

The Nameless 711

Chapter 711: Warning

Dyon didn't bother letting Dravil decide whether he believed him or not. In the blink of an eye, a key of brilliant gold and intricate patterns appeared. It hovered in the air before rotating until horizontal. Then, it seemingly turned like it was opening an invisible door.

Just like that, a portal to Planet Deimos' gate opened. How could Dravil not recognize Deimos Tower?

With a simple step through the portal, Thadius proved Dyon's point without ever removing his halberd from Dravil's throat.

Silence reigned. It was clear to everyone by this point that Dyon wasn't bluffing. If the Uidah attacked from any gate, they would suffer horribly...

After a moment, Dravil finally collected himself enough to speak. "I don't have much power." Dravil wanted to say that he didn't have as much power as Dyon thought he did, but he decided to choose his words more carefully. He was done with underestimating this opponent.

What he really wanted to know was what Dyon's plan from here on was. After all, this meeting was secret by any stretch. There were millions of Uidah and Uidah affiliated clans behind them. And, even though the army Dyon brought could be considered to be made of his allies, how could you possibly trust every one of them to not say a thing?

The reality of the matter was that if the Uidah were angered enough, they may decide to retaliate in other ways. Just a few dao formation elders is all it would take...

As a first son, Dravil knew more than most what the current situation of the Uidah was. Couple that with his cautious nature, and he might be among the most informed.

There was growing frustration with the stalled improvement of the clan. Because of the Pakals and Ragnors, the Uidah weren't able to expand in other directions because all of their other gates were being strategically defended.

One might think there was no difference between owning 24 universes and 25. It may almost seem like a petty wish. However there was a big difference between a King God Clan that owned 24 universes, and an Emperor God Clan that owned 25. And that difference was in will suppression.

Why was Dyon so fond of his energy cultivation technique? It was because of regardless of the universe he was in, he would never feel like his power was stifled. Whereas others would need a period to adapt and understand the new flow of energies in that universe, he wouldn't have to waste his time at all.

However, Dyon was an anomaly. Almost every other martial warrior would feel suppressed when entering a new territory. And that suppression was like night and day when a King God Clan was compared to an Emperor God Clan. Those ranks weren't chosen arbitrarily, they really meant something!

This was why when Dyon first asked Ri why campaigns were fought, her first response was to spread influence and what she called 'religion'. In the martial world, it was this exact suppression and spreading of will that that word referred to!

So, one can understand how anxious the Uidah were. As long as they remained a King God Clan, they would always be vulnerable to the spread of influence by Emperor God Clans.

Dravil understood this very well. Whereas before the Uidah looked down on this universe because since it was so weak, it would thereby also weaken its step into Emperor God Clan status, right now they couldn't afford to be picky anymore. They had already wasted centuries!

With all of this weighing on Dravil's shoulders now, if Dyon asked him to not attack the gates, it would be impossible for him to convince the Uidah of such a thing. Or, more accurately, they wouldn't attack the gates, but instead attack via another method!

"It's simple." Dyon finally spoke. "You just have to stall for 20 years."

Dravil paled. There was a very clear underlying meaning in Dyon's words. For him to control the situation in this gate for so long, he would have to stay an essence gatherer for that long as well. That might completely destroy his future as a cultivator. But, if he refused, wouldn't he die right here and now?

"I have quite a solid understanding of the structure of your Uidah Clan.

"You own 24 universes, and across them, there are thousands of gates. However, in terms of gates you truly have to defend, those are at the edge of your territory and there are about 150 of those."

Dyon spoke of confidential information as though he had personally been there and seen it himself so nonchalantly that Dravil felt a cold sweat spreading across his back.

"This is the very edge of the quadrant and aside from this universe –" Dyon cut himself off, "You don't need to know anything about that. What you do need to know is that this universe has no other enemies to worry about but you."

Dyon's warning was clear.

They had many enemies, but he only had one. No matter how you looked at it, the Uidah were at a disadvantage. Dravil had no right to consider what might leverage himself out of this situation.

Dyon continued to speak unperturbed.

"Among those 150 edge gates that you must defend, you're flanked solidly by both the Pakals and Ragnors who have ensure to suffocate you in the corner of the quadrant.

"The only reason they haven't committed to destroying you is because they also happen to be flush against each other. It's quite an adorable three-way stalemate you have you have going."

Dyon continued to speak as though he was at a social event as opposed to standing on the heads of two geniuses.

"Luckily for you, the Ragnors have limited youthful talents and can only make it up with superior numbers. As for the Pakals, they're limited in their warfare because of their body cultivation focus. As such, the damage they can do is limited. Quite pathetic if you ask me."

Chapter 712: Without...!

Dyon was almost offended when he read the things the Uidah said about the Pakals. Of course, he had gotten all of this information from fifth son's spatial ring. Luckily for him, fifth son had been quite an avid reader and statistician. He was the very first to notice the fact that only this gate had an odd number of towers, whereas others ignored the pattern.

From what he saw, the overall grade of this quadrant was quite pathetic in general. After all, he was looking at the best geniuses a King God Clan had to offer right now and he was trampling them beneath his feet.

Truthfully, though, it wasn't that the Ragnors lacked in talent, it was more so that so few of them actually survived having that talent. After all, not every gate had an essence gathering cap like this one. When the Ragnors had to send in saints or celestials, with how dangerous tribulations were for them, how could they have many people to send?

As for the Pakals, they didn't have the same troubles, but their manner of war was lacking. Because of their body cultivation focus, their armies had the least diversity and especially lacked in long range combat.

"The plan is simple, really. You sacrifice a bit, to earn a lot.

"The mere fact you've concentrated all of your talents here wouldn't go unnoticed by the Ragnors or Pakals. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if they had increased the pressure on those 150 gates of yours. If they manage to infiltrate your territory with their suppression, even if you break into the Emperor God Clan ranks, you'll be severely weakened."

