

The Nameless 841

Chapter 841: Only a Smile

Seeing Dyon ignore her, Luna didn't feel wronged, nor did she feel dissatisfied, in fact, she only felt that it was right. After all the pain she had caused, the fact that Dyon hadn't come here to kill her personally was gratifying enough. But, she couldn't help but feel anguish over the fact Dyon's last words to her were "Thank You" ...

And yet... She betrayed that in the end...

"I know that there's nothing I can do to make this up to you, however, I will personally guide Amphorae into reincarnation." Luna said quietly. "I'll also make sure that she doesn't lose any of her memories, as long as she sees you once in her next life, she will remember everything... That is the least I owe you..."

Dyon's dead eyes looked up when Luna said this, causing Luna to feel a raging killing intent crash into her. However, Luna could tell that this killing intent wasn't aimed toward her, it was as though Dyon wanted to destroy everything in existence and tear the heavens apart.

But, when he heard Luna's words about reincarnating Amphorae with her memories, his heart which had just about stopped beating, suddenly startled awake.

The truth was, even if Amphorae reincarnated, Dyon had no idea how he would find her. In fact, if she reincarnated right now, wouldn't she be dead or have transcended by the time his modern era came into being? On top of all of that, the cosmos was massive. Each long universe had trillions of people, let alone the fact this ancient era had a near infinite number of them, while his own still had ten thousand.

Finding Amphorae under such circumstances was a fool's errand. But, Dyon no longer despaired. He wasn't the type of person to be daunted by the odds, if there was a way, he would find it.

He had long since given up on his parents, but that was only a means of maturing for him. He could never give up on Amphorae. Not because he loved her more than his parents, but because, to him, she was his companion for life. They had a deep seeded connection Dyon couldn't explain, in fact, he had this very same connection with every one of his wives. It was a feeling that made him understand that he never wanted to leave them in this life time.

When Dyon told Madeleine that he didn't need a second wife, he had been serious. At that moment, he had seen so many women, even beautiful ones at that, but he hadn't batted an eye. Whether it be celebrities from his human world, Delia, Ava, or even Evelyn's little sister. That didn't even mention those like Venus and Tammy. And yet, he felt incomparably content with only Madeleine.

Although it was true that Madeleine was far more beautiful than them all, something deep inside Dyon was telling him that that didn't matter. He knew there was something else, something unimaginable connecting the two of them.

But then, Dyon met Ri. And at that moment, it was like all those feelings Madeleine had stirred within him had awakened and bloomed again in almost the same way for someone completely different. It was at that point that Dyon was sure that it had nothing to do with beauty because Ri's appearance was truly as normal as it got when he first met her.

That moment with Ri then trudged up the feelings he had buried long ago for Clara. He could tell that Madeleine's place in his heart was exceptionally special because only she could force him to be unable to bury his feelings for her, and yet she also made it impossible for him to reject all others he felt this connection with.

The fourth woman to give him this very same connection was Amphorae. He simply couldn't let her go... Although a child must eventually grow up and leave the house of their parents, it's their wives and husbands that they should never leave. Dyon, for as long as he lived, would never give up on finding Amphorae. She would stand by his side as he looked down on the world with disdain! He would never allow this to happen again!

As for Luna, Dyon had no idea if his feelings for her were even real. He was very clear on the fact he was manipulated. As such, could he really place her in the place he reserved for the loves of his life? In fact, even though his Perception allowed him to see Luna's intentions, he didn't even say a single word to stop her... Maybe deep down, he resented her existence as much as she did...

Although Luna could sense this, and it filled her with an indescribable hurt to the depths of her soul, she didn't blame Dyon in the least. She found it better this way. Since the only person who had wanted her to live, her mother, was dead, there was no need to stay any longer...

She knew the Angel Clan wanted her dead for her betrayal. She knew that her own elder sister hated her to the depths of her soul. And, even her own husband refused to see her as his wife anymore. She was truly a great existence as the mysterious clans said, wasn't she? How laughable.

Luna choked on her laughter as an endless stream of tears fell from her eyes.

Her foot shifted backwards, causing small bits of pebbles to fall from the edge of the cliff, only to be instantly obliterated by the raging winds below.

"DON'T YOU DARE!" Elder Conli raged. He flashed forward, but he had forgotten about something very important: The Flower in his chest.

In that moment, a fountain of blood fell from the chest of a half-step transcendent as he fell from the skies, dead.

Luna's hand waved as a stream that only her eyes could see appeared before her. The stream was filled with endless souls, floating through time and waiting to be reincarnated.

She delicately placed three souls within, flooding them with endless good karma. She was doing something completely Heaven Defying without batting a single eye, and yet the universe didn't dare to raise even a single word of complaint.

The bundles of her mother's, Amphorae's, and Laura's souls nestled in, reverting to the form of small babies wrapped in golden light as they bobbed along the stream of reincarnation.

Having finished her task, Luna smiled her final smile.

"Goodbye," She said softly.

When Dyon heard these words, he finally woke up.

"LUNA, NO!"

However, having heard this, Luna only smiled. In fact, she was incomparably happy that Dyon decided that he cared for her life in the end enough to put aside his anger and call out to her, but, she had already made her decision and Dyon no longer had the power to stop her.

With that final thought, Luna slipped of her own accord, closing her eyes as her body was enveloped in raging winds. In an instant, her petite body was shredded to pieces, not leaving even blood behind.

In that moment, Dyon's father was appearing over the horizon. He was completely unharmed, but his aura was chaotic. It was clear that he had pushed himself as hard as he could to get here. However, he was much too late.

Although he could see Dyon, Dyon's cultivation was much too weak to notice him from so far away, especially with all of his cultivation sapped.

If Dyon did notice him though, he would be incomparably shocked, because this father of his in this supposed trial, looked exactly like his father from his modern times without a single change.

Unfortunately, or maybe by design of a mysterious entity, Dyon would never notice this, at least not yet. It simply wasn't the time for him to, not was it the time for him to comprehend it either. The only truth clear now was that Dyon's existence was one unfathomable even by the cosmos itself.

Dyon was filled with endless grief. Whether it be the death of Amphorae, or the death of Luna, or even the plight of the Angel Clan, they all caused a pang of distress in his heart. His resolve to become stronger had once again grown to unprecedented heights. In this life, he would never give up until he stood at the peak of everything...

Looking down at Amphorae's corpse, Dyon trembled as he lay her down. Leaning down, he kissed her withered forehead. "Sleep well," He said softly, "When next you wake up, I'll be by your side again..."

Dyon was about to find a method to bury her when he suddenly felt a strong pull on his body, a pull he had only felt after he passed the first trial.

Seeing this, Dyon could only look at this damned world listlessly. How could this be? The trial hadn't ended after Elder Conli died, but only did after Luna died? Could it be that no matter what he did, he would have to lose a wife? What kind of sick joke was this?!

Dyon roared into the skies unwilling, not even noticing when the Energy Core in his Inner World revolved wildly, soaking up Primordial Energy from the entire universe Planet Haven resided in. His energy cultivation talent was too poor to begin with, and now that he was in an enraged state, how could he have time to notice that the Energy Core was acting on its own?

Before Dyon could do much of anything, the Primordial Energy of the entire Planet Haven Universe was sucked completely dry. It was truly heaven defying considering the vastness of an entire Universe was something Dyon still couldn't comprehend.

However, the only person who noticed the change was Dyon's quickly approaching father. Although he felt pain when he saw the corpse of his daughter-in-law, Dyon's father still smiled when he saw his son's killing intent toward the Heavens.

"That's how a man should be," He said softly, watching his son disappear from sight, "This is the only way you'll be able to transcend the challenge you set for yourself that day..."

When Dyon's Father thought back to his son's plan, he couldn't help but shake his head. However, to face the coming enemies, only a plan this crazy could work. Only a man of that caliber could stand above the cosmos itself, looking down disdainfully at even the Heavens themselves!

