

The Nameless 851

Chapter 851: Shattered Teeth

Seeing 16 rhinos appear, Dyon didn't hesitate to charge forward once again, absentmindedly releasing his Presence and smashing their heads in.

The second class of Presences was a bit different, although it was still capable of being stifled by Dragon Souls and Lightning Stones, the grade of both needed to be very high. The reverse scale would have to at least be at the half-step King level, while the Lightning Stone needed to contain tribulation lightning from a first-grade saint becoming at least a second-grade celestial.

These requirements grew exponentially for every step up an individual was in the Ruler Class Presences. In fact, there was no known counter for a Peak Emperor level Presence.

Luckily for those with weaker Presences, there were less than ten Emperor level Presences in the cosmos, and no God level Presences. In addition, all of these individuals had much better things to do than to bully the young masters of various clans. To many, even giving counter measures for King level Presences seemed like overkill, but many did so anyway.

The truth, though, was that among the younger generation, there were only five lower King level Presences, and no Mid level King Presences or higher. Well, in truth, there were three Kings and two Queens. In addition to these five, there were another five of the Drago-Qilin lands who cultivated half-step King level Dragon souls who were able to contend. Among them, four were male, and one was female.

Also, there a few dozen with Gold Dragon Souls and yet another few dozen with Peak Duke or Duchess Presences. Despite the disparity between these almost 100 strong geniuses, and those ten listed above, they were still highly feared, and their names reverberated through the cosmos.

As one can see, the Drago-Qilin lands did have an advantage in terms of cultivating this sort of intimidation technique because of their resonance with the Sovereign path, but that didn't mean other races were too far behind.

Of course, Dyon didn't know all of this, and his grand teacher didn't bother to tell him either. Knowing Dyon's personality, he would have already assumed that his Presence was far better than that of others simply by virtue of his arrogance. Even the day he didn't truly meet someone with a higher Presence

than his own, he would simply beat them down and make sure the heavens realized just how blind they were.

Although Dyon believed in himself wholeheartedly, so did those other ten geniuses. In fact, within all of existence, those ten geniuses were the only ones who could possibly match up to Dyon's level of arrogance. All eleven of them held an undying belief in themselves that no others could match... And their only opponents within this generation were amongst themselves.

And, there was another interesting tidbit here. If Dyon was allowed to cultivate his Presence alone, and he had never taken Luna's virginity... His own Presence wouldn't be at the Peak King Level. No, instead, his Presence would be perfectly level with these ten other geniuses, only having just broken through the lower King level.

It could be said that Dyon was only lucky that he was above them. And it could also be said that his appearance had lit a fire under them all.

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Weeks passed.

By now, Dyon was facing thousands of metallic rhinos at once and his nonchalant appearance had long since disappeared. Although the motes of light could replenish his stamina, it was never to 100%. Even worse, the motes wouldn't appear until the entire wave was gone, meaning one didn't have a chance to catch their breath until the brief pause between waves.

In addition, the waves were getting harder to deal with. Although they were the same metallic rhinos, because there were more of them, Dyon's Presence was thus spread out amongst them as well. The effects of this dissipation were still small, but Dyon could only imagine how bad this would be if the metallic rhinos were Heaven martial beasts instead. With their increased resistance, and numbers, they would no longer be paralyzed in that instant.

Dyon was very much right. For now, his Presence was still effective, even against thousands. In fact, for these metallic rhinos, no matter how many of them there were within Dyon's range of about a kilometer, they would shiver in fear and drop to their knees. However, this would become impossible if the beasts were able to resist...

Dyon's figure flashed around, the third trial's world still searing his skin as he wantonly smashed in the heads of shivering metallic rhinos.

By this point, his heavy sword had managed to rid itself of most of the disgusting brown rust stains on it, and was now a sheen-less charcoal black with only a few hints of flaking rust.

Currently, Dyon's skin was dyed in gross purple goo that was very obviously from all the rhinos he had killed, but he still didn't seem to notice. Except for the barely perceptible laborsome breaths he took occasionally, it would almost appear as though the goings-on of the third trial had nothing to do with him.

His clothes had been completely burned by the inner world, so he dashed around naked. One man and one sword against an army of tens of thousands of beasts.

His torso twisted and snapped, leveraging all the power of his core with his every swing. Without fail, every metallic rhino fell with a single blow, reaching levels of efficiency no one had ever seen before.

With a final swing, the 524 288th rhino fell, and with it, the 20th wave collapsed, sending motes of lights that blocked out the sky careening toward Dyon's gasping figure.

However, before he could even rest, a roar that resounded through the heavens resounded and he received his first message since he began.

"Would you like to continue to the second stage? Or move on to the fourth trial now?"

Dyon didn't respond to the system, instead he watched silently as a three-meter-tall lion roared with all its might toward him. The most devastating part was that it was actually of the meridian formation level, yet Dyon's cultivation was still being suppressed at the foundation stage!

A wave of earth spikes charged toward him, filled with a bloody light that matched the red soil beneath his feet.

Dyon quickly dodged, giving the system the only answer it needed.

Suddenly, the ground beneath Dyon's feet surged, causing him to jump in surprise.

With a swing of his heavy sword, his feet planted on its side, blocking the spike beneath his feet with a finesse that sent him flying in through the air toward the roaring lion.

Dyon was well aware that this lion, coined the Earthen Lion, was on an entirely different level as compared to the Metallic Rhinos. The rhinos relied on their physical defense and spike horn, but the Earthen Lions had a character reserved for mid level earth martial beasts and above: the ability to use wills... Even worse, the lion itself was actually a high level earth martial beast!

In addition, its defenses, due to its thick skin and Earth will, were far higher than that of the metallic rhino. Not to mention the fact its maneuverability was on a completely otherworldly level in comparison.

Dyon couldn't help but have his anger flair up. This damned beast actually thought of him as nothing more than food. If that wasn't the case, how could its spikes so perfectly send him flying towards it. Dyon knew that his anger was almost irrational, but after having so many things fall out of his control just a few weeks ago, he wasn't willing to sit idly and allow any slight against him to slide.

Dyon's body flew in a perfect parabolic arc, but his expression was completely cold as he closed the distance toward the lion's gaping mouth.

He raised his arm above his head, holding his massive sword like a God descending from the skies.

In that moment, his Presence erupted with a majestic and royal aura, completely stamping out the roar of the lion.

In the mortal realm, Lions were scene as Kings, however in front of Dyon, it was no more than a whimpering kitten.

Dyon's sword fell on the inside of the lion's mouth, forcefully overextending its jaw far past its limits.

An audible snap resounded through the world as the earthen lion's massive lower jaw hung loosely from its mouth.

Blood flew, followed by a painful cry and shattered teeth.

Chapter 852: First Sound

The head of the lion collapsed to the ground as though it was ready and waiting for Dyon's second swing.

In too much pain to call upon its earth will to protect itself, and too scared to do so even if it could, the head of the lion was bashed in without remorse, causing its body to disappear in a flurry of lights.

The last of the rust on Dyon massive sword disappeared, leaving behind its charcoal-like existence.

However, Dyon rage hadn't settled down yet, nor had it in the months he had been fighting already. Before the two earthen lions who appeared could even react, Dyon was already swinging his enormous sword down on them.

Dyon mindlessly pursued the path of slaughter. He had already lost count of how many he had killed, nor could he tell how much time he had spent in this second trial. But, what he did know was that his injuries never seemed to be able to truly heal. Whether it be the blistering heat that only increased and seemed to not effect the beasts at all, or the fact he was constantly overexerting his already heavily injured body, none of it was good.

The trouble was that while his Energy Core had primordial energy, primordial energy in and of itself wasn't capable of healing. When Dyon was fighting for the Angel Clan, it was life essence energy from the spiritual vein that he used to heal himself, it was just that the primordial energy was also filtered in by him in order to strengthen his body.