Dravil nodded. This was all true. He was actually under immense pressure to end all of this now. The Ragnors had noticed the apparent lack of sons and daughters and thus made moves. Although the Uidah had sainthood and even celestial sons and daughters in play, there were gates among those 150 that could only be headed by Dravil because of their cultivation cap.

Under normal circumstances, Dravil would travel between tens of gates per campaign, letting his presence be felt. He would collect information, then appear at the appropriate time. However, these

past two years were different. He hadn't appeared on those front lines at all! This caused the Pakals and Ragnors to increase pressure on those specific gates.

"Everyone here will be leaving with an array within them that prevents them from speaking of these matters, so feel free to listen carefully.

"After this talk, I'll be teleporting half of you all to an essence gathering capped gate. You'll disguise yourselves, then decimate two towers, making it easy for the Ragnors to conquer them. I'll be choosing a gate you previously had an upper hand in, so the impact is better felt.

"You'll have to make use of your overwhelming numbers and your surprise attack. You can in no way use techniques that are easily recognizable by your kin, nor can you leave any clues. Not that it really matters, I wonder how your clan would react finding out you attacked your own towers."

A cold breeze passed over the Uidah army. Even second and fourth son stopped struggling... This man... He was too fearsome...

"This is only the first step.

"The second step is the story you'll have to sell happened at this gate. It's simple really, you just have to say that you never tried to conquer Earth Tower.

"The gates are quite unpredictable and you were trying to mess with a tower you knew nothing about. Under normal circumstances, if it wasn't already conquered, 80% of you would have died just stepping into this abyss."

The Uidah froze. This was completely true. Before Dyon, the spatial field here was so violent and dangerous that no one dared to conquer the tower. It was because of that that the strategy became to conquer the other 8 towers first, this would somehow cause the spatial field to shut down, and then it would be an easy victory.

This is what made this story believable. The spatial field disappeared without reason. So, why couldn't it come back without reason?

When the Uidah realized that half of the number they sent in was coming out, they would have no reason to be suspicious. After all, teleporting between gates was impossible for anyone not named Dyon Sacharro.

"This way, although you'll be blamed, the punishment will likely not be severe, especially considering you hold a faith seed. Couple this with the heavy loss at the Ragnor front, and the elders of the Uidah will double think concentrating your forces here.

"While your Uidah army is "dying" to the spatial field, we Earthlings will be reconquering the gates you've taken. This way, the stalemate will be back in full effect.

"After this, the Uidah won't dare to concentrate their forces anymore.

"In my estimation, this should stall the Uidah higher ups for about 20 years. Considering your financial situation, the pressure of the Ragnors and Pakal, as well as your bids for the future, it will take at least that long for them to presume that sending a small elite team here is worth the price.

"As for what you get for doing this? How about you get to keep your life and I let you take a look inside the tower you've been stuck outside of for so long?"

Dyon finally looked at Dravil, but all he saw was fear, a pathetic shell of a man. Or, maybe just a poor imitation of what he had once been. But, that was as it should be.

Those from Earth looked at Dyon's strong back with awe on their features. They had spent so long with him that sometimes they almost forgot just how intelligent he was...

Dyon had analyzed the entire structure of a King God Clan... An empire ruling over 24 universes... Without even stepping outside of his home... Then, he devised a plan to cripple them for 20 years without lifting a finger!

Ri, Clara and Madeleine lightly smiled. This was the side of their husband that they liked to see. Being strong and ruthless may have been looked upon favourably by the martial world, but in order to lead, there was something else that was needed. This was what separated a warrior from a king... a general from an emperor...

Dyon side stepped the two he was standing on before kneeling down and pulling their heads up.

Second and fourth son looked particularly pitiful. Second son was already quite a round man to begin with, but now his face had a flat and linear nature to it his weight shouldn't have allowed. As for fourth son, his once straight nose was now very clearly broken. And both of them looked as though they had just climbed out of a coal mine.

The anger in their eyes hadn't faded. Unlike first son, they didn't understand just how scary a character Dyon was. But, before they could speak, Dyon's next words sent shivers down their spines.

"Did you two know that arrays are quite versatile?" Dyon mused. "If I wanted, I could torture you two until the gates closed before killing you off. And the worst part is that no one here who witnessed it would be able to say a damn word about it.

"Imagine thinking two pathetic existences like yourselves would be worth a single hair on their heads. You think too highly of yourselves."

Dyon let their hair go, letting their faces slam into the ground once again. But, this time, they couldn't find the courage to resist.

"Alidor, I'll leave the rest to you and Clara. Use Kaeda and Arios for support."

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This was a process that would take hours. So, after ensuring that the perimeter was secured by his demon generals, Dyon went back to the demon sage tower to rest and eat his usual ridiculous amount. However, he did have another purpose.

Because of the blood lust fiasco with his wives, Dyon hadn't had a chance during their travels to speak to Zabia. This may seem trivial, but the Jafari family was a mystery he couldn't wrap his head around. Since the Saru family had inexplicably disappeared, the Jafari were the last stone Dyon had left unturned, and who better to explain things than their young king?

When Zabia walked in to find Dyon leisurely sipping spiritual wine, he didn't seem too surprised at the fact he was called. Despite his straight forward nature, to be accepted as a king by his people, he had to have a semblance of intelligence.

Zabia's hulking figure sank into the cushioned seat across from Dyon, helping himself to some wine as well.

"I was wondering what took you so long." Zabia said jokingly.

"Ai, I had to make up some time with my wives." Dyon laughed, lifting his cup toward Zabia, "Speaking of which, you didn't have to come this time, you know. You could have spent some time with your kid first."

It was simply Dyon's personality to worry about a child missing their parent. Zabia had already missed a year, he shouldn't have to miss more.

Zabia shook his head. "You're too hard on parents, you know that?"