He slowly flew forward, lifting up the corpse of Amphorae and bringing her to the Ancestral Tombs of the Angels. Although Planet Haven might implode at any time, the Angel Clan Tombs were held in another dimension, much like the Daiyu Clan's had been.

He diligently went through the proper rights, not skipping a single step, and burying his daughter-in-law with the highest of honors.

After he was finished, he directly brought the surviving Angel Clan members away. Many of them were heavily injured, but due to the barrier around the Angel Clan, more than 90% of their number would survive. As for those who had evacuated before the battle, their protection formation was even more

robust. Despite being weaker, not a single one of them died. Although this was also because they were lucky enough to be a part of the three quarters of the Planet that survived.

Dyon's father directly killed the enemy dao formation experts that still remained. Unlike Elder Conli whose half-transcendence was practically a joke and clearly an empty realm, Dyon's father was on a complete other level. Despite unleashing far more power than Conli did, even in a rage, there wasn't the slightest ripple and the planet was completely undamaged.

The Angel Clan settled in a new Universe, but could only watch as Dyon's father transcended. They would be on their own from now on, but the youngsters like Malichki remembered the legacy of their young king and felt endless gratitude toward their old king.

Unable to keep himself tethered to this world any longer, Dyon's father elevated to a new plane...

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On the top floor of the Epistemic Tower, a room that had been quiet for far too long rumbled to life.

Within that room stood exactly 119 statues.

On one side stood 117. 108 of whom were male, while 9 of them were female.

On the other side stood only 2 statues. One male. One female.

At that moment, the male statue vibrated violently, while the female statue that seemed to have had a sad expression finally had its mood lifted, becoming filled with joy in an instant.

Afterward, the room quietened as though nothing had happened... However... All 119 of them seemed to be waiting for something...

Far outside of the Epistemic Tower, within a universe of peace and tranquility, an innumerable amount of craftsmen gathered. This was known, aptly, as The Sapientia Quadrant and was ranked 10th among all quadrants in existence.

This quadrant was truly a hub of knowledge. Every notable secondary profession in existence found its home here, but there was no doubt that the most central anchor of this quadrant was the Sapientia Tower where the grandest Library in existence was found.

Although this quadrant was only ranked tenth, it wasn't necessarily weaker than those ranked above it. In truth, aside from the top three quadrants, there wasn't a great difference between those ranked fourth through ninth, however, the tenth rank was special.

Unlike the other quadrants within those rankings, The Sapientia Quadrant didn't have to fight for its spot within the Epistemic Tower, instead, it was an unwritten rule that it would always remain there regardless of its martial prowess.

This may seem odd, but there was a good reason for it.

The Sapientia family was in quite a difficult situation. They were in the pursuit of knowledge, and thus avoided conflicts. In fact, even if a war occurred in a universe or on a planet where they housed one of their branches, they wouldn't interfere. This was the case even if one of their own was accidentally caught in the cross fire. Even in such a case, the matter would be brushed over.

Over the years, the Sapientia have slowly proved not only their worth, but also their sincerity. Being a family as ancient as those found in the top three quadrants, they've had plenty of time to prove their worth, and although some old foxes still keep a skeptic eye on them, for the most part, they're allowed to conduct the research they want to.

With this, though, also comes many unwritten rules. For example, when Connery Sapientia spoke out against Madeleine leaving the Sapientia family to aid Dyon in the war, he was speaking the truth. If a Sapientia could just leave their family, and join others, there was the risk of the Sapientia bringing undo heat to themselves. This was because some might think that the Sapientia were slowly infiltrating secular families in preparation for a big movement. For this reason, those who marry Sapientias are also tied to follow the rules of the Sapientias. Even further, if the Sapientia in question is from a high enough branch, their lover is forced to marry into the Sapientia family.

There were, of course, many other unwritten and written rules like this, however those were best saved for another time. The most important point here was that the Sapientia had struggles of their own, and many were bound to follow these rules forever.

So, what did this have to do with the perpetual tenth position they held? Well, often times in the martial world, the best way for geniuses to achieve great things was to fight for them. For example, the greatest chances in the cosmos were often found in the Epistemic Tower. However, within that tower, not only did you need to have enough talent to be recognized by your quadrant, and thus be allowed to enter, even once you entered the tower, the benefits inside would be limited unless you could then fight within it.

Why was this a problem? Well, as a family stout in its will to remain neutral, how could the Sapientia allow its geniuses to fight benefits?

The Sapientia had to remain neutral, but within that also meant it was necessary for them to not anger the future generation leaders of the various clans their branches would reside in. If this happened, tensions would rise, and eventually, the system they had spent so many years building up would crumble.

The ancestors of the Sapientia understood this very well, so they knew they needed a solution.

On one hand, they didn't want to draw rifts between their younger generation and that of other clans and sects. But, on the other hand, if they didn't allow their talent to fight for their own benefits, their clan would definitely decline.

No matter what kind of research one was doing, it was only possible to reach the highest levels once one truly understood the martial way and climbed to the top of it.

How could you research cultivation techniques without understanding them? How could you research weapons without being able to forge at the highest level? How could you tame the best beasts without having the power to force them to yield?

As such, the 99 quadrants and the Sapientia Quadrant came to an agreement. The other quadrants would allow the Sapientia's young geniuses to fight to their heart's content without any retaliation.

However, during all of the most important competitions and most poignant Epistemic Tower events, the Sapientia would always accept the tenth position, never fighting for a higher position.

Of course, we aren't mentioning this quadrant for no reason at all. A person Dyon cares for very much happens to be in this very quadrant right now, counting the days until he returns to her.

In fact, the older generation of this quadrant happen to be quite interested in her, not able to understand how such a mind could be found within a young woman of barely over 20 years of age.

However, what this older generation didn't know was that this other worldly beauty hardly cared for their praise at all. In fact, if Dyon didn't exist in this universe, she might very well be the most arrogant person in existence.

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Within The Sapientia Quadrant, there weren't only the Sapientias. There were, in fact, many other family's who installed themselves within this quadrant in order to focus on their crafts. In fact, many of them gathered during this current meeting.

"Old Man Baker, that grin on your face hasn't faded for almost a year now. You old lecher, you're not doing anything indecent, are you?" An elder wearing robes red berated another wearing a silver robe who seemed to be absentmindedly smiling.

The one called Old Man Baker awoke from his thoughts, but didn't seem to be disappointed. Instead, his grin grew more perfuse. "If you had a disciple as unquestionably spectacular as mine, you would be smiling all the time too. And for someone who visits Violet's Bloom Pavilion so often, you sure are quick to call others, lechers."

The red robed elder nearly choked on his tea, glaring at old man Baker for being so unbridled with his words. But, that only made the silver robed Old Man Baker laugh louder.

"Aiyah," Another elder chimed in, wearing golden robes, "For such a beautiful young lady to join your faction, the heavens must be blind."

Another silver robed elder, sitting behind Old Man Baker responded, clearly displeased. "What is that supposed to mean?"

The golden robed elder was actually a beautiful middle-aged woman who looked no more than 40 years old despite the fact the reality was far from that. In truth, for her to look even that old meant that she must have lived the majority of her current lifespan, or else she would look no older than 25.

However, because of her beauty and the clear brutish nature of the silver robed elder, she thought her meaning was quite clear and only giggled like a teenage girl instead of answering.

Old Man Baker harrumphed, "Who said that beauties can't join our Weapon's Master faction? Do you think they're all destined for your Magic's Master faction? Don't be ridiculous."

The golden robed elder sighed, "Just the idea of such a delicate girl spending all day in front of a burning furnace fills me with pain. She deserves better. With her soul talent, she could join almost any of us. How did you manage to snatch her up?"

Although energy control talent, and not soul talent, was necessary to join the Magic's Master faction, the golden robed elder's statement was still true. This beauty could have joined almost anyone, but it was especially rare for women to join the Weapon's Master faction. In fact, it was almost an oddity for it to occur.

