

The Nameless 721

Chapter 721: It is why...

Dyon walked into a secluded cultivation room. The smell of herbs immediately assaulted his senses despite the room being devoid of anything but a meditation platform.

He couldn't recognize the scents despite his expertise, simply because he didn't spend enough time working on his alchemy. Much of the knowledge he had was theoretical, and although it was also in depth, he didn't have hands on experience. That said, considering how he felt his mind open up and his comprehension speed increase with a single breath, he immediately had tens of guesses for what these herbs could be.

'You've brought quite a lot here. But, I see that you're also quite selfish. And to think you can hide your mind from me now, how rude.'

Dyon had only just crossed his legs when his grand teacher began to speak to him.

Every one of the weapons of 33 heavens had a passive ability that didn't require any energy input – it was what made them pseudo legendary path weapons. The Soul Tome could purify the soul. The aurora steps could awaken auroras. And The Seal? It could protect its owner's mind from any poking and prodding, even by True Empaths.

Before, this hadn't worked for Dyon since The Seal was technically still under his master's ownership. But, now it was his entirely.

'How many across the quadrants do you allow to enter your 5 main technique chambers?' Dyon didn't bother with his grand teacher's antics and directly asked what he wanted to.

He needed an understanding of just how exclusive such a place was. After all, much of the reason he wanted to use those rooms for the rewards they gave, as opposed to the techniques themselves, was that he thought they might just be too ubiquitous.

Think about it, if almost every genius across the quadrants could use those 5 techniques of his grand teacher to some capacity, it wouldn't be unique, and maybe the less shallow point was that everyone

would understand the ins and outs of the techniques, making it much easier to counter. The last thing Dyon wanted was a predictable army. Especially when it came to his demon generals.

However, when Dyon thought back to how Alidor had brought many basilisks with him the first time he entered the tower, and yet they were all kicked out, Dyon thought that just maybe it was more exclusive than he originally thought.

'No hello, no how are you doing, no concern for your elders... Who taught you your manners?'

'Old man, you're testing my patience. Do you have any idea why I've been gone for two years?'

The truth was Dyon's grand teacher had no idea, he couldn't read Dyon's mind right now. He had to probe the others to find out. After a few moments, he realized Dyon was in a coma for the past couple years.

'You have the luck of a cockroach. Surviving such a thing, even I can't believe it. No wonder why you're so cranky.'

Dyon didn't respond to his grand teacher's words directly. He couldn't explode just yet. He first needed to know some things that only his grand teacher could tell him.

'Do you have an answer?'

'It depends on the power. They're all exceedingly difficult, but some still have higher returns than others.'

'True Empathy can only be learned by a handful of people. It requires not only exceptional soul talent, but also a pure soul. I'm happy that you brought your little sister along with you, she truly is the best I've seen. Honestly, the basic level door may be too easy for her.'

'For the Aurora gate, anyone can enter. The difference is that how much you get out of it, is again, limited by your soul talent. The aurora is one of my most refined techniques, so it reached a level of

melding with the will of the universe, this is why everyone is born with one, whether it's awakened or not.'

In layman's terms, Dyon's grand teacher reached the highest possible mastery of a technique, only possible when said technique was self created and of a high enough grade. Even then, there were other special requirements Dyon wasn't aware of.

Because of this, it essentially made it possible for any and everyone to learn it. However, the difficult part was learning it to perfection.

'For the Ethereal Permeation gate, I'd say a few thousand can grasp it. More than I thought originally, honestly. However, the number who improve it to an intent are less than a hundred. And as for a dao? Less than five all time. I don't believe any one of them is in this plane anymore. Actually, maybe one is. I don't keep track of these things honestly.

'The last two abilities are quite... Special. That's also not to mention the fact that only they are actually dangerous to learn. Technically, Ethereal Permeation is also dangerous, but it's more about pain tolerance than anything else. However, when it comes to those last two, no one in this generation of warriors has passed through even the basic floor. They either die, or are smart enough to give up.

'Time lock is one you understand already. However, using time will like this is the same as breaking the shackles that bind it, thus breaking it into the supreme law status it's meant to be. This sounds great, but the shackles exist for a reason.

'The truth is that the room is only titled Time lock to deter interest. If I was to be accurate in naming it, it would more than likely be title similarly to Ethereal Permeation.'

Dyon eyes narrowed. When his grand teacher said this, he immediately thought of his odd response to the Jafari, who also happened to be time experts. But, even more importantly, he thought of the odd item Zabia mentioned. Would it be easier to use after mastering that room?

'This said, the last room... Cycle of Reincarnation... That is a room I regret adding at all. It's the reason why even as a transcendent... I am blind.

'You are stubborn, and you don't like to listen. Even without seeing your mind right now, I know that my words only make you want to enter more. I won't stop you. After all, it's my greatest wish that one of my disciples succeeds where I've failed. However, if there was ever one piece of advice from me that you did listen to, let it be this.

'Do Not Enter.'

Chapter 722: Heaven's Love

Dyon thought over his grand teacher's words, but in the end, not a single morsel of fear entered his heart. Maybe he was ignorant, or maybe he just wasn't prone to fear, or maybe...

In Dyon's life, there was only one instance that had ever caused him to tremble. The memory was still burned into his mind and it was a brand of shame that he etched into his heart. Although he recovered moments later, that was only due to anger he felt toward the entity chained within Earth. How could he rely on such a thing? No... Dyon felt the need to temper his heart.

He would never allow anything to cause him to fear again.

That moment of weakness was something branded to his soul. Even though no one else would ever look down on him for it, even though he had turned things around and made up for it in spades, to him it was the humiliation of a lifetime and the kind he would never forget... one that he would allow to fuel him forever into the future.

Never again. NEVER again.

'You're right, I probably won't listen to you.'

Dyon's grand teacher sighed. He could feel that something within his and Dyon's relationship had shifted, and with his intelligence, he likely knew what it was, but he still decided to remain quiet for now.

'I do need your help for two more things.' Dyon suddenly said.

With that, Dyon began to explain Eli's situation. It was much too odd.

Although they all understood that those from the area Eli was from were usually around his talent level anyway, they also knew that that was also a product of poor resources. Needless to say, Eli obviously didn't have a resource problem, he had an outstanding dao partner, and he had friends willing to support him. It just didn't make sense that his talent would be so poor. Even his elder sister was improving by leaps and bounds in recent years.

More interestingly, none of these oddities even touched the fact he was seemingly immune to poison and pills. For obvious reason, Eli wasn't testing this immunity, but his time with the Cavositas should have been enough of an indicator.

After hearing this, Dyon's grand teacher was silent for a long while. In fact, he spent that time observing Eli, who was currently outside gladly helping Clara and Alidor in distributing the cultivation cleansing pills.