Dyon couldn't help but freeze a bit at Zabia's words, but in the end, he nodded. "Ulu is quite intelligent."

"Of course," Zabia said proudly, "Only a woman of such caliber could be my queen."

Dyon smiled lightly, but didn't comment. He understood Zabia's meaning without having to listen to it. Parents should be by the sides of their children, but parents also had to think of what was best for their kids as well. So, what could you do when these two philosophies clashed?

"Since you came here," Dyon started, "You likely already know what I'd like to ask, right?"

Zabia nodded, "My family knew from the beginning that replacing the Planet Nix clans would cause a stir, especially after we learned of your World Tournament and how it was held once every hundred years. Because of that, we ended up wiping out those clans entirely.

"The original plan was just to feign ignorance until we accomplished our goal, but never did I think I'd meet someone I didn't want to lie to." Zabia laughed.

"So you really aren't from this universe."

"Aren't from this quadrant at all," Zabia corrected. "We come from the adjacent quadrant, but I have to say, we weren't exactly the most alien clan that participated in your tournament."

"You mean the Shruti clan?"

"Ai. They're also from an adjacent quadrant. Truthfully speaking, we weren't even aware of your quadrant until eighteen years ago."

Dyon raised an eyebrow.

"It's because your Epistemic Tower has been dormant. Strictly speaking, those old monsters who've lived damn near a million years would never forget something like that, but to the general public, your quadrant is a dead one."

Dyon pondered for a bit, before speaking, "According to intel I've gathered, members of a quadrant who called themselves dukes and duchesses attacked about 100 years ago. Wouldn't it make the most sense for them to be from one of your two quadrants?"

Zabia's visage darkened, and although he eventually recovered, it hadn't escaped Dyon's notice.

"If what you say is true, then we've been out of touch. There are two possibilities, one of which is a much worse proposition for your quadrant.

"The first, and most benign, is that those pricks simply stumbled upon a spatial fluctuation that led here. It's part of the entertainment culture of that quadrant to hit spatial pods for a joy ride. Often time this leads to legacies, or, at the very worst, they lead to adventures wherein geniuses can temper themselves to grow stronger. This is the more innocent possibility, because that means they likely have no real idea what this place is.

"However, the second possibility is much worse. It's possible that they were sent here purposefully by their elders in search of your Epistemic Tower. In this case, they would likely want to own a second Epistemic Tower key, meaning the one you hold right now.

"If this latter case is the truth. There's a 0% chance they've given up. They will be back."

Chapter 714: Key

Dyon eyes narrowed at these words. How could he not know that the Uidah had already guessed that those geniuses were seemingly looking for something?

However, there was a bit of hope left in his eyes as well. From the quotes that fifth son noted, those geniuses seemed to be disappointed by the showing of this quadrant's geniuses. In fact, it was because of this that the Ragnor, Pakal, and Uidah all sent capable geniuses to the adjacent quadrant in order to investigate just what those teens were looking for.

If Dyon had to guess, those geniuses likely came here to challenge the Epistemic Tower geniuses of this quadrant, but left disappointed. How could they not have been disappointed? While their quadrant raised their best geniuses with the resources of the tower, this quadrant had done no such thing. As such, there was a massive gulf that they couldn't close easily.

Dyon was about 70% certain that this was the truth of the matter, but he had an inkling that it wasn't so simple.

With such overbearing geniuses, if the adjacent quadrant really wanted to find the Epistemic Tower, there was no way that they'd tell all of them about it. It was more likely than not that they'd tell a select few. That way, they could pretend like Zabia's first guess was the correct one, while all along, they were playing by the rules of the second guess.

As for why they hadn't been back in a hundred year? That answer was even simpler. It was for the very same reason that Hela only just got word back to the Ragnors, although Dyon didn't know of this. It simply took a lot of time and resources. In addition, they had no idea exactly which universe the Epistemic Tower was in because even citizens of this quadrant had no idea. That means that if they wanted to come back and fulfill their goal, they'd need to invest even more into it.

The old fogies of the martial world were had lived countless years. To them, even a thousand years was a short time. With something as important as controlling a second Epistemic Tower on the table, they'd have to be as careful as possible. And there was another thing.

Every quadrant, no matter which is was, would have at a minimum, two Emperor God Clans. It was simply much too difficult to control 100 universes alone without any enemies cropping up – as far as Dyon understood, anyway. As such, every move one of those clans wanted to make, would likely be highly monitored by its rival clan. So, how could it be easy to sneakily conquer a second Epistemic Tower? For something so important, when adjusting for spies, intel, and odd movements, it would be impossible to hide.

As a result, those clans had no choice but to take it slow, first sending a team of youths to check out the situation, before they themselves made moves. Even if it took ten thousand years, it would be worth it to them.

When Dyon thought through all of this, he relaxed. He knew that if they really took that long, no one in any quadrant would be able to stand up to him. By then, they could only cry over their own spilt milk.

"What exactly is your history with these dukes and duchesses?" Dyon decided to cut right to the heart of the issue after his conflicting emotions had settled.

"Seems I can't hide much from you," Zabia chuckled. He knew that he wasn't very good at controlling his emotions to begin with, so he expected someone as sharp as Dyon to notice his change in tone.

"You could say that it's because of their families that my Jafari Clan is the way it is now. I'm sure you've noticed that I'm too young to be king, and I'm sure you've guessed why that would be." Zabia's jaw set, clenching tightly. But, he was completely unable to control the anger in his eyes. Even his darkness will imperceptibly leaked from him.

"That said, the story is much more complex than just revenge. We didn't flee to this universe, we chose this universe. There's something here that's the key to our revival as a clan. Unfortunately, I'm not powerful enough to wield it although we were lucky enough to find it. To be honest, I'm not sure if it makes sense for any one person to wield it."

"A weapon of the 33 heavens?" Dyon asked.

"To be honest, I'm not sure. If it does what my ancestors says it does, it would have to be at least that powerful. But, it's not just a weapon or treasure, it's also a spirit."