Usually, the women who joined the silver robed, or Weapon's Master faction, were women born with what the golden robed elder looked at as cursed constitutions. The truth was that they weren't really cursed, they just forced the delicate female body into a giantess state where they had much more muscle mass than the typical woman. However, to the golden robed elder, this was definitely a type of curse.

Chapter 844: My Husband

Hearing the question, Old Man Baker grinned, "She came to me, saying that she wanted to become the greatest weapon's craftswoman in existence, how could I refuse?"

An azure robed elder snorted. "You old codger. Don't bullshit us. A young woman with a peak grade innate soul wanted to become a Weapon's Master? Ridiculous."

Old Man Baker shrugged, "Whether you believe me or not isn't my problem. You should have a few understandings of how arrogant she is, you think she'd allow me to manipulate her into a decision?" By the end, he sounded almost bitter.

The azure robed elder had an ugly expression on his face. He had indeed seen the overbearing side of this young woman.

It didn't take long for everyone to realize the talent of this young lady. In fact, it had only taken a few weeks because she kept breaking records time and time again. She was already a grade 12 Grandmaster Weapon's Master, it defied all logic for someone so young to reach such a level. All of her peers were at least a few hundred years old, but she wasn't even 20 yet!

If it wasn't for the fact their factions had methods to confirm soul age, they would assume that some shameless old fox had taken over the body of that young beauty.

Maybe the most shocking part was that when she got here, she was only a master grade weapon's master. Such improvement made no sense at all!

That aside, when rumors of this young woman spread, countless elders flooded the weapon's pavilion to try and take her as a disciple. This was because things worked differently in The Sapientia Quadrant.

Every faction was divided by robe color. Red robes signified Formation masters, Golden robes were magic's masters, azure robes were alchemy masters, silver robes were weapon's masters, so on and so forth.

However, there was a special robe reserved for geniuses. These geniuses had such talent as craftsmen that it was a shame for them to box themselves into only a single discipline. These geniuses often learned two disciplines at once, some of the more overwhelming ones learned three! For them, white robes were reserved.

Obviously taking this tradition of geniuses into account, the elders were eager to have the young lady join their factions. However, they knew they had to be quick because even the greatest genius in their history could only learn three disciplines at once.

But... The ending was something none of them could imagine. The young lady rejected them all!

Seeing that the young lady had no intention of joining any of them, many of the elders left dejected. However, azure robed elders, or alchemists, were very much known for their overbearing arrogance.

No one knew why this was, honestly speaking. Many thought that it was because improvement in cultivation relied heavily on pills. However, other factions were also highly important. Who didn't need weapons? Or formations? In fact, magic and runic veins, in particular situations, could be even more useful than alchemy. So, in truth, that answer was just a band-aid and couldn't possibly be the entire truth.

The true answer laid in the constitution necessary to become an alchemist. Although weapon's masters and formation masters required the amount of soul talent, they were still seen as professions easier than being an alchemist.

If a weapon's master messed up a piece of equipment, it could be re-forged. For a formation master, it was even more straight forward because the only thing they lost was their own stamina. However, if an alchemist failed, they might even lose millions of energy stones worth of materials.

Such severe losses, faced constantly, would cause many to become dejected. In the end, only the most arrogant and self-believing people could follow the path of alchemy to the end.

In addition, if you weren't a peak talent, one wouldn't even consider alchemy. This was because the cost was too great. If you took too many attempts to understand something, you would end up bankrupting your guild and your master, and in the end, yourself. And, which peak talent wasn't arrogant beyond belief?

With all of these factors accumulating over millions of years, it ended up that only the most self-believing and arrogant individuals rose to the top of alchemy, resulting in the feeling of superiority disseminating to the younger disciples, causing even those that weren't necessarily arrogant by nature to start being affected by the "air".

That aside, it was clear that the azure robed elder wasn't happy with the young lady's rejection, especially since he had actually lowered himself to go personally, something he thought no junior deserved.

Well, the truth was he sent his disciple first... Okay, maybe he sent a servant first, then his disciple, and then he was forced to go personally, unwilling to miss out on such a disciple.

However, by the time he got there personally, the young lady had somehow already been infuriated. When he asked his disciple what had happened, he feigned ignorance. But, after some discreet inquiries, he found out that the stupid boy had actually made a pass at the young lady, claiming that since he was a first grade comet alchemist, he could take care of her.

What none of them knew until that point was that the young lady was supposedly already married and had a husband that could quote "run circles around your pitiful alchemy".

At first, everyone found such a statement to be ridiculous. After all, his disciple was a once in a hundred year genius, and although he wasn't a peak grade innate soul talent, his innate soul was still at the Peak Foundation stage! So, completely enraged, the young lady challenged his disciple to an alchemy duel for the honor of this supposed husband of hers.

Of course, the elders were delighted by this challenge.

For one, they all thought that she would lose. After all, at that time, her soul had only been at the Peak Essence stage, while his disciple's was at the Peak Saint stage. This wasn't because of talent, but rather because his disciple was almost a thousand years old. Regardless, they thought that this would be a win.

Secondly, they were dissatisfied that such a genius had already given herself to another. Although marriage alliances were quite useless within The Sapientia Quadrant, who would like the idea of their goddess of a disciple marrying a mere mortal? So, they wanted to broaden her horizons, and show her what a true genius could do.

However, they were in for a rude awakening.

In order to be fair, they were both tasked with creating a master level pill.

When his disciple created one with 87% purity, they thought it was over. In fact, many more sympathetic elders implored her to stop pill-making as there was no point to continue. This was because such a purity level was usually only possible when one had become a comet level alchemist, those still at the master or grandmaster level would mostly be capped at the 60-70% level, and those would be geniuses among geniuses.

From what they knew, this girl was only focused on weapon's forging, the fact she knew any alchemy at all was already impressive, she didn't need to continue to push herself for a husband that likely didn't deserve her.

But, they had all forgotten one thing. With how overbearing this young woman was, with how absolutely arrogant and domineering she was, even in the face of them as elders, how could her husband possibly be normal? What kind of man did it take to subdue such an arrogant woman?

Once the young woman's delicate hand slapped the her cauldron, and the pill popped out, they all thought she had failed. They couldn't smell any scent from the pill at all, and could only sigh and try to console her.

But, that was when the arrogant young lady looked at them as though they were stupid and everyone focused their attention on the trembling young man that was her opponent.

She leisurely tossed the pill to him and walked back to weapon's pavilion, leaving behind only these words.

"My husband is the man who taught to me create pills, you aren't even worth the bottom of his shoes."

When everyone turned their attention to the pill, they all trembled in shock. It was actually a pill with 100% purity!

After that event, no one dared to bother the young lady about her choice in husband anymore. Even though many thought she might be lying, after all, how could such an alchemy talent fly under their radar, they chose to let it be. With the young lady's talent, they simply didn't have the right to question her decisions, and clearly, even if she was lying, this romance of hers hadn't affected her focus on her craft at all, so they didn't have any right to complain.

That said, many thought she just made up this husband of hers entirely. It wasn't rare for young women, especially as beautiful as she was, to be harassed constantly by young masters who saw themselves as more important than the heavens themselves. Maybe she thought this imaginary husband of hers would alleviate some of the pressure on her.

However, after that day, those young geniuses itching to prove themselves to the beauty didn't even get an opportunity. In fact, she spent all of her time forging, hardly resting at all. That was, until yesterday, when she came to her master with the very idea that caused this meeting of theirs.

Old Man Baker laughed uproariously, thinking about the day the azure robed elder's disciple got slapped so resoundingly.

"That's enough." A green robed elder spoke out. "I hope you called us all here for more reasons than to just brag about your disciple."

Unlike the other elders, this elder hardly cared about this young genius. That was because he was a runic vein master. Considering that truth, high soul talent was useless to him. In fact, those with high soul talent were usually the least talented in his faction.

