

## The Nameless 701

### Chapter 701: May

A familiar sight greeted Dyon as he witnessed the massive world tree-like Earth Tower for the second time in his life.

An uncontrollable grin spread across his lips, his blood pumping with vigour he hadn't felt in ages. The events that seemed like such a distance pass had stolen two years of his life from him, and although most of those who were responsible had paid, Dyon still felt like it wasn't enough. He wouldn't feel better until he could truly stretch out his wings.

"Shouldn't we be rushing to the Epistemic Tower?" Zabia asked. He had little understanding of situation, but everyone did seem much too relaxed to him.

Technically speaking, if they managed to get to the tower first this time, wouldn't this all be over?

Ri shook her head, "We tried this during the second campaign. But, it seemed they were willing to weather the danger of the gate's closure in order to make sure they had a leg up on us."

Zabia nodded in acknowledgement. It wasn't exactly common knowledge that it was possible to survive in the gates while they were closed, but Zabia was a very straight forward kind of person. Since Ri said it, and she had no reason to lie to him, he would accept it.

That said, it was common knowledge to Ri. After all, Alidor and his sister did this very thing in order to survive the destruction of their clan. Of course, that was mostly due to Alidor's intelligence and array alchemy specialty, but the Uidah weren't ones to care about casualties of their lesser clan members.

All this to say, staying in the gates during their 'maintenance' periods was difficult, especially in large numbers, but not impossible.

The group stepped off of the large boat to walk along the dock. Much like the last time Dyon campaigned, there were already hundreds of thousands, if not millions of youths here already. The number was likely even higher than in the past considering only Earth Tower was left under their control. However, Dyon hardly cared about that.

"We can head to the Epistemic Tower directly. I can teleport us there in a few moments using the key." Dyon stated nonchalantly. He hadn't really explained to anyone just what his plan was, so no one understood just what the Epistemic Tower Key could do. So, when they heard his words, shock was clearly evident.

Only Alidor, who was quiet as usual, didn't react. He had already assumed much of the possible functions of the key. After all, much like Dyon, he had figured out the special nature of the tower without anyone needing to tell him. The only thing he had been brooding over as of late was his disbelief that his soul strength still hadn't caught up to Dyon's.

Alidor, although he hadn't told anyone, had already resigned himself to following Dyon, not because he liked playing second fiddle, but because anything was a secondary matter to him if it meant he would be able to destroy the Uidah. He was smart enough to understand that Dyon was his best chance at this, in addition to his best path toward a bright future.

However, that didn't mean he wasn't depressed about the fact Dyon's seal on him was still going strong even after his two year coma.

Alidor knew, much like Dyon did, that as long as his soul strength surpassed Dyon's, the seal would become ineffective. He also knew that his soul talent in through the universes was matched by only a handful of people. In fact, before Clara came into the mix, he would bet that only Dyon could compare to him in terms of age and talent.

But, Dyon had clearly not cultivated in two years. And that was all on top of the fact his soul was damaged! So, how was it still stronger than his?!

This feeling of frustration was unfamiliar territory for Alidor. He was currently stuck at the peak of the Essence stage, unwilling to be a mad man to soar into sainthood without a strong enough body.

Maybe if he knew Dyon technically had 6 months training in a time locked space he'd feel better. But, not by much.

Hearing Dyon's words, though, Ava was the very first to complain, even under the bitter smile of her elder brother. "Why couldn't you tell us these things before? You're always going off and doing your own thing. Tsk."

Dyon laughed, "I would have, but I'm not a fan of authority. Plus, I was on vacation."

"Psh," Ava was about to say more, but when she noticed the entourage of people approaching from the distance, she changed her next thought, "Speaking of authority."

Dyon turned toward where Ava was referring to, and sure enough, a familiar figure with purple hair and a red and blue eye was approaching.

Much like in previous campaigns, the Belmonts always took charge of Earth Tower. It was the last line of defense, so as the Royal God Clan, this made perfect sense.

Unlike what one might think, Elwing, and not Lionel, had always been the head of this specific operation. This was because Lionel was often increasing his stock and rank. Staying here was mostly administrative work, which was exactly why Elwing never ranked despite being a prince.

This may seem useless, but it allowed Elwing to ingratiate himself with the lesser known clans. Clans that weren't quite God Clans, but were on the cusp. After all, between the hierarchy of places like Focus Academy and the God Clans, there were many in between clans as well. For example, Madeleine's step mother was from one such clan. A Sapientia branch that was higher than her father's, but lower than the main branch.

Meaning... If Elwing wanted to cause trouble, he could very well make use of these eager youths who were just waiting in the wings to replace the fallen God Clans of Earth. And considering the look in his eye, he may just do so.

## Chapter 702: Don't Forget

Dyon continued to walk forward with an interesting glint in his eye. He was amused because he realized the Elwing had no idea just how much power Dyon had over everything that happened in the gates of this universe.

Usually, not being a part of a massive clan was a detriment to Dyon. But, in this case, it made him nearly invincible.

The reason clans who acquired the key had to compromise was so that they weren't attacked by massive alliances. No matter how powerful an Emperor God Clan was, they couldn't very well fight off the attack of an entire quadrant of angry people by themselves. As such, they shared.

However, this was only because those clans spanned across many universes, while the Epistemic Tower Key was only its most powerful in one universe.

The powers of the Epistemic Tower key were simple.

For one, there was free teleportation of between any gates in the entire quadrant. The limitation of this rule was that the teleportation was only truly free in this universe and conquered gates. Meaning Dyon could teleport to any given location in any of the five gates of this universe without issues. However, when teleporting to an unconquered gate, there would be no option but to be teleported to the very center of the gate.

The second power was unilateral control over the threshold of cultivation for gates of this universe. This rule doesn't extend to other conquered gates because it is redundant. Obviously, if you've conquered the gate, you can control this already.

The third power was pertaining to the tower itself. This included freely entering and exiting, deciding who could do so, as well as accessing special areas restricted to non-key wielders. These special areas were the main way in distinguishing those who were talented enough to conquer the tower themselves, and those who weren't. However, the truth of the matter was that even among those who have conquered the tower, surviving those areas was a rarity.

