point where it's impossible to move forward, even with all the arrogance in the world...

'How will you react then? Will you stay your course?... Or will your heart crumble along with your life?...'

**

Dyon held onto Ri and Madeleine tightly as he sent an unwavering gaze toward Patriarch Ragnor.

"A look?" Dyon responded coolly, "If you were as old as you say you were, then shouldn't you be aware that cultivation is a private matter by now?"

"If that isn't the case, I'd very much like to take a look at your clan's lightning tribulation technique. I hear it makes the heavens so angry that stepping into the saint realm is nearly impossible for you all, that must be quite the grand technique. How about it?"

Dyon had heard about this technique long ago. When he eavesdropped on a conversation between Elder Daiyu and Elder Kami at Focus Academy, they had spoken about how the Ragnors likely placed so much importance on the blood sacrifice technique because their lightning techniques made it nearly impossible to survive the lightning tribulations of stepping into the saint realm and beyond.

Tribulations often came hand in hand with increasing cultivation. Although the heavens ignored body and soul cultivation in terms of these trials, energy cultivation was never ignored in such a way.

The reason was simple. As Dyon had lamented during his fighting for his life, his Demon Generals had higher comprehension ability than he did because of their saint cultivation. This was because higher forms of energy gave way to better connections with the universe. This was why it was necessary to comprehend an intent before you could become a Saint!

With each successive step up in energy quality – from essence to saint, from saint to celestial, and from celestial to enigmatic – the connection with the universe deepened again and again. And, no step gave a deeper connection than becoming a Transcendent being!

As such, martial warriors underwent four tribulations. One for saint hood, one for the celestial stage, one for Dao Formation, and yet another for transcending.

In addition to this, the universe would often become angry and cast down tribulations for mastering supreme laws. However, it would only be a showcase of anger. There would be no real trial unless a warrior attempted to form a Dao on the basis of a supreme law. That is when the universe would truly act. This was also what made the tribulation of dao formation among the most dangerous.

Of course, these tribulations were based on talent. Dyon was quite lucky to not have to face tribulations for his soul, or else his likelihood of survival would be near non-existent. But, this was where the problem for the Ragnors came into play.

Because of their techniques, lightning was essentially the most comfortable thing in the world for a Ragnor. This meant that if they faced trials that were similar to those on their level, it would be much too easy, and the universe understood this.

As a result, Ragnor trials were something of a death sentence for many of them. The cruel reality shaped much of the Ragnor culture, making much of them twisted and depraved – after all, they were basically sentenced to death from the very start of their lives. Dyon would never have sympathy for those who handled their fate like Baal or Vidar did, but that didn't mean he didn't understand.

Patriarch Ragnor's eyes flashed with something imperceptible, but other than that, his smile didn't change, "I would be more than willing to show you the technique, if it was under my power to do so. However, as you know, we are a mere branch of our lauded family," He sighed, "I simply don't have the power to make such a decision. That said...." Patriarch Ragnor smiled, looking toward Dyon with piercing eyes. "If you joined our family, I'm sure there wouldn't be a problem."

An uproar sounded through the arena. Very few here had an understanding of the overall landscape of their quadrant, but, what they did understand was that the Ragnors were an unprecedented power house. To be invited to an Emperor God Clan was unheard of! Even if it was by a mere branch!

"I'd say we're a mere branch family, but as you can see, we've birthed two faith seeded geniuses through our humble lineage. A meritorious feat like this would of course sky rocket us into the good graces of the main branch. With an endorsement from us, you'll be valued just as much as either Vidar or Thor!" Patriarch Ragnor's voice boomed.

Chapter 556: Fragile

Dyon raised an eyebrow, releasing his grip on Ri and Madeleine so they could stand to his sides.

Seeing Dyon's apprehension, Patriarch Ragnor lightly smiled. "Tammy, come here."

Thor's face twitched, but other than that, he remained unmoved. However, Dyon's frown only deepened at those words.