Hearing this, all of the surrounding elders agreed, and looked toward the silver robed Old Man Baker. However, they instead found him looking at the elder that headed them all, wearing white robes. He looked particularly handsome and had piercing golden eyes.

This meeting of elders was one that could only be called by the heads of the various factions, and they were limited to only a single one per century. For Old Man Baker to use his privilege, one could understand that it was highly important to him. But, the fact he looked toward the current Sapientia Clan head made them realize that this was even more serious than they thought.

The truth was that this wasn't the true Sapiencia Clan head, but one appointed to look over these meetings. However, his authority was absolute. After all, this quadrant was owned by Sapiencia and it was a holy land for craftsmen like them. If they remained in their own individual clans, they would be treated extremely well, but they would never be able to progress. That was because this was the hub of knowledge, resources, and wealth, here they could take five steps for the energy it would take one elsewhere.

The handsome Sapiencia smiled as everyone's attention turned to him. "Elder Baker's disciple is truly a genius among geniuses." He sighed. "If she wasn't already married, I would have invited her to choose among our Sapiencia Clan geniuses to join our family."

Hearing such words of praise, the surrounding elders couldn't help be shocked.

To the outside world, the Sapiencia were magnanimous, especially in comparison to the other ancient clans. However, here, they were seen completely differently. They were the overlords of this quadrant.

While it was relatively simple to join branch clans of the Sapiencia family, joining their main family was completely unheard of. For this Sapiencia head to suggest such a thing... This meeting was about something bigger than any of them could even imagine.

However, when they heard him mention the young lady's marital status, they couldn't help but have odd gazes on their features.

They knew that this Sapiencia Head didn't actually care about the young lady's marriage. What he cared about was the fact their Sapiencia family actually knew nothing of her. Nothing angered the Sapiencia family more than when they didn't know or understand something. For such a genius to appear out of nowhere, they couldn't stand not understanding her origins.

It would have been one thing if she was from the top three quadrants, after all, those were the only quadrants without Sapiencia family branches, but all those who came from those three quadrants had very easily identifiable bloodlines that would be very difficult to hide.

That said, it seemed that this young woman had somehow contributed something that made the Sapiencia completely forget their hate for her.

"I won't hold you all in suspense." The Sapientia head continued. "As you know, Elder Baker's disciple has been in seclusion for almost a year now. After her contest with Elder Mist's disciple, she has hardly appeared. However, it seems that that's because she's been working on something that will benefit my Sapientia family greatly. In fact, if her invention works as advertised, her contributions to my Sapientia family will rival even our highest ranking elders."

The eyes of the elders widened, before they all inadvertently turned their gazes toward Elder Baker. But, all they found was a grin so wide that his cheeks threatened to rip apart.

However, they all couldn't help but feel that this had to be some sort of exaggeration. Maybe the Sapientia Head was only saying these things to pull the young lady into his family?

"Trust me." The Sapientia Head continued, seemingly reading their thoughts. "If it wasn't at least this important, I wouldn't call you all here." Smiling, the elder continued. "Let me introduce to you the invention that will lead us into a new age: The Internet."

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Within the weapon's pavilion of The Sapientia Quadrant, in a luxurious forging room decked out with the most pristine equipment, shining in golds and silvers, sat a young lady with beauty beyond words.

She had long flowing black hair, shining with health. Her skin was flawless, a beautiful caramel that looked almost like sweet honey. Her eyes were cold and piercing, such a pale shade of blue that they were often mistaken for grey.

Currently, she wore a silver robe that only barely hid her immaculate figure. If anything, the subtle ripples in the wind that caused it to wrap around her large chest made her all the more enticing.

As of now, her silver robes had a total of 12 golden bands on her baggy sleeves, 6 for each arm, representing a grade 12 grandmaster. For this robe to be on a lady so young, it was truly unprecedented!

Black bands were for the common level, bronze was for the practitioner level, silver was for the master level, while gold was for the grandmaster level. There was truly no questioning this young lady's talent.

However, if it was Dyon that heard stories bout this lady, he was die of laughter. And if he was in this very room, he was only man in existence she would allow to wrap his arms around her. In fact, she was longing for such a thing right now.

This young lady, was, after all, someone who saw Dyon as her one love in life. Clara Sacharro!

Suddenly Clara sighed, looking around the room with a look of loss in her eyes. 'I've finished our plan so early on, but how are you doing?'

Almost two years ago now, Dyon had set in motion a few plans to make their future smoother. One of those plans was to make use of the Sapientia family.

While the Sapientia Family didn't like the idea of not knowing something, Dyon hated the idea of a single family controlling all of the information in the world. In fact, it disgusted him. The Sapientia family simply had too much power.

The truth was that anyone intelligent understood this, only those who were naïve thought that the Sapientia controlling everything was for the good of everyone. In truth, Dyon couldn't blame them too much. The fact of the matter was that the Sapientia played their role as the 'innocent scholar', too well. However, Dyon didn't buy it.

In typical Dyon fashion, he had more than just a simple feeling to go off of. In fact, his proof was his very own universe.

Many years ago, an unprecedented war shook the Celestial Deer Quadrant, causing their position as number one quadrant to come tumbling down. As a result of this war, supposedly, the information about their quadrant's Epistemic Tower was completely lost.

Chapter 846: God Amongst Men

On the surface, this made complete sense. Since all the high tier clans of their quadrant were wiped out, and the lower tier clans didn't have the prestige to know about the Epistemic Tower, it was only right that it was completely forgotten.

However, there was one massive problem with this... What about the Sapiencia Family? Could it be possible that even they didn't know where the Epistemic Tower of their quadrant was located?

Since the Sapiencia aren't allowed to participate in wars, they should have survived the confrontation by being neutral. And, even if they were completely wiped out anyway, all Sapiencia branches were connected. Something as important as the location of the Epistemic Tower would most definitely be shared, without a doubt.

One might wonder at this point if it was possible that the Sapiencia were never a part their quadrant until after the demise of the Celestial Deer Sect. After all, the top three quadrants refused to allow the Sapiencia entry, and technically, the Celestial Deer Sect was also an ancient clan of their level, especially considering they used to be ranked first.

However, even if that was the case, the Sapiencia would most definitely have information on the location of the Epistemic Tower. The reason was simple: the location of every Epistemic Tower was, without fail, the location of the main clan of a quadrant. This was the type of information the Sapiencia would know without a doubt!

As if to prove this point even further, despite not being in the top three quadrants, The Sapiencia knew their main clan locations, and thus also knew the locations of their Epistemic Tower.

So, the question was, why would the Sapiencia ignore the fact they knew this information?

Because of this, Dyon simply didn't trust them. From the day he entered the Focus Academy library and met Libro, he had had a terrible feeling about this Sapiencia family. And, the fact that Connery Sapiencia pissed him off definitely didn't help.

But, maybe what completely assured him that he shouldn't trust the Sapiencia was the fact that when Madeleine earned Amethyst's faith seed, Amethyst took it upon herself to destroy Madeleine's glasses. That in and of itself might not have meant much, but not only were Madeleine's necklace and spatial rings completely fine, the Sapiencia family bloodline that made her eyes gold was completely burned away, turning her hair purple and her eyes violet.

'I guess since I'm done here, I have a bit more freedom and can go visit them.' Clara smiled. If anyone of the weapon's pavilion saw this, they would surely think they were dreaming.

Just as Clara was lost in her thoughts, a petite apprentice suddenly rushed in. She looked only about 16 years old, but the truth was that she was older than Clara by a few decades.

"Clara! Clara!" The petite apprentice rushed in. She wore golden robes, unlike Clara's silver ones, and had two golden stripes outlined in black to make them clear. Clearly, despite her appearance, this young lady was actually quite the Magic's Master prodigy, being only a few decades old, yet already a second stage grandmaster.

