

## The Nameless 1161

### Chapter 1161: Reseal

'Which one of these energies do I choose?' Dyon's brows furrowed in thought. He couldn't help but feel frustrated by the situation, something that was no doubt the fault of this world he was in.

He wanted to consult someone, but the twins hadn't followed him in. Whatever world this was, it seemed to have pulled him in alone. On top of that, only things that were engrained into his body followed him. All of his spatial rings, including the one the Dragon King was housed in, were gone. Only The Seal, which was originally in his Mind's Eye, and the Energy Core, which was within his inner world, had followed him here.

Ridiculous. He had entered such a dangerous situation and yet he had no weapons, no support, and even if he did, it was likely that they'd be just as immobile as him. Dyon couldn't imagine carrying around the unsealed Dragon King in this world. He could hardly lift himself, how was he going to lift millions of jin?

'My mind is flying off the track again.' Dyon grit his teeth. Things that normally took him split seconds to think of and deliberate over were now taking minutes. It had already been half an hour since he began riffling through the types of energies, yet he still hadn't decided. This was too frustrating.

If he didn't have control of the situation, he would have at least liked to have had control over himself, but he didn't even have that.

'Wait, my inner world?' Dyon suddenly remembered a thought he had had over ten minutes ago. Something about how his Energy Core followed him in because it was within his inner world. 'If the Energy Core is here, isn't the spiritual vein also here?'

Dyon often neglected his spiritual vein reward because it was far too weak to be of any use to him. But, this neglect only grew after his soul was unsealed because he no longer needed the aurora stones birthed from it.

However, this was a massive mistake. Although the spiritual vein was small in comparison to the Angel Clan's, it was still very much worthy of being a reward for the God Trials. It was about a twentieth the

size of a spiritual vein found in the largest clans of the martial world, but with the Energy Core as its center, its potential for growth far outstripped others.

Still, this wasn't the reason Dyon had sent his mind toward his inner world, nor was it the reason he focused on his spiritual vein. His thoughts were far simpler than that... Since his inner world could withstand the energy of an entire spiritual vein, couldn't it withstand much more?

Dyon blinked. He usually looked toward his inner world with a slight distaste. He had given up almost 20 years for it, time that would have been much more had it not been for Evangeline, yet all he got in return was a slab of dry rock and soil barely ten meters in length and width.

It was impressive that the inner world could reduce the suppressive effects of other worlds on him and that it was far sturdier than normal due to the Primordial Energy that seeped its innards, but Dyon almost felt that for such a difficult cultivation technique... It should give him more.

However, it was only now that Dyon realized that he had been stupid. Or, more accurately, his talent for energy cultivation had been so terribly stifled that he couldn't see this path until he awakened his birth right.

The construction of his inner world had used his meridians as a template. Dyon didn't fully understand what that meant originally, but that was because this "template" wasn't related to array alchemy, but rather, magic.

The theory behind arrays and magic circles were so fundamentally different that Dyon couldn't draw any parallels between the two. In fact, Dyon had such little faith in his energy path talent that he had procrastinated even delving into the world. However, now, things that had been so foreign to him were suddenly simple beyond belief.

If one said that array alchemy's purpose was to alter the laws of the universe in a given space to achieve desired results, magic relied on the meridians themselves.

In Ancient Times, everyone cultivated exactly how the bull-bird did. Energies would be absorbed based on your preferences and used to directly temper the body. Over time, the skeletal and muscular system of your body would evolve to greater heights.

However, as time went on and humans realized just how difficult it was to follow the Titan and Demonic paths, so, they began to find solutions of their own. Maybe instead of trying to copy cultivation methods not created for them, they'd try to find their own paths.

It was then that a study of the human body began and the mysterious meridian system was found. People soon found that the intricate connections between the 108 meridians and found that the patterns themselves held a certain power in nature.

These patterns and ratios would be found in seemingly random things, whether that be constellations, flower petals, life cycles, destinies, faiths.

It was then that the practice of magic began and people started to understand just why the universe replicated those patterns so often and that if you infused energy into these patterns, that the magnificent things you could accomplish were endless.

This had only just now become important to Dyon because he realized that if his inner world used his meridians as a template, his soul as a guide, and his wills as its substance... That meant that its uses couldn't just be limited to removing suppressive effects on him.

Just how much energy could Dyon store if he treated his inner world like his own personal universe?

'My inner world is inextricably linked to my meridians. I keep worrying about what my meridians can handle, when in reality I have a nearly unbreakable tank to deal with all of this.'

What Dyon didn't know was that his inner world acted exactly like the legendary dantian would. It was only natural that he didn't fully understand this considering that the dantian was something only unlocked by those who transcended to the immortal plane.

Mortals had a limited amount of energy they can handle at once. In fact, a large part of cultivation was increasing this upper limit by tempering the body and the meridians. This was why the first two realms of cultivation existed.

The normal limits of the mortal could only handle the energy provided by 108 meridians. By limiting the flow of this energy with narrow or clogged blood vessels, the universe was actually saving humans and beasts alike from themselves.

Those with "poor" talent simply did not have the constitution necessary to withstand large amounts of energy, while those with "good" talent did.

What most mortal plane cultivators didn't know was that this limiter was even fiercer than they thought.

Located just above the belly button was a separate inner world very similar to the Mind's Eye. Except, instead of being linked to the soul path, this separate world is linked to the energy path and is known as the dantian.

When an immortal awakens this world, they gain access to a pool of energy far beyond their imaginations. Someone as powerful as Dyon's Grand Teacher would have a dantian spanning a near infinite and unreachable limit. It is only at that point that one could call themselves a true cultivator.

But... Just what would happen if an absolute genius found a way to circumvent this problem? What would happen if this same genius found a way to gain access to a pool of energy at this level, but was also have it skip over the step requiring their body to be able to withstand it?

This was exactly why Dyon's grand teacher had called [Inner World: Sanctuary] the greatest energy cultivation technique ever created.

While the dantian and mind's eye are described as separate worlds, they were inextricably linked to the person who birthed them. For example, when the Holy Princess entered Dyon's Mind's Eye, she knew that she could damage Dyon by doing so.

Simply put, despite being called separate worlds, they weren't separate at all. Whatever occurred within them could have a direct impact on the real world. Meaning, if the dantian was awakened too early, its wielder would die if they weren't prepared.

However, the inner world sanctuary technique was completely different. It wasn't inextricably linked to Dyon, and the damage that occurred within it was separate from himself. It was like gaining a dantian without the drawbacks...

Of course, Dyon still had to be careful. If he gave his inner world a task too much for it to handle, there was a possibility that it could be destroyed. Should that happen, he would have to once more reseal his cultivation in order to build it again.

#### Chapter 1162: Black

Still, such a matter was trivial in the face of the benefits. This was because while it took time for Dyon to pull energy from the outside world into his meridians, the energy transfer between his inner world and meridians should be instantaneous!

'I don't have to choose between these energies...' Dyon's eyes sharpened. 'I'll take them all!'

And so Dyon began to cultivate, slowly learning his own limits as he went along.

Currently, his inner world was only 10m by 10m, so there was definitely a limit to the amount of energy it could house. However, Dyon had something other wielders of this technique didn't. In fact, he had two things.

The first point was that his world was far more robust. Normally, with a world his size, he'd be able to fill his meridians an additional two times. Meaning, that if his meridians ran dry, he'd be able to call upon his inner world twice more. However, his world was far more robust than others due to how solid the Primordial Energy made it. Dyon believed that his upper limit was actually five times, a number that would increase as he expanded his world.

The second point was maybe the most important: He had the Energy Core. Never mind five times, even five million times wouldn't be enough.

Unsurprisingly, the energy within the beast dung was too much for Dyon's inner world to handle.

So, the first thing Dyon did was extract energy from his spiritual vein, filling his meridians with the energy he was most familiar with: essence energy.

That said, it acted completely different from normal. Normally it would only take ten profound stones for Dyon to fill his meridians to the brim, but it actually took him almost two thousand before he felt that he was approaching his limit. Such a difference really shook him, causing his mind to go off on tangents for another few hours before he finally refocused himself.

Finally, he began to work on the beast dung. Something was telling him that finding such a ready supply of energy in this world was like finding an oasis in the middle of the Sahara, he had to take advantage.

Because he could be less careful with his inner world in comparison to his meridians, this process was faster despite needing five times the energy.