'Your friend...' For the first time, the old man was speechless. He had no idea how Dyon had amassed such a group of people around him.

His demon generals were easily some of the most talented youngsters he had ever seen. And, from his observations, each one of the cultivation methods had a unique genius to them he had never seen. It took him a moment, but when he realized that he didn't recognize these cultivation methods because they were created from scratch by them, he couldn't believe his eyes or thoughts.

Then there were his wives. Not even mentioning Ri and Madeleine who both had two of the most sought after faith seeds by women, coupled with the fact their God level constitutions were unmatched through the universes, even Clara was a ridiculous talent unto herself. Not everyone could be the same monster Dyon was. The mere fact Clara had a peak Foundation stage soul was enough to cause an uproar. That wasn't even mentioning the fact her body constitution was an entire level or two higher than Ri and Madeleine's now, considering her origin primordial yin.

There was not even a need to speak about Alidor, whose soul was equally as talented as Clara's, or Delia, whose body constitution didn't lose out to Ri or Madeleine, or Zabia, who quite frankly, had potential to unlock a legacy equivalent to that of his Time Lock.

What Emperor wouldn't drool over this collection of talents? Even having a handful of them could build a dynasty, and yet Dyon had another one hiding.

'Quite a special body indeed...'

Dyon didn't say anything. He instead chose to sit quietly and listen.

'I'm sure you've heard of Heaven's Blessing. However, there is a higher form of this known as Heaven's Love. Those who receive Heaven's Blessing are gifted the favor of the universe, however, the universe will never break its own rules for these people, no matter how much it favors them.'

Dyon nodded. Although he wasn't awake at the time, the Dragon King had recounted the event to him because he was curious about how many meridians he had filled during his break through. It seemed that the universe wanted to help Dyon more, but stopped itself from doing so.

'Those who have Heaven's Love are different. It is only them that the universe shows bias toward, only they are treated like the children of the universe.'

This obviously raised many questions for Dyon. If Eli was so favored, why was his cultivation so poor?

'I know what you must be wondering,' Dyon's grand teacher continued, 'But, the matter isn't so straight forward as it seems.'

'Imagine the universe as a parent, but an overly protective one. If you were an over protective parent who only had one, or very few children, would you ever let them out of your sight?'

'You're saying that the universe purposefully makes Eli's cultivation talent poor to protect him?' Dyon's demeanor crumbled as a weird expression surfaced on his features. If this was the case, he didn't understand what rules the universe was breaking for Eli. Well, other than the making him immune to poison matter.

'Didn't you already say it yourself? Your friend survived experimentation no one else could, completely unscathed. Even the matter of his life span isn't something you have to worry about. Considering your recklessness, he'll likely out live you.'

'You mean?'

'Eli's current life span is millions of years old. Unless you become a transcendent, you have no chance of outliving him. Such is Heaven's Love.'

Chapter 723: Great Help

Dyon was stunned. Although he was happy, he had very mixed feelings about this.

On one hand, it was great that his friend could spend as long as he wanted by his loved ones. On the other hand, he understood Eli's character. It would eat him up inside if he couldn't be of use, especially when his wife was out fighting battles for him. To someone like Eli, the fact the universe was protecting him should mean that he should be the one protecting everyone else.

'He'll be disappointed...' Dyon said in a soft voice.

'A man who can't die until he does of natural causes would be disappointed in such a thing?' The old man, who was near the end of his life, couldn't understand such a thing.

Someone could walk up and slice Eli in half and the universe would just mend him back together as though nothing happened. In fact, it would probably make it so Eli felt minimal amount of pain too.

'You don't understand. Something like this wouldn't make Eli happy unless he found out it was someone he cared about who had such an ability.'

'No, you don't understand. He's likely the most useful person you have here. The universe doesn't just break its rules in terms of this Eli's life and death, there are other aspects it effects too.'

'For one, there's Eli's children. Each and every one will be, at a minimum, as talented as your demon generals with a very high likelihood of being born at the peak of their evolutionary chain.'

'Meaning, if Eli has a human for a wife, his child will very likely be born with an angel bloodline. If he copulates with a Dragon, I have little doubt another Dragon Sovereign would be born. Even more pointedly, this dragon child would definitely have a reverse scale of the gold grade, and considering the potential for rule breaking by the universe, might also be of the King or higher grade.

'He isn't restricted by race either. Even if Eli takes a woman who has chosen the beast path, as long as she is in her human form, she will be able to birth. Because, again, he breaks the laws of the universe.'

Despite the weird look on Dyon's face, the grand teacher continued.

'If you managed to find a way to break Heaven's chains on him, not only would he be able to keep all of these abilities, he would also be capable of cultivating at a speed that far surpassed even your soul cultivation. This wouldn't be because his soul would be more talented than yours, it's actually a form of nepotism.

'Basically, unlike others, Eli, should these chains be broken, wouldn't have to temper his body with incremental increases in energy. He could skip essence energy, saint energy, and celestial energy and directly jump to enigmatic energy because the universe would protect him.

'Just like parents never truly stop loving their children even when they feel betrayed, the universe would never stop helping Eli.

'However, don't bank on accomplishing such a thing. Imagine the universe as super mom times whatever number is beyond infinity. Its hold on its children is stronger than you can imagine. The only way to do that is by making the universe submit, and if you could do that, you wouldn't really need the overpowered Eli by your side anyway, now would you?'

Dyon sighed. He had to admit that he was very much tempted by the idea of releasing Eli from his shackles. After all, he couldn't very well use Eli like a breeding horse, now could he?

'You're basically saying my best friend has his best use as a stallion...' Dyon felt like face palming.

'He truly can be used like that. Again, he breaks the universe's rules. It's not difficult for him to have children, even with the most talented women in existence. In fact, your Delia friend is pregnant right now although she seems to want to hide it.'

Dyon's eyes widened. He almost made Delia go through all of this intensive training while she was pregnant? Eli would kill him!

'Oh please, how could the universe let its grand children die? Until they're birthed, Eli's children also have Heaven's Love. Afterwards though, they will be normal people. Well, normal and overly talented people.

'However... Everything comes at a price. It is very likely that Delia will not be able to handle the birth of such a talent. If they baby isn't an angel, it would be fine. However, if it is...'

Dyon's happiness immediately melted away. He saw Delia as his little sister, how could he be okay with such a gamble?

How could he not realize that nothing in the universe could be so easy. There was a reason why it was difficult for those with more talent to give birth, it was part mercy. Although this 'mercy' was detrimental when both people were highly talented, in the case of where there was just one talent, this barrier would essentially be saving the life of the less talented individual.

But, Eli completely broke these rules. Without knowing it, he had put his wife's life in danger!

Dyon's grand teacher immediately sensed his agitation, so he didn't beat around the bush.