Clara smiled lightly, although it was colder than her previous smile, it was still something very few people here got to see. "Don't run around like that May, or else people will really mistake you for a little girl. If that happens, the only men you'll attract are perverted lolicons."

May pouted, but since she was already used to Clara's foul mouth, she quickly forgot it.

Seeing May bubble over despite her words, Clara could only shake her head. At that moment, she couldn't help but remember Penelope, her long time friend from the mortal realm. Thinking of this filled Clara with sadness, and her cold eyes grew even colder. It hurt every time she realized she would never hear Penelope's voice again.

When May saw this, she couldn't help but sigh inwardly. She knew that Clara was hiding a deep pain within her, but since she wasn't willing to talk about it, May didn't press the issue. Instead, she decided to bring some exciting news, maybe it would take Clara's mind off of whatever she was worrying about.

"Not all of us can have a holy man as a husband like Big Sister Clara."

A genuine smile spread across Clara's lips as a subtle sheen of pride glowed in Clara's eyes. Although May might act naïve, she was actually quite sharp and had many years of wisdom under her belt. Because of this, she was one of the few people sure that Clara wasn't lying about having a husband, because those reactions of hers couldn't be faked at all. There was too much genuine love in her eyes whenever her husband was mentioned.

What Clara didn't understand was just who this young man was. Maybe a year ago, when Clara came here, May might have thought she was just a frog at the bottom of a well who didn't know what a true genius looked like, but after so many months had passed, by now, Clara had seen too many geniuses.

Despite being in seclusion, Clara had the obligation to complete tasks for her pavilion in order to keep her status. Because so many rumors of her beauty had spread, often times, the young men of particular prestigious families would request her to create weapons for them.

It was actually quite ridiculous if you thought about it. But, they did so anyway in hopes of maybe gaining Clara's favor. May had already lost count of how many spectacular acts had been put on in front of Clara in order to gain her attention, yet she never showed the slightest bit of interest. In fact, after all this time, the love in her eyes for her husband had only grown. It was truly baffling to May.

May simply didn't believe that such an outstanding man could remain so unknown, so by this point, she just assumed that Clara's husband was an already well-established genius and that they just hadn't made their marriage public yet. There was simply no other explanation.

Clara finally snapped out of her stupor and waved her hand, "Did something important happen? Why are you so excited?"

Suddenly remembering her purpose, May happily jumped up and down, "It happened again! If I can't marry that Demon Sage Dyon Sacharro in my lifetime, I swear I'll stay single forever!"

Clara burst into a fit of laughter, hearing her husband so fiercely praised by someone else filled her with pride. But, she was also confused. It had only been a day since the last piece of information about Dyon was given to her by May.

If Clara remembered correctly, the second trial was one about survival. Knowing Dyon's intelligence, she expected it to be at least another decade before she heard anything, which was why she was so depressed about everything.

Because of the nature of the second trial, time flow within it was different, at practically 10 to 1. The record for survival, currently, was 97 years, 244 days, 14 hours, 48 mins, and 13 seconds. That was about a decade of time... So, what did it mean for there to be information about Dyon in a day? No, in fact, it was less than a day. What was going on?

Seeing Clara's confusion, May only got more excited, but she then stifled it. "I know that your chest is bigger than mine, but you definitely can't fight me for my Dyon!" May said sternly. "I call dibs!"

Clara giggled, but she still nodded. "Okay, Okay, tell me what happened. I wasn't here all day because I was in a meeting with master."

"Remember your promise!" May said, clearly feeling good about herself. "If you can believe it, he only spent a day inside of the second trial, yet his name was still placed first!"

A look of disbelief spread across Clara's features.

"But?... What was the time by his name then?"

May clapped happily, "There was no time at all! For the first time in the history of the second trial, it was cleared completely. This Demon Sage Dyon Sacharro is a God amongst men!"

Just as Clara was in shock, the news reverberated around the cosmos, causing even quadrants within the top ten to begin to take this Dyon Sacharro seriously.

Chapter 847: Good Guy

After a single top 1 finish, although it was shocking, especially considering the margin of victory, displacements of the first place on one ranking were rare, but not to the point of being completely shocking.

Every so often, there would be a genius who excelled in one particular facet of cultivation, and was thus highly suited to passing a given trial. As such, they might do well on one ranking, but not even place in another. It was only true geniuses that placed well on at least three rankings... As for those that placed first one multiple... It had never occurred before in the history of the Epistemic Towers!

Even then, maybe it would be acceptable if the margin of victory was within reason, but in both cases, Dyon completely obliterated the record!

On the first ranking, he was the first to gain a "perfect" completion, with referred to finishing in ten years or less. Yet, Dyon did it in less than two!

On the second ranking, he completed a trial no one had ever completed before! Maybe others had come close, but even then, it took them decades within the second trial world to do so. Yet, Dyon had done what they couldn't do in 7 days!

Even worse, if those who took the trial remembered correctly, the 7th day was the day the opposing army attacked. Which means Dyon waited for them to attack, before annihilating them in a single day! What kind of ridiculous concept was that?!

If all of this wasn't shocking enough, this young man wasn't from any of the top ten quadrants. In fact, he was from the quadrant that had been ranked at the very bottom for the last several thousand years!

They normally wouldn't know this, but it was too obvious by now. Every time Dyon's name shot up a ranking, the Celestial Deer Quadrant also shot up the rankings.

Before, it had gone from number 100 to 81. But now, it directly went to the 67th spot.

What all of these people didn't know was that over the next few years, it would continue to climb to ridiculous levels. This was because the Demon Generals were still taking their own trials! In addition, Ri, Madeleine and Clara had yet to take theirs.

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Within the Epistemic Tower inner world, on the peak saint floor, there was a Palace bathed in white snow and made of pearls stood tall. Its white gates almost blinded those who looked upon them, while its ice sculptures had a certain dignified elegance to them that made the space otherworldly.

This was the domain of the Snow Family young geniuses, members of the Kitsune Clan, and from the 30th ranked quadrant. It also happened to be the place with Alexandria Sacharro was currently residing.

Much like many weaker quadrants, the 30th ranked quadrant wasn't monopolized and was thus shared by two power-house clans. The Kitsune Clan and the Shruti Clan. They had been enemies of many years, but they still cooperated on occasion when it came to the safety of their quadrant as a whole. This was because if they didn't work together, they wouldn't have the power a 30th ranked quadrant should have.

That said, if only the Kitsune Clan was taken into account, they would still have the power of a quadrant ranked around the 40s to 50s. This was because as you shot up the rankings, the strengths of them would grow exponentially. This was why although Dyon's first, first place finish shot him up 19 places, his second, first place finish only shot his quadrant up 14.

Within a room of the Palace sat an otherworldly beauty wearing robes of white. Her blue-silver hair lay gently down her back, but her eyes were covered in an opaque visor. Despite the blocking of her eyes, everything from the delicate curve of her lips, to the adorable point of her nose, and the slender slant of her cheeks, reached the utmost perfection.

Behind her, ten tails radiating a pure white aura lay quietly, only subtly moving occasionally and Ri sat in meditation.

Suddenly, a necklace on her neck glowed. It was subtle, but Ri could clearly feel it. After a moment, the one tranquil Ri smiled brightly before it vanished and she returned to her meditation, the fierceness in her hidden eyes growing.

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Much like her two sworn sisters, Madeleine Sacharro had set off on her own adventure as well, entering the 4th ranked Quadrant and joining the Flaming Lily Sect.

This quadrant was one known for its fire cultivation and it was rumored that the Golden origin flame was also somewhere hidden within its realms. This was the very same flame that the Aumen family of Dyon's universe hoped they would one day find, but that was a story for another time.

Because of the nature of Ri and Clara's missions, they knew it was smarter for no one to know that they were the wives of Dyon as that would only be detrimental. Although they both made it clear they had a husband, they didn't give any more information other than that. However, Madeleine's goal was slightly different, as such, from the very beginning, she made it clear that her name was Madeleine Sacharro.