Dyon smirked. "You mean an abyssal core."

Zabia raised an eyebrow before he noticed Dyon was just messing around.

"Sure," Zabia chuckled, "Quite frankly, it's much too dangerous, so we left it where it was. To me, such a thing hardly matters if we can fulfill our goal without it. It's an unnecessary risk..."

Those words were a cause to pause for Dyon. It told him, for one, that Zabia might be straight forward, but he was blindly so. Secondly, although Dyon was aware that there were many abyssal cores that had been forgotten, this one in particular intrigued him mainly because of the Jafari's specialty: time.

Maybe this abyssal core was a key to using time will like the supreme law it was meant to be. Or even more importantly, maybe it was a key to why his grand master was so fond of the Jafari.

The Jafari family was definitely one that intrigued Dyon. For his grand teacher to know of them, they had to have had a very long and lofty existence. Or, at the very least, they would have to have very close ties to a Clan or Sect that did fit such a description. Even with how laid back Dyon's grand teacher was, he didn't believe that he would make random connections with nameless Clans for no reason. There definitely had to be one...

Chapter 715: Chains

Zabia took a deep breath. "Dyon, listen to me."

Dyon eyes sharpened. He could tell that what Zabia was about to say was of the utmost importance to him.

"You can never go to that quadrant."

"Wha –" Dyon couldn't even finish his own sentence. The sincerity in Zabia's eyes told all. He meant his words.

After collecting himself, Dyon could only ask the obvious question. "Why?"

"Your soul talent.. Is simply too overwhelming."

Dyon had expected to understand a semblance of Zabia's meaning from those words, but he only came out more confused. What did his soul talent have to do with anything?

Zabia only shook his head before continuing. "If you believe that the Ragnors use of slaves was inhumane, the level my home quadrant reached would make the Ragnors look like saints, and the prime victims are people like you and your wife Clara."

For the next hour, Zabia began to tell Dyon a history of things that froze him to his seat.

The first thing Zabia wanted Dyon to understand was that his quadrant was different. The reason why the Jafari were so close with the Lebna and Nuru, enough for them to move as one unit, was because clans weren't the core of what formed up their quadrant. Following that reasoning, there was no such thing as a God Clan or Royal God Clan, or King God Clan or above in their quadrant. Instead, there were God Sects, Royal God Sects, King God Sects and Emperor God Sects.

By this logic, the Jafari, Lebna and Nuru used to be the core of an ancient Emperor God Sect that had now, obviously, declined heavily. As for this quadrant, Dyon only knew of one organization that followed this ranking system, and that was the Niveus God Sect, now headed by Delia.

That said, although this ranking system seemingly did away with many lines that divided families, it also came with its own problems.

In ancient China, there was a group of philosophies known as 'schools of thought'. These had wide ranging possibilities to them, from Confucianism to Taoism, and so on. These schools of thought often shaped the backbone of dynasties and progressed ancient China from the background.

In the martial world, these schools of thought also existed, but there were mainly three and always made up the core of what a sect was built upon, although they could effect clans as well. These were split into the disciplines of body cultivating, energy cultivating and soul cultivating. Much like how array alchemy was split, these disciplines also split cultivation in three.

Needless to say, after trillions of years, energy cultivating was in the lead by far. But, the effects that such a flip had on people varied by quadrant.

In quadrants like the one where Dyon and his wives were born, this lead was hardly noticed. In fact, this quadrant could be said to be heavily influenced by the body cultivating school of thought. The Ragnors and Pakals were both known for the prowess of their bodies, although this also turned out to be detrimental to the Ragnors.

However, in quadrants like Zabia's, this led to a clear winner versus loser situation, where the losing party suffered harsh punishments for hundreds of thousands of years...

There was no need for Dyon to guess, or even think of it. His grand teacher was without a doubt a member of the soul cultivating school of thought. However, maybe equally as interesting was the fact that so too were the Jafari.

According to Zabia, the Jafari were kin with his wife's Lebna clan and the Nuru clan. The reason Dyon noted that those clans in particular seemed to wield such powerful wills, was because they placed such emphasis on the soul to begin with. It gave them an advantage in such things. This was especially so for the Jafari and their time specialty, as well as the Lebna and their sealing specialty.

Unfortunately, the specialties that made them so good here, also made them nothing but commodities to be bought and sold there.

The war of disciplines wasn't so simple as one clan versus another. It was, in fact, multiple smaller scale wars culminating in a penultimate war that ultimately decided their fate.

However, the irony of the situation was despite following the energy disciple, the winning factions decided to make use of the soul factions. In fact, whenever those with soul talent were born into their own families, they were treated well. Even further, as long as you managed to gain the support of one of their large sects, you were safe.

As for exactly how they made use of them, Zabia couldn't bear to say. To see a hulking man like Zabia unable to speak of such horrors, Dyon could only let it be. There was no need to push him.

That said, there was one thing out of this conversation that Dyon had decided on.

Within his spatial ring, there was a weapon of the 33 heavens titled The Aurora Steps. From the very moment he stole it from the elves, he had had visions of building an army of innate aurora users. The problem was that not everyone was as resilient as his Ri. This meant that trying to force less talented individuals to use such a treasure was foolhardy.

However, Zabia had just let him know that there was a population that maybe reached into the billions whose soul talent was unmatched. Just what would happen if Dyon managed to save them? What would happen if he one day led an army of billions of innate aurora wielders? Would he not sweep over quadrants?

Dyon had plans, and if one peered into his mind, they may back away as quickly as they entered. He was simply too ambitious... His thoughts were too far reaching... His arrogance too unbridled.

His first step? Reach the peak of the saint floors of the Epistemic Tower within 20 years relying solely on his body.

As for his second step, he had been searching for it all this time, but it seemed he had finally found it. He had no intention of listening to Zabia's warning. His empire would begin with him diving directly into a quadrant that wanted nothing more than to see him in chains.