As quickly as her cultivation would allow, without daring to delay, a petite girl with blond bob-cut hair and light blue eyes shuffled her way onto the stage below Patriarch Ragnor as he touched down. Her usual bubbly personality had completely disappeared, and although she was clearly trembling, she didn't dare to disobey orders.

"Unfortunately, I have no daughters of my own, so it's difficult for me to show my sincerity to you..."

Thor's grip on his spear tightened.

"However, Tammy can be considered a close relative of mine. In fact, she's the daughter of my late brother, so she can be considered as my niece.

"I cannot say that she is as beautiful as your wives, nor is she as talented, but she is quite unique in her own right. She's a survivor of a meridian transplant technique my family stumbled upon, so her affinity for lightning is even higher than most of us – I dare say that the only one who beats her in this aspect would be my nephew, Thor."

'Meridian transplant?...' Dyon's mind flashed back to his own dealings with such a technique. But, the difference between him and Tammy was that he was crippled – it made sense for him to undergo such pain. But, her? Was it even her own wish?

Everything about the Ragnor's disgusted Dyon. They treated people like tools, and raised their next generations to be just as depraved as the former.

Their auxiliary clans were nothing but human puppets. The Saeclum clan was practically bred purely to be used as sacrificial pawns to see the future. The Ipsum practiced an artificial will that required bloody sacrifices on their own part. The Ragnor were willing to use the lives of innocents to further their own power with the blood sacrifice technique. And now they were experimenting on their own people too?...

Dyon's eyes flashed and he suddenly realized that when he thought Tammy was moving particularly slow, it was because that was all she could muster... Her cultivation had fallen to the peak of the Foundation stage. All of the work she had done on her meridians were gone! Replaced by a completely new set. Except unlike Dyon's, they weren't already tempered.

Tammy's energy seemed unstable and imbalanced. But, she did her best to shyly smile, staring at the ground as though Patriarch Ragnor's wish to give her to Dyon was her own wish as well.

Ava, who was in the Belmont skybox, suddenly felt something inexplicable well up inside of her. This was a girl that she had once seen as her best friend, someone she shared everything with. This was a girl that she had thought might one day be her sister in law because of how much she loved Arios. But, this was also the girl that had betrayed her that day in the forest. This was a girl that put her own survival ahead of the dignity and life of her friend...

There was no easy way in deciding how to feel... There was no clear-cut white and black, right and wrong, here...

In the end, Ava realized that the feeling in her chest was pain... Pain she couldn't tell if it was out of pity while looking on to the plight of a stranger, or heartfelt agony at watching someone you love be treated like a toy.

It was only now that Ava realized that Tammy didn't participate in the tournament not because she was running... But because she no longer had any free will of her own...

"I won't bore you with the details," Patriarch Ragnor continued, completely unperturbed by the odd silence in the arena, "but, essentially, her ability as a dual cultivation partner for those who are interested in the lightning arts can't even be matched by Transcendent level lightning beasts!"

Although Patriarch Ragnor was being nothing less than a disgusting human being, he had not told a single lie.

The idea of a lightning type constitution was simply unheard of – it didn't exist. The model of trial that the heavens used to test cultivators was lightning, so it made sense that they would never choose to bestow upon said cultivators the ability to circumvent said trials. That said, much like how every important law had its own beast representation, lightning was no different.

That said, these lightning beasts were a joke. The lightning that Thor wielded, or any other lightning wielder might, was of a far inferior grade to tribulation lightning. As a result, these 'lightning beasts' had no supreme beasts among their kin. In fact, they could barely count as Transcendent beasts at all.

This was why lightning was seen as a mere elemental will. It still had frightening destructive power, even in its severely weakened state... But, they'd never match tribulation lightning.

However... Wasn't cultivating about defying the heavens? From the very first observation of this truth, martial warriors have been trying to find their own way to leap through the hurdle. They wanted to form their own lightning techniques and their own lightning affinities and constitutions, and none were more adamant about this than the ancestors of the Ragnors.