Dyon slowly parsed the energy, separating them into categories and using his innate Godship over his inner world to keep them separate.

Still, this accounted for less than a fraction of a single percent of the energy within the beast dung. However, Dyon was unwilling to leave anything behind so he began to funnel the rest into the Energy Core. Although he couldn't control it, as he had expected, the Energy Core was like a sponge. It didn't need to be prompted to absorb energy.

It wasn't until almost all the energy within the beast dung was gone that the bull-bird's head snapped upward, finally sensing that something was off.

'My body feels much better now, so why can't I move?' Dyon's frustration was only growing. This was a situation where he had to remain calm, yet he was finding it more and more difficult to do so.

By all logic, since he came here, there had to be a way to go back, but the constant attacks on his mind were making it difficult to keep one line of thought for too long.

'Demon Emperor's Will isn't working... Essence energy isn't working... My wills are pitifully weak... My defensive arrays aren't strong enough to pick up and move my body... What the hell is this nonsense?!'

Dyon thought of spending a few days on a comet grade teleportation array, hoping that it would be enough to get him to a human village. After all, ever since he had stepped into the comet grade, he had never made a single array of that level, it just might serve to calm his mind a bit. Even now that he had broken into the moon grade, he was even more eager to use his abilities.

But, something was telling him that it would work. Never mind whether or not such an array would be enough to break through this space, building such a difficult array when he couldn't focus on one thing for more than a brief few seconds was a pipe dream. And, even if it did work, who said the humans would be welcoming of him?

Every time Dyon told himself to calm down, it was like squeezing more air into an already filled vessel. If he continued to use such a ridiculous approach, he really might explode.

'It's coming up here again?!' Dyon froze, his divine sense focused on the bull-bird. But, by the time he realized what was happening, the speed of the bull-bird had already brought it to the surface.

The bull-bird nudged at the ground in confusion, its comedically proportioned body almost tipping over as a result. It couldn't understand why its once heavenly masterpiece had become so... dull.

It completely panicked. It had spent ten years in pain and endless constipation to form it in preparation for the birth of its babies, but now everything was ruined? How could it accept such a thing?

No, no, no. The bull-bird shook its head vehemently, this couldn't be right.

If Dyon had known the importance of this beast dung to the bull-bird, he would have never risked taking all of the energy. Although Dyon's initial deduction seemed sound, he was missing a very key part of the equation.

Beasts in the era were keenly aware of how difficult it was to deal with the chaotic energy. Although it was more than abundant, it was difficult to use. It was similar to being stuck in the ocean. Sure, if you were thirsty, you'd be surrounded by water. But, what good would the salt be to you?

Knowing this, those species that had survived until this day had to make the transition easier for their newborns. Some allowed their newborns to grow within their bellies to maturity, while others used methods like this bull-bird.

What Dyon had done was the equivalent of killing off the path to survival for the baby bull-birds. Without the gentle and parsed energy in the beast dung, they wouldn't be allowed to slowly adapt to the chaotic energy. Even worse, their mother would be too weak after giving birth to them to hunt and make another pile. In the end, they would die.

KKKKUUUUUAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

The bull-bird stomped its powerful ostrich-like feet, clearly enraged. Their species could only give birth once in its lifetime, yet it was ruined. All ruined!

Dyon might argue that it was stupid of the bull-bird to "lay" something so important out in the open, but how could he know that the bull-bird had originally intended to have this bowel movement in its den? It had failed to because of the final meal it had. Due to the devastating battle, the bull-bird had been too agitated to hold it in any longer.

The bull-bird lost all rationality, leaving crater after crater in the ground with its powerful hind legs.

It tried to hold back from attacking its masterpiece, hoping against all hope that it had seen wrong, that maybe reality would change the next time it looked over. However... Reality was cruel.

After turning its head and looking back for the 7th time, the bull-bird finally couldn't take it anymore. Its powerful legs charged toward the several meter-high pile of dung.

In the next moment, it swung its hind legs forward in an enraged kick. A blue streak of energy followed the oddly beautiful arc, in strict opposition to the beast's ridiculous appearance.

Within the pile, Dyon could only sigh. He had been here for three days already and all he had accomplished was blindly yelling at himself incoherently. He couldn't do anything efficiently, he couldn't muster any power, and he could only watch as an attack far too powerful for him to withstand hit him squarely on the side, shattering his concealment array like glass and sending him flying.



The air in Dyon's lungs disappeared in one fell swoop, causing his eyes to bulge outward as his body contorted unnaturally.

In that brief moment, the bull-bird's keen instincts picked up on the naked mole rat it had thought was a figment of its imagination. Its small brain churned before it understood. It was its fault! The naked rat ruined its masterpiece!

As Dyon watched the bull-bird charge toward him, his eyes weren't even remotely calm. He wasn't feeling fear, he was simply enraged beyond belief.

How dare this dumb, ugly creature, too stupid to protect what it deems important try to take me away from my loved ones?

His Titan's blood roared, veins of royal blue coursing throughout his contorted body. At that moment, Dyon felt the same way billions of ancient human races felt... Inferior... Inferior simply by virtue of the species they were born into...

However, before he could do much of anything, his body slammed into an object far too solid to be a tree. Yet, that was exactly what it was...

And then... His vision went black.

Chapter 1163: Trust Me

The next thing Dyon heard was the mumbling of voices, not to mention tears of pain.

"What happened to him?"

"I don't know, he just... he just disappeared..." The sound of sobbing filled the hollow room.

"He disappeared?"

"Yes, and he came back like this."

"How could this happen to his body... How is he alive?" The furious sound of a head shaking disrupted the sentence as Dyon vaguely felt droplets of water hitting his body. "No.. No, it's good that he's alive.. Very good." Another bout of sobbing filled his ears.

He was baffled. 'Can you all not smell that foul smell? I'm glad you're crying for me, but can we clean me up first please?'

Dyon's thoughts trailed away as he once more lost conscious.

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The sound of water and gentle, soft hands flowing over his skin was the next thing Dyon felt. He still couldn't see a thing no matter how he tried, but faint mumbling made him feel warm regardless.

"I leave you for a few months and you go and let this happen to you." A delicate snort sounded. "I don't know what happened to your body, but to think it could heal so quickly, it's beyond logical..."

Droplets of water fell upon Dyon once more, but he somehow felt that it had nothing to do with the water that was washing him previously.

"... You went and became more handsome again... How about you wake up and laugh about how lucky we are to have you? Hm?" The gentle voice seemed to be pleading. It broke Dyon's heart but no matter how much he tried, he couldn't move.

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"Ah! How did he suddenly become so heavy? We were moving him around easier before but now..." A worried voice filled Dyon's ears.

'Heavy? Did I get fat?'

It didn't make much sense. He assumed whoever was talking was a martial artist. Even as a woman moving hundreds of thousands of jin should have been as easy as breathing. So why was it that they couldn't move him anymore?

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"I rushed here as fast as I could, I'm sorry..." More droplets of tears fell upon Dyon, but they seemed different than before. They were infused with such a breath of life that Dyon felt completely refreshed.

"What is it, why are you frowning?" Another voice seemed to ask the first that apologized.

"His body... It's healthy. No, it's more than healthy, it's the picture of perfection. There aren't any internal injuries, I have no idea why he hasn't woken up."

"Your flames won't help?"

"It's not that they won't help, it's that there's nothing to help. Even his life force is many times normal levels, or he would have never survived..."

There was a long pause.

"Not only did he survive, he healed in just a few hours if what you're saying is true. Isn't it supposed to be more difficult to heal stronger bodies? Just what happened to him?"

"I don't know... But I think there's a disconnect between his mind and the disposition of his constitution. His blood is wild, bestial, lustful, and unhinged, but he's still trying to rein it all in. If he let go, not only would he have woken up a long time ago, he would have healed in even less than a few hours."

Dyon could hear all of this, but he was muddled.

Constitutions directly affected your personality. He knew this very well... Ever since his birth he had been wildly arrogant, reckless, and lustful. In fact, he still remembered hitting on Delia and Meiying when he first came to Focus Academy. He still remembered being arrogant enough to embarrass the pillar families of Focus Academy even though they could have killed him with a single finger. He didn't even need to mention all of the times he had been reckless.

It could be said that Dyon's personality really was forged by his constitution, even though it was stolen from him at birth. However, he was born with something other wielders of this constitution didn't have: an overwhelming soul talent that gave him world-defying intelligence. So, he had slowly tried to grow out of his innate nature.