But, now, there was no spiritual vein because the Energy Core hadn't had nearly enough time to create one. Not to mention the fact it would take much longer since these were no longer ancient times.

So, Dyon body was relying on its own healing abilities, while primordial energy was actually constantly making Dyon's body more and more difficult to heal because it was actually strengthening his body to unprecedented levels.

The only good news was that Dyon's body was now approaching his 4x state with Demon Emperor's Will, while still in its base form. Although this made his body many times more difficult to heal, it still raised his strength.

That said, he couldn't access any of this strength now because he was being constantly suppressed by this third trial.

By now, a year had passed and Dyon had finally reached the final wave of the earthen lions, making this his 40th wave total.

His body blinked in and out of existence as he constantly dodged spikes in the earth. His Presence fell, calling the raging lions to immediately become docile, allowing their heads to be obediently bashed in.

Even as the last one fell, and the motes of light gave Dyon's massive sword a slight bronze sheen, another ear splitting roar resounded through the world, causing Dyon's eyes to narrow.

Ignoring the system's question once again, he instead looked at the enormous worm bursting through the ground before slamming down into it.

Its body was at least a hundred meters long, while its diameter was easily twenty. Its mouth was completely circular, in fact, it didn't seem to have a head at all since it was completely replaced by a revolving meat grinder of teeth.

Dyon could even tell that his Presence's abilities were negated partially. When he looked through his master's memories, he suddenly understood...

This massive worm actually contained a faint trace dragon blood within it. As such, it was actually known as the Wyvern Worm and had an air of arrogance to it that was normal for dragons and their descendants.

However, that just pissed Dyon off more.

Dyon continuously aimed for the wyvern worm's fake, knock off version of a dragon's reverse scale. Taking complete advantage of its haughtiness and dislike of sneak attacking, Dyon didn't worry about the worms disappearing beneath the ground. Instead, he dodged and swung in a rhythmic motion, jumping from worm to worm and reaping their lives.

Earlier, Dyon had tried using his Demon Emperor's Will to make things easier, but he immediately noticed that not only did his stamina drain faster, his strength didn't increase at all. In fact, the world's suppression increased along with the stages he climbed, seemingly intent on keeping him at a certain power level.

However, Dyon didn't mind. Since that was the case, this trial clearly didn't want you to use any special techniques or cultivation methods. That was perfectly fine by him.

Time passed without end. While it took only a year for Dyon to decimate the first two beast waves, it wasn't until half way through the third year that he finally managed to slay the final wyvern worm of the 60th wave.

When the 61st wave started, Dyon couldn't help but see a pattern. It was as though the third trial was doing its best to completely counter him.

The first beast wave of metallic rhinos was a probe, but the second wave of lions seemed directly tailored toward dealing with his Presence. Although it ultimately failed, that was due to the restrictions in the power allowed for the second beast wave, and not for any other reason. The lion was the King of beasts and thus had faint dislike and struggle against Dyon's Presence.

The third wave made it even more obvious. The beast even had a trace of dragon's blood, albeit a very faint trace, that made Dyon using his Presence on more than a few thousand at a time impossible. By the time their numbers sky-rocketed into the tens of thousands, then the hundreds of thousands, Dyon had to spend focus a lot more on running to avoid being cornered, while focusing his Presence on small groups.

And now for the fourth wave, the restrictions of his Presence became even more apparent. Not only was the beast now of the Heaven grade, it was actually a King beast!

Within every beast species, there will always be those beasts who exceed their fellow clansmen. When this difference is great enough, they are titled as the King of their clan and thus become King beasts. This title is ignored when it comes to beasts who have the ability to change into humans, but for Heaven beasts who can't, this title is still apropos.

There was another thing about King beasts that was very relevant for this particular situation, and that was the fact they always followed the sovereign path of their wills!

In a one on one situation, Dyon would hardly care about this, because he was confident that his Presence would still win out. However, as the numbers climbed, Dyon realized that in all likelihood, his Presence would only work on a few hundred at a time, and if this trend continues, with the next beast wave, it might only work on a few dozen at a time. By then, this trial would really put him at death's door.

However, this was exactly the kind of pressure Dyon wanted. Although the previous waves were difficult and took him a long time to break through, he never truly felt like his life was on the line.

But now, as he watched the five-meter-tall Silver Wolf before him, growl lowly as though it was stalking prey, he finally felt his blood boil.

For almost three years now, he had felt nothing but endless rage. At first, he didn't even understand what he was mad at until he realized he was angry with himself. Why else would he jump into this trial without healing his injuries, why else would he trudge on even while knowing those same injuries were only getting worse and harder to heal, why else if not to punish himself?

Dyon pointed his massive 7 foot long sword toward the wolf in provocation, his eyes lit up with a dense battle intent. By now, the huge sword was a glistening copper-bronze color, its former charcoal black flaking off. It now weighed hundreds of jin, growing with Dyon as he just finally crossed the barrier of meridian formation. Surprisingly, at this point, Dyon felt that the restriction on energy cultivation was lifted, he knew that this was a bad premonition for himself, but he didn't care.

And then he charged, allowing a roar to escape his lips as the first sound he had made in years.

Chapter 853: No Wonder

Seeing this, Dyon's grand teacher finally sighed in relief. Before he was worried for Dyon, but at least now, Dyon was feeling something other than rage. His anger was clearly still there, but it no longer had the fatal air it once had. Instead, he wanted to tear through everything in his path.

Dyon fought a bloodied battle. In fact, this wave was the first time he was actually injured by one of the beasts, and it wasn't due to carelessness either. But, he fought on, taking on beasts many times his size without batting an eye. There was no one else in these lands, there were no clear goals, nor were there any milestones to leap over. Dyon only had himself and the sword in his hand. His blood couldn't help but boil.

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By the 72nd wave, Dyon was forced to use his wings. His stamina drained faster, but he also had added mobility he simply didn't have before. Although his wings were supposed to have the added benefit of helping him to quickly recover, Dyon had long since noticed that there was no energy in the third trial. The only means of recuperation were the motes of light absorbed through your weapon after a wave was cleared. It was no wonder the system forced Dyon to pick a weapon, had he not, he would have been screwed.

Once the 81st wave came around, Dyon's suspicions were doubly confirmed. Facing the Fire Serpent King, yet another King beast of the Heaven level, he could only grit his teeth and charge forward. By now, it was the beginning of the 7th year. Luckily, with the help of his wings, Dyon had finished off the Silver Wolves much faster than expected.

However, Fire Serpents were difficult enough to handle normally, let alone handling multiple of their King level existences.

These creatures were of the very peak of the Heaven level, and their kings could count as pseudo transcendent beasts.

The word transcendent for beasts were reserved, entirely, for beasts capable of human-like intelligence and having the capacity to choose the human path of cultivation. It was a sort of transcendence for the beast sub-species, as such, they were aptly named.

For the Fire Serpent King to count as a pseudo transcendent, they could thank their trace dragon blood line. Not only was their dragon lineage more robust than that of wyvern worms, they also managed to form a pseudo reverse scale that had partial Dragon Soul effects. Although it couldn't match up to even the lowest bronze grade of a true reverse scale, it was still enough to cause Dyon headaches.

In addition to this, they were exceptionally intelligent. Unlike the first four waves, they could actually coordinate their attacks!

Although the third and fourth waves had intelligence, it was overridden by their pride. This was a small benefit Dyon received for the system tailoring the chosen beasts to his strengths. However, this benefit didn't last for long...

Despite being as prideful, if not more prideful than the previous beast waves, the Fire Serpents had human intelligence and thus understood putting their pride aside for the sake of survival. This ended in joint attacks that constantly put Dyon's life in peril. Even worse, there was an invisible ceiling that completely stopped him from flying out of the range of the serpents, something he had found out the hard way...

The only saving grace was that the serpents had the same weakness as the wyvern worms, their reverse scale. This allowed Dyon to focus his attacks instead of looking for vital points like he was forced to do with the Silver Wolves.