As expected, this filled the Flaming Lily Sect with great excitement.

At first, that last name didn't mean much to them. However, after yesterday, when Dyon's name resounded through the quadrants, many of the elders convened with Madeleine to find out if they were connected. When they found out that Dyon was actually Madeleine's husband, their moods soared!

This was truly the chance for their Flaming Lily Sect to rise.

In truth, the Flaming Lily Sect was a women's only sect. So, many of their best disciples remained unmarried. However, this wasn't a rule, it was just how things happened to occur.

Because the disciples of the Flaming Lily Sect were so talented, obviously, considering they could hold their own in the 4th ranked quadrant, it was often difficult for men to impress them. This was because even if a man was more powerful than you were, or even more talented, that didn't mean they could capture your heart. As a result, the ladies of the Flaming Lily Sect had an ingrown arrogance that made them turn their noses up at men.

However, it wasn't all of them that were like this. Almost hilariously, there was a steep divide that split the Sect into two even factions. One side refused to marry, while the other side had entire reverse harems of men. It was truly a funny twist.

Luckily, unlike those disgusting Ice Sects which forced women to seal off their emotions, a fire based sect like theirs did no such thing, allowing their women to be free as long as they helped the sect in their times of need.

This was why Dyon chose this sect for Madeleine after going through ridiculous amounts of information provided by his grand teacher. Not only would Madeleine be welcomed with open arms because of her Amethyst faith seed, their relationship wouldn't be barred. Dyon did this because he knew if he had one other bullshit clan try to stop him from seeing his Madeleine, he might rage to the point of even uprooting that clan's innocents.

That aside, despite being a female only sect, its members having powerful male counterparts was very good for them. This was because there was heavy competition within the 4th quadrant. In fact, there

were exactly 4 Emperor God Sects within their quadrant, splitting their 100 universes into even shares of 25. As such, many were vying for the upper hand constantly.

In times of struggle, the Flaming Lily Sect relied on the powerful husbands of its members to maintain its position.

In truth, it wasn't that they didn't want to admit men into their sect, but rather that their legacies were tailored to the female body. If men practiced it, not only would it be slow, it would be detrimental to their vitality.

After understanding all of this, and knowing that they weren't just a bunch of men hating, closet nymphomaniacs, Dyon felt much better about sending his first love there. At least there, she could grow stronger in peace while also subtly laying the floor for his plans.

At the moment, though, Madeleine wasn't thinking about any of this. Instead, she was beaming as the women around her praised her husband incessantly.

"Aiyah, Madeleine, where did you find this one. I can't believe the both of you came from that pitiful quadrant."

"He's definitely one man I'd consider joining the harem of. If an angel like Junior Sister Madeleine can fall for him, he has to be a good guy."

Chapter 848: Mere

Currently, Madeleine was wearing a long red dress that was exceptionally tight around her chest, torso, and waist, but through to her legs and arms, it flared out with an elegant unreservedness that made it look exactly like a mage's gown. Coupled with her violet hair and eyes, she gave off the feeling of a woman who had descended from the skies to bless the world with her beauty. In fact, even with women of the Flaming Lily Sect found themselves getting lost in Madeleine's plump bottom and outrageously proportioned chest and hips.

That aside, Madeleine only listened without responding. She could only imagine how shameless Dyon would be acting if he were here right now. He might actually directly take them all as concubines.

Thinking about it, Madeleine couldn't help but giggle. But, she was also worried on the inside. She knew how difficult God level trials were from asking around about them. The fact Dyon was placing first didn't necessary mean he was having an easy time. In fact, he might be in a lot of pain right now...

Maybe the only reason she hadn't gone to take the King trials yet was because she was still so worried about Dyon. But, she knew she would have to put that fear down soon, or else when Dyon came out, she wouldn't be there to greet him. She would hate that even more than what she was feeling now.

"Ugh, maybe I should just divorce my harem of men. They're all so useless." Another lady chimed in. However, if her harem were to hear her words, they would probably cry themselves to death. Remembering all the trials they had to pass to join this core disciple's harem, they were sure that they were in the top percentile of men in all of existence, and now they had somehow become useless. It was much too shameful.

"You're all saying such unimportant things," Another lady chimed in, sliding beside Madeleine and happily groping her chest, "Tell us Little Maddy, how good is he in bed?"

Madeleine's beaming mood suddenly became one rife with embarrassment. Her cheeks flushed a deeper red than even her dress as she ran away, completely ignoring the chorus of giggles around her as she escaped.

Madeleine disappeared in a flash of violet flames, appearing behind a door and tapping her large chest as she caught her breath. She smiled lightly before lightly touching the necklace around her neck.

'Are you doing okay, Dyon? I hope you are?' Madeleine spoke softly to herself, but something inside her was telling her that Dyon was in more pain right now than she could imagine.

In fact, Madeleine was perfectly right. After Dyon completed the second trial, he realized that all of his worries had come to reality... His feelings for Luna and Amphorae hadn't disappeared at all...

Although his grand teacher tried to speak to him, Dyon didn't say a word. He didn't even look at the treasures he had earned, he only directly entered the third trial with his body still as injured as it had been on Planet Haven.

Usually, trial takers would be allowed months of rest, even years if they so chose, in between trials. However, this was the second time now that Dyon had completely ignored such a provision...

The problem was that with his body as it was now, even Dyon's grand teacher, who saw Dyon's heaven defying means in the second trial, had no confidence in his grand disciple even surviving the third, let alone passing it...

Dyon's state of mind had truly put him in a world of danger this time...

...

Dyon entered a world of red.

The ground was an odd sand-clay mix that crunched, yet also softened, beneath his feet. The sky was a palette of violets and maroons, shifting with eerie grey clouds.

There wasn't a single landmark in sight, whether it be trees or mountain or valleys, there were none of them. It was a completely flat land filled with a heavy aura of murder.

The air itself was dense and hard to breathe in. It had such a heat and humidity to it that a mortal would question whether it had any oxygen content at all.

Almost fittingly, the heat was blistering. However, it didn't seem to be the kind that gave an advantage to fire will experts because the root of this heat wasn't fire at all, but rather the blood and rage that hung in the air.

If one were to attach a temperature to this world, it would be a few thousand degrees at the very least. However, the way that the temperature was decided was what truly made this world sinister.

Every material in the world had a boiling point, even the human body. A mortal's resistance to high temperatures would, obviously, be much lower than that of a martial warrior. But, this world purposefully set its temperatures to border the boiling point of anyone who entered, immediately

forcing those who entered to be forced to constantly protect themselves, lest they want to die a horrible death.

However, Dyon didn't seem to realize that his skin was searing and blistering. Even his eyes seemed to melt in the overwhelming heat, yet he didn't flinch at all.

At this point, Dyon's skin was still unhealthily thin, and many of his inner organs still weren't completely healed. The fact he was even standing at this point was a testament to the strength of his will and his body.

It wasn't that Dyon had lost all of his reason. In fact, he was likely thinking more clearly than he ever had in his life. It was just that he didn't have it in him to take it easy on himself any longer. He was racked with such guilt and inferiority that even something as simple and instinctive as protecting himself was a foreign concept to him.

In that moment, without Dyon's consent, the primordial energy within Dyon's Inner World began escaping and seeping into his body, causing his melting skin and eyes to heal. Even as this was happening, the temperature of the third trial once again increased, perfectly matching the increased strength of Dyon's body. It was incremental, but it definitely didn't escape Dyon's sharp senses.

Suddenly, a rack of weapons appeared, extending tens of miles in either direction before Dyon.

Each weapon was a disgust brown and black color that almost made them look dirty and rusted.

The rack itself held weapons of all kinds and of all sizes. It was clear that the first step of this trial was to choose a weapon.