Chapter 716: All They Had..

Zabia shook his head when he saw the lights in Dyon's eye brighten. He couldn't tell what this brother of his was thinking, but it was very clear that he had completely disregarded his warning.

Dyon smirked, "This window is the best window, don't you think?"

"What do you mean?"

"It's simple really. I may be handicapped right now, but it's actually a blessing in disguise. Knowing you, you were always going to go back, no?"

Zabia nodded, "I have to. There are too many things left unfinished."

"And I'm assuming that part of that plan was this Epistemic Tower?"

"We always had an idea of where it was, we just needed an opportunity. The problem was that I didn't believe I was yet strong enough to conquer the tower, so I didn't bother to. It's also largely why I haven't broken into sainthood just yet."

"It's a good thing you haven't. How many meridians did you open initially?"

Zabia seemed a bit disgusted with himself, but he answered anyway, "I opened 100. But now, I'm stuck at 98. If this trend continues, I'll likely fall a grade again."

Dyon shook his head, laughing bitterly, "You're disappointed by a first-grade foundation?"

"Don't try and comfort me," Zabia laughed, "I can tell that you, Alexandria and Madeleine all opened 108 meridians."

Dyon waved Zabia off, "With the amount of resources we have, it only makes sense. Your family has been on the run. For you to come so and be so young is commendable. Plus, my first-grade foundation isn't as impressive as you think. I'd be lucky to reach second grade for my essence gathering foundation."

"I won't lie to you," Dyon continued, "I have big plans for the future. In truth, even being an Emperor God Clan sounds too small to me."

Zabia's eyes constricted at these words, but when he saw how serious Dyon was, he couldn't help but be in awe.

"Once we step into the Epistemic Tower, I plan on having every single one of my demon generals cleanse their cultivation completely and start from scratch."

"What?" Zabia nearly fell back in his chair.

This was no normal plan. In fact, it sounded completely insane.

Zabia had seen first hand the kind of wrecking force the demon generals were. Quite frankly, he had never seen such a collection of talent even in his former quadrant. Even those Emperor God Sects couldn't boast having 3000 disciples as refined as them.

When he asked Dyon about it, he found out that his demon generals weren't even, in large part, from this quadrant at all. Dyon hadn't needed the Pakals to tell him this, of course, because he had formed a bond with each and every one of them.

The demon sage had carefully selected them, as orphans, from across all hundred quadrants!

The only real shame was that there used to be many more, but they were killed during the Legacy trials or left in the world after it crumbled.

That aside, because of their talent, even in just these past two years, the demon generals that had once been lower saints, had steadily crept the mid tier levels. Such a speed was unprecedented! And yet Dyon wanted to tear it all down? Who knew how long it would take them to recover.

Dyon shook his head. "It's not good enough."

These words made Zabia want to faint, but he forced himself to stay awake to hear Dyon's next words.

"My Demon Generals will be exactly that. Generals.

"They need to be so far and above the cut of any other warrior, that their mere presence strikes fear in the hearts of our enemies.

"Right now, they are only geniuses, and just that. It's likely that if any one of the essence gatherers entered the world tournament, they would have completely destroyed us. But, that standard is not good enough. In fact, it would make me the happiest if I was the weakest among them all. Unfortunately, that's no longer the case.

"I can say confidently that if my soul and energy cultivation wasn't locked, I could beat every single one of my demon generals. Even the saints."

Zabia's respect for Dyon couldn't grow anymore. But, that didn't stop his awe from increasing. He understood that Dyon would never lie about such a thing. If he said it was true, then it was true.

If Zabia knew that Dyon was happy about being handicapped, maybe his awe would turn to a bitter laugh. The truth was that if Dyon wasn't handicapped like this, he felt like any saint level trial would be too easy for him. Only like this could he improve.

"That said," Dyon continued, "It's not their fault. When they began following the Demon Sage, he was already in heavy decline, and the treasures he had left, on his person anyway, were pitifully small."

Dyon remembered back to the treasure room that housed the Demon Sage's coffin on the top floor of the Demon Sage's Tower. Unfortunately, Dyon hadn't completely the trials to access that level again, but with his memory, how could he forget what was in that room?

Usually, a tomb was where an expert would house all of their most precious treasures. And yet, the Demon Sage's room was empty! Completely empty.

At first, Dyon thought nothing of this. Maybe the Demon Sage hid his treasures elsewhere and he'd only gain them by passing the trials. However, when Dyon spoke to the demon generals, he found out that he was very much wrong.

There were no hidden, not were the trials meaningful for anything else than gaining new abilities of the Demon Sage Tower. All of the Demon Sage's treasures, along with his daughter, were hidden in the universe named 'Chaos'.

However, there was another striking and shocking point... Every cultivation milestone the demon generals climbed was based entirely on their own merit...

They had no energy stones... No spiritual fruit... No cultivation techniques... All they had was their talent and the energy of the world around them...

Chapter 717: Three.

When Dyon finished explaining all of this to Zabia, he was in shock. Was it really possible for to cultivate so quickly without any resources at all? What kind of ridiculous concept was that?

But, even more shocking, they had no cultivation technique? The demon generals were essentially blindly following and creating their own methods following the same path as the very first cultivators! And yet they still had such achievements!

It was no wonder they were overwhelmed when Dyon suddenly handed them divine level techniques. However, because of Dyon's ignorance on this matter, he never gave them energy cultivating techniques because he naively assumed they had their own!

It was suffice to say that when Dyon found out the truth, he was in shock. However, that was also when he realized he was completely wasting the potential of his demon generals.

His solution? The Epistemic Tower.

"Is this really possible?" Zabia still had some doubts. Even if the demon generals were really so talented, there was a limit to what the Epistemic Tower could do for them, no?

Dyon smiled, "From your quadrant, how many have the right to enter the tower?"