From the voice's words, Dyon could only just barely understand that the chaotic state of his mind wasn't due to the world he had been in. Or, more accurately, it wasn't entirely due to that world. Rather, the world had magnified it many times over.

Dyon struggled. 'Balance... I need balance...'

A groan sounded through the room causing the two talking voices to snap their heads toward Dyon.

"Dyon? Dyon!" They both called out simultaneously rushed to his side. It was only now that Dyon could faintly see the outline of a violet haired beauty with outrageous curves he wanted to bury his head into standing beside a petite silver-blue haired beauty with modest curves, but an exotic look that left him intoxicated.

Even in this situation, his Titan's blood was roaring. 'How good would it be to bed these two at the same time?' It said.

"Madeleine... Ri..." Dyon's voice was barely audible. "Give... Me... The... Pill..."

The two women blinked in confusion. What pill? They didn't have any pills capable of helping him.

"You can't mean the constitution awakening pill, can you?" Ri said in shock. "No. No. Definitely not! It's because of those things that you're in this situation, you're powerful enough! Let us take some of your burden. If you keep this nonsense up, I'll slap you back into a coma!"

Dyon couldn't help but chuckle. With Clara coming into their fold, the fiery tempered Ri had actually become more docile to mellow out Clara's bullying. But, Dyon still remembered the leather-bound tomboy who always tried her best to forget how much she loved being a princess. In fact, that was the Ri he fell in love with.

"Trust... Me..."

There were a stifling few moments of silence before Dyon heard a defiant 'hmph' followed by a familiar delicious liquid seeping through his lips.

Since he needed balance, what better constitution to bring it to him than the one he had planned to awaken all along?

The moment the infusion of energy filled Dyon's body, his evil hands reached outward, grasping two willowy waists and grinning at the sound of their adorable shrieks.

"You're supposed to be injured! We worried about you for so long and now you do this! Clara's right, pervert!" Ri's voice of protest was entirely different from the moans that soon escaped her delicate lips.

As for Madeleine, she only giggled as though expecting something like this.

They both couldn't help but lose any minute will to resist the moment the pleasure giving aurora flames entered their bodies.

Chapter 1164: So Much

Dyon's vitality had shot upward to ungodly levels. His stamina seemed endless and his bestial aura seemed to subdue Ri and Madeleine's bloodlines in an instant. Not only was he the ancestor to all humans, he was also a beast king that ruled over all creatures.

His Titan's blood flowed, maniacally rising as he sat up, thrusting into Madeleine's voluptuous body at an almost rabid pace.

He clutched onto her tightly with his right arm while clinging to Ri with his left. His lips caressed their slender necks while his hands couldn't get enough of their soft bodies.

The trust that his two wives in him was immense. The moment the two of them realized that Dyon wanted to lead the energy in their bodies along a particular path, they fell into his embrace, accepting his wishes whole heartedly.

This was the first time the two of them had combined as one with Dyon since his soul was unsealed. They had forgotten just how good it felt to have their desires turn to the maximum, how soothing it was to have their stamina refueled at every moment, and just how warm their hearts could become when Dyon seemed to innately react to their every desire.

Madeleine's eyes couldn't help but involuntarily widen. 'This...'

She didn't know what kind of cultivation technique Dyon was using, but she suddenly felt herself knocking on the door of the celestial realm. She had been so swept up in pleasure that she didn't even notice.

This wasn't necessarily a good thing. Having gone through tribulations once already, Madeleine understood the importance of preparation, especially considering her talent. She almost slipped out of her world of pleasure and into one of slight panic. She shouldn't have touched on the celestial realm for another year and a half to two years, what was happening?!

But, the moment Dyon sensed his wife's panic, he immediately calmed her. His mind was brimming with a confidence he had lost previously.

'If my wife doesn't want to take her trial now, then even the heavens have to wait.'

The rolling momentum of Madeleine's meridians fell into a calm as though they felt Dyon's will couldn't be encroached upon.

The air of dominance exuded from Dyon as his Emperor's Presence covered the room. Madeleine and Ri couldn't help but feel safe and secure, as though all the troubles in the world would be shattered by the man holding them with love and adoration.

Ri clung to Dyon, her ice-cold lips covering his as she fell into a trance.

Madeleine soon followed behind her, the calls of two pleasure filled phoenixes filling the room.

The violet blood within Madeleine's veins pumped, causing Amethyst's faith seed to respond in ways it never had before. Layers of understanding and complex concepts Madeleine hadn't been able to grasp before suddenly became simpler as her fire will shattered the 7th intent barrier to climb to the 8th.

Primordial Energy poured into Ri the moment Dyon's spear penetrated her.

In that moment, her dormant Elvin Queen's Reign leaped up in excitement. 20 years. It had been 20 years since Ri awakened it for the first time yet it had been so wholly ignored.

Elves were known as the evolutionary bridge between humans and angels. Yet, it wasn't accurate to say that all angels were greater than elves the same way it wasn't accurate to say that all elves were better than humans.

Over the course of history, evolution would have many peaks and valleys. It was the same way a species would come to dominate an era, before being wiped out, only for a new dominate species to rise. This was the way of the world.

There were four main epochs in martial world history. The Chaotic Era. The Primordial Era. The Golden Era. And The Modern Era.

The dominate humans of the Chaotic Era were the Titans and Demons. The dominate humans of the Primordial Era were the Angels. The dominate humans of the Golden Era were the elves and dwarves.

The reason Angels are known as the pinnacle of human evolution is because their reign lasted the longest. As for the elves and dwarves... Their reign lasted by far the least amount of time. As a result,

their peak potential was never seen. In direct response to that, it was widely accepted that Angels were the superior sub-species.

However... The Elves, much like the Titans, received their very own God Grade Constitution. Their will was carried forward by the universe even into the modern era, allowing for their legacy to be passed on to future generations.

Although much about the dwarves has been forgotten, the legacy of the elves, at least, still lives on to this day.

The Elvin Queen seemed to embrace the overbearing nature of the Titan Emperor, reacting as positively as Madeleine's Phoenix Bloodline had to Dyon.

When Dyon met Ri, he learned very soon that her bloodlines were clashing. On one hand was her Snow Kitsune blood, on the other was her Void Kitsune faith seed, and on yet another was her constitution. However, it wasn't just the affinities that caused this clash...

Elves were very much like the dominant human race of the Modern Era: The Sprites. Both the third ranked quadrant and the first ranked quadrant were dominated by this very race of people.

The key here was that the connection with elves with nature surpassed normal bestial levels, which was why so many of them emphasized the soul path. Yet, Ri was born half beast, something that worsened her soul talent considerably.

How could a constitution heavily reliant on the soul coincide with a host with such poor soul talent? A clash was inevitable...

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Outside the training room, Mia and Bella who had been the first to find Dyon in his half-dead state were waiting anxiously, diligently feeding the celestial beast babies who seemed to grow much slower than other beasts. It had already been more than a month since they had been here, but they were still as immature as they first day they met them.



Just as the two were about to check on Ri and Madeleine, the sounds coming from the resting room drifted out to them.

The two twin sisters looked at each other and blushed furiously. On one hand, they were happy that Dyon was awake, but on the other... Wasn't this a bit too soon?

Normally Dyon would have put up a concealment array, but clearly he hadn't been in the state of mind to think about such things. In the end, the twins could only cover the ears of the poor beast babies and stand around awkwardly.

As much as they'd like to leave, there weren't very many places to go within the tower. Every place else was just a training room. Last time they walked around aimlessly, they had accidentally stumbled across Delia and Eli's "alone" time. They didn't want to risk something like that again...

"They sound like they're really enjoying it." Bella mumbled.

Mia glared at her younger sister, but Bella only giggled.

The two sisters sighed. They wondered if they'd ever find love in their lifetime, but they could only shake their heads and push those thoughts away. Thinking about such things would only hurt them.

They knew more than anyone else the kind of state they were in. Half of their bodies had rotted to the point where they were nothing but living zombies. Let alone attracting a man, even if they managed to, what good would it do? They'd be lucky to live for 10 more years and they could forget about having children. Considering the state of their bodies, half their womb was already a barren wasteland.