They threw everything away in pursuit of their own with true lightning state, experimenting with wills and their own people in hopes of one day evolving elemental lightning will into the Supreme Law it was meant to be. But... Defying the heavens came with a price...

The Ragnors became cursed with their lightning affinity bodies, being destined to pass on those same genes from generation to generation. Instead of giving them the power and immunity they wanted, it ended up increasing their trials hundreds of times over, to the point where the mortality rate of the Ragnors reached unprecedented scales...

And now, because they had experimented on Tammy even more, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that it would be impossible for this fragile girl to survive her Saint hood tribulation.

Chapter 557: Not Just...

Patriarch Ragnor rubbed the top of Tammy's head, seemingly with love, before gently pushing her toward Dyon.

"Since you were interested in our lightning arts, I gift you my niece as a concubine. With her as a dual cultivation partner, coupled with your talent, I doubt you'll ever have to face many hurdles in the pursuit of the dao of lightning."

Tammy did as she was told. In an awkward walk, run and skip, she made her way to Dyon. But, she never once met his gaze, acting every bit a part of the servant she was meant to be.

She politely bowed to Ri and Madeleine who were still stunned about the situation. They weren't the type to place themselves loftily above others, so it never crossed their mind that Tammy was or was not worthy of Dyon because of how good they were. All they felt was an endless pity for the girl in front of them... A girl that was just as young as the both of them...

Dyon himself had mixed feelings about Tammy.

On the one hand, he had read through Ava's memories of her betrayal. He found it sickening that a friend could do such a thing to someone you supposedly cared about. Even worse, she had done so not once, but twice. Because even before she co-signed Ava to her fate, she had been the reason why Arios was forced to fake his death.

On the other hand, though, he had caught a glimpse of her true personality, one untainted by the pressure of the Ragnors. In that light, she was a good person... But could you really judge someone by how they acted in the good times?... Weren't the genuine people distinguished by how they acted in times of adversity?...

That said, in an odd way, Dyon owed Tammy his life. During the Legacy World opening, it was because Tammy had alerted the Ragnors of where to find the blood sacrifice technique in exchange for her and her brother's life that Thor hadn't seen a need to attack Dyon. Because Thor didn't attack, Dyon was able to escape with his few wounds... At the time, there was no doubt in Dyon's mind that he stood not a single chance against Thor. In fact, with Thor's current will mastery, even Dyon didn't dare to say he had no chance of losing even now.

Tammy tried to maintain a shy smile as she looked down to the ground, but inwardly she was trembling violently. As twisted and depraved as it was, Tammy didn't care if she was taken in by Dyon to be used as a sex toy. The sad part was that she was technically a ticking time bomb. The more she dual cultivated, the closer to sainthood she would be. Eventually, there would come a moment where she would no longer

be able to suppress her cultivation, and she would inevitably die. She knew just as much as anyone else that with this new set of meridians, she would never surpass her first tribulation.

However, she still found that fate better than what would happen if Dyon rejected her. Patriarch Ragnor didn't care for her life. In fact, he had only used her to experiment with the assumption that she'd die in the first place... Tammy was the very first to ever survive had true tribulation lightning infused with her meridians. But, none of that mattered.

If Dyon rejected her, Ragnor wouldn't find fault in Dyon, he would find fault with her. If Dyon rejected her... She wouldn't be alive by the end of this day...

Dyon opened his mouth to speak, but just as an inkling of sound came out, Tammy suddenly spoke in a voice as soft as the flapping wings of a butterfly.

"I'll serve you to the best of my abilities. I'm not very useful, but I have at least protected my virginity – you don't have to worry about me being tainted. And when you don't want to use me, I am perfectly trained as a servant girl. I won't ever bother you. And – And I –"

Suddenly, the light sound of feet meeting the stage caused Tammy to shiver to silence. She was well aware that she had just spoken out of turn, and yet she had said that she was perfectly trained. Nervousness had gotten the better of...