The fourth power was miscellaneous. But, within the gate that housed the Epistemic Tower, the key functioned as a master key to all towers. This may seem useless, but it was actually of interesting importance.

For example, Lotus Tower. Before Dyon removed the death abyssal core, which was currently slowly reforming itself, that death qi hurt attackers while not harming those defending, almost like a defenders buff from a video game.

Essentially, Dyon and his allies would have this advantage at every tower. Regardless of who owned it, only Dyon would benefit, while all others would suffer.

So, why was Dyon lucky? Because he only had this one universe to worry about, while those massive clans had all of their territory to worry about.

Dyon, and any key wielder, was essentially invincible in the universe that housed their Epistemic Tower. However, as they moved away from that location, that power would be tempered and weakened, causing them to be susceptible to be attacked.

Basically, if the Uidah got the key, and were discovered, they could enter the Epistemic Tower before lowering the threshold to foundation stage experts only. In that case, how could a normal foundation stage expert survive the middle of a gate? Such a thing was impossible.

However, what of their other territory? While they were holding up, their enemies would simply eat away at everything they had built.

Some may say, so what? How could territory compare to becoming a transcendent? Simply stay in the tower until you become more powerful than anyone, right?

But, that was a large reason why one of the most important rules of the Epistemic Tower was put in place.

You could not climb the tower unless you had territory, and you couldn't climb to the top floor, unless you groomed an Emperor God Clan!

Such rules left key wielders feeling frustrated, but also balanced out the power provided by the tower. This way, talents wouldn't fall through the cracks simply because they were younger, or a step too late.

However, Dyon didn't need to worry about any of that now. He could climb to the top of the saint floors without owning even a bit of territory. He had a lot to gain and a lot of room to grow before he started on his true campaigns.

This meant that Dyon was essentially untouchable.

Now, whether Elwing wanted to find out first hand or not, would be up to him. The Uidah, however, wouldn't have much of a choice.

Elwing eventually stopped 3 or so meters from Dyon. But, when he noticed that Dyon didn't have any intention of stopping himself, a deep seeded fury was threatening to boil over.

Regardless of whether he understood that his brother was in the wrong, Elwing couldn't help but feel resentful toward Dyon. Lionel was his elder brother, after all.

In fact, Elwing had been angry with his father for a long time for actually going through with it. But, in the end, he actually had love for his father, whereas Dyon used to be a nobody to him. So, while he had gotten past his hatred for his father, although King Belmont had yet to forgive his own self, he had not gotten rid of his anger entirely. Instead, it was mostly pointed toward Dyon.

Under normal circumstances, Elwing couldn't do too much because he knew his dad would side with Dyon. But, the gates were a different story. There were only them here, and Elwing had much more people on his side.

Finally, just as Dyon was about to brush past him, Elwing couldn't hold it in any longer and spoke.

"It's best that you stay here. Don't forget who the rulers of this planet are." Tongue of red flames hovered outward, threatening to grip Dyon's throat.

Outside of the gate in a completely different universe, a conspiracy was moving under the broad the daylight, not bothering to hide their sinister intentions at all.

An army of elites with streaking golden hair, often with lines of black within, followed behind ten youths of unmatched aura. These were the sons and daughters of the Uidah King God Clan. Both the meridian formation and essence gathering ranks.

Chapter 703: No One.

There were many faces Dyon would recognize, but even more that he wouldn't.

A shirtless woman that was beginning to bloom into true maturity followed in the second row of five, because second from the right.

This was Silvyr Uidah, the second daughter of the meridian formation rankings and the leader of the army Dyon handed a demeaning loss to.

To her left was another familiar face, clearly wielding what looked like a discolored hand.

This was, of course, Kaeghan Uidah. The first son of the Uidah King God clan and a man that was forced to grow an artificial hand after losing his.

In the front five row of sons and daughters, stood another two familiar figures, both of whom, ironically, had been fought against by Lionel Belmont – and both of whom lost.

One was Mekhi Uidah, the fourth son of the essence gathering ranking. And the other was Lilith Uidah, a woman whose once delicate face held a scar that was still fading. It was clear that she diligently treated it every day to once again match her complexion, but it seemed the enemy that gifted her the scar was a tricky one to deal with, even with their status.

Of course, the person who scarred such a beauty like this was Lionel Belmont. She was the wind will and blade specialist that Lionel defeated in hopes of obtaining Amethyst's legacy, only for him to lose out to Madeleine.

However, despite all of the geniuses present, there was one man that stood out among the rest. Even within his row of five, he walked a half step ahead, and yet no one complained even a bit. This was the first son of the essence gathering ranking, Dravil Uidah.

This was no normal young man. Even within the stringent competition between siblings, no one dared to challenge him. This wasn't only because of his genius, but also because of his special status: along with the first son of sainthood, only Dravil had a faith seed!

When Alidor left a trail of clues to lure an important member of the Uidah to the Epistemic Tower, the one he had hoped would bite the bait was Dravil. This was because Alidor wanted to steal his faith seed for himself in order to grow more powerful for the future. This would be undetectable because they were technically of the same clan. In fact, Dravil's faith seed was actually from Alidor's Guatama family, originally.

Unfortunately for Alidor, not only did he end up alerting the Uidah about the possible special nature of the tower, he had also lured the wrong person and lost out on the tower entirely.

Aside from the main ten characters, there was one more person that was of important note. In fact, although to the Uidah, first son Dravil was the most important of all, if Dyon was there, Dravil would not have been the first person he noticed... It would have been Tau Aumen!

Many questions would have resulted from this...

How did Tau contact the Uidah even though the dao formation couple monitored the Aumens during campaign months? Even regardless of that, how did the Uidah know to contact the Aumens in the first place instead of some other clan? Or was it possible the Aumens were the ones to contact the Uidah? If that was the case, why would the Uidah have listened? Or more accurately... What did the Aumens know to make the Uidah listen?...

However, those questions remained unanswered even as Tau silently followed behind the ten sons and daughters, completely forgetting his dignity as a supposed genius to lower his presence.