The two sisters felt happy that their savior and benefactor could enjoy the loves of his life, but they didn't dare to think about anyone other than each other past a certain point. Girls their age were too susceptible to falling for the handsome prince charming that swept them from their terrible lives to bring them adventure and happiness. However, they would never forgive themselves if they burdened Dyon in any way, even if that way was their love.

Forcing smiles and burying their feelings, the twins went back to taking care about the beast babies. They were thankful enough to have a chance at true happiness before their lives came to an end, there was no need to ask for more.

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Within the room, the wild waves of pleasure continued to undulate.

Ri didn't know exactly what was happening, but she could feel her Mind's Eye expanding to levels she had never felt before.

In her youth, Ri had been in love with array alchemy. Although she wasn't very good at it, it was still a large part of the reason she had fallen for Dyon. She could still remember when Dyon peeled the fruit only her mother had ever been able to before using that very discipline she loved so much.

#### Chapter 1165: Cheated

But, as time passed, Ri became obsessed with growing strong enough to help Dyon, to take on his burden right along with him. Because of this, she realized that even if she loved array alchemy, it didn't make sense for her to spend time on it.

Over time, she began to spend less and less time on the matter, pushing it to the back of her mind to seek power. She diligently studied her Snow Kitsune bloodline and delved into the secrets of her faith seed time and time again.

Although she sometimes remembered the days where her and Dyon stayed up for hours talking about array alchemy theory, she felt that it was necessary for her to grow up.

The more Ri put aside the soul path, the more her constitution shrunk into the backdrop. Without fully understanding why, this led to a cycle of Ri striving along the path of efficiency, which led to more neglect, which in turn made it even more difficult for her to communicate with her constitution.

When Ri's Mind's Eye began to expand, all of these feelings she had buried deep resurged. Due to their souls being connected, Dyon's heart began to ache as he gently held onto Ri's small frame.

Of Dyon's wives, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that Ri paid the heaviest price to be with Dyon. She seemed to have such a fierce drive to be perfect, to never weigh Dyon down, that she even suppressed her own personality.

Dyon had noticed this, how could he not? Their souls were connected. The problem was that this matter couldn't be concluded as simply as telling her that it was alright.

What Ri needed was exactly what was happening now. She needed a door to open along a path she, herself, loved. She needed hope to bloom in a way that told her it was okay to be Alexandria.

Tears of joy streamed down Ri's face as her innate soul awoke. Her Mind's Eye grew at an exponential rate, shooting toward over a hundred times its original size. It soon broke past even Clara's upper limits.

In Ri's youth, her aurora had been an ice blue. Dyon had wondered why, but never got a real answer. After her void kitsune faith seed awakened, her aurora became a dense black. It was then that Dyon chalked it up to be the effects of her beast bloodline.

However, her color changed once more, causing Dyon to beam with pride and joy as he watched his wife's beautiful silver-blue eyes flicker in a royal black-gold.

In a separate world, as Ri's Mind's Eye exploded forth, excitement was brewing to new heights.

To describe the world as lush was a severe understatement. Trees grew so old that even a hundred giants couldn't wrap their arms around them. Rivers streamed so clear that even the fish born within them exuded a holy light. The earth itself was so dark and rich that seeds bud mere seconds after being planted.

Spirits of all kind rushed toward its center, eyeing a castle of crystals that had been formant for millions of years.

Unicorns galloped and Pegasi flew. Fairies giggled and flowers bloomed. Multi-arms giants bounded forward hundreds of meters with a single step, even as dragon babies called out with their immature voices, trying to imitate the roar of their parents.

In the center of this massive castle, The Tree of Worlds began to shine once more. Its dead leaves burst forth with a fierce green, its darkened bark brightening to an almost unnatural gold.

The people of the world cheered. Their queen, their queen had finally awoken.

\*\*

In yet another world, the lands of the Dark Elves stirred.

An older elf suffused with wrinkles sat slumped on a throne. It was at that moment that his eyelids opened to reveal murky red eyes.

A pressure of untold proportions spread throughout his castle, causing those of weaker will to slump over, unable to handle the Presence of Asura's Eyes.

'To think that our family paid such a heavy price for the benefit of others. The Elvin Queen has awoken to the Acacia family line... Traitors like us won't survive her wrath...'

The elder once more closed his eyes. He had gambled and lost. The Tree of Worlds would never allow rebellion in the kingdom... Their Elvin bloodline that had once been their strength could only now become their curse...

They had only two paths left to them.

Repentance or...

Death.

\*\*

Dyon, Ri and Madeleine were oblivious to these happenings. With how much Dyon missed his wives coupled with the undying lust burning within him, the queen's subjects had no way of knowing how their goddess was being ravaged again and again.

Mia and Bella fell asleep and woke up to the feverish sounds for more than a week before they showed any signs of slowing down, and even then it was only because Madeleine had responsibilities as the youngest core disciple ever appointed by the Flaming Lily Sect.

The good news was that unlike when Dyon hurt Ri after coming out of his trials, he had the ability to heal and ensure his wives were in top shape this time around.

By the end of it all, Dyon couldn't wipe the grin on his face. He sat cross-legged, still unwilling to let go of Ri and Madeleine, intent on keeping them in his arms for as long as time would allow. His worries had floated away like the clouds.

"Golden Flame Mystical World?" Dyon questioned.

"Mm." Madeleine leaned on Dyon, her towering breasts pressed flush against his right side.

"What aren't you tell me?" Dyon asked with a slightly sharp gaze.

Madeleine sighed before explaining what the sect Master had told her.

"Ha." Dyon's good mood was almost shattered by a territorial rage. They dared have thoughts on his woman? There was nothing he hated more than bastards who put him through "tests".

He never forgave King Belmont for testing him, and he sure as hell wouldn't forgive this Golden Crow Sect.

Dyon felt that those who wanted to test him always had some uppity sense of superiority. They arbitrarily decided their own set of rules and tried to apply them onto the lives of those they shouldn't have had a right to dictate. Often times, those rules didn't even make any sense.

King Belmont wanted Dyon to prove that he was better than his son. What kind of bullshit was that?

Not only did Madeleine love Dyon and not Lionel, Dyon had been in the martial world for less than two years at that time while Lionel was over 20 years old living in the best conditions Earth had to offer. Even if King Belmont eventually stepped off his high horse, that was only after Dyon proved himself repeatedly.

To this day, Dyon still felt the same way: who are you to test me? Are you my father? My mother? Then what gives you the right to pass judgement?

Now Dyon had come to learn that the Golden Crow Sect's odd activities were just elaborate tests to see whether or not Madeleine was telling the truth about having a True God husband. They had a lot of fucking nerve.

Dyon shook his head. "So many people want to piss me off these days..." Taking a deep breath he smiled once more. He wouldn't waste his time being angry during the rare occasion he got to see his wives. "Of course, I'll come. I'm very interested in these Golden Flames."

Madeleine nodded. "I hear that the entrance requirement is being between the 7th intent stage and the half-step dao level of fire. Can you make it? There are three years left until it opens."

Dyon grinned, extending his hand gripped to Madeleine's waist to allow flames of black and white to dance along them. "I cheated a bit, but I think the ends justify the means in this case."

Obviously, after Ri and Madeleine heard the story of how Dyon suddenly had so many 9th level intents, they were incensed.

"Always doing something stupid." Ri glared at Dyon. But, considering the fact her petite naked body was still clinging to him, Dyon couldn't take her anger seriously.

The three lost track of time as they caught up. Warmth was in the air and a rare moment of peace descended.

#### Chapter 1166: Not Fair

"Why haven't the Mino attacked in almost a year? Why did the Aumens retreat only to come back now? It's been so long yet none of you have any answers?!" A disheveled King Belmont sat on a rock throne, roaring at his attendants.

Members of the elves, Jafari, Pakal and Cavositas clans were in attendance, but they could only shake their heads at the fall of this once bright and young King. Even Head Sicarius, Ava's father, couldn't help but lament the fall of his long-time friend.

King Belmont's once lush violet hair had been graying for years, his wife no longer appeared in public with him since that day, and his newborn, who had already grown into a beautiful young girl, hardly spoke to him.

The weight of banishing his own son destroyed King Belmont. He was certain that he had made the right decision, but the impact rippled outwards fiercer than he was able to control.

His master leaving was likely the final straw that broke him completely. He had practically turned into a madman that did nothing but sulk and drink all day.

To call the alcohol of the martial world poisonous was a severe understatement. Comparing the alcohol of the martial world to the mortal world was like comparing flour to angel dust.