By the time Dyon reached the end of the 100th wave, his body charred and cut, along with ridiculous bruises down his sides courtesy of vicious tail whips by the serpents, describing him as a man on his last legs would be giving him far too much credit.

His massive sword was glistening with a silver-bronze light, or it would have been, if it wasn't coated in violet blood. As for his arms that held it, they were ridden with scary looking veins that were a product of their over-exertion. But, he still swung time and time again, carrying a weapon that had reached thousands of jin as though it was a feather.

As he swept through the red-scaled bodies, he could feel the restrictions on his body about to allow him to break through to the essence gathering level. But, this would only make the situation worse for him.

After he broke through to the meridian formation stage, Dyon felt that the ban on wills and energy were lifted. In accordance with that, the beasts also became fiercer. If this continued, the gap would only grow larger!

By now, it was well into the tenth year and Dyon had collapsed to his knees.

In the outside world, although ten years weren't much in the face of martial warriors, it was still too long for someone they assumed wasn't a fighter. So, many assumed that Dyon had overestimated himself, forging forward when he should have cut his losses and continued to the fourth trial.

Although the rankings only held a 100 names per trial type, for a total of 35 – 5 trails to each of the 7 tier levels – there were other methods for checking on names not worthy of making the top 100 in their generation.

The Epistemic Tower Inner World was separated into 100 corners, each of these corners corresponding to one of the 100 quadrants. However, the Celestial Deer Corner has been closed off for millennia, thus not allowing people to use it as an exit to find out where the tower was located. This was actually another function of the Tower Key, the ability to decide who was allowed to use the teleportation formations of your corner.

That aside, that was only 1 function of the corner. The other was a much more subtle ability.

Currently, the corner of the Celestial Deer Quadrant was covered in a massive fog formation. This was a formation that appeared at a corner every time the Key switched owners and it would not disappear until the key wielder completed their trials.

The purpose of this fog formation was to keep intruding Universes out until the key wielder gained the ability to defend their territory. For example, the Kitsune-Shruti Quadrant was covered in this very same foggy formation because Saru had yet to exit her trial. The only reason Ri was allowed in was because she was allowed in by a Duke level character of that universe, as that was the minimum status needed to do such a thing.

The problem was that even after ten years, the barrier still had not disappeared. It was no wonder they thought Dyon had foolishly died.

Chapter 854: Void Clan

Aside from the stupidity and arrogance of the martial world geniuses who were trying to console themselves by assuming Dyon had failed, Dyon's wives were taking their own trials now, so they didn't have the time to worry. However, even if they weren't, they wouldn't worry anyway. Unlike those fools who didn't understand Dyon, they knew him very well. If it wasn't for the fact Dyon was so intelligent, they might have been fooled into thinking he was a battle genius instead. Of course they weren't worried about their husband's battle sense.

The truth of the matter was that Ri, Clara and Madeleine, even Delia, had already blazed through the Duchess trials. In truth, it was far too easy for them. In fact, it took them less than a year to fly through it. Unfortunately, despite understanding this, they had no choice but to choose this trial first, and that was because they weren't key wielders.

Since only key wielders could choose one of the top three trials as their first trial, their hands were tied. But, luckily, according to the rules of the tower, if you passed the Duke trials, you could then take the King trials, and if you passed the King trials, you could then take the Emperor trials. Unfortunately, the God trials were reserved for key wielders, but even if they could take the God trials, they would be unlikely to do so. This was because God trials took centuries to complete normally and they weren't willing to leave Dyon for so long.

Delia chose not to take the King trials, instead wanting to stay by Eli's side, feeling bad about the few months she had left him. But, Ri, Clara and Madeleine all decided to forge ahead.

For now, aside from Madeleine, they all had to hide their affiliations to Dyon. Even Madeleine wanted to thank the Flaming Lily Sect for their taking her in, so they all took their trials under the names of different quadrants.

Within 4 years, Ri, Clara's and Madeleine's names resounded through the cosmos as their names tore up the rankings of the King trials, each of them placing within the top 20 of every trial without fail. Clara performed far better on the first two trials which heavily relied on soul talent and intelligence, while Ri and Madeleine performed far better on the third and fourth trials, which required battle prowess. As for the fifth trial, they all performed exceedingly well.

When they exited, they realized that Dyon's name still hadn't appeared on the third God trial rankings, but they weren't worried. Instead, they knew their husband was working very hard, so they insisted on doing so as well.

With barely a month's rest, they stormed the Emperor trials. By the 6th year, the current 10th year of Dyon's, they had already completed the first two trials, each managing to find a place within the top 50 on both.

Unlike the second trial of the God trials, the second trials of the lower tiers were based on completion speed as the armies they faced were far easier to handle. In addition, the trial setting was completely different from the God trial Dyon underwent as well.

What no one had yet to notice was that the moment Dyon completed his second trial, it disappeared from the world forever.

The only person to realize this was Saru because just a few days after Dyon completed his trial, she entered her own. Although she didn't manage to complete the first trial perfectly, within the ten year limit, she was only a few months over. But, instead of being transported to the second trial as per usual, she was actually shown to the third trial instead.

It was suffice to say that the Shruti clan celebrated for weeks when their Princess managed to rank second, only behind Dyon on her first trial. But, it was still bitter sweet because they realized that they were just a decade shy of having the glory of being number one.

This, of course, put a heavy amount of pressure on the Kitsune Clan. Now that their enemy had such a great seedling, they had to come up with a plan for the future, lest they start to decline.

Unfortunately for them, their poor treatment of their most powerful faith seed wielder had caused irreparable harm to the relationship between them and Ri.

The top three Kitsune powerhouses in their history were the Void Kitsune, the Heaven Kitsune, and the Time Kitsune, and each of these Kitsune corresponded to the top three families of their overarching Supreme Kitsune Clan.

When Ri decided to return to her Snow family in order to alleviate the pressure on her mother, and also learn to wield the Snow family blood within her, the Void family immediately detected her faith seed.

After years of waiting for their faith seed to reappear, only to see it appear in a bottom rung family, the Void family flew into a rage, leading to a series of events that would cause Dyon's blood to boil even more than it was now. There was no question that the moment Dyon learned of what happened, the very first thing he'd do is storm the Supreme Kitsune Clan, leaving blood and gore in his wake.

In the end, the Void Clan was forced to stop by the Heaven and the Jikan family. However, because they three clans had lived harmoniously for so long, they allowed the Void Clan to take certain advantages of Ri that completely crossed the line in hopes of appeasing the Void Clan.

In the beginning, they thought they were doing the right thing. To them, stopping the Void Clan from killing and forcefully stealing Ri's faith seed was already a service to her. She should be grateful.

The truth was that they didn't really care what happened to Ri. They knew very well that if Ri instead had their own clan's faith seed, they would react the same way the Void family was reacting. However, they were also dissatisfied with the fact the Void clan had their faith seed, but their faith seeds were nowhere to be found. So, they wanted to make sure that the power of the Void Clan remained on the same level as their clans, so they forced the Void clan to allow Ri to keep her faith seed.

However, they made a big mistake.

The original plan was for them to allow the Void family to punish Ri, then for them to swoop in and "save" Ri. In this way, although Ri might have an irreconcilable hatred with the Void family, she would at least have a good impression of their families.

This was a mistake many stupid clans had made in the past. Who cared if you forced a genius to join you in their youth? If they kept that hatred in their hearts as they grew up, once that genius became strong enough to ignore your power in the future, wouldn't you be courting disaster?

This was why Dyon looked down on the Sapientia branch clan like they were absolute fools. Once Madeleine surpassed them all, who's to say she wouldn't eradicate all those who wronged her in the beginning?

So, the Heaven and Jikan families took this "good cop, bad cop" approach in hopes that Ri would have a good impression of at least the majority of the Kitsune. That way, even if she suppressed the Void Clan in the future, it wouldn't be to the point of eradicating them due to her being concerned for the fate of their Kitsune clan as a whole.