In reality, Tau would have been weaker than Lionel two years ago, which mean he was about strong enough to be the fifth or fourth son of the Uidah – just about. However, he didn't dare to voice such an opinion in order to get better treatment.

In front of a King God Clan... His measly Royal God Clan lineage meant nothing.

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Back on the other side of the gate, Dyon had stopped walking, silently looking at the tongue of flames hovering in front of his face and threatening to sear off the top layer of his skin completely.

Tense moments passed. It was as though time was completely frozen, but as each second ticked by, Elwing became more and more aware of a formless presence raging over him. He had just threatened the life of someone who was practically a legend now.

"What did you say?" Dyon suddenly broke the silence. He didn't retaliate. He didn't lash out. He only asked for a simple reiteration of what he had just heard.

Dyon's words seemed to have snapped the entourage that had followed Elwing out of their fear. Since they had chosen a side, they couldn't half ass it or else they would just offend everyone.

A fiery young lady of a well-off sword clan spoke up. In fact, she had managed to place decently well onto the meridian formation rankings just two years prior.

"A prince shouldn't have to repeat himself. The Belmonts are the rightful rulers of this planet and none of that has changed. In fact, they've solidified themselves after being the ones to fend off a joint attack of three planets! Show some respe –"

**BOOM!**

Barely anyone saw how it happened, especially not the mediocre so-called geniuses that followed Elwing who somehow thought that their massive number's advantage meant anything to Dyon. However, in one swift motion, Dyon's hand became like a claw, shooting up its position to slam into Elwing's face, completely crushing his nose.

Moments later, the back of Elwing's head slammed into the ground, grinding even further downward as Dyon clamped down on his face, only leaving the space between his fingers so that Elwing could look him directly in the eye.

The boldness of Elwing's entourage complete dissipated. Looks of horror surfaced on their features as they involuntarily inched backward. This Dyon person had done this to a prince! What would he do if his gaze landed on them?!

"No one rules me." Dyon said, almost tearing Elwing's soul out with his glare. "Least of all your pitiful Belmont Clan."

#### Chapter 704: Decisive

Dyon's eyes were vicious. There was an edge to him that hadn't been there just two years, and maybe back then he would have talked down to Elwing until he understood just how stupid his words were, but the Dyon of now didn't have that kind of patience.

Years ago, even from the very first moment Dyon stepped into the Elvin Kingdom for the first time, he had been aware that his inherited bloodline, from the Demon Sage, had been having an effect on him. However, in all this time, he had still not managed to find a suitable balancing blood essence. After all, how could it be easy to find a body cultivator as strong as the Demon Sage? And even if you could, how could they be willing to hand it over to Dyon so easily?

This had even spilt over into his sex life with his wives. Even with Ri and Madeleine's eagerness in the beginning, it was simply impossible for them to keep up with his lust – a lust that had grown exponentially after Dyon stepped into bodily sainthood. Of course, Dyon had a kind of self-control most couldn't match, so he had never once thought about going overboard with those he cared for, but what his current nature wouldn't tolerate was bullshit from those he didn't have a good impression of to begin with.

"Keep your irrational anger to yourself." Dyon's words were like daggers piercing into Elwing's heart. It was clear from this one line that Dyon understood exactly what Elwing's gripe with him was. "Be happy that I wasn't awake when your brother's punishment was being decided, or else I would have directly killed him regardless of what was said."

The flames of anger wanted to spark in Elwing's eyes, but he simply didn't have the courage to let it happen with Dyon staring directly at him like this. He couldn't even speak because Dyon's large hand was clamped over his face.

Dyon lifted his hand and stood up, leaving Elwing's head in a small crater formed on the ground.

"If you'd like to witness how I save your kingdom, oh great prince, do follow. But, don't try and stop me again because even a trillion of your little supporters mean nothing to me." Dyon's eye swept over the entourage that followed Elwing, but in the end, they had nothing to say.

Elwing remained silent even as Dyon walked away.

As for those who were on Dyon's side, they had mixed feelings about what they had just witnessed. Those like Zabia and Alidor could hardly care. This was the martial world and Dyon was meant to be their leader. Tolerating disrespect would only cause those under him to question his viability as a leader.

However, those who had feelings for Dyon beyond just sheer respect, felt troubled by his actions.

Dyon's balance had been tipped unfavourably. With his soul and energy cultivation sealed, his body cultivation would be ruling his body for at least the next few decades. Who knew if his behaviour would get worse?

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Later that day, Elwing had managed to gather himself and begin to act sensibly.

His reason for stopping Dyon earlier that day wasn't for an entirely selfish purpose. Dyon hadn't told anyone what his plan was, he only made large and seemingly impossible promises to keep. So, Elwing was rightfully worried. However, he would be lying to himself if he didn't admit that he hadn't stepped up to Dyon with malicious intentions.

But, Dyon had ironically knocked some sense into him. At the end of the day, it was Lionel that had put their entire family in danger and was also nearly the reason why their father, who Elwing obviously loved, almost died.

Elwing worshipped his elder brother, and his hate for Dyon hadn't disappeared. But, he also understood that there was nothing he could do in this situation. Dyon was simply too powerful, and those who followed him? Even more so.

Understanding this, Elwing could only give up.

Knowing that this would likely be a decisive campaign, and that asking Dyon for details was likely no longer an option, Elwing could only leave administrative duties to the Sapientia that were usually by his side before rounding up some of the better remaining talents to follow Dyon and his followers. He didn't know if he could help, but he couldn't sit by and do nothing when it was his kingdom on the line.

It was suffice to say that Elwing was very frustrated with his father. After Dyon left those words behind at the banquet, King Belmont had treated this matter as though it was done with. He didn't call any more meetings, he didn't discuss it with anyone, in fact, he entered secluded meditation and closed himself off from the world entirely. It was clear that the ripple effects of the battle were still very strong.

Dyon noticed Elwing's army following them, but, he said nothing. Why should he bother? He didn't plan on coming back to his universe for a long while after this, so someone needed to go back and inform them of what happened.

As a last remaining courtesy, Dyon decided to use a few dao stones to extend the forcefield of the Demon Sage Tower to protect the troops following them below. It would only slow them down if they had to stop and constantly fight against the drastic changes in the gates. One couldn't forget just how dangerous traveling to the center of a gate was.