Unfortunately, there was no one here who could keep King Belmont in check.

King Acacia spent his days tending to his injured wife. Patriarch Pakal was always weaker than King Belmont to begin with. Patriarch Cavositas was killed during the battle after having his potential forcibly turned into battle power by Loki. And the only remaining King, Zabia, was currently with the Demon Generals who hadn't participated in the Golden Flame Quadrant's campaign on an important mission.

As for Ava's father, it wasn't his place to question the King. As the family sworn to protect the Royal Clan, it definitely couldn't be him... Or else the Belmont Family really would be destroyed.

No one could answer King Belmont's question. They had told him multiple times about the music in the skies the day the Aumens decided to retreat, but clearly King Belmont didn't like that answer. Or, rather, he was throwing a tantrum because the Aumens were coming back, likely meaning that the Mino weren't too far behind from attacking.

How embarrassing had this been? The Mino were camped right outside their natural moat, on their very own land, yet they hadn't dared to attack them even once in this last more than 8 months.

Within the group of Jafari, Dyon's God Son, Sarid frowned. But, his mother, Ulu, covered his lips. Stopping the young boy from speaking his mind.

"Let me go mom!" The 15-year-old boy struggled out of his mom's grasp. "That bastard king needs to be taught a lesson!"

Sarid didn't hide his words at all. He was a good friend to Princess Belmont. In fact, it was due to Sarid and Stella that they had been able to hold the fort against the attacks of the Uidah. So, almost no one knew better than Sarid how far the King had fallen. There was a reason his own daughter didn't speak to him anymore.

And now, when it was the job of a King to bring the people together, he was yelling at them and being divisive? When all he had done during the war was drink? The bastard hadn't even appeared on the battlefield!

"What did you say?!" King Belmont turned his anger toward the teenage boy, the majesty of a celestial erupting from him.

"You heard what I said you disgusting old man!" Sarid was surprisingly unfazed. His father was the Zabia and his god father was the legendary Dyon. Their battle nigh mythical battle was still spoken about among the citizens of Earth to this day. How could he live up to the two of them if he was scared so easily by such a cowardly man?



Head Sicarius grasped King Belmont's shoulder. Although he didn't say anything, his meaning was clear. If King Belmont stooped so low as to attack a child, a good friend of his own daughter no less, there would be no going back.

However, King Belmont seemed to have started seeing red. In his distorted view, Sarid was the problem. How dare he have a better relationship with his daughter than him? How dare he disrespect me in front of so many people like this?

"Go ahead." Sarid growled. "Cross the line. I dare you."

King Belmont trembled in rage. "You... You're so confident because of your two fathers? Is that it? Zabia and Dyon are nothing but little boys! I've lived hundreds of years! Do you believe that even if they were here, that they could save you?!"

"I bet my father and god father barely need to raise a finger to defeat a shell of a man like you." Sarid snorted.

Sarid might not have a constitution, but he had gained his father's large frame. Zabia was well over 3 meters tall while he was a teen, and Sarid followed suit having already reached 2.5 meters in height despite being 15 years old.

In the end, the Jafari bloodline ran through his veins, he wouldn't be easily intimidated even by someone of a higher cultivation realm.

King Belmont trembled in rage even as Head Sicarius' grip strengthened on his shoulder.

"I didn't expect you to have fallen so far, Belmont." Suddenly, a voice familiar to many of them cut through the thickening atmosphere.

Dyon walked into a familiar hall with a frown on his face. He remembered this room well, after all, this was the first place he came to when he awoke from his coma. It was also the place he had that large verbal bout with Madeleine's parents.

His divine sense had been concentrated on this room for a long time, so he hadn't missed anything that happened. But, he would be lying if he said that he wasn't surprised by King Belmont's sudden flip in attitude.

Although he disliked King Belmont, he had always seemed like someone with a decent head on his shoulders. Dyon never thought that he would collapse like this.

Dyon ignored King Belmont for the moment, choosing to smile toward some familiar faces. However, what confused him was that even those who had once been close friends looked at him with a stunned expression on their faces.

"What? Is there something on my face?" Dyon involuntarily brought his hand to his cheek. He still had PTSD from essentially being washed in beast dung for days, so he was worried that maybe some of it was left behind.

From within the section of elves, Zaltarish stood and walked toward Dyon.

Dyon remembered this grey-skinned and red-eyed elf well. He was once an enemy, but they had grown to have an amicable relationship after he saved the Elvin Kingdom. Dyon couldn't help but wonder if he had won over Mithrandir's heart in the past 20 or so years. If he really hadn't succeeded, Dyon really would have to help this poor fool out.

Zaltarish's red eyes flickered with an odd light as he closed the distance between he and Dyon, soon their noses were practically touching.

After a few moments of awkward silence, Zaltarish's teeth grinded against each other as he scanned Dyon from top to bottom.

"AAGGGHHH!" He roared, tilting his heads into the ceiling. "IT'S NOT FAIR, WHY ARE YOU SO HANDSOME?! I'M THE ELF, AREN'T I SUPPOSED TO BE BLESSED WITH NATURE'S LOOKS? FUCK! YOU BETTER STAY AWAY FROM MITHRANDIR, YOU HEAR ME YOU BASTARD?!"

Those around the room couldn't help but burst into a fit of laughter. They really were stunned by Dyon's appearance because he simply looked like he was carved out of some heavenly metal. It was clear that even Dyon himself didn't understand the kind of changes his constitutions had brought to him.

Hearing Zaltarish's nonsense, Dyon couldn't help but shake his head. "Maybe if you had agreed to follow me into the tower instead of staying behind to chase skirts, you wouldn't be regretting it so much now."

Originally, Dyon had planned to take a whole host of young elves with him as well. Why wouldn't he? After all, they were the subjects of his wife's kingdom.

However, there were apparently important rituals the elves had to undergo. It was similar to Saru's coming of age ceremony, but important for far more reasons than just pride.

With King Acacia back, the Elvin Kingdom finally had a True Empath who could walk them through the Ancient Game protecting their tombs, so they could receive blessings from their ancestors.

#### Chapter 1167: Note

Of course, Ri was meant to stay behind as well, but she refused. She wanted to follow Dyon no matter, so that was what she did. Unfortunately, this led to her constitution being neglected even further.

There was good news, though. Ri no longer needed this awakening because Dyon had effectively accomplished the same thing by giving her so much Primordial Energy. In fact, Ri's constitution sucked up so much that his remaining energy was depleted.

However, he wasn't worried about that. After experiencing entering that world once, he had firmer control over the gate. With his constitutions now perfectly balanced, he could enter whenever he wanted by stimulating his titan's blood.

That said, there were numerous caveats to this, as one might expect. But, that could be explored at a later date.

Either way, judging by Zaltarish's leap in strength, they didn't lose out by much. Although he hadn't broken into the celestial realm, when one considers how scarce the energy in this universe is, the fact that he had reached the 9th saint realm was impressive in and of itself.

Judging by the fact it took Madeleine's former master more than a 1000 years to simply break into the saint realm, yet she was touted as a genius, the fact Zaltarish had these feats before 40 years of age was truly a marker of his talent.

Zaltarish pouted. "Don't make fun of me. You know perfectly well why I had to stay. Now, even if you try and kick me away, I won't leave."

Dyon laughed. He much preferred this Zaltarish to the one who was overtly serious and spent his every waking moment trying to please his father.

Thinking to that point, Dyon couldn't help but wonder how Head Sigebryht was doing. Now that he had finally stopped trying to one-up King Acacia in everything, maybe he was living a more relaxed life now.

Patting Zaltarish's shoulder, Dyon made his way to a big framed teenager who suddenly looked very nervous. Those who knew Sarid were astonished by what was happening. Since when could that giant blush?

Dyon grinned, looking up at his god son. "Look at you. Who said you could grow to be bigger than me? Huh? You're probably too big for the present I left you, aren't you?"

Sarid sheepishly smiled while scratching the back of his head.

"Well, I wouldn't be much of a god father if I didn't give you a present, now would I?" Scanning Sarid, Dyon could immediately tell the kind of weapons he liked. These were the kind of senses his Weapon's Master will gave him.

"How about these?" He said after a moment, taking out two weapons that made Sarid's eyes glow like a toddler on Christmas morning.

Sarid almost giggled as he accepted the two massive battle axes.