But, who would have known that not only was this young lady exceedingly intelligent, she also had a fiery temper to rival any they had ever seen.

After the Void Clan's bullshit punishment, and then their attempts to force her to marry into their clan as an even further compensation, Ri's rage had reached an all time high.

With words as venomous as acid, she tore apart those supposed elders. Not even the Heaven and Jikan elders were safe as she had long since seen through them. Even as the faces of those elders were turning red and white in anger, Ri cut off her ties with the Supreme Kitsune Clan, stating that the day when the Snow family reigned was the day she'd return.

The elders of course, sneered. Did this naïve girl really think that they would let her go just like this?

Chapter 855: By Her Side

But, what they didn't know was that Dyon would never allow his wife to go anywhere without protection.

The Demon Sage's Tower immediately protected Ri as she looked down on them all with disdain. And then, it flashed away to the Epistemic Tower.

Even though the Void clan were space will masters, they were completely unable to lock down the space and could only watch as Ri disappeared.

Of course, they had sent their younger generation to chase after Ri and bring her back since they could no longer enter those Epistemic Tower floors since they had already reached the dao floors and because of the rule that those who ascended could no longer descend.

Unfortunately, the key wielder of their quadrant was a member of the Shruti Clan. And who would have imagined that even though they tried to provide ridiculous amounts of compensation in exchange for Saru kicking Ri out, that Saru would actually state that Ri was her big sister and no one was allowed to harm her!

The Supreme Kitsune Clan could only mash their teeth in anger at their own incompetence. They had truly underestimated this little girl. They had assumed that she was easy prey and easy to manipulate, but who would have known that she had such a power backer. What they didn't know was that her powerful backer wasn't Saru, but rather her husband!

Days after Ri learned that the Kitsune clan had tried to bribe Saru into kicking her out, as this was a power the key wielder held, she sneered, inwardly praising her husband for seeing so far ahead.

At that point, she couldn't help but touch her opaque visor with her delicate hand, trembling in rage. There would be a day where she eradicated the Void family, or else she would never be able to settle this grudge.

After that, taking the name of the Snow family temporarily, Alexandria Snow sent a clear message to the Void family higher ups. It was simple: 'Wash your necks.'

As much as Ri wanted to keep the Sacharro name, she knew she couldn't. This was because the Snow family had searched for her mother previously, as such, they knew what universe Ri came from and could thus find the Epistemic Tower in this way.

If Ri was to make her affiliations clear, the Void family would connect Ri with her 'traitor' mother.

Currently, the Snow Clan was hiding this truth because Ri and her mother were the most talented young women in their history, they couldn't have a falling out with them. In addition, they knew that this was the chance for their Snow family to rise up. If they angered Ri by putting her home universe in danger, what was stopping Ri from cutting ties from their Snow family as well?

So, the Snow family hid the relationship between Ri and her mother. This was very easy because despite being a comparatively weak family, the Snow family still had millions of members. As long as Ri didn't make her relationship with Dyon and their universe clear, their home would be safe.

Then, when the time was right, she would storm the Kitsune Clan with her husband by her side!

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As Dyon was sure he was breathing harder than he ever had before, unbeknownst to him, the ranking of the Celestial Deer Quadrant was sky-rocketing.

Although Ri, Madeleine and Clara didn't list their trials under their home universe, Delia, along with the 3000 Demon Generals definitely had. In addition to that, Dyon allowed Thor to undergo his trials alone with the youth of the Daiyu. He now treated the Daiyu as slaves, but that didn't mean he wanted incompetent subordinates. But, Dyon kept Vidar in chains.

In truth, Dyon had irreconcilable hatred with both Vidar Ragnor and Daiyu Chenglei. However, because of his promise to the Daiyu ancestor, he decided to keep Chenglei on a short leash while also nurturing him to a certain extent. However, Dyon felt no such obligation for Vidar. Instead, he allowed him to rot in a holding cell until he could play his role in Dyon's plans.

Because the Ragnors only had four faith seed wielders in all their history, they would without a doubt place heavy importance on Vidar. This importance was something Dyon knew he could take advantage of.

Of course, in order for his plan to work, he still needed to find a way to remove the restrictions on Thor's faith seed to truly allow him to be free, but that was a problem for another day.

This aside, it wasn't a surprise that the Demon Generals performed well. Considering they were absolute geniuses plucked from their original times and taken to the modern world, it was no wonder their performances were so perfect. As for Chenglei, Zabia and Thor, their potential has already long been seen, of course they performed well as well.

The vast majority of them became Dukes within a year, while the rest finished before the end of the third. Afterward, all those who finished within a year proceeded to the King trials, and just as Dyon was completing his hundredth beast wave, the first of them were beginning to come out, causing the Celestial Deer Quadrant ranking to inexplicably go up once again, causing the quadrants who had become complacent to once again feel as though they were walking on egg shells.

Within the first few months, they shot up from the 67th spot, to the 61st.

When people rushed to the third-place rankings to see if Dyon's name had appeared, they were shocked to find out that there were no changes to the God tier rankings at all. What was going on?!

It was only at that time they thought of a frightening possibility: maybe geniuses other than Dyon...

They were all aware of the fact that the only tiers that could make such drastic changes in a quadrant's ranking were the King, Emperor and God rankings. And, the fact that no new names had appeared on the top 100 for any of their 15 ranking stones, that meant that it was multiple geniuses passing at once!

The scariest part was that, if they all assumed that everyone from that quadrant had begun their trials at the same time, after accounting for the years non-key wielders would have to spend taking the Duke trials, there could very well be more ranking changes to come!

Finally, those spectating had jumped to the correct conclusion.

After Dyon left, the Demon Generals had to restart their cultivation from scratch so that they could all practice the Inner World: Sanctuary technique. Although they had little experience in the martial world outside of battle, they understood that cultivation techniques were precious. In fact, they were so precious that for most of their lives, they had to create and experiment with their own. It wasn't that the Demon Sage didn't have cultivation techniques for them, it was rather that he had sealed all of his possessions in the Chaos Universe. So, they had no choice.

That aside, it made them very grateful toward Dyon. They could all see just how amazing Dyon's cultivation technique was, yet he shared it with them all without reserve. Dyon's kindness was engraved in their hearts, so they cultivated with all of their might.

As one might expect, even for geniuses like them, cultivating [Inner World: Sanctuary] was difficult beyond belief. However, they weren't known as geniuses of their times for no reason.

Unlike Dyon who took months to reach the peak of the foundation stage, even the slowest of them only took a few weeks despite how thorough and taxing the technique was. However, also unlike Dyon, they

didn't receive a meridian implant short-cut. As such, in order to reach the peak of meridian formation, they labored for months before they eventually all filled 108 meridians. It was only after that, that they began their trials.

Unfortunately, although they were all worthy of being easily within the top 100 rankings of almost every trial they took if they had been at their full power, they couldn't manage to perform as well as Dyon had because unlike Dyon, they didn't have the Demon Sage's blood essence to boost their body cultivation. As such, they ranked fairly poorly as compared to their full potential due to their wills, soul and energy cultivation being sealed.

However, this was within Dyon's plans as well. He wanted his universe to be dazzling and overbearing, but to be too much so would only result in them being stamped out before reaching their full potential. In the past, Dyon wouldn't have cared and would have boldly faced off against any opponent willing to come, but he was also trying to grow up and see the bigger picture.

In order to protect everyone behind him, Dyon would take the full brunt of the public eye, while he secretly cultivated his Empire to become the greatest that had ever existed.

Chapter 856: Funniest Part

Just like that, Dyon secretly cultivated hundreds of Dukes, almost two thousand Kings, and a few dozen Emperors without the world being any wiser. In fact, they wouldn't learn of this until the individual quadrant rankings were made viewable after the fog around their corner dissipated with Dyon's exit. Unfortunately for all those waiting for that moment, Dyon would make them wait quite a long time.