'In the end, Dyon, it is still just a baby. Although it will still be difficult, as long as she becomes a celestial before giving birth, she can survive.

'Also, since we're all aware of the situation now, we can be of help. Not every form of extending pregnancy is healthy. In fact, it can be highly detrimental to do so. However, that's only in the case where the herbs and pills aren't of a high enough grade. We can delay it for hundreds of years and still have it be healthy.'

Dyon sighed a breath of relief. He had found out recently about Delia's mother and how she extended her pregnancy and how that had almost cost her, her life. But, his grand teacher's words reassured him.

'Additionally, there are two other abilities of heaven's children that I haven't told you that will be of great help.'

Chapter 724: Ticking Time Bomb

Dyon perked up when he heard this, focusing his attention on his grand teacher's voice.

'The first is that Eli can give other portions of his Heaven's Love through his blood and soul. In fact, his wife should have received portions of it already, this will help with her cultivation greatly. It will also reduce the difficulty of her tribulations when she crosses into sainthood and beyond.'

'Through this same vein, if Eli is present, he can pardon you of having to partake in a tribulation at all.'

'What?!' Dyon nearly jumped up from his position.

'You have to be very careful of using this method.' Dyon's grand teacher reminded sternly. He could already tell what Dyon wanted to do. He had refrained from absorbing the energy kernel all this time because of the issue of heavenly tribulations, so the moment he found a way out of it, he wanted to benefit from it immediately. But, as Dyon's grand teacher had said before, everything comes with a price.

'If you use Eli in this way, and if for any reason he is unable to be present during your next tribulation, the heavenly lightning will increase by at least a hundred-fold of what it was before. This becomes ten thousand fold if you use Eli twice, and he is unable to be there for the third time. Do you understand?'

When Dyon heard this, he fell into deep contemplation once again. He knew that Eli could never die, but that didn't mean he couldn't be captured. It also didn't mean that Dyon couldn't be captured too.

Dyon was already aware that sometimes, it just became impossible to suppress cultivation any longer. If he somehow spent an extended period of time away from Eli at the wrong time, things could take a turn for the worse.

'I understand.'

'Good. However, his blood is still useful. It can increase the grade of weapons, pills, even plants. Depending on the quality of the material, of course. Basically, it raises most things to its full potential.

'As you've probably gotten used to it by now, you must understand that there is a limiter on this as well. Depending on the material, the amount of blood necessary varies. If Eli wanted to improve your 33 heaven's weapons, he would need thousands of times the amount of blood in his body right now. So, it's best you stick to the simple things. I'm sure you're smart enough to find a good use that doesn't have your friend in a coma for half his life.'

'You said there were two things, but all of this has been under one big umbrella.'

'The second thing is a bit of understanding by the universe. Those who are blessed with Heaven's Love live for millions of years, but it would be depressing if they wielded no power.

'As such, heaven's children will always have one skill that they transcend others in. You could call them savants, without the mental detriment.

'I'm sure you already know what your friend Eli's ability is.'

Dyon eyes sharpened. 'His affinity for plants and gardening... It's more than a little impressive.'

'I see that you've noticed already. Although you have your array alchemy, not every plant can just be magically conjured up. Or, more accurately, they can't all be conjured up in a state where they're useful to you.

'There are pills that require plants that have been tempered with very specific things that an array alchemy creation formation can't replicate. If you continued to use such a method for your alchemy, you'd eventually reach a bottle neck.'

Dyon understood this point as well. He couldn't very well use his arrays to replicate, say, age. That was the very first thing he thought of. If a pill recipe called for a 1000-year-old plant, it was impossible to replicate such a thing.

This bottle neck also existed for plants nurtured by abyssal cores. Unless Dyon understood the will of that specific abyssal core to the extent of a peak dao, he wouldn't be able to replicate it.

Considering it was impossible to learn every will in existence, especially to such a level, it was obvious what importance plant experts and gardeners had.

At the moment, the most any pill recipe of Dyon's had asked for was a common level plant. However, as he improved and entered higher ranks, that would change.

Knowing all of this, Dyon sighed in relief. His friend wouldn't fall into a pit of depression, lamenting over his uselessness. In fact, Eli was probably only second to Dyon in importance to their little mini kingdom right now.

There was something else in Dyon's heart that he kept to himself though. On the day that he could look down on everything in existence with disdain, he would remove the shackles the universe placed on his friend and let him soar through the skies.

'But, what about other people with Heaven's Love? Where are they? Wouldn't a quadrant with one of them benefit heavily?'

Dyon was a bit worried. He wouldn't be so naïve as to hope that Eli was the only one of his kind.

'Any that exist would be closely guarded secrets. Any in under the power of an empire, that is. However, in most cases, they are forgotten like your friend Eli.'

'Imagine a child being born into a family with poor cultivation talent. What do you think happens to them?'

Dyon immediately understood. In most cases, such a child would be looked down upon, maybe even disowned...

'However, those with Heaven's Love can survive anything. So, when they realize that the years are passing by, and they're somehow not getting old, it's only then that they realize that they're special.

'Interestingly enough, there are at least a few hundred heaven's children in existence. So, although it's rare, it's not as rare as some other things. But, because they have no power to defend themselves, they remain in hiding. They definitely should not be underestimated, though. Those few hundred can rival the power of an Emperor God Clan simply by virtue of their otherworldly talent.

'It's likely impossible that you'll ever come across their society. Rather, it is a certainty that they will come across you.'

Dyon's eyes narrowed. Just from this sentence alone, he had already understood many things.

'It's good that you understand.

'These people will not be sympathetic to your and Eli's relationship. In their lives, they've been tossed away, exploited, used. They will never be able to understand that you truly see Eli as a best friend. All they will see is yet another ambitious warrior seeking to use one of their own.

'Do you understand why I warned you now? Unlike those powerful clans that have hidden their heaven's child away, you don't yet have the power to do so. Whenever Eli is out of this tower, he is in danger. In fact, considering the skills of those heaven's children, even this tower can't stop them from taking him away.

'They will find out he exists. Maybe it will take ten years. Maybe a hundred. Maybe a few days. But, they will find out.

'And if you've already accepted Eli's blessing and had him turn away a tribulation for you... Your life will be on the string of a ticking time bomb.'

Chapter 725: One Day

Dyon sucked in a deep breath. However, unlike what one would expect, Dyon wasn't disappointed about the fact he'd only be able to 'use' Eli for a short time. What he was, was pissed off.

These people hadn't acted yet, but his grand teacher was telling him that it was practically set in stone that they would.

Since they had already made their decision, Dyon had already made his. He wouldn't allow them to take away his best friend just because they thought they understood what was best for him. Eli had a wife here. A child here. A family here. If they dared to try and rip that apart, even if they were unkillable, Dyon would give them a life worst than death.