They both had a black finish, with a fierce red glow. Their handles were slightly longer than a meter with the thickness of a small bowl. But, their truly magnificent characteristic were their massive twin blades. They were capable of hiding half of Sarid's massive body alone.

Sarid stumbled forward at the sheer weight of the weapons, barely missing Dyon as the stabbed directly into the floor.

He looked up with an embarrassed grin. "They're a bit too heavy for me..."

Dyon smiled, having expected this. "They're 1st comet grade Spiritual weapons, so they are too heavy for an essence gatherer like you. But, you'll grow into them."

Placing a finger on both weapons, sealing energy coated the blades. Sarid could only watch Dyon in surprise as what used to be millions of jin of weight suddenly shrunk to a few ten thousand. It was still heavy for most essence gatherers, but for Sarid, it was perfect.

Sarid happily swung his new weapons around, laughing like a kid for the first time in a long time.

Nearby, Ulu's tired eyes glistened with tears. It had been a while since she had seen her son so happy. She was a bit worried that Dyon had given him such an astounding weapon, but knowing Dyon's personality, it would be a waste for her to try and get him to take it back. So, she only kept her gratefulness in her heart.

Although everyone else was stunned by the grade of the weapon, Zaltarish and the others of the Sigebryht family who specialized in seals were more shocked by Dyon's control of the energy. Sealing millions of jin of weight was a highly complex feat that required great comprehension of spatial will. Yet, he had done it so casually.

Dyon looked around after doing his duties as a god father, even spending the next few minutes greeting familiar faces.

After assuring Head Sicarius that Ava and Arios were doing well, he couldn't help but ask about something that had weighed on his mind.

"Where is the Bai family? What about Meiying?"

Maybe if it was before the war with the Ragnor, no one here would know what Dyon was talking about. After all, the Bai family was a small pillar family of Focus Academy. Even at their height, Focus Academy had to be wary of attack from the mortal world, they didn't exactly have high positions in the martial world.

Yet, after the war, everyone came to know about the sacrifices Meiying had made. If it wasn't for her, the Ragnors' plans would have gone much too smoothly.

Dyon had been hoping to get an answer from Patia-Neva who was once the Headmaster of Focus Academy, but it seemed he wasn't here as well. In all likelihood, he was spending time mending his relationship with his wife. Something Dyon couldn't fault him for.

Finally, it seemed like that was final straw for King Belmont. "Is this really what we should be talking about right now? The fate of the kingdom is on the line and you're all having a warm welcoming party? I hope that comradery helps you when the Mino's axes bisect your bodies.

"You're the "hero" of Earth, aren't you? How about you do something?"

Everyone turned a hateful glare toward King Belmont, but he only sneered in disgust. It was clear that he was too far gone.

Dyon frowned as he looked toward King Belmont. 'Something's not right... A person doesn't just change so abruptly...'

"How long has he been acting like this?" Dyon asked Head Sicarius.

Head Sicarius looked toward Dyon curiously. He fully expected this hot-headed youth to lose his cool and unleash his rage onto King Belmont.

As an assassin, Head Sicarius' senses were incredibly sharp. On top of that, although his soul talent wasn't anything to write home about, due to the Sicarius family's core teachings, he had control over his soul very few in the upper echelon of the martial world could match.

One only needed to look toward how both Ava and Arios could fake their deaths to understand just how well this family could control their soul.

So, the moment Head Sicarius saw Dyon, the fact he couldn't see through him meant one thing: This boy was already stronger than them all. In just 20 or so years, he had leap frogged any expectations they might have set for him.

Simply put, Dyon could kill King Belmont if he wanted. Yet... He hadn't. So, did that mean there really was something odd going on with him?

In the end, Head Sicarius shook his head. "I don't know. He just hasn't been himself since his master left."

King Belmont's expression darkened further. They really were talking about him as though he was a child who needed his hand held.

"Tell me everything of note that happened during that time." Dyon pressed.

"Well... Since you did bring up the Bai family, their Holy Lands have had some odd occurrences recently..."

Head Sicarius went on to explain that after his master left, King Belmont was still sharp of mind and knew that this would soon lead to war. After all, the only thing holding their enemies back were the threat of dao formation experts.

So, he started travelling around Earth to gather up and organize their forces ahead of time. One of the families he visited was the Bai family... In fact, the last family he visited was the Bai family. This was something that was incredibly odd to his attendants because by the time they got to the Bai family,

there were still more than 90% of the families to go. Yet, King Belmont just stopped for no apparent reason.

Chapter 1168: Horizon

Dyon frowned as he looked at King Belmont. 'What's wrong with him?'

He knew that something was off, but he had no idea what it was. He could only ask the twins to see if they knew.

"It seems like a curse." Little Yang responded.

"A curse?" Dyon's frown deepened.

"Magic was just one of the disciplines that came about studying the meridians. There are an equal number of symbols that hurt and help humans that can be found within them.

"The Magic Masters were created to reflect the positive, but the Poison Masters were created to reflect the negative." Little Yin continued where her brother left off.

"To the laymen, poison is just a gas or liquid that caused ill effects to the human body. But, the truth is that the poison master discipline is far more complex than that..."

Dyon fell into his thoughts. Poison Masters were propped up to be one of the seven lauded secondary professions. He had always thought that there was a reason for it, but he had never had the time to explore said reasons. It seemed that he was right...

With a single step, Dyon made his way to King Belmont. Before he could react, he sent a palm to his forehead, causing him to lose consciousness. This time, it was far easier than when he had to do this for Head Tudo. After all, King Belmont was much weaker.



Still... It was too easy... It was clear that something was eating up King Belmont's battle prowess. Even for Dyon, sealing someone's consciousness when they didn't want it should have been far more difficult.

Dyon caught King Belmont's body before it could slump forward. "There's something I have no true expertise in ailing him. Let him rest for now... There are more pressing matters to deal with."

If what the twins were telling him was true, he didn't know if he could help King Belmont in a short period of time.

Within the human body, there were 108 meridians. These 108 represented what they called 'Cores' in Magic and Poison mastery. Essentially, the skill of a Magic or Poison Master was decided by how many cores they could control, and how many variations hidden within these cores that they understood.

It wasn't always better to wield more cores, but it also was a bad thing either. Like all things, there was a balance.

To make the complex simple, while there were only 108 meridians in the human body, there were several folds more connections between them.

During the meridian formation stage, what cultivators "cleared" were the main paths. However, there were several minor paths that had been studied for epochs. These minor paths held deeper meanings within them that could be translated into Magic Circles or Poison Runes.

What one would classify as a 'poison' in the martial world were simply plants or minerals that contained a higher ratio of these curse or poison patterns in comparison to magic patterns. It was as simple as that.

The real question was what this had to do with Bai family.

Dyon had wondered years ago how a supposedly small family like the Bais could become a rival of the Daiyu. Considering the arrogance of dragons, even though their bloodlines were sealed, they wouldn't waste their time on just any family.

Even more curiously was Meiying's Feng Shui Compass will.

This will was categorized differently from others because there was an exceptionally finite number of individuals who could use it at a given time. This was because the will the universe supplied to it was also finite due to the small number of people who practiced and acknowledged it.

To make a long story short, the only way Meiying could have gained such a will was by killing someone who wielded it before her... Either that, or someone who was close to her died before passing it on.

The importance of wills like this couldn't be understated. Not only were they incredibly rare, they were also incredibly powerful, even rivaling supreme laws in some cases. One had to remember that the reason the Daiyu almost forced Meiying into marriage was because of her will! She was somehow able to accomplish things only True Empaths could with it...

The more Dyon thought about, the more he wanted to find out just what was going on with the Holy Land of Bais. He understood why the elves decided against coming with him... But why had Meiying?...

Head Sicarius took King Belmont's unconscious body in his arms, looking toward Dyon with a complicated gaze.

"Can you take me to the Daiyu?" Dyon asked. He felt like they would know more about the Bai. After all, they were their sworn enemies, no?

The few thousand remaining members of the Daiyu were still chained in the Belmont Castle dungeon along with Vidar Ragnor. While Dyon forgave Thor, he had never forgiven the rest of them. So, after Chenglei and the rest of the Daiyu finished their trials, they returned to Earth to be imprisoned. Of course they might have wanted to disobey, but their souls were simply too weak in comparison to Dyon.