Dyon looked around. Truth be told, he didn't feel like choosing a weapon, but it also seemed he couldn't move on until he did. So, he simply chose the first weapon he saw since he knew well that to a wielder of the only weapon's type supreme law in existence, any weapon would feel exceedingly comfortable to him.

Picking out a random great sword of about 7 feet long and almost 3 feet wide, with a thick and dull blade, and a handle that was half his height, Dyon swung it about without any true rhyme or reason as

the racks disappeared. It was shorter and much less domineering than the Ahpuch clan treasure, but unfortunately, Dyon couldn't use his own weapons in this trial either, or else he would have called out the Dragon King.

Dyon closed his eyes, seemingly disappearing into the landscape. However, his mind was filled with an uncontrollable anger.

A moment later, the sounds of large footsteps approaching Dyon reverberated throughout the once calm and quiet world.

When Dyon opened his eyes to see what it was, they couldn't help but narrow.

A large, metal armored rhinoceros was approaching him. But, although it looked intimidating, with Dyon's perception, he could see that its battle prowess was only at the 4th or 5th foundation stage level. Was this supposed to be a trial? Or was it supposed to be a joke?

That was when Dyon noticed something he was almost ashamed to have not noticed before. The aura in this world didn't only have the function of being overwhelming hot, it also locked away energy cultivation. Truth be told, Dyon couldn't be blamed for not noticing, after all, his own cultivation had been locked away long ago, so he was very much used to it.

The other thing Dyon noticed was that his glaive felt exceptionally heavy in his hands, but it only weighed about 50 or so jin. That kind of weight should have been nothing more than a joke to him. It would have had to be at least ten thousand times that weight before he even began to feel uncomfortable. That only meant one thing: although his body cultivation wasn't sealed, it was heavily suppressed. Yet, somehow, it retained a certain level of its original toughness, or else he would have never been able to handle this level of heat, it was truly odd.

One thing was clear though. Clearly they wanted Dyon to fight this rhino with the strength of a mere foundation stage expert.

What Dyon didn't know, was that in the outside world, people were breathing sighs of relief. To them, while the first two trials mostly relied on one's intelligence, the third trial was entirely based on fighting prowess and battle sense.

Martial world beasts were always stronger than humans of their cultivation levels because their bodies were so strong and their defenses were near impenetrable to those around their level. So, while many were shocked about Dyon's performance in the first two trials, they expected him to have mediocre results for the third and fourth trials – this was because a mediocre result in the third trial guaranteed a poor result in the fourth because they were connected. The fifth trial however... Many preferred not to think about it due to the shivers of cold that sped up their spines when they did.

That said, no one believed that a genius like Dyon would die in the trials. No matter how biased they were toward their own clans and their own selves, they weren't stupid. Anyone who could place first in any trial was a genius among geniuses, they wouldn't die in a trial. So, everyone could hardly wait for the day this Demon Sage Dyon Sacharro stepped out of the 5th trial.

Those geniuses he had bumped down the rankings had their battle intent firing and as such, they cultivated harder than ever before, while spectators couldn't help but look on excitedly. It had been too long since a new contender stepped into this little game so they couldn't help but look forward to the future.

The truth was that all of the geniuses were already hundreds of years old, yet they were all still saints. This wasn't their fault, but rather because they had all spent centuries within their trials and only came out recently.

Although the trials provided ridiculous amounts of benefits, often times, geniuses couldn't make full use of them until they exited. This was why those geniuses seemed old, when in reality, they had cultivated for roughly the same time as Dyon.

The problem they were facing now, though, truly troubled them. This was because Dyon had taken the two trials that should have taken the longest, and blazed through them. Many took centuries to complete the first trial, while although time was accelerated in the second trial, one's soul age still increased at the same pace, meaning those who spent decades in the second trial, still aged by decades.

This meant that there was a good possibility that Dyon would exit the trials, barely 30 years old, while they would be hundreds of years older than him. It truly pissed them off when they thought about it, making them train even harder.

That said, the third, fourth and fifth trials were also meant to take a long time. However, unlike the first that relied on you finishing as quickly as possible, those last three trials actually relied on you lasting as long as possible. This was true of the second trial as well, until Dyon obliterated that notion.

The reason that the geniuses didn't think Dyon would spend long in those trials despite the rewards being larger the more time you spent within them, was the same reason as before. How could one person possibly be good at everything?

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Dyon looked at the rhino that was approaching him.

It actually wasn't too large, only about 2 to 3 meters in length and about another 2 meters tall. The intimidating part about it was its large metallic horn that was half a meter long itself. Other than that, it also had large metal sheets coating its body, but it seemed that those metal sheets weren't worn armor, but rather an actual part of the beast.

This size was about normal for a martial world beast. Because of the nature of Dyon's universe and how all of its vitality was being stolen by the entity at its center, although Dyon didn't know it, it was difficult for it to produce martial beasts. In fact, the only martial beasts Dyon had heard of were the deer that lived on the Focus Academy crescent island. But even then, he had never seen them.

Also, Dyon knew that the Elvin Kingdom's forest had many martial beasts within it, and their presence was actually part of the trial for Focus Academy, but he was lucky enough to have never run into them. Well, he technically had when he saved his little sister Lyla from the Grimbold family scum, because at the time that red-headed fool was riding a crystal toothed tiger, but he had scared them away fairly easily.

That said, the only reason the crystal toothed tiger was so easily intimidated was because it had become a domesticated pet, and thus lost much of its fighting ability and edge. This rhino before Dyon, was clearly different. It radiated killing intent, in fact, its stomps were clearly meant to intimidate Dyon.

By now, Dyon was tired of waiting for this rhino to close the distance, it was still hundreds of meters away, but insisted on stomping over slowly as though it was sure that Dyon was too scared to move.

Dyon flashed forward, appearing before the metallic rhino and swinging his rusted great sword toward its shining horn without reservation. Dyon didn't care about looking for its weak point, he just wanted to crush the rhino before him.

His Presence erupted, causing the once enraged rhino to collapse to the ground, shivering in fear.

The sudden movement caused Dyon to miss his initial target, but he didn't seem to care. His sword violently smashed against the forehead of the shivering rhino, causing a dent of massive proportions to appear on the metal plate protecting its forehead.

For a moment, there was no blood at all except for the eruptions of skin on Dyon's arm from his over-exertion whilst being injured. But then, the rhino's forehead began to drip with a disgusting purple liquid.

By this point, the reason was clear. The dent in the metal plate had been so forceful that the rhino's skull was completely crushed.

Dyon retracted his broadsword, holding onto its long handle as he rested it on his shoulder. But, that was when something unexpected happened.

The rhino suddenly turned into motes of lights, swarming his large sword.

After a few moments, the lights disappeared, and it seemed as though nothing had happened, but Dyon's Perception was sharp. He noticed that his weapon's weight increased by a fraction of a jin, and it seemed slightly less rusted now. In addition, he felt that he could use slightly more of his power now.

Dyon had entered his trials completely blind, not knowing anything about any of them. He could have probably asked his grand teacher about them, but he wanted to apply the most pressure to himself, so he felt it was better to not know anything. So, this sequence was actually quite a surprise to him.

Within his master's memories, there was a bit of information about Life Stealing weapons that could grow stronger as they defeated enemies, and even share a portion of that power with its owner to also improve its wielder, but these weapons were exceedingly rare.

For one, materials capable of Life Stealing were extraordinarily rare, so rare in fact that even the Energy Core hadn't produced any. If something on the level of the Energy Core couldn't produce them, one can imagine just how ridiculous such materials were.

Secondly, this applied even for the lowest ranking Life Stealing materials.

But, what was even more shocking was the fact that this third trial had brought out weapons with this ability? And, if Dyon was right, every weapon along that ten-mile-long rack was capable of this very ability!

For the first time, Dyon began to wonder just what kind of treasure this Epistemic Tower was. It was supposedly his grand teacher's creation, and quite clearly had his legacies within it, but from everything he knew and understood, when did the owner of a legacy ever place his own techniques on the bottom floor? By all logic, shouldn't his grand teacher's legacies be on the top floor?