Dyon steadied his breathing. It seemed his enemies had increased by one.

'There's just one last thing. My wife's mother, how do I save her?'

Dyon knew he didn't need to explain much. His grand teacher would likely just check Ri's memories to understand the situation.

'That is indeed a tricky situation... For most, they would be helpless. But, you have access to the dao of array alchemy. With it, there are millions of ancient pill recipes that have long since been lost. Along with it also comes plant rearing information that your friend Eli would find very useful.

'The pill you need is a comet level pill. Although, considering the pitiful standards of today, they probably see it as a star level pill.'

Dyon's teacher added this with disdain because he had likely just seen the fact a supposed moon level alchemist in Nora couldn't even make a master level pill.

'Anyway, the pill is known as a Barrier Breaking Pill. Its use isn't limited to just what your mother in law needs it for, but it will be able to help without any side effects.'

'Thank you. Enjoy the show.' Dyon didn't explain his words any further, he just directly got up and headed for the exit of the cultivation room.

Although Dyon couldn't see it, his grand teacher had quite a complicated look on his face. In the end, he managed to call out to Dyon one more time.

'Dyon wait.'

Dyon froze just as he was about to reach the door. His back was straight and almost lonely. But, the beating of his heart told a different story.

'He wasn't my first disciple. He was my second. I can't explain anymore, I can only say that I'm sorry.'

Dyon was silent for a long while. But, in the end, his tight shoulders and back relaxed as he nodded.

Without a word, he left the room.

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Soon afterward, Dyon sat in a room with his most trusted people. Aside from Delia and Eli, there were his wives and Ava. When news like this had to be explained, he wanted to tell the fewest amount of people possible. But, he knew that Delia and Eli would also need an emotional support structure around them as well.

Delia blushed profusely when Dyon mentioned the fact she was pregnant. And after Eli lovingly berated her for hiding it, he too was quite happy.

However, when Dyon explained the rest of the situation, their emotions seemed to fluctuate wildly thereafter, especially when Dyon mentioned the likelihood of Eli being taken away some time in the future.

"As much as I want to believe in the rationality of people, and that they truly have your best interest at heart, I just can't." Dyon explained. "In all likelihood, they're using the guise of helping you in order to do the very thing they're supposedly fighting against. If not, there would be no reason for them to take you away by force. Things aren't adding up."

Eli's face was ashen, but he still slowly nodded. He saw anyone who would take him away from his wife and child as an enemy.

It was clear to anyone with a brain that this supposed utopia for heaven's children was actually just as ambitious as any other organization. And, considering they couldn't die until their natural time came, who knew just how much planning they had done and just how deep their roots went?

"For now, let's focus on the good." Dyon smiled, patting Eli's shoulder. "It may sound odd, but in a few decades you'll be able to hold your baby in your arms."

"I'll give them a chance first." Dyon's smile disappeared before a dense killing intent drastically lowered the temperature in the room. "But, if they dare to mess around with your happiness, I don't care how many years they've lived or how deep their roots are. I'll crush them and bring you back home."

Eli's eyes glistened as his blood boiled. Dyon was the one person in his life that helped him without needing anything in return. He saved him from Darius Storm, he uplifted the array alchemy faction he loved so much, and he saved his family even knowing it would make him the enemy of three God Clans.

Now, Eli finally had an opportunity to pay Dyon back. He lost count of how many nights of sleep he lost thinking about just how to not be a burden. For the first time in his life, he felt like he had a purpose.

Eli didn't say a word, but his eyes conveyed everything. He and Dyon had a tacit understanding.

Looking around the room, Dyon suddenly felt saddened.

"Over the next twenty years, I'm not sure how often I'll see you all. The trials for the key wielder are no joke, but if I don't do them, I won't be able to have the face to see you guys."

Dyon's voice was a bit hoarse as though the words he spoke were the heaviest in existence.

He knew well that a key wielder had no obligation to take the peak level trials to the climb the tower, however, Dyon had no intention of taking any short cuts. The truth was, he didn't even know if 20 years would be enough for anyone to finish those trials.

He could see the sadness in the eyes of his wives, but he could only pull the three of them into his embrace. Their frames were so small compared to his that he didn't have any issues wrapping his arms around them all.

In the end, Dyon left everything to them. All of his spatial rings, weapons, and cultivation manuals. The only thing he hadn't handled was the Daiyu, but he had long since had Clara and Alidor place arrays on them, so he left them all in the charge of his most trusted people. Although Dyon didn't tell anyone, they would be really helpful to Little Black in the future.

"Big brother, are you going away for a really long time?" Little Lyla's large pink diamond eyes blinked away tears as she wrapped her small arms around Dyon's kneeling figure.

"I'll come back stronger for you, okay? I'll make sure no one makes you cry again."

Little Lyla didn't say anything, but she couldn't stop rubbing her small and soft cheeks into Dyon's neck, staining him with tears.

"Make sure to listen to the old man, okay? He'll make you strong."

"Mhm." Little Lyla managed to squeeze a sound out between her sobs.

After a few minutes, Ri had pry the sobbing Lyla away, which only made Dyon's heart hurt more. He knew well that he was Lyla's first connection to the world outside of her late parents, she relied on him

heavily. But, he repaid her by leaving for months at a time with little to no explanation. And now, it would likely be for years.

With the maturity Lyla shows, they sometimes forgot that she was just a 7-year-old little girl. Regardless of what her talent or future held, she had to be treated as such.

Soon afterward, Dyon knelt in front of Little Zaire who was rubbing his reddened eyes and trying not to cry.

"One day, you'll be an Emperor," Dyon smiled, pulling his little brother into his embrace. "But for now, make sure to enjoy your childhood, okay? Let big brother handle everything. When you're ready, we'll rule the world together."

When Zaire heard this, he couldn't hold it in anymore and started sobbing himself.

With those last words said and that last hug given, Dyon disappeared.

Dyon didn't know it now, but over the next few decades, these last cherished moments with his loved ones would be all he had left to cling to his humanity.

Chapter 726: Allowed

Dyon soon stood in a vague world, filled with dense black fog. The only thing that filled his vision with any sort of light were seven doors, seeping dense fog of their own, but also illuminated by a faint dark gold light around their edges.

There wasn't much thought for Dyon to understand just what these doors were, after all, he had been preparing himself for this ever since he learned the secret of the Epistemic Tower.

The left most four doors were levels available to non-key wielders. They were split into Viscount, Earl, Marquesses and Duke. It didn't take much of a stretch to understand just why those Dukes and Duchesses were so proud of their talent. Aside from key wielders, they had successfully weathered to trials of the peak most trials available.

However, Dyon didn't spare a single second on these doors. The truth of the matter was that he had no obligation to enter the key wielder doors, but would he really be Dyon Sacharro if he took it easy on himself? No. He hadn't thought of doing so for even a moment.