Just as Head Sicarius was about to nod, the sound of horns blaring shook the castle, causing dust and debris to fall from the already cracking ceiling.

While everyone else's expression paled, Dyon's eyes flashed with a sinister light.

"I swore I would destroy the Aumens two decades ago, it seems like today is the day."

His body erupted with a majesty that wiped the fear from their hearts. They could still remember the day Dyon awoke with his coma... He had promised to take care of Uidah and that was exactly what he did. Was he about to single-handedly save them again?

Dyon stood in the air with his normal relaxed expression. His bare feet dangled freely while his hands sat relaxed within the pockets of his sweatpants. Compared to the nervous energy of the army to the back of him, it looked more like he was taking a stroll at the park.

Since the horns blared, Dyon had already told them more than once to relax, to allow him to deal with everything, but they were still wound up as tight as could be.

That said, the armies were separated cleanly and actually showed some semblance of tactics. The elves had divided their sub-armies into their various family structures, providing support of the elements. The Sicarius royal guards took the vanguard, led by Head Sicarius and Arios' elder brother. All while the other families were reasonably dispersed among them.

After Dyon learned that his fanboy, Airic Sapientia, had written more than a dozen books breaking down his battle formations and tactics, he understood the reason for this change.

He couldn't help but chuckle to himself. Airic Sapientia was a young man he met during his very first campaign. He fell in love with Dyon's warfare and was convinced that this was the only way war should be fought. So, despite the Sapientia taking a neutral approach to all wars like this, he had been quite helpful to the effort in other ways.

Thinking to this point, Dyon couldn't help but wonder where the Sapientia were now. He hadn't seen or sensed any of them, which was odd considering the range of his divine sense.

'They probably moved to another planet to avoid the conflict.'

As Dyon was lost in thought, the beating of drums filled the atmosphere as the Mino camp arose with an intense momentum.

They stood on the other side of the natural moat with fierce expressions, exuding an aura of bloody, murderous intent.

Their appearances were quite sinister as well. Their frames were large, dwarfing Sarid in size. Many of them had large, black bull horns protruding from their large foreheads ranging in color from dense blacks to bright reds.

Judging by their armor, the Shruti family did more than just help them a little bit. They were even a step above the armors Clara created for the Demon Generals, glistening with silver sheens under the dim and clouded morning lights.

One man stood before the army of what looked like minotaurs holding a massive black halberd still flaking in blood from his last battle. It was obvious by the respect the warriors behind him showed that he was Head Mino, the clan leader of the Mino.

He towered over the rest of them and, quite frankly, Dyon was surprised by his demeanor. He would expect anyone else who saw a random boy standing in the skies without a single hint of armor or weapon to be confused. Yet, Head Mino pretended like Dyon wasn't even there, as though he was just yet another enemy he would cut down with his halberd.

The Mino made no move to advance, instead, the drums continued to beat as the Aumens came over the horizon.

Chapter 1169: With Me!

In contrast to the bleak killing intent of the Mino, the approaching army was like a blazing sun of golden flames. Their three leaders, three men Dyon recognized very well, walked forward with an arrogant disdain for their opponents.

When Tau Aumen saw Dyon standing in the sky, his eyes flashed with anticipation. As for his little brother Ur Aumen, he was staring at someone very different: Sarid Jafari. Although he was more than ten years older than Sarid, he was frustrated and jealous by his talent. There was nothing more he wanted to do than defeat Sarid and take Stella from him. He apparently didn't care about how many times Sarid roared that he and Stella were just friends.

As for King Aumen, his eyes sharpened when he saw Dyon. He still remembered that humiliating day when a simple roar from this young man had made him, an esteemed celestial, retreat tens of miles. Seeing Dyon stare at him with those same unafraid eyes, anger he had buried for decades raged to the forefront.

At that moment, a dash of purple light flashed across the side to appear in front of Dyon, causing him to raise an eyebrow.

"Stella Belmont, I presume?" Dyon said with a chuckle. "It's best that you get behind me."

Stella frowned, looking at Dyon. Although her heart skipped a beat when she saw how handsome he was, she immediately regained the composure of Princess.

"It's the responsibility of the Belmont Family to protect this planet, if my father can't do it and my two brothers have disappeared, it's my job. How about you step back?"

Stella had never met Dyon before, but she didn't like his arrogant and casual appearance. And why was everyone letting him stand at the forefront of the army? The Belmonts were still the Royal God Clan of this planet, not whatever clan this young man came from.

Even worse, she had a bad impression of Dyon because it seemed like he was powerful, but he had never taken part in any of the battles before. Why? Was he waiting for when they were at their lowest so he could take the power of the Belmonts right from under their noses?

Dyon had to admit that this little girl was quite amusing, but she seemed confident in her own ability.

She looked very much like a purple clad Valkyrie, even wielding an Amazonian spear as her weapon of choice. Her purple hair whipped in the wind while her one red and one blue eye twinkled with a majesty and aura only a princess could match.

Sarid would have shouted to Stella from below, but she had kept their conversation private using her essence energy so as not to affect the morale of the army. If there was infighting now, it would only be a detriment.

Dyon chuckled and didn't say anything as Stella took the lead. He didn't blame her, anyone who didn't know him, he was a mere 12th stage essence gatherer. But... To those who did know him, they knew his energy cultivation was his weakest strength...

"Clans of Earth, with me!" The young teenage girl roared, cutting through the beating drums of the Mino and the arrogance of the Aumens. Not an ounce of fear on her delicate features as flames of red and blue blazed around her.

Dyon couldn't help but chuckle. He remembered when Stella was just a gurgling baby, he had even played with her as a toddler when he awoke from his coma. He might have asked for be her god father as well if it hadn't been for his grudge against the Belmont family. Plus, while he was good friends with Zabia, the same couldn't be said for King Belmont, so it was inappropriate.

Stella sensed an odd atmosphere after her roar, but that could only be expected. Dyon had just told them not to charge at all, but now Stella was telling them the exact opposite after rushing here from her training.

Of course, if they had to choose who to listen to, the answer was simple: Dyon. He was more powerful, older, and more battle tested. Although Stella was a great talent, she was still barely 16 years old.

However, Dyon had no intention of embarrassing Stella, so he quickly winked the army, nudging his head forward before pulling out a plain bow.

Those who were astute had a bit of an understanding about what happened, so they understood Dyon's intentions and followed up Stella's call with a roar of their own.

Hearing this reply, Stella finally calmed her nerves. She had never taken her eyes off the enemy because of how blatantly stupid that would be. It wasn't as though she had divine sense like Dyon. However, Dyon's plan of not bruising Stella's ego didn't last for long before the arrogant Tau Aumen ruined it all.

"Dyon! You finally crawled out of the hole you were hiding in?! Do you dare to fight me?!"

The battlefield became awashed with silence.

'Dyon? Who?' Stella's delicate neck snapped back to the handsome young man she had charged ahead of, a young man who happened to be rubbing his nose and avoiding her eye contact.

"Who are you?" Stella multi-colored eyes sharpened, looking at Dyon. "You can't be? Dyon Sacharro?"

Seeing that Dyon was still avoiding eye contact, Stella's sharp look softened considerably as she fair skin turned a furious shade of red. She looked down toward the lake below them, wondering how long it would take for a cultivator to drown. If there was no ground for her to hide in, water would have to do.

Dyon laughed at Stella's adorable reaction. However, this didn't make Stella feel any better. She had lost count of the number of times she had seen the replays of Dyon's fights. The problem was that he was just a teenage boy then, but now he had grown into a man. Not even mentioning the fact he had somehow become far more handsome, something Stella hadn't thought was possible.

Feeling a large, warm hand ruffle her hair, Stella's blush deepened causing the sound of hearts breaking to overwhelm the battlefield.

"Just relax." Dyon said with a bright smile. "How about you let your Uncle handle the rest? This war will end today."

Stella nodded slowly before obediently taking her position behind Dyon. However, her calming nerves flared up again when she remembered why Dyon would call himself her Uncle. The image of her 2-year-old self clinging to Dyon resurfaced as she adorably stomped in the air.

Dyon laughed to himself wildly, his voice booming over the battlefield with such vigor that those with keen senses immediately understood that he wasn't to be trifled with.

Tau Aumen launched himself into the air, appearing just five meters from Dyon blazing with a golden light.

"For years I've had to listen to how I wasn't the first of our generation. Did I not place first in the World Tournament? And yet you all dare disrespect me like this? Today is the day your legend comes crashing down!" Tau roared at Dyon, his anger boiling.