Patriarch Ragnor didn't say anything, looking off into the skies with his hands clasped behind his back. It didn't seem to be his problem whether Dyon accepted or not.

"You've had it hard..." A male voice spoke out. But, the moment Tammy recognized a voice she definitely shouldn't have, a wave of emotion overcame her. Her shoulders visibly trembled as she tried to stop herself, she even bit into her cheeks so firmly that blood began to fill the insides of her small mouth. And yet, no matter what she tried, she couldn't seem to control herself.

"I'm sorry, I'm not usually like this. I promise I'll be better in the future. I pro –" A finger found its way to Tammy's chin, tilting it upward.

The sight of Arios caused the tears Tammy had been holding in to spill out uncontrollably. 'He's dead. I killed him. I killed him with my own hands. I must be seeing things....'

Dyon had personally told Arios what Tammy put his sister through, knowing fully well that with Ava's personality, she would have died before telling him such a thing.

Arios hadn't known how to feel. Ava was his little sister, and Tammy was a girl he had been willing to sacrifice for. They were two separate kinds of loves, and he just couldn't come up with the right answer for it. In fact, for a long time, he had been angry – angry enough to feel as though he might kill Tammy the moment he saw her next.

And yet, here she was and all he could do was feel pity... He felt like scum of the earth, but all he wanted to do was protect her...

But, that was all. Arios barred himself from any relationship with Tammy that passed that line... There were just some things that couldn't be forgiven... But, there were also some feelings that couldn't be forgotten or erased...

Dyon looked toward Arios' strong back as he stood before him. With a wave of his hand, Tammy and Arios disappeared from sight, before he secretly sent them into his ring under the influence of his concealment array. Dyon barely noticed the now black gold tint of his arrays.

"Oh?" Patriarch Ragnor seemed amused about Tammy's disappearance. But, somehow, Thor felt relief... He inexplicably felt that maybe his little sister was truly safe now...

"Well, I did gift her to you. I guess it's up to you whether you share or not. You're quite benevolent with your subordinates."

Dyon's expression didn't change. Before all of this, he thought all he had to do to get Thor to his side was rescue Tammy, but, Patriarch Ragnor had willingly handed her over... If Tammy was truly the only means he had of controlling Thor, he wouldn't have handed such a chess piece away so easily...

Suddenly, Dyon smiled. Waving his hand nonchalantly in the air, he laughed. "Nothing of the sort, Patriarch Ragnor. Arios is a good friend of mine and happened to have a long-time crush on your niece. I couldn't bare to steal the love of someone so close to me, so I only allowed them some time to chat.

"Considering Arios' talent and lineage, I have no doubt that you'd willingly accept him as a nephew in law, no?"

Patriarch Ragnor thoughtfully stroked his chin despite it being devoid of a speck of hair.

"You make quite a good point. The boy is barely 20 and yet he had already progressed so far into the essence gathering stage. Truly commendable. I would indeed accept such a union. And since he is such a good friend of yours, this also strengthens our relationship too, no? Haha, truly a brilliant move."

"I'm glad that you approve. That said, I should make it clear that it's impossible for me to join any clans. I have heard many things about the power and prestige of the Ragnors, but, I have an obligation to my master to rebuild the celestial deer sect, I hope you can understand." Dyon smiled lightly.

"Of course, of course. A filial disciple like you is the envy of this old one.

"However, I still must insist on seeing this treasure of yours. My curiosity has been piqued. Won't you allow me this small service? Think of it as a betrothal gift for my niece to your good friend. Just a small bride price." Patriarch Ragnor's smile didn't fade, but the tension in the air seemed to multiply.

King Acacia's eyes snapped away from the seen below just as his wife appeared beside him. "I've been such a fool!"

"Edrym, what happened?" King Belmont asked seriously.