The right most three doors had grasped Dyon's attention the most. These were split into King... Emperor... And God.

According to Dyon's knowledge, it was actually possible for non-key wielders to enter the King and Emperor doors. However, they had to first pass the Duke doors sufficiently. And, obviously, if they wanted to enter the Emperor doors, they would have to pass the King trials sufficiently. Only a key wielder could completely circumvent such requirements.

However, the God doors were different. No matter what you did as a normal Epistemic Tower participant, you could not enter any God related events without a key. If you reached the Emperor ranks, your only option would be to challenge your quadrant's key wielder.

It was also possible to challenge the key wielder of another quadrant, but the rules and restrictions for doing so made it much more difficult. As such, it was a rare occurrence.

Taking a deep breath, Dyon settled his emotions.

The softness in his heart became rigid. His pulse steadied. His hazel eyes darkened.

He stood there as dark fog seemed to engulf him. A man with nothing but the clothes on his back and a black wrist band that no longer responded to his calls.

Normal individuals took their everything to pass these trials. In fact, if one entered any one of these doors, expecting it to be easy, only death of their body and spirit awaited them. And yet, Dyon planned to do so without his wills, energy cultivation, or soul.

Some would see this as a foolish move. In fact, even Dyon didn't know if this would necessarily be smart. But, he knew that if he wanted to build his dao heart to follow his own path, compromising because of difficulty was something he couldn't do.

An hour passed before the Dyon capable of hugging his little siblings disappeared. What was left was a man absorbed in his hatred and his singular pursuit of strength.

Dyon's dark eyes looked up, his gaze tearing through the void and landing on the God door.

In the next instant, Dyon appeared before it, pushing apart the large and heavy doors.

All he left to the outside world was a lonely back etched with intricate tattoos.

Dyon's grand teacher watched this from afar, finally understanding just what Dyon meant by a show. It truly wasn't often that one stepped up to the God level trials, but to do so in Dyon's state was another level of insanity all together.

'I can't do much for you... But, I can at least make sure that your soul doesn't act up in the mean time... Good luck.'

**

Within the tower, there were 9 floors for foundation stage levels, and 12 for every cultivation level beyond. However, this only mattered for non-key wielder trials. In those cases, there would be a new challenge to meet for every floor.

In Dyon's case, and in the case of anyone taking a King or above trial, there were only 5 tasks to deal with. That said, anyone with common sense would understand that these trials were not easier just because of their lesser number.

The moment Dyon walked in, his vision was blinded as the gate automatically noted that his bone age was 18 years old. Taking this into account, it automatically adjusted the difficulty of the trials to scale appropriately before sending Dyon into his very first trial.

When the lights cleared and Dyon could finally see his surroundings, he was surprised to find himself in a maze.

He stood at the very center with oddly placed and curved walls all around him. There seemed to be six choices for his starting point, each completely identical to the other. It was safe to say that there was no obvious choice of maze entrance.

The atmosphere was dark, and although Dyon's first idea was to try and soar above the maze walls, he found that when he leaped up hundreds of meters using the strength of his legs, the walls increased in height along with him. When he unleashed his wings and tried to out pace the walls, they seemed to have an endless ability to increase in speed.

It was truly frustrating. The walls never increased in height any more than they needed to, so Dyon was caught in a cycle of just barely being able to peak over, but never quite being able to.

It was clear that for this trial, no cheating would be allowed.

After understanding this point, Dyon didn't hesitate. He immediately picked a random direction and entered the maze. With his every movement, he etched more and more of the maze into his mind.

He had to admit that the mental fatigue of doing such a thing without the support of his soul was exceedingly high. It seemed it had taken for granted the kind of replenishing effect the soul could have on his mind and its stamina. It was no wonder that he could always be so focused, he had his soul to thank.

Chapter 727: Fangs

Unfortunately, his soul was now locked away, and a trial that would have been easy beyond belief to him before, had suddenly become a life or death stake. If he couldn't make it out of here, what would happen? He couldn't exactly use an 'exit' button as though this was a video game.

The terms were clear. There was only a chance to give up between trials and between individual trial challenges. Never during continuous trials.

To that end, whether Dyon was stuck in here forever, or if he found the exit, all of this was up to him.

Even worse, if he wanted to complete this trial perfectly, he would have to do so within a certain time limit. This would affect his rewards.

Some trials had time limits, while others had completion percentages. However, what Dyon didn't know was that the time limit to complete this maze and achieve a perfect score displayed just how difficult it was.

No one would ever think that the God trials were easy. In fact, one could say that they were impossible. And to achieve perfect rewards from them? Such a thing was as difficult as ascending the heavens.

And yet, the time limit for a perfect prize for this maze was... Ten years.

**

Dyon sprinted without rest. His eyes darted from left to right, constantly scanning his surroundings.

Not only was he calculating the distance he had run, he was also simultaneously drawing a map of the routes he had chosen and the ones he had ignored.

Without a real direction, Dyon decided to go with conventional wisdom and assume that the exit was on the outside since he had started directly in the middle.

It had, of course, occurred to Dyon that he had no real way of knowing he had started in the middle considering what the walls had put him through, but that was a possibility he saved at the back of his mind. He wouldn't forget it. In fact, he was constantly picking up clues to decide whether or not his hypotheses were correct, but at the moment, it didn't seem important one way or another.

This trial, though, was quite a surprise to Dyon. Although he had a lot of information about the Epistemic Tower, one that was wholly lacking was information on the trials themselves. When he had asked his grand teacher, he had remained mum about it.

So, for the first trial to be one of intellect, was surprising.

However, despite not knowing the time limit, Dyon could tell that it must be very long with all of the subtle clues he was picking up on.

A martial artist could live without food for years, even decades at Dyon's level. And, that's assuming that they absorb no energy. And yet, Dyon could feel a constant stream of energy flowing into him to stave off his hunger. This meant only one thing: the trial was possibly long enough for even martial artists to feel hunger to the point of death.

That aside, there was another thing that Dyon noticed. At the moment, the trial was much too straight forward.

Yes, it was true that there were easily thousands of paths, and yes, it wasn't necessarily easy to remember all of them. But, one had to remember that martial artists were able to birth photographic memories within themselves as they improved in their cultivation.

Dyon had already realized that as long as he measured his distance run, and constantly paired it with the map he was memorizing, it would only be a matter of time before he reach the very edge of the maze.

The concept was simple. All Dyon had to do was maintain his sense of direction and constantly sprint away from the center. If he reached a dead end, he would only have to back track, use a route he hadn't chosen, and continue pushing forward.

Eventually, the map of unused routes he had memorized would merge with his used routes, something made possible by his diligently keeping track of distance and length of routes, and as such, he could constantly ensure that he was moving toward the edge with the most efficiency possible.