Dyon remembered the very first time he walked into the Epistemic Tower. He found a round room with 10 doors around its edges, in addition to an oddly shifting golden statue at the center. According to his grand teacher, those rooms held his 5 legacies, there being two entrances for each.

At first glance, that didn't seem odd at all, but the more Dyon thought about it, the odder he found it. And when he thought about how the entity was supposedly his grand teacher's second disciple, Dyon only found everything even weirder.

Just as Dyon was about to become lost in his thoughts, two more metallic rhinos showed up, charging toward him ferociously.

Although Dyon knew that these martial beasts could only barely count as Earth beasts, he could tell that not only were there more to deal with, their auras were also slightly stronger. It seemed this trial would only get harder as time passed.

Chapter 850: Fourth Wave

At this moment, four figures were gathered together in a room.

One was a fairly lanky boy who was still somehow almost 7 feet tall, yet had a vibrating vitality around him that made his seemingly disproportionate size very pleasing to the eye. He was currently avidly reading a book of plants as though it was the most interesting thing in the world, and he was sometimes wave his hand around, causing an illusory plant to appear in the air before disappearing and giving way to the next image.

Sitting beside this young man was an otherworldly beauty the likes of which only Dyon's wives could match up to. She had full features and beautiful olive skin, and although her eyes were currently closed in meditation, anyone who saw them open would feel as though they elevated to a new heavenly plane.

Opposite these two were two young children.

One was a little girl as pretty as a fairy. She had too large, sparkling eyes that looked like they were carved from pink diamonds, along with long, flowing pink-silver hair that reached the back of her knees.

The other was a little boy who had a dark edge to him, yet whenever he looked at the three people around him, he would inexplicably flip a switch and show a tender and loving gaze. Clearly he cared deeply for the three individuals around him, but he seemed to be missing a few dearly as well.

These four were obviously Eli, Delia, Lyla and Zaire, four individuals Dyon was very close with.

Over the past 2 years, they had remained within the Epistemic Tower because it wasn't safe for them to go out. Although Delia and Eli wanted to help with Dyon's plans, Eli was constantly in danger of getting kidnapped, so this was the safest place for him. In addition, Delia wasn't willing to leave him alone, so she stayed.

As for Lyla and Zaire, they were still much too young, as such, they remained as well. However, it would soon be Zaire's tenth birthday, so things were about to change. In truth, he was actually only turning four years old, but in human years, he would be ten because he had purposely calculated the time he spent in his beast for so he would always be exactly one year older than Lyla so they could grow up together.

Suddenly, a voice filled their minds. "Are you ready, Little Zaire?"

Zaire's little head nodded with a maturity far beyond his years. He always tried to emulate his Big Brother, so Zaire matured just as quickly as Dyon was forced to.

"Little Lyla, you'll go with him. Dyon found a place quite suited to you, so you two will be able to watch out for each other."

Lyla's sadness was replaced by a clear excitement. She hadn't been looking forward to leaving Zaire's side because she couldn't stand the idea of losing two big brothers, but it seemed that she didn't have to now.

If others knew where Lyla and Zaire were headed, they would be shocked. But, it was the only place Dyon would ever send Zaire to... The second ranked quadrant... a place he was eager to return to for the sake of his late father's name: The Drago-Qilin Lands. As for how Little Lyla would find a place in such a savage quadrant... That was a story for another time.

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Dyon silently watched the two metallic rhinos approach. He wondered when a martial beast capable of giving him pressure would appear, because if things continued like this, his Presence would never break through to the Emperor level.

What Dyon didn't know was that in these times, even King level Presence was hard to come by, let alone a Peak King Level Presence like his.

The truth of the matter was that Presence could only be slowly cultivated over thousands of years. It was just that taking Luna's virginity gave an unprecedented short cut to Dyon. And, as far as Dyon knew, Luna might have been the only woman in existence capable of boosting a martial art in that way. It could even be said that the benefits for taking Luna's virginity far outweighed that of any other woman Dyon had come across.

Presence simply referred to the ability of a person to intimidate another. The closer one's Presence was to another, the less affect your Presence would have.

Presence was split into two main classes. The first class was known as the noble class, while the second was known as the ruler class.

The Noble class contained four tiers, including Viscount, Earl, Marquis and Duke. There was also a fifth tier, known as the Barony rank, but its effects were so negligible that the Epistemic Tower didn't have a trial of its ranking.

The lowest Baron ranking was often one simply borne of confidence and aura. It was the type of Presence that let commoners understand that you were of high birth. It was only effective on exceedingly weak-willed individuals who didn't have many aspirations in life. Even a commoner who wanted to make something of themselves later in life would be able to ignore the Presence of a Baron.

Where Presence starts becoming legitimate was when it crossed over into the Viscount ranks.

No longer being the lowest of nobles, Viscounts had the ability to exert pressure onto most. However, like other noble class rankings, it was completely ineffective against those who were stronger than you given that that individual had intelligence.

For example, a Viscount would be able to easily apply a faint intimidation against Earth martial beasts because their intelligence was only marginally better than common beasts. This would be the case even if the Earth martial beast was stronger than the Viscount.

However, against a Heaven level beast, this intimidation would be useless. Because Heaven martial beasts were approaching human level intellect, they wouldn't be scared off by minor intimidation tactics if they were stronger than the opponent before them. They would be intelligent enough to separate the individual's potential with their current strength, and act accordingly.

This was consistently the truth for Viscounts, Earls, and Marquis, while Dukes were in a pseudo class of their own, embodying some of the benefits of being a King while not truly being one.

This said, if one assumed that Presence was only simple intimidation, you would be mistaken. After all, against intelligent creatures like humans, what good would intimidation do you if they were well aware that they were stronger than you were?

In that vein, Presence was also capable of dampening the battle prowess of an opponent, especially in a case where a weaker Presence tries to foolishly use their small abilities in the face of one with a vastly greater Presence.

In addition, Presence was capable of cultivating a firm Dao Heart. This made the road of cultivation smoother and also made the attacks on Will during tribulations far easier to withstand.

When martial warriors realized this, and noticed how difficult it was to cultivate, many counter measures were created, although very few were as effective as the true form of Presence.

The most effective counter measure would be the reverse scales of a high-level dragon. This was because Dragon Souls were among the very few things in the universe capable of matching up against Presence.

That said, those who use these methods try their best to hide it, lest they feel the rage of the second ranked quadrant in full force. However, the number of Dragon reverse scales on the black market couldn't be hidden. The effects of Presence were just far too devastating for powerful Empires to leave themselves and their young without protection.

More powerful families, though, relied on more extravagant methods. This was because while a relatively weak quadrant might be ignored by the Drago-Qilin lands, they definitely would not be. So, for the sake of their pride, and their safety, they could only use other methods.

One such method was Lightning Stones bathed in heavenly tribulation lightning. The one entity Presence had no effect on was the Heavens themselves. As such, materials like Lightning Stones of the highest grade, capable of holding a sliver of tribulation lightning, was enough to cut through all Presence and even provide a heavy backlash.

However, this method was usually only reserved for the Legatees of the top 20 quadrants. This was because the price of such a method was truly out of this world. Even Dyon, with all his wealth, would be completely cleared out buying just one such stone. And that was a Dyon who held all the remaining wealth of BOTH the Elvin Empire and the Daiyu Empire.

Truth be told, the Daiyu was only a minor clan in the Drago-Qilin lands considering they only had bronze Dragon Souls at birth, and the Elvin Empire had to give a vast majority of their wealth to the Ragnors in exchange for safe passage to Dyon's universe, but it was still a vast amount of wealth regardless.

Dyon's massive heavy sword fell eight more times, eliminating the fourth wave of rhinos in an instant once again and accepting the motes of light that flew toward him.