Zabia's eyes widened with a sudden realization, "As long as you meet the talent threshold... You're allowed..."

Dyon didn't need to say anything else. He was already aware that the talent threshold was that of a 4th grade expert, which meant at least 73 opened meridians.

In this universe, that was amazing. Even some of the celestial heads were only 4th grade experts, so one can see just how lofty such a goal was.

However, the truth of the matter was that in this quadrant as a whole, among the trillions of warriors there were, millions, if not billions, would meet this level.

So, if an Epistemic Tower had enough resources to fuel billions of warriors... How potent would those resources be if there were just 3000 of them?

This was Dyon's goal. By taking advantage of the time where he could hog the Epistemic Tower to himself and his allies, he would be able to build a core so solid that it would be unbreakable.

"I want every single one of my demon generals to be perfect grade experts. And I also want them all to cultivate my [Inner World: Sanctuary] technique. Only then will I have the perfect army."

Zabia took a deep breath. There was clear excitement in his eyes, hiding an anticipation that threatened to boil over.

"What's the plan for the next 20 years then?"

"As much as I'd love to improve all of the soul talent, such a thing is foolhardy. Those with talented souls are simply too rare. Among the demon generals, there's Alidor, Kaeda, and maybe a handful of others. Those others would likely be among those who grasped music will, so there'll only be about 10 of them.

"However, when it comes to energy cultivating, they're all unmatched."

"But if they practice your technique, their souls and energy cultivation will be locked as well."

Dyon nodded, "Yes, this is true, but only for about the same time as me."

With nonexistent energy and body cultivation talent, Dyon would have taken centuries to complete his inner world. When he received the dragon king's talent, it cut down to about 5 to 10 years. But, now that his soul was damaged, the time had extended to 20 years.

Using that logic, the same time span could be applied to the demon generals. Their poor soul talent could be equated to Dyon's damaged soul, while their other talents were so overwhelming that they were close approximations of the Dragon King. Even if the time limit was above 20 years, it wouldn't be by much.

In addition, this also meant that those demon general with higher soul talent would finish closer to the 10-year mark, making them even faster than the rest.

As for how long it would take them all to cultivate to the essence gathering level to trigger this change? Dyon was even less worried about that. Remember, it only took Ri 8 weeks climb to the peak of the meridian formation realm, and that was using a highly complex void kitsune technique. But, even more poignant was the fact she wasn't in the energy dense atmosphere of the tower!

Dyon estimated it would take them, at most, a month to trigger the start of the inner world creation.

"However, I only plan on having them cultivating this technique after a year or so. Not from the very beginning."

"Why's that?"

"Remember the very first floor of the Epistemic Tower?"

"Those rooms... They have very strict requirements for allowing people in. Often times they directly boot you out if you're unworthy. Also, you said a year, but it often takes even those who are deemed worthy about ten years to master just one of them."

Dyon nodded, "In fact, those are only the most basic levels of the techniques as well. After all, these are the five most powerful techniques of the entity that created these towers, how could a person only take ten years to grasp them fully?"

"So you're saying?"

"For one, I don't believe that my demon generals need ten years. It is only an average. Secondly, I don't particularly care for the techniques themselves, as much as the rewards we receive for completing them to perfection.

"I know already that those awards are rarely and almost never get handed out. But, we're about to change that.

"The most important thing we need for a growing army is resources. And while I have a lot now, you can never have enough.

"When my army expands from the 3000 it is now, to millions, then maybe billions or trillions, if I can't support them, what kind of king would I be?"

Zabia shook his head, laughing. Maybe only Dyon could say these things without sounding absolutely ridiculous.

"Also, I think you've misunderstood a bit. I'm not giving them a year to master a single room. I'm giving them a year to master at least three."

Chapter 718: Army

At this point, Zabia was numb to it. He could only silently continue to listen. Dyon had likely said all of this to the others already, so Zabia was happy that he was being filled in as well.

"Aside from that, I also want to repeat that process for ascending floors. From my understanding, aside from the innate aurora room, every other technique training room has another increased level."

Zabia nodded, "The first-floor ones correspond to the foundation stage. There are meridian formation stage rooms, essence gathering rooms and so on.

"As for the innate aurora room, it's the only exception because it's also the most exclusive and difficult to complete. There's only one level for it. In the higher levels, it's replaced by soul training rooms that are exclusive to innate aurora wielders. They essentially speed up soul cultivation speed... Not that you need it."

Dyon laughed, but didn't say anything. It was true that those rooms would be wasted on him.

"Aside from this, most of the 20 years will be spent climbing and clearing the tower. From my understanding, we won't have to deal with encountering warriors from other towers until the top saint floors, correct?"

Zabia nodded, "Before then, everything is done individually. However, when you reach the top saint floor, the trials change and it becomes a quadrant versus quadrant competition. There will still be individual trials, but all in all, the dynamic will change. It's likely because celestial level treasures and above are rare even for this entity. So, he has to make it difficult on us."

Dyon understood this, of course. But, it also gave them time.

"Tell me, Zabia. In your opinion, do you think a faction of 3000 can survive on the top saint floor?"

Zabia thought a bit. In fact, he was silent for almost ten minutes before he answered.

"By the time you all reach that floor, if you take the hardest route possible, just about 15-20 years would have passed. In all likelihood, your cultivations will still be handicapped.

"However, even if that is the case, the mere fact you made it to that floor means you have the right to compete with those there, it will just be harder.

"Remember, other universes aren't united. Even if they send billions, those billions might be from millions of clans, which means their factions might reach ten thousand warriors at the most. In fact, even the largest factions in the tower might break fifty thousand, as far as I'm aware.

"This is simply because even within families, there are divided interests.

"The problem with all of this is that if an unknown faction appears, especially one that will dominate like yours, it will be difficult to avoid being ganged up on. Truthfully, the best choice is to pretend as though you all were never a faction to begin with. This way, you can be a lone cultivator, and although you may anger some factions, they wouldn't have the face to attack you with millions. Plus, it would be easier to hide."