There was also a second benefit to this. Because he was keeping track of distance, and also trying his best to maintain either forward or lateral movement, with very little backward movement, he could also begin to measure whether or not he truly began in the middle.

The reasoning was simple. As Dyon moved laterally, assuming the maze followed a circular pattern as dictated by its curved walls, he could judge whether he was moving further forward or not depending on the lateral movement. Essentially, if he found that he could only move forward easily if he coupled it

with a left lateral movement, then it was likely that he had started to the right of the maze. The vice versa was also true.

What would this mean? It meant that if he found it easier to move forward when moving laterally in one particular direction, he wasn't actually making his way to edge. Instead, he was making his way to the center! This was because if he started to the edge to begin with, there would be more options in one direction versus another unless he was magically moving straight for the edge.

The question Dyon would have to answer for himself was whether or not this was good. Should he be making his way to the center? Or should he be making his way to the edge?

When dealing with a trial with no instructions, Dyon followed his instincts, immediately choosing the tougher rode. The moment he noticed that it was in fact easier to move forward when he shifted leftward, Dyon began to bias his lateral movement back to right.

When he noticed it became easier to move forward when moving laterally to the right, he again changed his tactics and biased his lateral movements to the left. All this meant was that he had gone too far right and was on the other edge of his starting point.

Dyon's mind worked on overdrive, tearing the maze apart with his gaze as days became weeks, and weeks became months.

If one had to describe Dyon's intelligence, they wouldn't have the words to do so. As Dyon's grand teacher watched from above, he almost doubted himself. Did he make the God trial too easy? Ridiculous. Dyon was simply a monster. A normal individual wouldn't have even considered the fact their starting point was the middle until years had flown by, and yet Dyon did within the first few minutes!

If this was even the Emperor level trial, Dyon would have completed it in a month! If he had his soul strength, even a week would be too long!

However, this trial wasn't over just yet.

As months became a year, then a year and a half, the mental fatigue began to wear on even Dyon.

He had been sprinting none stop for almost two years, but that wasn't the issue. The energy of the world replenished him constantly so that the physical aspects of this trial were done away with completely. But, Dyon's focus was waning. Even his vision threatened to blur.

Without his soul strength to energize his mind, it was a miracle that he had lasted even this long. It was a testament to the strength of mind his soul had built for him before it was forcibly locked away.

At seemingly his lowest point, something occurred that made Dyon laugh bitterly. After almost two years in this dark maze, he had almost hoped that this wouldn't happen. But, who knew that this trial would wait until he was on his last legs to pull this trick.

Just as Dyon moved to enter an opening in the wall, it shifted. Dyon skidded to a halt, watching as the maze and ground beneath his feet whirled to life with a dull look in his eyes.

The entire map that Dyon had spent the past two years memorizing and clinging onto for dear life was now useless.

He had no idea where he was. Maybe he was deposited right in the center? Maybe he was near the edge and didn't even know it?

He could always start again, but he couldn't help but feel that all of his progress meant absolutely nothing. Not to mention the fact there was no guarantee that the walls wouldn't shift again...

The God trial had finally bared its fangs.

Chapter 728: Faster

Just as Dyon was about to think through what his next step should be, an unexpected notification sounded in his years that sounded a lot like his grand teacher trying to sound grand and imposing.

'The first stage of the trial has been complete. Would you like to quit and accept the appropriate rewards, or continue on to the second and final stage?'

To anyone else, these words would have seemed simple and meaningless. In fact, many might choose to quit. However, when Dyon heard these words, his eyes glistened and his focus sharpened.

Firstly, it told him that he was correct. The goal of the trial was to move outward, not inward. If not, then he wouldn't have completed the first stage.

Secondly, it completely eliminated the need for him to sit and wait to see if the walls would move again just when he was on the cusp of something. It was clear that this second stage had to do with the constant shifting of the walls, as such, it was named stage two. Stage one was a still maze, and stage two was a shifting one. Simple. And not so simple. All at once.

Dyon stood silently, quietly observing the shifting walls and ground. He didn't move an inch, but the calculations speeding through his mind told a different story.

This was a trial. As such, it had to follow a set of rules that might not necessarily be true in real life.

If this was the maze of a legacy world, the expert who built the world would have no obligation to stick to any rules. Although they'd never find a successor using such cruel methods, some experts were too selfish to pass on their teachings to begin with.

However, since this wasn't a legacy world, Dyon completely through out the possibility that the movements of walls were random. There had to be a pattern somewhere and it was up to him to find it.

You could imagine a circular maze as structure similar to what you'd see after slicing an onion in half. The only difference was that the layers had dips and turns an onion wouldn't have, and this was exactly what Dyon was observing right now. This was, of course, in addition to the fact that those layers seemed to be moving independently of each other.

The first thing Dyon observed almost immediately was that the layer beyond him had movement he could separate relative to the layer he stood in.

This immediately let Dyon know that not every wall was moving in the same direction and not every wall was moving at the same speed. It was very clear that the closer Dyon got to the edge, the faster the

walls moved, and the closer to the center he approached, the slower the walls moved before they likely stopped all together.

Dyon had unwittingly stepped into the crux of the trial again. The solution was obvious. It didn't matter where he was now or where the maze's shifting was bringing him, as long as he used his observational abilities to continue toward the faster moving segments, he would be going in the right direction.

However, that was when Dyon decided to do something that would baffle anyone else. By all rights, the most logical thing to do would be, seemingly, to continue forward as quickly as possible. But, Dyon directly sat down, closing his eyes and resting his mind.

Surprisingly, when Dyon's grand teacher saw this, another bitter smile spread across his features, 'You little monster.'

Hours passed by, and then days. Dyon continued to sleep, allowing his body to ride the waves of the moving ground.

He didn't think of anything. In fact, he went out of his way to empty his mind completely.

Unknowingly, Dyon was reaching a state only the prime levels of experts could hope to touch. Before this, Dyon biggest problem was his inability to make effective use of his soul prowess. As a result of his soul strength, seeing through the attacks of opponents was incredibly easy, when dealing with those at his level, they seemed particularly slow. However, the problem was that even with this being true, his body could not react fast enough to make efficient use of this ability. Essentially, Dyon had an excess amount of power he was incapable of using.

The truth of the matter was that there was no easy way to fix this. Although his soul was now sealed away, and his body had an opportunity to catch up, he would only be treating the symptom and not the root problem.

While having fast computational abilities was important, which warrior wouldn't want to have even quicker insights? Dyon's soul was exact that, however it would always be limited. So what was the solution? Ironically... The answer Dyon settled on was making those computational abilities even faster.

If his body couldn't react, give it more time to react. If his opponents attacks were slow, make them even slower. If his mind was too powerful, make it even more powerful.