"He never cared about any of this, this was all theatrics to distract us."

"Wha –" Before King Belmont could even finish his words, tens of thousands of warriors suddenly appeared in the skies above the stadium.

Their aura was stifling. Even the weakest among them was a peak Essence Gatherer. But, the majority were high level saints!

And maybe the worst part? More began to pour in from every which direction. The skies became blotted out with experts as Patriarch Ragnor casually strolled through the air.

That said, there was another major problem... One that could pitch Earth into a hopeless abyss...

It wasn't just the Ragnors acting...

Chapter 558: Their Own

Dyon looked up into the sky. He had known that something was odd about Patriarch Ragnor's movements, but to think that he was biding his time for his warriors to get into position...

'Why now... What's changed...' Dyon's eyes flashed with a sudden realization, 'Meiying!'

Dyon felt like slapping himself on the forehead, but there was really nothing he could have done to change things.

All this time, Dyon had been wondering just how the Daiyu would react to Meiying's disappearance. Regardless of the fact he killed their saint experts, after enough time passed, they would have noticed that something was wrong. However, Dyon didn't think that it mattered because Meiying didn't end up returning with the important piece of the puzzle she thought she had. Because of that, Dyon felt that it was likely that the Daiyu would continue forward with their plans, disregarding Meiying entirely.

The reason Dyon hadn't been worried about that change, is because of how obvious it was that the Daiyu were targeting the World Tournament. If it was just about seeking out the Belmont Holy Land, there were a million other times to do this. The only feasible reason might have been to take advantage of the time that King Belmont was away. But, that clearly didn't make sense considering they were attacking King Belmont right now!

If it was all about avoiding King Belmont, Patriarch Ragnor wouldn't be attacking at all!

Taking a deep breath, Dyon calmed himself. In the grand scheme of things, he had too many trump cards to be worried in this situation. But, he had the sneaking suspicion that a clan of people willing to bide their time for thousands of years... and yet another clan willing to pay the cost to send their branch family across tens of universes... wouldn't be defeated so easily.

King Belmont's face twisted with rage. This was his planet. He was the ruler of this place. Attacking it was no less than a slap to his face.

He immediately contacted his warriors. Having been preparing for this for so long, to the point where he remained in secluded cultivation for decades at a time, how could he not have been ready? Ever since the Ragnor conquered the Earth Gate last and stepped into his domain along with elves in tow, he had been ready.

But... He received no response...

"They're ready too..." King Acacia spoke softly. Part of his words were meant to comfort his friend, but the other was to let them all understand a striking reality. Maybe, just maybe, they had underestimated this threat.

They were completely disorganized and disjointed. They had been so focused on this ethereal entity that they had forgotten about the very real current and tangible threat. Even worse, it was likely that many of their subordinates had no idea what was going on.

"We can't try and explain the full situation, that would be impossible." King Belmont immediately regained his composure. This wasn't the time to fold, he had to be a king. "Keep the message simple and straight forward. The Ragnors are attempting to seize hold of Earth's Royal God Clan position. We'll rally everyone in this way."

Immediately, streams of celestial will began branching outward from the Belmont skybox, attempting to inform all clans of just what was going on and to prepare themselves thoroughly.

However, the more they tried, the more they realized that certain clans had barred off communication entirely!

The Cavositas showed no response, but, at the very least, that was partially expected. But, when King Belmont realized that the Niveus God sect wasn't responding either, his throne shattered beneath him.

'I've been so blind!' Earth was meant to have a supportive group of God level clans to back the Belmonts in case another Royal God Clan attempted to take control of the universe. And yet, in just an instant, Earth had lost half of their power to the Ragnors.

Patriarch Ragnor stood in the skies with an amused look as he studied Dyon's face, but then his gaze shifted over to Ri and Madeleine with a disgusting gleam in his eye. While everyone was focused on Dyon's treasures and just who his secret master was, Ragnor had locked into something else.