However, once the truth was known, it would rock all 99 quadrants...

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Dyon breathed heavily while kneeling. He had stuck his heavy sword into the ground and was leaning on it to regain his strength and consolidate the motes of light that were still flying toward him, but he was shocked to find that he still couldn't sense any more beasts coming. Could it be the trial was over?

Thinking this, Dyon shook his head. Although it had taken him 10 years to reach this point, and it could count as difficult, he didn't believe that a God Trial would be so easy. So, where was his next trial coming from?

For the past few waves, the beasts had stopped letting him absorb the motes of light before attacking. The result was that he had the residual energy from at least a handful of waves still lingering within him. It was lucky that it didn't seem that the trial allowed the wastage of the motes of light, which was nice of it... In comparison to this hell hole that is.

However, it was clear that this was just another test. The motes of light were forms of energy, and it benefitted you to have the talent to absorb them faster. Unfortunately, Dyon's energy cultivation was locked, and even if it wasn't, his ability to sense and manipulate energies was piss poor. So, he could be considered to be ridiculously slow in his integration.

Although the idea of "a handful" of trials seemed simple enough, to Dyon, they represented months at a time without fail. So, the fact he hadn't fully integrated that energy in all this time... It was truly too pathetic.

Suddenly, Dyon's thoughts were completely interrupted by a voice filled with disdain. "So, this is the kind of trash they allow into the God Trials in this generation?"

Clearly, this person could see Dyon struggling to absorb the motes of energy and accurately judged him as a person with horrendous energy cultivation talent.

Hearing this, Dyon didn't have any particular reaction. He only steadied his breathing as stood. It seemed that after clearing beast waves, you would then have to deal with humanoid cultivators. So, Dyon decided that now was as good a time as ever.

His wings appeared again, but this time, they appeared in full force. They were no longer their black and white color, but instead a blinding and metallic gold. In addition, he didn't call out a single pair, instead, he called out three, flapping all six of his wings with a power far outweighing the restrictions on his body.

In that moment, the motes of light that had lingered in Dyon's body surged toward his wings, coursing through their beautiful veins, before allowing them to be refined and injected into Dyon's body.

In the blink of an eye, stamina that was meant to have been absorbed by Dyon over months was used in a split second, causing all of Dyon's fatigue to disappear in a flash. His wounds healed at a visible pace, while his silver-bronze sword became a clear and bold silver, even showing hints of gold.

Dyon's cultivation which had been stalled at the mid meridian level, sky-rocketed to the peak meridian formation level.

Although his massive broad sword seemed odd, as though it had been carved out of a single slab of silver, Dyon could feel that its power had reached a new level. It now approached ten thousand jins in weight. It should be comparable to a lower master level weapon now, with still plenty of room for growth.

It was kind of disconcerting that it took the motes of light from millions of beasts to reach that point, but it had to be considered that many of those beasts were at the mere foundation stage and meridian formation stage, they simply weren't worthy of upgraded a Life Stealing weapon any further than they already had.

After Dyon was done, he retracted his wings, re-establishing his handsome and domineering bearing. His eyes slowly locked onto the shocked figure of his opponent.

In reality, this opponent of his looked quite generic. There was nothing special about him. Black eyes, black hair, and delicate skin that oddly looked like it belonged on a female, coupled with his scrawny appearance, and even about him was begging to be underestimated. However, Dyon's Perception was far stronger than that.

Not only was this person clearly displaying the power level of an essence gatherer, Dyon could tell that his cultivation was being suppressed from the saint level, that meant his battle prowess far exceeded normal essence gatherers, and now Dyon had to face him with his peak meridian formation cultivation.

Truly difficult indeed...

Snapping out of his surprise, the genius smiled, "At least this will be more interesting."

In that moment, a golden lance appeared in his hand. It was a vicious looking cone shape, with a point as sharp as any sword Dyon had ever seen.

"I'm obligated to tell you that unlike the past waves, you're allowed to quit whenever you want from now on. But, if your lips move a little too slowly, don't blame my lance for turning you into minced meat before you can." The sinister glow in his eyes radiated a dense killing intent... And then, he erupted with the first Presence Dyon had faced...

When Dyon felt the Presence, at first, he was a bit surprised. But, when he felt the realm of the Presence, he felt the urge to laugh. If he hadn't been in such a crappy mood, maybe he would have.

It was at this point that he finally realized that the third trial hadn't been tailoring its beast waves to his own strengths. No, the reality was that this trial was meant to place heavy pressure on one's Presence to begin with.

Dyon was certain that even with his combat prowess, it would have been impossible to defeat hundreds of thousands of enemies at once with his soul sealed, if he hadn't had his Presence. And if it wasn't for his Perception, he would have died long ago.

That was when he understood. The first trial cultivated Perception. The second trial gave you the acting role of King and introduced you to the concepts of Presence.

Usually, those who do well in the second trial spend decades there, eventually growing a Presence seedling. Then, the point of the beast waves of the third trial was to culture that Presence seedling, and then fight past the 100th wave with the gains you've made.

Unfortunately for these trials, Dyon had cultivated Presence long ago because of his father. Even while being a mortal, his own father high level Presence. Although he wasn't at the Duke or King level, the fact he had cultivated a martial art so far without any concept of cultivation was mind blowing. He then passed it on to his son. In fact, Dyon already had a high-level Viscount Presence by the time he entered Focus Academy, and it only grew with time.

In the end, Dyon entered the days of the second trial with a Peak Duke Presence. And then, because of Luna, it sky-rocketed to the Peak King Level.

So, what did this mean? It meant Dyon was currently undergoing a trial meant for those with seedling Presences, a Viscount level Presence at most. To those of the martial world, this third trial was exceedingly important because it was what separated those ultimate geniuses with King level Presences, from those with mere Peak Duke level Presences and below...

Why did all of the peak level geniuses of the martial world all just happen to have lower King level Presences? It was because the highest levels of the third trial provided this benefit...

However... Didn't Dyon already have a Peak King level Presence? Wasn't this trial too much of a joke in front of him?

Maybe the funniest part was that this arrogant young man with a lance that was currently charging at him, with full confidence in his victory... Was exhibiting a Presence of the mere Peak Viscount level... An entire four realms below Dyon...

Chapter 857: Unheard Of!

Seeing Dyon raise his massive sword, Dyon's grand teacher sighed. The only reason he had been worried for Dyon before hand was because the beast waves were no joke and it put him at a massive disadvantage. It could be said that now that Dyon had passed the beast waves, there was no challenge remaining before him at all...

The rankings for the trials of the Epistemic Tower were reset every one million two hundred thousand years, because in the martial world, this corresponds to one generation of youngsters. This time span is simply calculated by the fact if one were to reach the peak of dao formation, 1.2 million years would be your upper most life span. In this way, every generation is pitted against their own generation.

For the current generation, the record for the third trial was the 157th wave. In regards to the very best records Dyon's grand teacher had ever seen, Dyon had already shattered them for both the first and second trials... And it seemed he was about to do so for the third as well...

The young man with the Lance watched in horror as Dyon's Presence erupted. His confidence was completely crushed in an instant without even a chance to retaliate... It felt as though his bones had turned to mush and his brain couldn't form coherent thoughts... The only thing left was an instinct... The instinct to bow in reverence...

Dyon's massive sword swept through challenger after challenger, and as he did so, the holds on his cultivation alleviated as well.

The luster of gold on his sword also grew brighter. By the time he reached the 145th wave, his name had appeared at the 100th spot on the rankings, causing an uproar.

However, that wasn't the truly shocking part... Because after less than a minute, he leaped another 11 spots as the bright red number 146 appeared by his name...

It would have been one thing if Dyon was quickly blasting through the 110s, and much more acceptable. That was because many of the more outstanding geniuses had reached the Marquis levels of Presence, having cultivated Presence since they were young due to their knowing the asks of the trials. This was cheating a bit, but they believed that family background and resources were simply a part of the martial world that would never disappear.