Dyon's abilities were shifting from the ability to read and react, to the ability to predict.

Understanding this, Dyon realized that the only prize of these trials weren't just the rewards at the end. No. Each one taught you something.

With each passing moment, Dyon mind was evolving.

His foresight, intelligence, and reasoning ability were all amplifying to the levels of a God.

Weeks passed by as Dyon silently meditated. He had long since recovered his stamina, but he was seemingly waiting for something.

The ground beneath his feet shifted faster and faster as the walls of the maze continued to blend. There was no doubt that an element of danger was now very much present.

When Dyon had attempted to fly over the top of the walls, that had obviously not worked. So, what would the next logical step be? Wouldn't it be to test to see whether the walls could be broken through? After all, if Dyon could simply burst through without memorizing a thing, it would be the easiest method by far.

However, as one might expect, when Dyon attempted to do this, he found the material of the maze walls to be easily of higher quality than his puppets! The sheer amount of wealth needed to construct such a place was something Dyon couldn't even fathom even with his vast knowledge and intelligence. It was simply an astronomical number.

One had to know that Dyon's puppets were made of material so sturdy that it was difficult for even a dao formation expert to harm it, and that was without any energy filtering through it at all! When Elder Daiyu shattered his 4th stage celestial puppet, it was because the arrays within it were destroyed by him first, as such, the armor could only protect its own self. And yet, even in that case, it was difficult to break.

But, this maze was completely different. Not only was the material of a higher grade, considering the energy that was constantly feeding into Dyon to stave off his hunger, and the fact the entire maze was moving, one could imagine the amount of energy available to it!

All of this taken into account, it was simply impossible for Dyon to even think of scratching these maze walls.

Initially, one might not see the problem with this, especially since the walls themselves were stationary when this trial began. However, weren't they moving now?

In order to move forward, Dyon would have no choice but to run through these moving walls as they continuously got faster and faster. Even at the point he stood now, the walls were already moving at nearly 100 km/h. Just what speed would he achieve near the end?

And yet, Dyon sat cross legged, waiting. Not moving a single inch as the walls around him and the ground continuously moved faster.

100 km/h. 150 km/h. 200 km/h...

199.9999... km/h...

Dyon's eyes snapped opened, his wings unfurling the very instant he felt the speed dip down by even the most minute of measures.

Dyon instantly became a blur. Although his wings were no longer supported by his soul strength, the prowess of his body was enough to reach unreal speeds.

His body twisted in the air, turning at impossible angles, narrowly dodging the constantly moving walls that threatened his life.

There was a method to Dyon's madness, of course. The moment the maze started to move, Dyon immediately made the observation that further layers moved faster than the layer he stood on. However, this was not all he observed.

Although it was subtle, Dyon also noticed a slight deceleration in the pace the layer he stood on was moving. In fact, the change was so subtle that even Dyon's grand teacher couldn't help but praise him for noticing it so quickly.

When Dyon noticed this, he decided to take a gamble.

After Dyon realized that layers closer to the edge moved faster relative to other layers, the obvious observation was that since his layer was slowing down, that meant it was moving toward the center. And yet, Dyon decided to not move at all!

This would seem like the worst thing to do in this situation. What if the maze was trying to undo all of the work you had done? Shouldn't you immediately try and fight against it as soon as possible?

However, Dyon thought beyond that. Considering the maze was circular, judging by the curve of its walls, doesn't that mean that there was a likelihood that after it finished slowing down, it would then pick back up in speed? And when it reached its peak speed, wouldn't that mean that Dyon was closer to the edge than he had ever been before?

Dyon knew that this was a gamble. There was always the chance that once the layer he was in reached 0 km/h, that it would just stop, leaving Dyon stranded in the middle. But, Dyon's perception and guts told him different.

So, Dyon sat in meditation, paying attention to every minute change in the maze, and once he realized layers behind him were speeding up, he knew he made the right choice.

Although Dyon didn't know it now, he had traded in weeks of waiting time for 20 years.

The truth was that the time limit of 10 years for the perfect prize should have been impossible to grasp unless you saw through the maze perfectly. Since the size of the maze was decided on the age of the one who entered, it was always adjusted such that it would take 25 years to complete. But, not only had

Dyon completed the 5-year segment in a mere year and a half, he had completed the 20-year segment in three months!

Dyon's speed burst to another level. There was no joy in his eyes when he saw the exit. He never expected to fail, and he never once felt any form of despair, as such, why would he feel happy?

The only thought in Dyon's mind was the second trial. This time, it would be a test of his intellect and his strength.

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In an unknown inner world, the beautiful painting of a divine scenery was elegantly painted.

Thousands of flowers spanned across a field of lush green grass, each dripping with rich fragrances and the smallest droplets of water that reflected the high hanging sun.

The river nearby was so clear that one could see to the bottom. Getting lost watching the koi fish swim about was a normal occurrence for anyone who stumbled upon this Holy Land. However, one might not know how rare such an event would be. The ruler of this land wasn't one to take kindly to any encroachment on his territory.

Following along the river and immaculate flowers, one would eventually reach a water fall that fell with weight far surpassing what a normal saint could withstand, and yet when it made contact with the river below, not only was there no splash, it was completely quiet... The only sound for hundreds of miles was the gently flowing river and the swaying of the grass by the wind.

Within the water fall, sat a young man, bearing the overbearing weight of the waterfall on his shoulders as though it was a trickle of rain. One might assume that this young man must at least be a celestial to do this so easily, but the truth of the matter was that he had only just stepped into the ranks of sainthood, having opened 8 meridians in the process!

Suddenly, the eyes of the young man snapped open, his gaze tearing through the falling water and into the distance.

A deadly killing intent suppressed the beauty of the atmosphere, causing the once clear sky to roll into a storm, rumbling with dark, massive cumulonimbus clouds.

The eyes of this young man weren't to be trifled with. They looked like two burning sapphires, laced with whites and blues that were only interrupted by the darkness provided by the slits of his pupils.

It was truly difficult to tell whether this young man was a beast or human. But, what was clear was that he was a worthy enemy, one that was currently pissed off that others had invaded his private territory.

In the distance, easily tens of miles away, a singular man trembled, immediately dropping to his knees and slamming his head into the ground.

Anyone seeing this scene would be confused beyond belief. The man was miles away, and yet didn't dare to take another step forward simply because the eyes of a young man hundreds of years younger than him had opened his eyes.

The skies continued to darken, rolling in agitation as a peel of lightning tore through the skies, followed closely by a rumbling thunder so profound that the earth itself trembled.

"Speak." The young man's voice rumbled along with the thunder. He didn't like being interrupted, but for this person to dare come here, even at the risk of his own life, he understood that something of unprecedented importance had occurred.