Dyon nodded. He too thought the same thing. In addition, if they split up when they reached that floor, it would be good training for the demon generals as well. All in all, the plan made sense until they grasped their footing.

"There's only one more thing." Zabia continued. "It won't be possible to stay lowkey forever."

"Because of the leader boards?"

"Exactly." Zabia sighed, "It's a double-edged sword. If you don't do well, you won't be fulfilling your goal. But, if you do, do well, then you'll be exposing yourself. And that's just for the individual rankings. If you 3000 do too well, people will notice when a quadrant that's been dead last for thousands of years suddenly moves up. Especially considering there are only a hundred quadrants to keep track of."

Despite Zabia's words, Dyon grinned wildly.

Who was he? Was he not Dyon Sacharro? How could he be afraid of a little fame? To him, if they let him get big enough to make any noise on these rankings at all, it was already too late!

He told the Daiyu and Ragnors that he would announce his existence to them, and in the end, they would fail to beat him anyway. And was he not correct about that?

Although Dyon had matured since then, and would definitely not be so brash again, he also wouldn't lower his head and hide.

They would know he was coming, and he would make sure they knew that it was too late to do anything about it from the very beginning.

Dyon had grown. Although he very much still missed his parents, he wouldn't allow their memory to consume him. Although he still wanted to make himself known in honor of their memory, he would jeopardize those with him now for such a goal. Although he wanted them by his side, he wouldn't blindly search for methods that didn't exist.

From now on, his arrogance was his own. His purpose was driven by his self and the family he still had here now. One day he would build an unshakeable empire and make the quadrants bend to his will.

His predecessor built a clan that spanned half of the quadrant, and still failed in the end because too many enemies attacked him at once. Dyon wouldn't make that same mistake.

He wouldn't leave his family to chase after a dream. He would always be by their side. Always protecting them.

Dyon stood, "It seems they're done."

Zabia smiled and followed Dyon out and toward the Epistemic Tower, thinking of his own family as well. He wanted to see just how far Dyon could go.

Unfortunately, he would never guess just how far and deep Dyon's plans went.

If Zabia knew that part of step 1 of Dyon's plan was making an enemy out of the whole Drago-Qilin quadrant, maybe he wouldn't be so happy right now.

But, even if he knew he wouldn't be able to stop Dyon from doing it. After all, how could Dyon let all of the reverse scaled in his spatial ring go to waste? He wasn't just going to raise an army of Demon Generals. He was going to raise an army of Dragons.

Chapter 719: Determined

When Zabia and Dyon stepped out, the rest of the plan proceeded smoothly.

Half of the Uidah army was sent to a specially chosen gate. As for how they'd leave without the Uidah noticing the influx of numbers? Of course, Dyon had already taken this into account.

For one, their numbers would be almost immediately halved, unbeknownst to them. According to the rules of the key, Dyon could teleport any number of people to any gate in this quadrant. However, there was a caveat he had specially taken note of. With the exception of this universe, he could only teleport to the very center of any other gate.

What did this mean? Every gate had the same characteristic regardless of whatever variety of dangers they provided: The center would always and unequivocally be the most dangerous area.

To teleport nearly half a million warriors directly into a disaster? The results could be guessed.

Dyon obviously wouldn't have told the Uidah this in advance, that would have unnecessarily complicated the negotiation process, not that they had much of a choice anyway.

As for the second half of the plan, there wasn't a need to account for it. A group of less than two hundred thousand, which would be the numbers after they helped attack the towers of the Uidah, would hardly be a drop in a bucket when considering the whole population of a gate.

Even if a general with keen eyes noticed, the turnover between the gates was too volatile to make any concrete assumptions. Even their first son traveled between tens of gates per campaign.

In the end, the remaining half millions could only meander their way back home, leaving the only Dyon, his allies, and first son.

As for Elwing, Dyon didn't see him off. As a prince, he had his own pride. When he noticed that Dyon had truly turned the situation around by himself, he didn't have the face to stay, nor did he ask for anything Epistemic Tower related. He didn't want to partake in anything Dyon would have to give him. Unfortunately for him, this would turn out to be a big mistake.

After that army left, it was finally time for Dyon to once again step into the Epistemic Tower.

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Later that day, Dyon and his 3000 or so companions sat in the very same cultivation room he had ironically fought Alidor in. Dyon couldn't help but think what the situation would be like had Alidor won the key wielder position instead of him.

At the moment, Alidor and Clara were distributing cultivation cleansing pills to the demon generals. As for first son Dravil, he awkwardly stood to the side, confused beyond belief as to what was going on. However, Dyon wasn't going to explain anything to him.

"Do you know why I brought you here when I had no obligation to?" Dyon, who had been quietly meditating, suddenly spoke.

"Those arrays you placed within us aren't so simple..." Dravil answered immediately. "But this is an unnecessary investment. In the grand scheme of things, a million Uidah is a trivial number. There are hundreds of billions of us."

Dyon shook his head. He didn't expect everyone to be as intelligent as he was, but he was disappointed in this first son's lack of foresight. He was too cautious and not ambitious enough, that would make him a problem to use in the future.

"I don't plan on explaining everything to you. But, I will tell you that the important number here isn't a million. It's ten."

Dravil's eyes widened as he suddenly understood. This was never about the numbers, this was always about who he was bringing in...

In one fell swoop, Dyon had suddenly taken the future of the Uidah in his palms. Even with first son's personality flaws, he was still among the only two faith seeded Uidah, and yet now, he was Dyon's pawn.

If Dyon wanted to play the long game, in a few hundred thousand years, he would own at least 70% of the Uidah, accounting for sons and daughters who weren't talented enough to maintain their positions.