But... The 145th challenge of the third trial had a Duke level Presence. In fact, this would be true until the 155th challenger, where they would then have King level Presences!

For Dyon to blow by them so fast, that could only mean that he had already cultivated a King level Presence before the 156th challenge! That was completely unheard of!

Dyon's names shot up again, reaching the 152nd wave in an instant. By now, the scalps of those watching were feeling numb, thinking about how they could possibly break this news to the young masters that sent them here.

With bated breath, they watched as Dyon cleared the 155th.

At the moment, Dyon's name had firmly taken a place at the 11th spot. The above 10 were reserved for the five geniuses the lower King level Presences, and the five dragons and qilins with half-step King Dragon Souls.

Among the ten of them, 7 had managed to clear the 156th challenger, while only three managed to clear the 157th...

Whether consciously, or unconsciously, despite Dyon's performances on the first and second trials, they had still not placed him on the same level as these ten geniuses. That was because while the rankings for the first and second trials varied among those geniuses, without fail, only those ten names would be found in the top ten for the third, fourth and fifth trials...

Because of this reality, many began to believe that maybe the first and second trials weren't true tests of ability, because it seemed that only the last three trials accurately predicted the top ten existences among the younger generation.

It wasn't that those ten geniuses didn't do well on the first two trials, because many of them could be found in the top 100, although not all of them – namely the dragons. However, often times, the first two rankings allowed other, lesser known geniuses to shine, while the last three were completely dominated by those ten figures.

This was the very first time anyone had threatened the rankings of these ten in the final three rankings...

However, the ending was completely anti-climactic. In the blink of an eye, Dyon had cleared the 158th and people could only stare blankly at his name occupying the top spot...

Within the third trial world, Dyon was completely oblivious of the commotion he had caused. Instead, he had finally run into some real competition.

By now, his weapon was a blistering gold that even rivaled the shine of his wings, but it seemed to still be evolving.

Right now, it seemed like nothing more than a slab of cut metal, but when Dyon cut down the 156th challenger, he sensed it evolving into a true weapon. When he cut down the 157th, veins of red pulsed through the weapon, slowly crawling along it as he cut down the 158th.

When the 159th challenger appeared, Dyon finally began to feel resistance. Although these challengers didn't have counters for Presence, once the gap between Presences closed, it was possible to resist to some extent. If this wasn't the case, this trial would be absolutely impossible for those who didn't have Dyon's luck.

However, this opponent fell just the same despite her mid level Queen Presence.

By the 162nd challenger, the Presences had evolved to the high level King Presence.

They fought valiantly, but they fell to Dyon in the end.

And then, came the 165th challenger. Now, Dyon had truly met his equal, a challenger with a Peak King Presence.

Seeing his enemy's long flowing blond hair and sharp blue eyes, Dyon finally felt his blood boil. He felt his entire existence was being questioned, and it made the rage within him erupt to new heights.

After a brief moment of surprise from seeing a trial taker make it so far, a valiant battle began.

By now, almost all of Dyon's cultivation had come back, but he was still restricted to the saint level. That said, it was because he hadn't had time to absorb all of the motes of light he earned because he finished off his previous opponents too quickly.

The battle between the two Peak Kings lasted days, but in the end, Dyon was victorious and his already overwhelming beat down of the supposed top ten geniuses, grew once again.

But, the honey moon period was now over...

A pressure that seemed capable of crushing Dyon's knee caps to dust suddenly overwhelmed him the moment the 165th challenger disappeared into motes of light.

Dyon struggled to raise his head, stabbing his massive sword into the ground to keep himself from collapsing to the ground.

In that moment, the first member of the older generation Dyon had seen in this trial appeared. He was an old man, garbed in robes of white, pristine and without blemish. His hair seemed to blend into his robes, it being a holy white as well.

The old man slowly scanned over Dyon, inwardly surprised that he somehow managed to remain expressionless, and even more surprising was the fact that he hadn't given up yet despite seeing the disparity in their power.

Intrigued, the man began to speak, "You're quite impressive, but you should understand that you have no chance of beating me. Do you understand why all of your opponents before me were of the younger generation, yet I am not?"

Dyon's eyes shone with an imperceptible light, showing that he acknowledged the old man's words. He noticed this immediately, and he was curious about it as well.

"Becoming an Emperor isn't as simple as becoming a King. Even if, by some unholy miracle, you manage to beat me and advance, you still wouldn't gain the right to become an Emperor. Although these trials allow you to cultivate a King Presence by beating Kings, the same isn't allowed of the higher tiers.

"Well, I shouldn't say that. More accurately, you specifically, cannot. In fact, the fact you've managed to become a King is already surprising enough. I'm not sure what tricks you pulled, but from what I can see, it's impossible for you to do it again."

Dyon remained silent, thinking silently to himself that this old man spoke too much. Just get to the point.

The old man smiled, seemingly hearing Dyon's thoughts. "To become a King, you need a certain amount of destiny, and this destiny is reliant on the amount of faith you've accrued. Do you understand now?"

"Only Legatees of Emperor God Clans, or Kings of King God Clans, can cultivate King level Presences. And the requirements for becoming an Emperor are even more stringent. Although you don't have to become an Emperor of an Emperor God Clan, you do have to be a top level existence within one.

"The only way to break these rules is with sufficient cultivation while following the sovereign path, or being the embodiment of the sovereign path – meaning a Dragon or a Qilin.

"However, your cultivation is far too shallow. In addition, although your wills are sealed by some odd method, I can tell that your highest level will be at the mere one with mind level. Although it does follow the sovereign path and is surprisingly a supreme law, it is still not nearly enough."

Chapter 858: Was It?

The more the old man spoke, the more Dyon's heart shook with shock. This old man saw through him so easily...

That said, Dyon's mind was running at inconceivable speeds. At first, when he heard that he wouldn't be able to achieve the Emperor Presence level because his birth place was far too insignificant, he had felt a fire light inside him that filled him with even more will to be great. But, when the old man then mentioned the sovereign path, he suddenly remembered the cultivation technique the Dragon King had mentioned to him: [Will of Heart].

It was quite a masochistic technique that truly tested one's martial heart, but now that the old man had said this, Dyon was determined to use it.

Without a word, Dyon disappeared from the third trial. Clearly, he had decided to give up, not bothering with the old man any longer.

Seeing this, the old man only shook his head, sighing to himself, "Ah, the younger generation. So rude." But, he didn't seem angry. In fact, he even smiled, seemingly wondering about something before he faded from existence.

...

Dyon appeared in an odd world, filled with black fog. But, interestingly enough, the few hundred meters around him was completely clear of this fog, remaining at the outside edges of an arena that was seemingly crafted with black obsidian tiles.

What truly surprised Dyon was that this black material was strikingly familiar. After thinking about it for a moment, a flash of realization hit him as he remembered back to Elvin Kingdom Sentries, the two 20 meter tall puppets he had stolen from them. He had always wondered just what kind of material was worthy of forming dao formation level puppets, and it seemed he had run into this material once again.

Dyon snapped out of his thought when he noticed that the massive sword from the third trial was still in his hands. After seeing this, the obvious conclusion was that the third and fourth trials were connected in some way.

The massive sword pulsed, its red veins still eating away at its gold exterior.

What Dyon didn't know was that the process currently occurring in his chosen Life Stealing weapon wasn't one that had happened in a long time.

The weapons have five initial stages. The first was its rusted form, then came its charcoal form, then its bronze, silver and gold forms.

By passing the first 100 waves, only would complete the first half of the third trial, and thus earn a bronze-silver to silver weapon. However, progressing to peak of gold became very difficult after that. In fact, it wasn't until around the 140th wave that Dyon finally accumulated enough wins to jump to that level.

That aside, what was occurring now was a special transformation. Instead of being a mere slab of metal, the weapon was starting to return to its original form.