'How could a warrior not be powerful with such talented dual cultivation incubators!?'

The truth was that Patriarch Ragnor had experimented on many girls before he succeeded with Tammy, attempting to find himself the perfect partner. However, the problem with Tammy was that her cultivation was too weak. Unless she became powerful enough, regardless of her affinity, she would be useless to him.

That was exactly how twisted of an individual he was. He didn't care that Tammy was her niece, if she could be used in such a way, he would use her.

Almost ironically... It was lucky for Tammy that she was so weak...

But, Ri and Madeleine were different. With their talent, and the fact they weren't Ragnors practically sentenced to death, in as little as ten years, they'd be powerful enough to be of great use to him.

At this point, Dyon's treasures were almost secondary to him – a cherry on top if you will. He almost couldn't refrain from licking his lips. But, he had to maintain his amiable outer appearance, so he persisted in smiling lightly as more and more warriors organized in the skies above.

Dyon had little time to think about what disgusting plots Patriarch Ragnor was thinking of. To him, he had to find the most efficient way to not only ensure the safety of his wives, but to also find everyone else he needed to care for.

However, just as he was thinking of just to do, an already bad situation became easily ten times worse.

The movements of their enemies no longer just included the Ragnor, Cavositas and Niveus...

King Clyte and King Aumen appeared beside Patriarch Ragnor, somehow looking like the best of friends...

This suddenly turned from a civil war to a single Royal God Clan facing against two entire planetary forces allied with half of their own...

Chapter 559: Yet Another?

"Well... Isn't this just fantastic..." Dyon chuckled.

It was such a shame. His soul was only a half step away from breaking into the celestial stage. At that point, he'd be able to repair his puppets to reach the peak level of celestial cultivation. With that kind of power, if he used them cleverly enough, it was likely that even a lower dao formation expert might have trouble dealing with him.

That said, Dyon fully understood that if he tried to push his soul to such a level now, he would die. His body was simply too weak. Then there was the amount of time it would take to repair such complex arrays. Not to mention the fact that Dyon hadn't studied any array alchemy theories past the grandmaster level.

From his understanding, array alchemy reached a massive watershed when your soul stepped into the Celestial stage. Even with his genius, he'd need more than just a moment to fully grasp it...

'I could bring out the demon generals... The most talented amongst the saints can last at least a few bouts against this caliber of celestials. If they team up, maybe they can even last longer than that. But, is it smart to reveal the demon generals now...? Just because they could survive, doesn't mean they'd win... At this point it would be hundreds of thousands against three thousand. But, unlike the gates, they aren't capped to our level...'

Dyon had to be smart about his movements. He was their leader. He couldn't just rely on their power while putting them at risk like this. It would be easier to maneuver with less people for now. His top priority was to protect Ri and Madeleine and make his way over to Clara. Then he'd go and get Little Lyla and Zaire.

"Look at you, planning." Vidar suddenly sneered, walking up to the stage Dyon stood on casually to stand beside Tau who had previously paused his pursuit. "Can't you see that this is inevitable? If you return Tammy to me now, though. I can let you have a little bit of dignity in death."

Had anyone else said this, maybe they may have fooled those listening into thinking they actually cared for a family member of theirs. But, Dyon knew better.

After hearing how good of an effect Tammy would have as a dual cultivation partner, Vidar's eyes had shone with jealousy. He wondered why his father hadn't just given her to him if he hadn't wanted her.

Dyon's face twisted in disgust.

"I'd like to pound his face in." Ri growled, a dense black void aura manifesting itself around her as ethereal tails whipped about, destroying the already damaged stage.

She still hadn't recovered from the past ten minutes of emotional upheaval. In fact, these were the first words she had spoken since Dyon's drastic recovery. But, she had to step forward now. While everyone else was in awe at Dyon's sudden recovery, her and Madeleine felt something completely different. No one knew more than them how tired Dyon was right now.