However, would Dyon really bother waiting that long? He had plans that could make this approach viable within a hundred years. But, Dravil didn't need to know that.

"Once your brothers and sisters are finished with their duties at that gate, they will take turns spending time in this tower. I don't want my investments to be usurped by superior talents. Do you understand?"

Dravil nodded. If this Epistemic Tower was really everything Dyon said it was, he and the others really wouldn't have to worry about others replacing them. In fact, Dravil could stop worrying and break into sainthood after this campaign and take the 5th son position, maybe even 4th son with his talent.

As for where the other 9 sons and daughters were currently, Dyon had sent them all with the other half a million warriors. After all, a major part of his plan was conquering the towers to make the Uidah regret focusing their attention here, so he needed to make sure there was enough leadership. In fact, he would be sending first son in a moment as well.

It was safe to say that Dyon's gears were constantly turning. Every moment of respite that he received was spent planning out the next few thousand years of his life. The peak he was aiming for wasn't something most could fathom, and maybe even to those lofty existences on the Immortal Plane, he was a madman willing to strive for anything, even the impossible. However, he was Dyon Sacharro, he wasn't a man that would ever allow anything to stand in his way, he wasn't a man that would ever allow a mountain to be too tall or a sky to be too vast.

There would come a day where he would become an existence so lofty and untouchable that he would be capable of accomplishing anything with a flip of the hand.

He was determined to make his name reverberate through the quadrants.

Chapter 720: Time

"As it stands now," Dyon spoke, "What are your odds of becoming Emperor of the Uidah?" Dyon spoke straight forwardly. Although having pawns was great, he would much rather them be willing to follow him.

When Dravil heard Dyon's question, his blood began to boil. Many saw his caution as unambitious, and rightfully so. But, the truth of the matter was that Dravil had dreams of his own, he was just too apprehensive to pursue them.

"The current most talented person in our clan is first saint son." Dravil replied honestly, "He is by far the most likely candidate. Usually, the candidate is chosen from the celestial sons and daughters since first dao son is our Emperor, however, first celestial daughter is a woman and also currently betrothed to first saint son."

Dyon found this a bit weird, but this was only because he still held onto his mortal realm beliefs. After all, less than ten years ago, he was a teen working with computers and engineering parts all day on a less than healthy diet that his metabolism somehow made up for. Although, now that he thought about it, it was likely his soul making up for it.

This was odd to him on two fronts. For one, the age difference that had to exist. To climb to first daughter status, she had to be near the peak of the celestial stage, which meant, at a bare minimum, thousands of years of cultivation without the Epistemic Tower resources. Saint son was at most hundreds of years old.

The second oddity was even more glaring... They were family!

However, when Dyon saw the starry eyes Dravil got when he mentioned his own sister, he couldn't help but to turn his gaze away and ignore it for dear life.

In reality though, an age difference of thousands was nothing when comparing two who would without a doubt become dao formation experts.

Secondly, the main issues with incest were wiped away with the martial world. Children would be birthed perfectly healthy because any possibilities of disease would have been cleansed by the cultivation of their parents.

In addition to this, first saint son and first celestial daughter were definitely very, very, very distant relatives. Although they shared the Uidah blood line, so did billions of others. The number of family branches, and branches of branches, were innumerable. So, logically speaking, them marrying was no weirder than anyone in the mortal world marrying. After all, technically, everyone from the mortal realm originated from the same family branch.

"Are there any factions that disagree with this?" Although Dyon knew much about the Uidah, the intricacies of their inner workings could only be explained by someone who lived there.

"There are hundreds of family branches, each with their own interests. However, not all of them have viable candidates for such a role, so they can only acquiesce. Before my birth, there was no need for competition. However, when it was found that I inherited a faith seed, there were some stirrings.

"The problem is that catching up to first saint brother would be exceptionally difficult. He has been training in an entirely different quadrant for the past hundred years. If what you say is true, then he was without a doubt powerful enough to earn a spot in the Epistemic Tower. This means he likely has a leg up on me..."

Dyon nodded. He realized this as well from the late fifth son's intel. Both Hela and first saint son had left to investigate. It was only recently they got word back, but that didn't mean they had just gotten there. In all likelihood, they had spent at least a few decades enjoying the benefits of that universe's tower.

This may sound like a leap, but it wasn't. According to Zabia, that quadrant didn't work with a clan system, it works with a sect system. How could Hela and first saint son not be talented enough to receive proper backing from such a place?

The other problem was that first essence son couldn't spend all of his time in the tower like first saint son presumably could. Because of their plans, first son could raise the suspicion level of this tower for at least 20 years. If he wasn't making his presence felt, then that would of course be suspicious.

Dyon thought about having first son fake his death, but that would likely be more detrimental than anything. A large part of becoming the emperor of such a large clan was networking and building a trusted faction. How could he do that if he disappeared?

In the end, this was a secondary matter. Although it would be great for first son to become leader, that was only the second step. He had another purpose first, and Dyon would let him know when the time was right. The only reason he brought this up now was to give first son some incentive.

"If you follow me well, I can guarantee that first celestial daughter will be your wife."

Dravil's eyes widened as he nearly choked on air. The goddess he had worshipped for all his life? As his wife? He could hardly believe what he was hearing.

"Massacring a whole population of people for no reason isn't my style," Dyon shrugged, "After I kill those Uidah who are responsible for harming the family of a friend of mine, someone needs to rule them. After all, I can't manage so many places alone."

Seeing the eagerness in Dravil's eyes, Dyon was satisfied. For such a cautious human being to be swayed so easily wasn't all that surprising to Dyon. After all, Dravil already understood that he didn't have much of a choice left. The fact that Dyon was willing to give him something in return was already more than he expected.

After a few more miscellaneous details were handled between them, Dyon sent Dravil off, reminding him that they needed to take down at least two towers.

Having dealt with that, Dyon turned his attention to the tower. It was time he spoke with his grand teacher.