Truth be told, Dyon didn't care much for what was happening. If he wanted to use a broad sword in the future, couldn't he just have the Dragon King morph into one? Although there was something to be said about not overusing the Dragon King so as not to attract attention, wasn't a Life Stealing weapon just as greed inducing?

However, that was when Dyon thought of something else. If he could take this weapon out of the trials, didn't that also mean that others who took these trials could as well? Maybe, in that case, these Life Stealing weapons were actually a sign of status that weren't as rare as one might assume. If that was the case, maybe there was some merit in using this weapon as opposed to the Dragon King.

Thinking to this point, Dyon made a decision. If he really could take this weapon out, he would make it his primary weapon and leave the Dragon King as his trump card.

Although he thought this, there was another reason for this decision as well. Yes, it was true that the Dragon King could morph into all sorts of weapons and armors, however, its effectiveness dropped when it was used for both offense and defense. Dyon remembered clearly that when he was struggling to kill Elder Daiyu, he had to retract his Dragon King armor in order to focus on offense, only then did he manage to chop Elder Daiyu's head off.

Dyon knew that this problem would disappear after he reached a high enough cultivation level to withstand higher unsealed levels of the Dragon King, but for now, it was still a problem. In that case, he could reserve the Broad Sword for offense, while keeping the Dragon King as an armor. With this method, he would multiply his effectiveness in battle.

"I could have killed you on at least seven separate occasions by now." An arrogant, but oddly familiar voice sounded in Dyon's mind. It was only now he remembered that he was still within the trials, and his attention snapped away from the still slowly changing sword in his hand.

When Dyon saw who was standing across from him, only about twenty or so meters away, he couldn't help but be surprised. But, he didn't show much of it. That was because when one thought about the direction these trials were going, it only made sense for such a method to be used to test him.

Standing there, holding a sword just as massive as his, with a look as lofty as the heavens in his eyes, stood an exact copy of Dyon. Everything from his brownish, red-gold hair, to his hazel-green eyes and caramel skin, to even his demeanor... Nothing was different at all.

"Oh? You're not going to speak? Throwing a tantrum, I see. For a man that's turning 30 soon, you remind me more of a toddler."

It was only after his clone said it that Dyon realized that he truly was turning 30 soon. It took him a bit over a year and a half to complete the first two trials, while he spent about 10 in the third. Although he knew that these trials would take him away from his friends and family for a long time, it still hurt to see just how true it was.

For the first time in years, Dyon had thoughts not completely filled with endless rage, but rather, steeped in worry. He had sent his ten-year-old brother, and his little sister, off to a world of beasts, despite promising to let them grow up worry free. He had left his wives to fend for themselves in a world of lustful, selfish and greedy people. He had abandoned his friends and loyal followers, all for the sake of seeking power...

Was it worth it?

Chapter 859: Calm

Dyon snapped himself out of his thought, looking straight into the eyes of what looked like a reflection of himself, before he spoke the first words he had in years, "I don't believe for an instance someone carrying a visage so close to mine could say something so stupid. I am quite an arrogant person, and as such, I can say with certainty that your IQ is several dozen points too low to impersonate me.

"If you want to attack my dao heart, and make me question my own decisions, you should have picked a difference face."

Dyon's form of speech was quite funny, even to himself. After so many years of silence, even he felt that his words were too rigid and formal. Was he speaking casually? Or was he giving an important address?

Despite Dyon's words though, his clone responded to his insults exactly how he would have.

Laughing lightly, the clone shook his head, "I don't need clever tricks or manipulations to relay the truth.

"What kind of man spends ten years lamenting over the death of two imaginary women? Are you certain you have two balls between your legs?

"You claim to be intelligent, yet you pretend not to have realized that if you wanted to achieve your goal, one way or another, the silver-haired bitch would have had to die."

The clone had yet to speak a single lie. The second trial would not have ended until all notable enemies had died. Although it was disguised as a survival trial, the true face of the second trial was to test one's

ability to lead, thus allowing you to form a Presence seed. Part of being a ruler, a king, an emperor, is to make difficult decisions.

For the second trial, the form this difficult decision took was in the appearance of Luna. The trial forced you to be madly in love with her, while also forcing her death to be the only method of passing. It was truly cruel beyond belief, and it wasn't until Luna died that Dyon realized this, but his feelings wouldn't have changed anything.

There was only one truth in the end: even if Dyon had known this from the very beginning, he would have never been able to kill Luna with his own hands, nor would he have been able to scheme her into her own death.

So, the question remained... Since he knew he couldn't do this, was he even worthy of being a leader? Because of his own heart, his own selfish feelings, he couldn't sever ties with a clear traitor even with the lives of his clansmen on the line? And he wanted to be a King? How laughable...

By now, Dyon was absolutely certain of the goal of this trial. He without a doubt had to surpass himself in combat prowess, but it seemed to come with an added attack on his dao heart at the same time. The two-pronged assault was definitely not something many young geniuses could handle.

Even worse, the clone seemed to copy your personality. With Dyon's own wittiness and intelligence being pitted against himself, the comments were particularly biting and on the nose.

However, this trial underestimated Dyon's arrogance. No matter how this imitation was, he was far too arrogant to ever believe any mere system could perfectly replicate him.

Seeing Dyon's lack of a response, the clone only smiled, seemingly understanding what he was thinking.

A dense and eerie power erupted from the clone's hand. Dyon's eyes narrowed as a black band on his clone's wrist morphed into a magnificent scythe.

His countenance began to change, paling from its original golden caramel color, to a pale sheet of white. His eyes lost their warmth, filling with a grey fog pulsing with red veins. Even his hair changed, no longer remaining its brownish red-gold, and instead changing to a jet and sleek black before rushing its growth

tremendously. In an instant, hair that grew to the black of his knees appeared, wafting and waving around in a black and dense fog.

In the end, his body lost much of its muscle mass, leaning out and growing taller. He almost became a skeleton, yet his handsome features became even more pronounced, filled with an eerie dark and dangerous air that would make the hearts of innocent maidens beat wildly.

Even if Dyon saw this transformation from miles away, even if he lost half his intelligence and became to think with his feet instead of his head, in fact, even if he was blind and could only feel it out with his soul, he would never need more than a moment to recognize what was happening...

This was none other than his death intent form. Yet, it seemed so much more refined and powerful. He knew well that he had never entered this state with such perfection before.

"Oh right!" The clone slapped his forehead in mock pity, "Your wills are sealed, aren't they? I almost feel bad taking advantage of you like this, but it's my job. You wouldn't like it if someone stealing your visage didn't do a good job, would you?"

The clone could clearly tell that Dyon was too arrogant for his own good, so instead of continuing, he simply stopped, instead using Dyon's own mentality against him. It could be said that the way the clone adapted to Dyon was perfect and quite unnerving.

But, what was even worse was this clone's power. The fourth trial was supposed to pit you against yourself, and theoretically, it was supposed to be an even match-up that neither of you could win for a long time... Yet... This clone completely ignored Dyon's restrictions, jumping to what would be his peak power if his wills, soul and energy cultivation were unlocked right now.

Even a fool could see that the situation wasn't favourable.

Despite all of this, Dyon still remained calm. There were a few reasons for this.

For one, without a calm mind, all chances of victory would be thrown out. Secondly, he didn't believe that there would be a trial that was impossible to pass, or else this Tower would be completely useless.

The last point was the most poignant to him: He didn't believe that this Tower could perfectly replicate the prowess of the Dragon King, at most, it could be imitated.

Although Dyon's body had the Dragon King on it, it was currently not on his wrist. This meant that the trials purposefully did not want him to use it. At this point, one might think that the trials might have directly given the Dragon King to this clone of his for the sake of the trial, after all, if the Dragon King wasn't with Dyon, then where could it be?

However, Dyon knew better than to worry about this. In the history of the Dragon King, there had only been one person to subdue him: and that was himself.