He had just faced a battle against the universe itself. Then, he pushed his soul to the absolute limit to treat a wound that should have been untreatable. And, even worse, he was still diverting some of his soul power right now to keep the soul of the man who gave him that wound from dissipating.

And yet, instead of complaining or looking for help, his eyes were calculating how he could do more.

How could they feel anything but rage?

'How do I deal with this...' Dyon thought. He wanted to just send Ri and Madeleine into his ring, but if something like sending a person in against their will was so easy, Dyon would never have to worry about an enemy ever again. And, it was very much clear that neither of his wives would agree to being sent in.

'They're too powerful for me handle. The puppets could work, but I would have to use the stronger one as well... Alright, that's fine. I'll do it. But, it has to be at the right time. When the stronger one appears, it has to kill one of them for sure, or else it would be a waste. Also, the puppets need my guidance to be the most effective. If I let them fight on their own, they're susceptible to being tricked...

'Okay... Then I'll –'

Suddenly, something happened that made Dyon realize that all of his previous thoughts had been silly. He was so used to fighting alone, so used to scratching and clawing through the world by himself, that he had almost forgotten that for the first time, maybe everything wasn't on him...

King and Queen Acacia appeared in the air, right along side King Belmont, Big Red and Patriarch Pakal. They faced off against their enemies with their heads held high.

To Dyon, it had been a long time since he had seen backs broad enough to stand in front of him and it had been even longer since he felt that same warmth well up inside of him.

Their opponents had nine celestials on their side. Two Royal God Clan heads, and their two subordinate God Clans, along with Patriarch Ragnor, Patriarch Cavositas, and the Matriarch of the Niveus sect. Anyone could see how lopsided this affair was... Well, it was until the Elvin Head Sigebryht and Grand Elder Deryth made their appearance.

The sight of sixteen celestials facing off was enough to place a weight on any warrior's chest.

Inwardly, Dyon was hopeful. Despite the two-celestial difference, Dyon was well aware that his mother and father in law had battle prowess that far outweighed their cultivation. This wasn't as hopeless as it seemed.

However, there was something else that Dyon was worried about. According to the information he had, Planet Mino with their Shruti Royal God Clan, and Planet Nix with their Jafari Royal God Clan weren't the same clans that had represented those planets in the previous world tournament...

So, the question was just what were their motives?

And maybe more strikingly, were they yet another foe they had to face off against?...

Chapter 560: Just Begun

"Well then, I'll leave them to you." Dyon grinned, "And as for them." Dyon turned his head toward the rankers he had been competing with just moments before. "I'll handle them just fine on my own."

"Lionel." King Belmont's voice boomed. Violet flames danced around him, flickering sometimes in red and blue, before they retreated to their normal violet. "Set aside your angst. You are a Belmont."

Lionel nodded. "Yes, father." Without so much as another word, he sprang to action.

Tau Aumen's face twisted in anger as flames of red and blue raged toward him. "To dare use flames against me? I'll be sure to show you Belmonts what real fire is!"

Lionel's attack seemed to throw the entire stadium out of its stalemate. It was a chaotic mess.

Innocent civilians cowered in their seats, unsure of what to do. But, even worse, often times, warriors simply weren't aware of who their enemies were!

The initial stages of the battle was a disgusting and cowardly showing of backstabbing. The Niveus, Cavositas and Ragnors took full advantage of the unknown betrayal and by the time the rest began to catch on, many had already died!

The Shruti and Jafari still seemed to be in an odd state of limbo. The Jafari seemed to still be at a loss, unknowing of how to move forward with the death of their young king. But, the Shruti seemed more

focused on ensuring that Saru made it back safely without getting accidentally pulled into a battle that had nothing to do with them.

Dyon looked to black band on his wrist. Somehow during the whole process, his scythe had disappeared. But, luckily, since his soul was still fighting, he hadn't lost connection to his weapon. In fact, it was because of this that Dyon was confused about why the key had severed its connection with him at all. Ownership of beasts or treasures was always done via the soul. So, just because he was on the verge of death, shouldn't have meant that the key would disown him...