"I apologize for intruding, esteemed young master Falkor, but there is something that requires your attention."

The young man remained silent. He knew he didn't need to repeat himself. There were very few things he would allow anyone to interrupt him for. As such, the kneeling man should also understand that if this information wasn't at least as important as those things, he was dead.

"There's been movement on the rankings."

A formless pressure flashed down from the skies, slamming into the back of the kneeling man.

His spine threatened to snap on impact. It was impossible to maintain his kneeling position as his body was laid flush against the ground.

The earth cracked, sinking the man further into it. It seemed like the young man was intent of crushing this subordinate to paste.

Why would he care about normal ranking changes? Was he really being interrupted for such a thing? If his faction wasn't being attacked by those he deemed as worthy opponents, he didn't care!

"Young master, please!" The man struggled, projecting his voice outward. "It's not a normal ranking, it's movement on the rankings of the God trials!"

When the young man heard this, he paused. Maybe he had acted too rashly, this was indeed worthy news.

Movement on the rankings only meant one thing: that someone new had just completed at least 3 or 4 God trials.

Never would the young man think such a thing would be possible after completing only a single trial. After all, what kind of concept was it for someone to change the rankings after only completing 20% of the trials themselves? That would mean their performance on one trial was so overwhelming that they already ranked higher than those who completed the trials in their entirety!

Chapter 730: Nine Years

This possibility never crossed the young man's mind. However, when he heard the next piece of information, the possibilities he had thrown out of the window had suddenly come back in full force.

"Young master, that is not all. There is also movement on the first record tablet."

"What?"

The man trembled from his pathetic position, feeling the anger of the young man. For there to only be movement on the first record tablet only meant one thing. Whoever this one had only completed a single trial!

"Young master..."

"Speak." Falkor was losing patience.

"He... H – He beat the previous top record for the Eternity Maze by 9 years."

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The new information sent waves not only through the God level key wielders, but through their factions and quadrants as well.

One had to know, for anyone to even attempt the God level trial was a rare occurrence. Of course, there would always be a couple dozen per generation to try. After all, they were all arrogant in their strength. How could they not think that they had the ability their predecessors didn't have? However, for one to actually cause a change in the God trial rankings was ridiculous in its own right.

The truth was that the God rankings only contained those who had not transcended. However, the record rankings contained the top 100 of all time. This meant that from the very beginning of the existence of the Epistemic Tower, Dyon had beaten the very best by almost a decade! Even now, there were only three current key wielders who were in the tower currently who had made it onto the exclusive list... Well, now the number was two...

The name Demon Sage Dyon Sacharro etched itself into first place, standing domineeringly above the Eternity Maze rankings.

However, this wasn't the only surprising thing. It wasn't surprising that no one had heard the name Demon Sage Dyon Sacharro before. After all, with the trillions upon trillions of warriors across the quadrants, who could boast in knowing every family or clan name in existence? So, simply not

recognizing the Sacharro name meant little. What was surprising was the change on the quadrant rankings!

The name of the Celestial Quadrant had been dragged through the mud. After the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect, the storied quadrant that had once stood domineeringly within the top 20 had slowly been forgotten by history.

This may sound unimpressive, but one must remember that the number of quadrants used to number in the thousands. Of course, now only the most powerful remained. After all, they had to survive the onslaught of the Dark Phoenixes.

All in all, the Celestial Quadrant used to be a quadrant that stood at the top of the cosmos. However, in recent years, it gathered dust at the hundredth spot, not producing even a single genius. In fact, no one had heard word from its key wielder.

Just when everyone had begun to forget this quadrant, it suddenly shot upwards, not stopping until it stabilized itself at the 81st spot.

A move of such magnitude, how could it be missed?! For a single person to contribute enough to outweigh the effort of 19 quadrants alone, it could be seen just how overpowering Dyon's debut into this world was.

That said, with every success, there would always be jealousy and envy. How could anyone fully respect a faceless man? To those in the tower, Dyon had been too scared to show his face before, and only now made waves before he would enter hiding again. They acknowledged his talent, but disparaged his character.

However, those who were more intelligent saw a different story. What if there had been no key wielder for the Celestial Quadrant at all until this Dyon Sacharro appeared? Wouldn't that mean in as little as half a century more, he would step onto this floor and face them all? The ranks of the God key wielders now had one more, and at the moment, he stood atop them all.

There were two individuals though whose eye contracted when they noticed the Celestial Quadrant name shoot upwards.

Hela Ragnor. A woman with a dark and sensual kind of beauty.

Her voluptuous breasts were so large that she didn't bother to form her armor around them entirely, instead, they covered the bottom half, just barely covering her soft pink nipples. She truly gave an all new meaning to cleavage.

Her blond hair was long and bright, completely contrasting her sleek black and tight-fitting armor. She was also tall. Standing at more than 6ft, her long snow-white legs were almost all anyone could focus on.

Hela had only just recovered from the injuries of her celestial tribulation. So, she had been clearing the final challenges of the top saint floor before she continued onward to the lowest celestial floor. After all, she had an Emperor God Clan backing her although those of her sect weren't fully aware.

This wouldn't be too eye catching. The requirement to step onto celestial floors was to have Royal God Clan backing. Even the weakest members of an Emperor God Sect would have such credentials. So, no one would question how Hela got them.

However, when she realized that her home universe had moved up in the rankings, she wasn't so shallow or naïve to believe that she was the reason. Nor did she think that it was first saint son either. If it was them, they would have made an impact a long time ago. And yet, even with the two of them working, their impact was too minimal although they had both become Dukes. In fact, one of Hela's current goals was to tackle the King trials.

'I need to report this... Whoever this Dyon Sacharro is...' Hela's blue eyes flashed with a cold light. 'You'll have to pay a price for making a fool of the Ragnor family.'

Elsewhere, first saint son had reached the very same conclusion as Hela. That said, they both understood the problems their anger would cause.

This Dyon was a no name to them. This meant that there was no way he came from one of the three main clans.

The Ragnors controlled 29 universes. The Pakals controlled 30. The Uidah controlled 24. This meant that there were 17 universes completely unaccounted for, and they couldn't be searched in a short time.

This may sound like a small amount, but even Dyon's universe, which was only connected to a single other, had 5 gates. Universes nearer to the middle of the quadrant could be connected to even up to half a dozen universes, making for at least 30-40 gates. Such a number to check, while also have to fight, was ridiculous!

Of course, there was also the possibility that their enemy clans were hiding the fact they had found the tower, which increased the number from 17, to however many universes they didn't control.

Even worse, none of this accounted for the perks a key wielder would have in protection. They knew they'd have no chance to see this Dyon Sacharro until he was forced to step into levels that required King God Clan verification.

This all meant one thing: If they wanted to find this Dyon, it would have to be in this very inner world!