The reason Dyon was so arrogant so as to believe that this clone could never fully replicate him was namely because of the Dragon King. Although the replica the clone was using was eerily close to the original, because of Dyon's soul connection with the Dragon King, he could tell that this wasn't really him. That meant that the clone wasn't able to replicate Dyon's ability to make weapons submit to him, which also meant this clone wasn't perfect.

All of this instilled confidence within Dyon. He wasn't the type of person to be blindly arrogant. Rather, he was just a person who had the utmost confidence in himself and his own analysis of things. No matter how many millions of years this Tower had been created for, it was still too green to affect his psyche.

Brandishing broad sword, Dyon surprised the clone by making the first move.

His first step was quick and decisive, leaving a vortex of wind where his feet once lay. His sword trailed behind him, picking up momentum and strength as his torso flexed with unbridled power.

Dyon's arms swung forward, his skin reddening. With every flash step, another level of Demon Emperor's Will was crossed. By the time Dyon broad sword was only an inch from smashing into the clone, even Dyon's six golden wings had erupted from his back, causing the lingering energy Dyon had yet to be absorbed in an instant, re-establishing his cultivation at the lower celestial level.

This all occurred in the blink of an eye, and before the clone could even react, Dyon's sword had reached him.

BOOM!

Chapter 860: Not Worth

Dyon's broad sword met the rod of the clone's scythe. However... The clone barely took a half a step back before stabilizing itself. As for Dyon, severe pain racked his arms to the point where he assumed his bones would erupt into dust if even the slightest bit more power was infused into them.

However, Dyon didn't seem too surprised with the result. Even after going all out, the result was a mere half a step back. A normal person might feel despair at this point, and maybe Dyon would be more sane if he did as well. But, he simply didn't.

The clone chuckled, "I did all that, even letting my guard down for you, and that's the best result you could achieve? Isn't that a bit too sad?"

A dense black qi burst forward from the scythe's shaft, corroding Dyon's energy and blackening his skin.

Without waiting for Dyon to respond, the clone swung, blasting him backward.

A flurry of exchanges erupted, if it could even be called that. By the clone's second swing, Dyon was forced into using his broad sword as a shield, hiding behind it as he tried to deflect the power of the blows

"Is this how you fight?" The clone's mocking laughter rang through Dyon ears as he pressed him back, again and again, "Let me tell you a secret. I'm quite disgusted to be impersonating you right now.

"Your fighting style is so crude. All of your techniques are power boosters, yet you have no finesse or skills to properly apply that power, how are you any different from a madly swinging barbarian?"

"Oh, how pitiful. Before you could learn anything from your master, she died. And then the last sliver of her consciousness wasted its last bits of energy trying to stop you from turning into a devil."

The seemingly furious swings of Dyon's clone actually had quite a playful air to them, as though he didn't care to end this battle as quickly as possible.

"So, it seems this is quite a pattern for you, isn't it? Getting pissed off? Throwing a tantrum? You have the emotional IQ of a 16-year-old girl, difference being, at least they know how to vent and get over it. You're pathetic."

The rain of corroding swiped rained down on Dyon's broad sword shield. He could tell that if he hadn't managed to blast through the gold layer of the weapon in his hand, it would have long since shattered completely.

"Oh." The clone suddenly spoke as though it had only just remembered something. But, Considering the devious glint in his eye said different. "I almost forgot to tell you. You probably don't want to accidentally touch the black fog around this arena. I mean, unless you want to leave out the emo thoughts in your head and die."

Before the words had even been fully processed by Dyon, the clone cocked back its scythe, evilly eying Dyon's back foot that was already near the edge of arena, before swinging forward with more force than he had during any of their exchanges.

The bones in Dyon's foot completely fractured, following the forceful revolving of his Celestial Wind Movement technique.

"Haha!" The clone laughed, as though completely expecting this. After all, he was Dyon, for all intents and purposes. As such, he knew all of Dyon's techniques as though they were his own.

However, the next instant completely surprised the clone.

Instead of running, Dyon only used the technique to quickly shift half a foot to the side, before perfectly slanting his broad sword to deflect the clone's blow.

Caught off guard, the clone stumbled forward, clearly headed for the dense black fog he had just warned Dyon about.

Quickly regaining his bearings, the clone sneered. "Such petty tricks. Don't you know that I'm you?"

The clone's eyes flashed with a white light. In that moment, a brilliant formation appeared, completely prepared to stop his moment from going too far forward.

Completely confident in his own means, the clone no longer bothered with his still falling momentum, instead using this opportunity to swing his scythe back toward Dyon, aiming to bisect him at the waist.

However, what he found was Dyon's sword shield.

BOOM!

Dyon was sent flying hundreds of meters back. His arms shook violently, threatening to break once again, while his feet that glided along the obsidian tiles cried under the pressure, not forgetting the fact they had just shattered due to Dyon's violent movement from before.

Eventually Dyon stopped, taking a deep breath and settling down.

At the same time, the clone fell into the defensive array it had created. After stabilizing itself, it pushed itself up from its awkward, half leaning, half falling position, before leisurely placing its scythe on its shoulder and walking toward Dyon.

"You did all of that just to go back to the middle of the arena?"

The clone didn't seem to be perturbed about being tricked. In fact, he was quite interested in how Dyon had such good battle sense, despite clearly being such a newbie.

The truth was that Dyon was correct, his clone wasn't able to replicate him perfectly. However, that wasn't due to any specialty that applied only to Dyon. Or, rather, more accurately, it wasn't a specialty that was exclusive to Dyon.

There were many other overwhelming geniuses who had entered the fourth trial that he wasn't able to replicate perfectly. Those in the top 10 of this trial were perfect examples of this, actually. It could be said that this was an advantage solely given to those amazing enough to not allow a perfect copy of them to be created, and it could also be said that if these imperfections didn't exist, it would be impossible for anyone to pass the fourth trial.

Of course, the speed at which Dyon recognized this still pissed the clone off a little bit, so he retaliated a bit too brashly. He wasn't actually supposed to tell Dyon how dangerous the black fog was, but he was infected by Dyon's arrogant personality. It was unfortunate that he didn't manage to copy all of Dyon intelligence, because Dyon would never risk losing for the sake of showing off.

Dyon silently straightened out his bent knees, rolling his neck as he too rested his weapon on his shoulder.

"Such a shame," The clone shook his head, slowly approach Dyon. "Such good instincts for battle, yet no ability to make the best use of it.

"Even though your wills are locked away, I can tell that even if you had them, you might be able to make use of 5% of their peak. If you went up against those geniuses from the sizable quadrants, you would get destroyed, it's so sad I could laugh.

"You know no weapon techniques, yet you call yourself a weapon's master. You know no fist techniques, yet you for some reason use them as often as you do weapons. The most important technique for someone as shabby as yourself, would be your movement technique, yet you haven't even managed to master the first act of it.

"What's the use of your celestial body? You would get played with to death by even a saint level genius, let alone one that had broken past sainthood."

Truth be told, Dyon wasn't really listening, he was only focused on allowing his ankles to heal. If he didn't, he would be in trouble.

The things this buffoon was saying were things he already knew. The only reason he never factored such things in his calculations, and the reason he still believed that even peak first grade saints would get

played with to death by him, rather than the other way around, was because he was confident in his adaptation abilities.

For example, he had no business killing Jabari Ahpuch, yet that man's life and death was being held on by a string at the end, now wasn't it?

The clone shook its head again, as if reading Dyon's thoughts. "How many characters as stupid as Jabari do you think exist in this cosmos? In fact, Jabari could have actually been labeled a battle genius, it's only that you took advantage of the fact he had never seen concealment arrays before. How could you even be proud of such a victory?"

Dyon finally sighed, "If you're done talking, I don't mind getting this done and over with now."

"Aiyah, I didn't say all of that to destroy your morale and have you fall on your sword. I'm trying to encourage you!" The Clone said in mock pity.

Dyon didn't bother with the clone's antics. "Within one month, I'll clear this trial. You're not worth any more of my time."