So, just like that, an army of a few hundred thousand followed a large and slowly flying black and red tower, heading toward a decisive battle for the fate of their universe.

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Dyon sat quietly on a large cushioned throne, his legs crossed and his eyes closed in meditation. He knew more than anyone else that he had lost his temper, but it wasn't something he could control, not yet. Although he was no longer affected by his black flames, on the other side of the coin, he was also no longer affected by his white flames.

#### Chapter 705: Afraid?

For some reason, he found it easy to interact with his wives. He didn't lose his temper when Ri or Clara teased him, nor did he feel frustrated when they were too worn out to match his stamina. Although his body protested, his mind and heart would never allow such a thing. However, it was also likely because of this that Clara, Ri and Madeleine were unaware of how bad the situation had gotten.

Dyon suddenly snapped awake from his thoughts as he felt a soft and delicate body slip into his lap. When he opened his eyes, he smiled realizing that it was Ri.

He felt an injection of cool ice will, following the purity path, seeping into his skin, filling him with a calming feeling.

"I've neglected you." Dyon wrapped his arm around Ri's waist, resting his other on her legs as she sat across his legs to rest her forehead on his cheek.

Ri raised up her arm and flicked Dyon's forehead, "I came here for you, not me. You haven't neglected me at all."

Dyon shook his head. "It's been weeks and we've only mentioned your mother a sparing amount. How could this be considered my doing my duty as your husband?"

Ri trembled slightly before burying her head into Dyon's neck. "It's been two years, I've gotten used to it. There's no need to dwell."

"I'm sure my grand teacher knows something." Dyon said reassuringly. "No matter how difficult it is, we'll find a solution. I promise."

Ri smiled lightly. Dyon's words obvious instilled a sense of confidence in her no one else could. How many times had she heard these exact words from others while he was gone? And yet this was the first time that they truly got to her.

"Stupid husband, I already said that I came here for you, and look at you changing the subject." Ri pouted.

Dyon laughed lightly, "It's no more than I deal with usually."

"Deal with?"

"The Demon Sage's blood has many pros, but also has its cons. Unfortunately, those cons are harder to control without full use of my soul."

Ri frowned. Dyon had never really mentioned this to her before, not in any real tangible way, anyway.

"How does it effect you?" Ri asked.

Dyon thought for a moment, trying to understand how best to explain it, when he suddenly thought of an idea.

The throne room was empty, except for him and Ri, likely because everyone was enjoying the food courtesy of Amell's pain. So, Dyon decided to call up Clara and Madeleine. Since they were so close, it only took his intent for them to know he wanted them here.

A few moment later they walked in with confused expressions. It wasn't often Dyon did something like this. In fact, it was never. They immediately decided that it was likely something important.

Dyon smiled, understanding their confusion. "I just thought I should show you guys something."

Originally, Dyon thought that because of their soul connection, his wives would understand exactly how his body was feeling. But, it seemed that it had limitations.

Because Dyon was always dampening the feelings his blood essence gave him with his soul, it didn't exactly translate to how he was feeling. It was quite an oddity of the martial world. However, when you thought about it, it made sense. After all, if a soul connection meant seeing through every and anything, Little Black would feel quite uncomfortable every time Dyon had some quality time with Ri, Clara and Madeleine.

That aside, Dyon didn't keep them waiting. He diligently explained his problems and that he knew how to fix it, it was only that it was clearly affecting him either way.

Dyon's women were intelligent, so they also understood that something that could counter balance the Demon Sage's blood was at the very least as valuable as the blood itself. That meant it would be something very difficult to earn, even in the tower. However, they were happy Dyon told them about this.

"Pft, sounds like you just want an excuse to go out and do perverted things." Ri voiced Clara's opinions before Clara even got a chance, causing them to look at each other and nod like they had just achieved something great.

Madeleine giggled as usual, but even she felt like Dyon embellished the story a little bit. Really? Uncontrollable lust? Sounded like exactly what a pervert would say.

Dyon looked at his three wives with a raised eyebrow before an evil expression surfaced on his features, causing them to shiver and involuntarily take a step backwards.

"No no no, no running away now. I called you all here for a reason. How about we test your hypothesis?"

"What do you mean?" They asked.

Dyon didn't respond. Instead, a curved blade jetted out from the Dragon King's band on his wrist, effectively cutting a shallow gash in his finger. If he didn't use this weapon, who knows how hard it would be to cut through his skin.

"Come, come. Don't be shy." Dyon's evil grin spread.

The three beauties stared at Dyon's finger, suddenly understanding his meaning.

"What's this? You guys were so sure before? Don't tell me you're afraid of becoming perverts too?" Dyon took a step forward, grinning wildly.

Eventually, Clara stepped forward with a defiant look in her eye. She clearly didn't believe that Dyon's bloodline could be so overwhelming, so she grabbed his finger and sucked.

At first, she wanted to quickly move in, then pull out and gloat. But, the moment the blood hit her tongue, she felt a wave of heat overwhelm her body, charging through her throat, down her chest, and resting at her loins.

Suddenly, a single suck turned to two... Then three...

Dyon smirked, watching Clara's delicate caramel skin taint into a furious blush as she breathed heavily.

Without a second thought, Clara's eyes burned with lust as she looked up to Dyon. Her sucking had gone from purposeful, to completely lewd.

Ri and Madeleine watched this scene with astonished looks on their faces. But, when they noticed Dyon pricked his other finger and looked toward them, their curiosity got the best of them.

The next few days were a blur, but it was safe to say that three more people earned the title of pervert.

## Chapter 706: One Chance

A couple weeks later, the massive Earth force had moved its way near the center of the gates and were now standing outside of the massive forest that surrounded that circular abyss that held the Epistemic Tower. By now, there was no question that the Uidah were aware of their arrival. It was just that they couldn't be bothered to care. After two successful defenses, even knowing how powerful characters like

Ri and Madeleine were, they hardly worried at all. However, what they didn't know was that there was a new wild card at play.

Dyon stood at the window of the Demon Sage Tower, looking at the forest below.