Suddenly, a voice filled Dyon's head. It was so ancient and deep that it startled him. 'Hmph. You should be grateful that I severed the connection. If it wasn't for me, that old man would have never known to help you. You're welcome.'

'Ah - ... Thank you.' Dyon finally got out. But, there was no longer a response from the voice. It seemed gone now.

"Dyon?" Madeleine looked over at him worried. This wasn't exactly the best time to space out, especially since Vidar and Thor were making their way over.

Before Dyon could answer, King Belmont suddenly spoke, "I'm sure you're all aware that we can't fight here. Whatever it is you want would be long destroyed. It's in all of our interests that we don't."

"Agreed." Patriarch Ragnor smiled amicably before his figure flashed into the skies. In an instant, sixteen figures had disappeared.

Something in Dyon couldn't help but think about how cool what he just saw was. In the middle of a life and death battle, and yet all his only thoughts were of how amazing it would be to fight in space.

"To think you'd get distracted now." Vidar didn't wait, he immediately burst into his strongest form. A 20-meter tall mammoth of a man came careening toward Dyon, accompanied by the lightning strike of a deadpan Thor.

Dyon turned a casual gaze toward Vidar, almost giving him an incredulous look. 'Really?... Truth be told, my soul is feeling a bit tired. But, you're too weak to help it!'

Dyon's skin reddened as he immediately jumped to the peak of the first act of Demon Emperor's Will. His fist shot forward, accompanied by a piercing space will.

However, before his fist connected, he sensed danger he shouldn't have. His senses were on another level now. With his soul having reached the peak of the saint stages, it was suffice to say that there was little his 6th sense couldn't pick up... And right now... It was screaming to not underestimate Thor.

Dyon immediately retracted his fist, taking Ri and Madeleine by the waist and leaping backward as an arc of red lightning blasted into the spot his had just been at.

'There's got to be another way Ragnor is controlling them... If it was as simple as an array, I would have sensed it a long time ago! He has no reason to attack me so viciously when he knows I have his sister with me.'

An instant later, Vidar fist crashed into the same spot, causing the whole of the arena to shake under the weight of his fist. It wasn't that his attack was more powerful, or else Dyon would have dodged because of him instead of Thor. It was that his control was near nonexistent. He had so much power yet had no idea how to focus it!

Dyon frowned. "Ri, Madeleine. I think the two of you can handle Vidar alone. I can't afford to be distracted by him while fighting Thor because I'm much too tired to use my death intent right now..."

The stamina required for using a supreme law was ridiculously high to begin with. It was a heavy drain on your concentration and soul. But, to couple that with the passive corrosive effects death qi had to begin with, and you were left with a law that was almost more trouble than it was worth. And that was not to mention the sheer strain an intent level supreme law would cause.

Dyon simply didn't know whether his body could handle his second intent level death qi right now. Technically, he shouldn't even be using an intent before the Essence Gathering stage to begin with. If it wasn't for the solid foundation of his cultivation, it would be impossible.

The thought of using his demon generals to subdue Thor crossed his mind. But, something was telling Dyon that if he didn't fight Thor personally, he would never be able to tell what was tying him down right now.

Ri and Madeleine nodded, looking toward Vidar with clear disgust on their features. Maybe alone handling a top ten ranker would be too much, but together, they found no issue with it.

However, unbeknownst to Ri and Dyon, Madeleine was hiding her own fatigue... With the evolution of her celestial intent due to her unselfish nature, Dyon wasn't the only one who had to deal with the strain of a Supreme Law recently. But, even worse... Madeleine's supreme law had been on the level of an intent, and her lack of stamina currently was showing it...

"Let's go." Dyon's eyes narrowed, focusing in on Thor's figure in the air behind Vidar.

The battle had just begun.