Dyon looked past Tau to see the Heads of the Geb and Horus God Clans, families under the Aumen Royal God Clan, fuming.

It was no surprise that they hated Dyon's guts. After all, he had been the reason their daughters died. Of course, the two of them would never mention how their daughters' cheating almost cost him two wives, but Dyon didn't expect them to. He just calmly added them to list of individuals who had to die.

Tau's rage reached the extreme as rings of golden flame wafted out from him. "After all these years, you're still a pitiful essence gatherer. I will show you the power of a saint!"

It was no surprise that he was enraged by Dyon ignoring him, and even less surprising that he charged forward like a raging bull.

At the end of the World Tournament, because he had to save Meiyong, Dyon didn't qualify to fight in the top two, leaving the match to Tau and Lionel. However, instead of being crowned as the number one of their generation as he should have been after Lionel's bloodline was stripped from him, Tau only heard about Dyon.

Despite not having qualified for the top two, no one believed that there was a member of the younger generation who was superior to Dyon. This fact alone caused a flame of rage to burn within Tau. This day... This day was one he had been waiting for, for a long time.

His fist flew forward at blinding speeds, shattering the sound barrier as rings of flames extended along his arm.

"[Lion Sun God's Rage: 6th Roar]!"

A sinister light flashed in Tau's eyes as his fist landed squarely on Dyon's chest before erupting into cacophonous booms.

Chapter 1170: Former



Dyon, who was still holding the common grade bow in his hands looked down at his chest with a frown. 'A perfectly good shirt ruined. I guess my control isn't very good...'

An agonizing scream filled the battlefield with a ghastly atmosphere just moments later. The eyes of those spectating couldn't help but widen as they saw Tau's sorry figure... He was missing an entire arm!

Stella looked away when she noticed that Dyon's broad, muscular back was now in full view. The rose-bronze light his skin emitted was just too enticing.

Dyon shook his head, looking at Tau like a fool. He had two of the top three defensive constitutions, yet this idiot fought him head on? Still, Dyon was surprised by the power he emitted. He had done nothing but circulate his energy a bit, yet Tau was in this kind of state.

One had to also consider that the silver mirror constitution relied entirely on the energy path. If it was this devastating now, just how devastating would it be in the future?

"Tau!" King Aumen roared seeing his first son dripping in blood.

Ur Aumen, Tau's younger brother, completely froze. He had been so focused on Sarid, certain that his elder brother would definitely win. In fact, he had been planning on challenging Sarid directly after this... Yet, his dreams were completely crushed.

'Maybe I should have had my clone fight him instead? I'm not learning anything about my constitutions fighting someone so weak.' Dyon thought.

However, when Dyon tried to summon a white lily, it withered away completely.

'You've got to be kidding me...!' Dyon sighed in frustration. He spent all of that time raising his understanding of the Florence family technique, only for it to hit rock bottom once more.

Truth be told, he should have expected this. He had stacked 5 god constitutions and 10 heaven constitutions together. Replicating that with a cloning technique was a fool's dream.

Still, he had expected his percentage to fall. But, not being able to produce one at all? That was too unfair, wasn't it?

Seeing Dyon's absentminded expression, Tau's rage was boiling once more, but he no longer dared to charge forward again... He felt pathetic. His family took pride in their golden flames, even looking down on the phoenix flames of the Belmont family. They were supposed to be prideful and arrogant, yet it had all come crashing down for Tau... He didn't know how to deal with it.

Dyon was the one who killed two of his fiancées. Dyon was the one who stole the momentum of his victory. Dyon was the one who ruined his clan's plans and forced them into retreat for more than two decades. Yet, he, as his father's first-born son, as the successor of the Aumen family, couldn't even lift a finger in protest.

Suddenly, as Dyon was thinking to himself and Tau was brooding, the sound of clapping came from within the Aumen army.

"To think that there would be such a powerful essence gatherer in this pitiful universe." A blond and red-eyed young man with long flowing hair came forward.

His chest was bare and broad, his pants were baggy with a very loose crotch that almost scrapped along the ground. His neck was graced by large and red prayer beads that seemed only natural in conjunction with the odd slit and folds of skin on his forehead.

"Hello," He bowed like a monk, "My name is First Essence Son, Abraham Uidah."

Those of the army behind Dyon trembled. The name Uidah and the Presence of the King God Clan was simply too fierce. Faith power couldn't be wielded within the gates, but outside of one? That was a different matter all together.

The level of faith a First Essence Son would have was tremendous. This kind of trial... Why them?

Stella grit her teeth, clearly enraged. "Bastard Aumen and Mino Clans, you actually dare to betray your own universe to become the dogs of the Uidah?!"

Something like this was absolutely disastrous. One of their own purposely allowing members of another universe to enter their own? If Dyon wasn't the key wielder, wouldn't they have already raised the gate's limit and allowed celestials in? If that happened, everything would be over!

Dyon yawned. "Oh? You became first essence son? I would have thought that that would be given over to Kaghaen."

Kaghaen Uidah was none other than the former first meridian son during Dyon's first campaign. He had never heard of this Abraham before.

Dyon was very interested in this faith power, though. It seemed that because of it, Abraham didn't show any signs of being suppressed. It seemed the difference between a King God Clan on the verge of becoming an Emperor God Clan and a universe with only mere Royal God Clans was too much.

"I do have to thank you for that." Abraham bowed once more. "Because you killed Fifth Meridian Son, I was able to take his place and work my way up. Kaghaen is the current Second Essence Son."

Dyon chuckled. It wasn't actually him who killed that person, it was Alidor disguised as him. But, that hardly mattered.

Still, for this person to leapfrog Kaeghaen and even the seductive beauty, Silvyr, who Dyon met when he rescued Ri during his first campaign, to become First Essence Son. There was probably something special about him.

That said, did it matter? He was destined to become Dyon slave just like the Essence sons and daughters before him.

"Interesting." Dyon scanned Abraham with a glint of interest in his eye. While others mistook this to mean that he was taking him seriously as an opponent, in Dyon's mind he saw a lab rat. This was the first time he had an opponent who had and could use faith.

Just like the campaign gates, cultivators were barred from using faith within the tower as well. Maybe if Dyon's enemies had their faith in the Valley of Geniuses, he would have lost.

As for the Devil Cultivators, if they had used their faith, they would have been immediately exposed. So, they too couldn't have.

Then there were those of Soul Rending Peak. They didn't have a person acknowledged by the Master Symbol, how could they mobilize the faith of their sect? You quite literally had individuals named to the core disciple ranks that didn't even deserve to be outer disciples.

Unfortunately for Abraham, he mistook the glint in Dyon's eye the same way everyone else did.

"Although I am vaguely thankful for the opportunity you gave me, I unfortunately have to kill you. The death of a son or daughter of the Uidah can't be decided by you."

"Listen." Dyon stretched his neck. "There's a whole lot of time being wasted here, I still haven't visited my in-laws. I'm not interested in your fake Buddha persona. If you want to attack, attack. You know what? I'll do it for you."

Dyon disappeared in the next instant, causing Abraham's eyes to widen.

In the next moment, Dyon who had just been standing more than half a kilometer from Abraham suddenly appeared in the middle of the Aumen army, stunning the arrogant Uidah who followed them here.

"This is the difference between you and me." Dyon softly landed on the ground, not making a single sound as he stretched his chin over Abraham's shoulder. "Now Kneel."

An overwhelming pressure blazed through the battlefield the moment Dyon's words left his lips. He didn't even bother to tap into his Emperor grade Presence. For these fools, Duke was more than enough.

Thousands froze all at once, falling to their knees in the next instant under the astonished eyes.

Dyon's eyes scanned over the Aumen army in interest. As expected, their arrogance and will to fight had disappeared and they could only look toward Dyon in fear. However, what was intriguing was that although the Uidah showed fear and seemed to be paralyzed, they remained standing.

"I see, I see." Dyon nodded. "So is this the dignity that faith provides to you? It protects from Presence as well? I'll have to keep that in mind."

Looking at the Uidah who had come, there were just a few hundred of them. However, the five who stood at the front were the five Dyon assumed were the new essence sons and daughters.

Dyon chuckled to himself as he had a funny thought. He had already controlled ten of their sons and daughter, five former meridian sons and five former essence sons.