The last time he had campaigned, he had taken it so seriously to the point where he even wore his white leather battle changpao. But now? He saw it all almost as though it was a leisurely vacation. In fact, this coming battle wasn't even the foremost thing on his mind. Instead, he was thinking about how he'd confront his grand teacher about his sins.

Dyon was snapped out of his thoughts by faint groaning going on behind him.

He turned with a grin on his face, only to see three naked bodies entangled with one another, apparently devoid of strength.

"Stop laughing," Ri said faintly.

"Why would I ever laugh at my lovely wives? You asked and I obliged, nothing more." Despite his words, the smirk on Dyon's lips firmly read 'I told you so'.

His stamina was more than enough to go for days. However, when the three of them woke up from their lustful states, their bodies were very much regretting it.

"Couldn't you have showed some restraint?" Clara chided, but immediately regretted her choice in words.

"I tried to resist, in fact I said no multiple times. But, you ravenous beasts defiled my innocence. What could I do?"

At these words, even Madeleine groaned, turning over and covering the three of them in blankets.

"Aww, you guys are gonna miss the show."

"Whatever!"

Dyon laughed as he dodged three pillows that flew toward him at breakneck speeds.

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"It seems like they're finally here." First son Dravil Uidah looked off into the distance from the deep crater that held the Epistemic Tower. Although, from their angle, it was impossible to see the Earth army's position, his senses were sharp.

A robust young man stood behind Dravil, nearly salivating. This was the second son of the essence gathering Uidah, known as Fri Uidah.

"Those beauties. They'll be back, right?" Fri shifting the rod in his pants, trying to remain composed as he thought back to flashes of Ri, Madeleine, Clara and Delia. He could hardly contain himself. "We gotta capture them this time. All I got to do was cross blades with them, but I need to touch them this time. Why can't our kingdom have such beauties!"

Fourth son snorted, "You spent all your time holed up training just so you could do something so demeaning. Your motivations are pathetic. But, I hope you understand first come, first served. You better not try to take any of the ones I capture first."

Second son stared daggers at fourth son. However, unlike the meridian formation rankings, aside from Dravil, the essence gathering rankings were much closer in power. So, the power disparity between fourth and second son wasn't so wide that second son could just ignore fourth son's wishes. The truth was that while Tau thought he could fight fourth or fifth son. In reality, he would lose to each and every one of them.

Seeing the odd atmosphere, Tau decided to interject.

"Young master Uidah, it is very much likely that they will be more dangerous this time around." Tau Aumen spoke respectfully, making sure to only speak of how powerful Earth was, as opposed to saying the Uidah couldn't handle it.

"Why was this again?" It wasn't that Dravil didn't remember, it was more so that he found it nonsensical. The only reason he even considered listening was because the Aumen's had sent their crown prince. No matter how arrogant he was, he wasn't stupid. For a clan to be willing to risk the life of such an important piece to their future, they wouldn't do so just to lie.

"It is because of an innate aurora user by the name of Dyon Sacharro." Tau responded.

"And why should I take seriously that one person against ten of us." Dravil had asked all of these questions before, but this just proved how prudent of a man he was. In the Uidah clan, where everyone was basically chasing after his position, he had learned to be cautious. After all, the clan only protected him because of his faith seed, however, they wouldn't stop someone more capable from stealing it from him. Such was the way of the Uidah.

"This is no normal person. He has been in a coma for the past two years, but once we Aumens received word of his awakening, we knew we had to contact you no matter what. In fact, it is because of his awakening that the security around our clan loosened. That is how much confidence he instills within the people of Earth." Tau's words felt like poison in his mouth, but they were without a doubt the truth.

Dravil raised an eyebrow. This was the first time Tau had mentioned this. But, this point brought up an interesting line of questioning. However, before he could ask, a sudden realization hit Silvyr and Kaeghan at once.

"It's him!" They spoke in unison.

Dravil looked over in curiosity, but what he found was an interesting view of Kaeghan shaking in anger while holding his artificial hand, and a Silvyr whose eyes were clearly flickering with dense lust causing ripples to wave across her ample and exposed chest.

He immediately understood that this Dyon was the one who killed fifth son, and also the one to take Kaeghan's real hand. It also seemed that he was the one who handed Silvyr that devastating loss that lost her, her seat as second daughter. In fact, she had only just now earned it back.

"Responding to Young master," Tau continued respectfully, "Two years ago, he was wanted dead by an alliance of celestials. In the end, he was kidnapped by two of them. I'm not sure of the details, but

considering that he is now alive, the only explanation is that he survived this ordeal. In addition, our Aumen family hasn't had contact with those celestials since... Which means..."

Dravil furrowed his brows. "Impossible."

No matter how cautious of a man he was, who would believe such a ridiculous story? According to Tau, Dyon had to have been a peak meridian formation expert two years ago. What kind of nonsense would have such a weak ant escaping, or, even worse, killing two celestials? There had to be another explanation.

However, before Tau could explain further, a booming voice stretched out over the abyss as a Demonic tower cleared the cliff's edge and came into view of everyone below, followed by hundreds of thousands of warriors.

"I'll give the Uidah one chance," Dyon had appeared in the air, his pair of wings lightly flapping, and yet somehow sending winds that cut through the air careening through space. "Piss off. Or die."

[Fallen Apostle ebook should be live in 4ish hours (I think, or whenever the 24th is for you). If not, it will be some time tomorrow. Big thanks to you guys for always supporting me <3 >>  
<https://linktr.ee/Awespec> (10/23/22)]

## Chapter 707: Odd Meeting

When the Uidah heard Dyon's words, they felt like cleaning out their ears to make sure they heard properly.

They were an army of millions. Although they weren't very organized currently, having set up thousands of camps around the Epistemic Tower, Dyon's situation seemed even worse than theirs. In fact, much of the reason why they weren't ready for battle right now was because of the geography around the tower.

Although Dyon's voice seemed close, that was merely because of his cultivation. He had a saint body, of course he could project his voice even hundreds of kilometers if he really tried. However, in terms of how close he truly was, he was still about a hundred kilometers away.

In terms of mortal realm thinking, the crater the tower was within was nothing but a death trap. They had low ground, while their enemies had high ground. But, this wasn't truly the case.

For one, the supposed crater was almost 200km in diameter, that meant Dyon's supposed high ground advantage meant next to nothing unless he could send attacks from a hundred kilometers away. This would be foolhardy.

That meant that the only option was to enter the abyss itself. This was why Elwing's army consisted solely of essence gatherers who had the ability to fly down themselves. However, when they made it down, they'd lose any semblance of an advantage they had. They'd have to meet head on with an army that was not only stronger, but also larger in number. And that was not to mention by the time Dyon's allies made it down, the 'unorganized' Uidah would have long since prepared.

At their fastest speed, it would only take a few minutes to reach the Uidah. But, weren't the Uidah also cultivators? And didn't that mean that they could use their speed to prepare themselves?

All of this added up to Dyon's words sounding like a complete joke. Instead of seeing a domineering young man flying in the skies, they saw a clown.

However, even as the Uidah wanted to begin laughing, Dravil's voice sounded out.

"I would very much like to meet the famous Dyon Sacharro. I wonder if you would allow me the courtesy?"

Dyon smiled, seemingly pleased to be dealing with someone with intelligence for once. He had chosen his words to be as provocative as possible on purpose, it was the easiest way to save time, but it also would cause anyone with even a bit of caution to have reason to pause.

The truth was that as much as Dyon would love to wipe out the entirety of the Uidah, he was also aware that pushing a monster too far was detrimental. He wasn't worried about himself, but there were many people he could be said to have some relationship with left in this universe. He couldn't just leave the elves and Jafari to deal with his mess.

Some might say to leave the matter to Amell and Nora, but Dyon was very clear on the fact that they were just two people, and from his analysis of the situation, they were hiding from something, which is the only reason he wasn't even more harsh with them. This meant that the two of them were heavily limited.

That aside, even if they weren't limited, how could a King God Clan be lack in dao formation experts? If they had enough reason to believe that their universe was special, which it was, then they wouldn't have any issues sending out their dao formation elders.

If you could only travel between universes with the gates, everything would be fine. But, unfortunately, that wasn't the case. If the Uidah were willing to pay the price, they could send a small elite team to decimate their universe.

Hearing Dravil's words, Elwing couldn't believe it. But, he didn't have time to think because in the next instant, Dyon began moving downward with his tower following directly behind him. The forcefield around them that had once protected them from the wilds of the gate, turned into a transporter, carrying the entire army down and landing before the Uidah camps.

Once the tower touched down, Dyon stood and waited as a few of his own people decided to follow him. Although those like Eli, Delia and Ava decided to stay behind, his wives, Zabia, Alidor and Arios did follow him. Seeing that Dravil was being followed by the nine of sons and daughters, they were unwilling to let Dyon go in on this alone.

Dyon was actually surprised that Alidor decided to follow, but he said nothing about it. He knew about Alidor's past and how he felt about the Uidah. But, he trusted that Alidor knew how to control himself and not take things too far. At the same time, even if Alidor did lose his temper, so what? Dyon wasn't exactly the picture of cool headedness. If anything, he was the aggressor in this situation by far.

A group of people that seemed like servants worked as fast as they could between the two groups, setting up elegant tables and chairs.

A moment later, the respectfully bowed out, leaving the center of the two camps open for the two parties to sit.

Dravil and Dyon sat at the center of side of the table.

Although Dyon treated his wives equally, for formal settings like this Madeleine was given her rightful place as his first wife. She sat as the only woman to Dyon's right, making her status clear. Ri and Clara sat to Dyon's left, while Arios, as a demon general, took Dyon's right hand after Madeleine, while Zabia and the rest extended toward that direction as well.

As for Dravil's side, odd numbered sons and daughters sat to his left, with even numbers to his right, perfectly arranged by standing. This, much to Ri and Clara's disgust, left both second and fourth son sitting across from them.

Just like that, an odd meeting of geniuses began.

#### Chapter 708: Simple

Dravil sat quietly, observing the man he had heard so much about over the last few weeks. Quite frankly, he wasn't sure how to feel. Dyon seemed to be the worst kind of enemy to have. He had easily gone from domineering hot-head, to the cool-headed smiling man in front of him even to the point of being willing to have this meeting.

There were a few possibilities that Dravil thought for this, but he couldn't be sure. Was Dyon cautious? Was he planning something? Or was he bluffing?

However, what Dravil wouldn't do is underestimate the man in front of him. There were very few who could be in his presence and hold his eye contact unperturbed for so long, and that number was even fewer when it was held to those his age. In fact, even with Dyon's nonchalant appearance, it was Dravil, himself, who felt a faint pressure he couldn't explain.

"We could sit here and stare into each other's eyes," Dyon said, breaking the silence and tension, "Or, we could discuss why you wanted this meeting."

Dyon's nonchalant words to their first son seemed to anger the Uidah camp. With their cultivations, they were privy to this conversation. Apparently, Dravil didn't care about hiding much.

The sons and daughters, however, had no reaction.

"Do you know something about this tower?" Dravil asked after a few moment's pause.

Dyon smirked, looking off into the distance at the smooth black pillar that seemed to rise up into the sky to an unfathomable height.

"Ah. So, you all have been camping out here for this old thing? Why's that? Aren't you meant to conquer it last? Then again, considering you've already stormed through so many of our towers, maybe you were just making a pre-emptive move.

"Ai, it pains me to see my small universe about to be conquered."

Madeleine, noticing a familiar smile, did her best to withhold her giggle, maintaining her noble aura. She knew that when she saw such a look, it meant that there was a good show coming. And, unfortunately for others, by the time they understood what it meant, it would be far too late.

"Indeed," Dravil responded with a sigh, "Usually we would conquer it last. But you see, a former fifth son of ours brought up an interesting point."

Dyon's features showed no fluctuations, but how could he not know that Dravil brought up fifth son on purpose?

"Oh? And what was that?"

"It seemed like a small point, even meaningless, at first. But, the more I thought about it, the more intriguing it became.

"Did you know that despite all of the gates the Uidah have been in contact with, this is the only one with an odd number of towers? In fact, it was the most dangerous tower environment we had ever seen, until, for some reason, the fields of spatial tears disappeared a few years ago."

Dyon nodded, "I did indeed notice that. How odd, right?"

"Mm. Indeed.

"This same fifth son also tells me you were quite interested in this tower before that changed as well."

"Me? Impossible. Believe it or not, this is only my second time stepping into the gates. How could I have done such a thing on my first go at it despite all those who came before me?"

Dravil's eyes narrowed at these words. Dyon's words were complete bullshit, but at least part of them was true. His last campaign really would have been his first!

"Ai, it must be the fact I defeated your second daughter by fluke accident. You've raised your appraisal of me much too high."

Not many missed Dyon's point about defeating Silvyr. In fact, the uproar that spread through the Uidah camp palpably increased the hostility between the two parties. Even Silvyr's lustful gaze darkened. It was clear that Dyon was treating all of this like a joke.

A snort tore through the atmosphere, "Imagine bragging about defeating a woman, and such a weak one at that in the presence of first son. Go and find your balls before you decide to speak in front of us again." Second son's words ripped any semblance of diplomacy in its entirety.

Dyon playfully frowned, "Ah, that hurts. Since we're negotiating in the spirit of peace though, how about I just let you off with a few lost fingers after this is all over? Your clan won't be too mad at that, will they?"

"What did you say?!"

Dyon shook his head, "You're right. An entire hand is likely more suffice. That way you can match with your other brother."

Dyon's words caused Kaeghan to tremble violently with anger. He was almost unable to stop himself from leaping to the other side of table.

"Why are you getting angry at a clown?" Fourth son looked between second son and Dyon with disdain, "They're meant to be funny, not angering."

Dyon didn't bother with fourth son's words, he only continued to watch Dravil.

"What exactly is stopping me from catching you or someone you care about now to find out the truth? Why exactly are you so confident?" Dravil felt that this Dyon was unpredictable. Maybe if he asked straightforwardly, he'd actually get a real answer.

Dyon put on his best thinking impression, "Well, for one, none of you here are a match for me. So, such a thing is impossible.

"Secondly, you defeated my wives a year ago, and I have a feeling that it was just barely. With their rate of improvement, I highly doubt that even if I wasn't here, that you'd be able to stop them anymore.

"Thirdly, if I really wanted to, I could make sure none of you laid a hand on any one of me or my allies.

"It's that simple really."

Second and fourth son's eyes widened when they heard Dyon refer to his wives. A faint and irrational anger stoked in their eyes, threatening to boil over. But, what really set them off was Dyon's shameless comments about his own strength. How could they tolerate such a thing?

#### Chapter 709: I Dare You

Regardless of how his allies felt, this was the first straight forward answer Dravil felt he had received. It seemed like Dyon really believed the words he just said. But, the question was whether or not it was the truth, or delusion.

"Is this the man you decide to follow?" Second son stopped bothering with Dyon, instead turning his attention toward Madeleine, who he had seemingly decided he liked the best. "With your weak

universe, you were likely forced into a marriage because he had a little bit of talent. Why don't I kill him for you and allow you a chance to choose a real man?"

"Since you've made your choice, don't fight me over the other two. You can have her, but I want them."  
Fourth son interjected.

Dravil said nothing. He wasn't very satisfied with this situation, but he also was willing to directly offend Dyon. If someone had to do it, it was best his subordinates did rather than him. At least that way, if it got out of hand, he could apologize.

Immediately upon hearing these words, Ri, Clara and Madeleine didn't react how many thought they would. Instead, their heads immediately and inexplicably snapped toward Dyon as though they were worried about something.

The only reason Dyon was having this meeting was for the sake of peace, but if he lost control of his temper, something that was apparently very much possible now, it would all be for nothing. They had all witnessed first hand the kind of effect Dyon's bloodline had, even they couldn't resist it. Of course, a large part of that was because Dyon's body was much stronger than theirs and therefore had blood more potent than they could handle, but strength of body had little to do with mental fortitude. In the end, Dyon simply had more resilience than they did.

However, regardless of their worries, regardless of his bloodline, regardless of his state of mind, there was one thing Dyon would never tolerate.

"I see." Dyon's voice sounded as though it came directly from a cold abyssal hell.

Second and fourth son froze, unable to understand where this pressure was coming from. It felt as though they had all been dunked into an endless darkness, continuously falling down an endless pit, never to hit the ground.

Dravil's eyes widened. He immediately understood that he had miscalculated. He was too naïve!

He thought that since Dyon was continuously making jabs and pointing fun at them, it would take at least a few rounds of second and forth son's insults before he snapped, but he had misunderstood something!

Dyon wasn't poking fun at them to stall or in some sort of fake bravado, he was doing so because he could. He didn't care about diplomacy, nor was he trying to veil his intentions. Dravil had completely misjudged the situation!

"Esteemed guest, I would like to apolo –" Dravil immediately began to apologize, hoping that it would salvage the situation. It was safe to say that where he was curious about what Dyon's methods were before, those methods were currently the very last things he wanted to see. He still had confidence in protecting himself... But what about everyone else?!

However, he never got the chance.

Dyon's body became a blur, shifting forward with speeds only a saint could reach.

Many wouldn't understand just how Dyon retained so much battle power with so much of his abilities sealed. But, the explanation was simple.

No matter how many times one boosts themselves from the peak of a realm, attempting to reach another, it is neigh impossible to replicate. For example, in order for Dyon to truly replicate a sainthood body from the peak of the essence gathering level, he had to use act 2 of Demon Emperor's Will! That meant, even while being so close to sainthood, he needed a times sixteen strength multiplier to be considered as having the equivalent strength to a saint.

This may seem confusing, but this was simply the difference in quality of realm. At lower multipliers, Dyon was simply a pseudo saint... An essence gatherer that had ascended above other essence gatherers, but wasn't quite able to match up to a saint.

So, what did that mean now? Dyon had officially stepped into sainthood! This meant that his body wasn't just marginally stronger than before, it was more than sixteen times stronger than it had been in the world tournament!

This meant that even with his death will gone, even with his soul sealed, even with his energy cultivation hidden away – completely inaccessible – Dyon was already stronger than he had been with he fought Zabia!

If one had to break it down, each will usage had its own multiplier, but it was also more complex than this. For example, a 5th level wind will might make you twice as fast as you usually were, but have little effect on your strength. A powerful sword will would increase your piercing power, but not necessarily your speed of attack. Essentially, Dyon's previous strongest state, his death will state, only increased his attack potency, but nothing else.

A first level death intent was easily a times twenty multiplier to attack potency. Such was the power of a supreme law! Especially one so fiercely attack tailored. So, the question was, why was Dyon more powerful with just a sixteen times multiplier? The answer was simple...

Death intent only increased attack strength... But, a multiplier for the body directly increased everything!

Dyon's speed, processing ability, defense, attack speed, attack potency, everything! Was multiplied by sixteen. Not just one aspect!

There was no doubt! Dyon was already stronger than when he beat Zabia! That was a state where everyone believed he was undisputed winner of the World Tournament... A state that would have left Lionel and Tau Aumen completely helpless. So, what did that mean? Lionel was capable of defeating third daughter with relative ease, and yet Dyon was already then much stronger than him, and even more so now.

With how close in power the sons and daughters of the essence gathering level were... How could a mere second and fourth son stand up to Dyon now?

The two of them didn't even understand how it happened, but in less than a moment, their necks were being clamped. No one had been able to stop Dyon from leaping over the table...

Dyon was now mere inches from first son, clamping down on two of his brothers while crouching on the table.

"Say it again." Dyon's eyes flickered with potent killing intent. "I dare you."

## Chapter 710: Stunned

The Uidah army was stunned.

Within their territory, how many hundreds of smaller families and clans were there? And how many dared to disrespect them like this? Not a single one.

They were the overlords of 24 universes. Unmatched through all of them and having a vice grip on the lives of anyone and anything that lived there. They could do as they pleased and moved without regard for others, least of this pitifully small universe.

How long had they viewed this universe as a silver platter, ready to be taken whenever they wanted? The only reason they hadn't was because they disdained this universe breaking them through the watershed of an Emperor God Clan.

And yet, this universe dared to have such a bold genius within it? One that treated their second and fourth son like canon fodder?

They simply couldn't believe their eyes.

Dyon ignored the gazes he was receiving, focusing instead on the two necks in his hands. Despite his words, even if second and fourth son wanted to speak, they couldn't. Dyon's hand was restricting them too much!

"It's in your best interest that you don't speak." Although Dyon didn't turn toward him, it was clear to everyone that he was speaking to Dravil.

This was obviously a massive problem. Although Dravil hardly cared about the life or death of his brothers, that didn't mean he didn't care for the prestige of the Uidah. If he allowed this Dyon to trample on his allies right before him, how would he have the face to show himself anywhere?

However, even with that thought process, Dravil still remained a cool-headed and cautious man. Despite his emotions, he wouldn't act rashly.

"I understand that my brothers have offended you, but it's also in your best interest that you remember why you agreed to have this meeting in the first place."

As martial artists, second and fourth son could handle not breathing for hours, even days, if need be. But, the feeling of having your entire body controlled by your neck was completely uncomfortable to them. Even worse, Dyon was squeezing so tightly that it wasn't just oxygen they were losing, even their blood had stopped flowing properly. Martial artist or not, that wasn't something anyone could handle.

"You think you understand why I accepted this meeting?" Dyon didn't look at first son as he spoke. Instead, he leisurely leaped off the table, slamming second and fourth's faces into the ground before landing on the back of their heads with each foot.

The rage in the two sons had reached an all time high. Waves of Ethereal Permeation spread out from the both of them, hoping to make Dyon pay for his actions. But the usual rampant and volatile energy couldn't penetrate Dyon's tough skin at all. If anything, Dyon felt as though he was getting a foot rub.

Seeing this, Dravil's eyes contracted. He was hoping to not have to step in personally, but there was a limit to everything.

"Sit."

Dravil froze. He didn't know when it happened, but the blade of a halberd had found its way to his neck...

However, that was the most poignant point... This person... Was without a doubt a saint!

"How!" Dravil's eyes widened. Never in his life had he received such a surprise.

He had felt that Dyon's body was powerful. However, the gate didn't care about any cultivation other than your energy cultivation. So, it didn't matter how powerful his body was, he would be allowed in. But, this person had broken into sainthood for sure!

Thadius leisurely held his halberd at Dravil's throat. He hadn't expected to be called out by Dyon, but he had no reason to refuse. He had absolute trust in Dyon, so if Dyon said he could survive in this gate, he could survive. It was that simple.

Immediately, everyone understood why Dyon was so confident in winning. While everyone was thinking about restricting the gate access, Dyon completely flipped the script. Not only did he increase the access, he made sure he was the only one in position to take advantage of it!

With the use of his spatial ring, Dyon could freely change the cultivation limit of the gates and all he had to deal with was a brief earth quake.

He had already changed to the cap of the gate to sainthood a few days ago. Even if the Uidah noticed the change, they would be too far out to make it here in time! And, couldn't Dyon just also lower the requirements whenever he wanted? While Thadius could hide in his spatial ring if he did such a thing, where would the saints of the Uidah hide? They would effectively be coming to their deaths!

Although Dravil didn't understand how Dyon did this, he fully understood those matters. If Dyon could control the gates in such a way with ease... The Uidah would never take control of this universe...

Just like that. Without saying a single word. Without shedding a single drop of blood. Without even a speck of effort. Without even needing a large army or an overly clever move. Dyon had single handedly changed the situation for the entirety of the universe.

From this day forward, it wouldn't be the Uidah who dictated when they wanted to conquer this universe. No, from now on they would think twice before making any moves. Because on the day they did, they'd have to be willing to deal with the monster that was Dyon Sacharro.

Dravil grit his teeth, calming his breathing. "What do you want?"

In the end, he could only hope that Dyon understood not to take things too far. This was the only special gate, so maybe this tactic only worked here. If that was the case, then even if Dyon could stop them from here, what would stop them from attacking from another gate?

"Nope." Dyon spoke as though he could hear Dravil's thoughts. "I can do this at any gate."