

The Nameless 1171

Chapter 1171: Weak

From what it looked like now, they had all graduated to the saint tier except for Kaghaen. Dyon was wrong about Abraham leap frogging Silvyr, because she wasn't present. Clearly, she had already broken into the saint realm as well.

Dyon looked at Kaghaen who happened to be the only one kneeling. "What happened to you?"

"I apologize for my incompetence." Kaghaen replied respectfully. "When we realized that you wouldn't be back before we all moved on and became saints, I volunteered to suppress my cultivation at the essence tier. However, I never would have thought that Abraham would become a stronger essence gatherer than me, so it ruined your plans. Please punish me!"

Dyon was surprised by how much loyalty Kaghaen was displaying. It seemed he underestimated the value the tower had to geniuses who hadn't grown used to it.

Of course, part of the reason was because Dyon had a seal within Kaghaen that left his life and death in his hands. But, one only needs to look toward Elder Nova to know that just having a seal didn't guarantee this kind of showing.

Those who were listening were shocked, but those who knew Dyon suddenly sighed in relief. He really hadn't left them without a plan, it was just that it fell through at the last moment.

"Abraham is stronger than you despite your having access to the Ethereal Permeation trial?" Dyon asked in surprise.

One had to remember that the first interaction Dyon had with this supreme law was with Alidor. It had somehow become the staple of those with Uidah blood running through their veins. So, Dyon had thought that by giving them access to the tower, they should have progressed far beyond their peers.

That said, it was curious. Dyon wondered how the Uidah and Alidor's family, the Guatama, had come to specialize in his grand teacher's will. But, that was hardly important now.

Kaghaen lowered his head in shame. "Abraham was born with denser than normal Uidah blood and the Guatama family faith seed, Buddha's Third Eye. I am not talented compared to him."

"I see..." From Dyon's understanding, the Uidah and the Guatama were two sides of the same coin. For their powers to coalesce into one individual really would have astounding affects. This was something that hadn't happened since the Uidah conspired to destroy Alidor's Guatama family.

At this point, Abraham was sweating in fear. He realized now that the current him was far below Dyon, yet his right-hand man was actually already a subordinate of this man?!

What did this mean?... It meant that Dyon was already strong enough to wipe the floor with essence sons and daughters more than 20 years ago!

"I see, so you're quite talented, hm?" Dyon pulled back, scanning Abraham once more. He didn't miss the cold sweat that matted the teens forehead, but he appreciated the stubbornness in his eye.

Abraham's third eye creped open, but before he could even finish his thoughts, Dyon's palm slammed into his forehead. With Dyon's senses, even the smallest twitch was clear within his vision.

Others often underestimated Dyon because of his cultivation, so Dyon had no intention of making the same mistakes others did. Since he didn't know what this third eye was capable of, he'd rather not face it at all.

Sealing energy poured into Abraham, first sealing the vision of his third eye, before forming a brilliant array in his Mind's Eye. Soon, the first essence son realized that no matter what he did, he couldn't go against Dyon's wishes.

Despair overtook his mind, he couldn't believe it. All his life he had been an absolute genius. He even became the fifth meridian son before he was even ten years old. Now he was about to step into the saint realm before 25. How could this happen to him?

"The Uidah are wasting your talent. You only have this much cultivation to show for your efforts? It's better if you serve under me."

Abraham's will power quaked so fiercely under the stimulation of his bloodline that he blacked out, completely unable to go against Dyon's wishes.

"Take him and leave." Dyon said, casually sealing the few hundred others.

"But.. What do we tell them happened here?" Kaghaen couldn't help but ask.

"Tell them that you lost the war but we didn't dare touch geniuses of the Uidah for fear of your clan's anger." Dyon thought for a moment. "Don't go back empty handed, actually."

Dyon attention snapped toward Tau who was rushing toward Stella, clearly trying to take her hostage.

With a mere flash of his eyes, sword qi appeared in Tau's path... Before anyone could react, the head of a long-known genius flew into the air.

The head travelled through the air, following a current of wind will into Dyon's hand.

It was then that a devastated roar shook the battlefield belatedly. It wasn't until Dyon tossed the head to Kaghaen and his son's body hit the waters below that King Aumen came to realize just what happened.

The devastated father became blinded with rage, his power erupting without care for the state of the Earth beneath his feet. He, Head Geb and Head Horus charged toward Dyon, taking this opportunity to vent their own anger.

The armies at the back wanted to come forward, especially the family heads like Head Sicarius, but Dyon put his hand out to stop them.

"I've waited for 20 years to beat them into submission. No one but me will fight this battle!" Dyon casual demeanor completely changed. It was as though he was a beast whose chain snapped. His voice roared over the battlefield, ignoring the Uidah to meet the three celestials in the air.

Everyone here knew exactly who Dyon was. Even the Mino did because the World Tournament was streamed to their planet despite being jailed by the Shruti. Because of this, they were all aware of not only his age, but also his power. So... How was this young man able to react to the speed of angered celestials?!

Dyon expected a long drawn out body. Everything about his momentum to his demeanor was as though he was prepared to unleash decades of pent up rage in an instant.

He still remembered when King Aumen gave the order to kill his wives. He still remembered the moment he broke into the intent stage of demonic will because of how angered he had been.

He remembered the feeling of being toyed with, the feeling that pressed down on him from above telling him that his life and the lives of those he cared about didn't matter. He had been so beyond his limit at that time that he killed the 11th ranked genius of the Geb family with his bare hands. He tore his body limb from limb like a savage beast, beating him even long after his heart stopped beating.

Dyon's roar sounded through the air. "[Titan Emperor's Will – Act One: Stage One]!"

The power of his body soared to an inconceivable level.

When Dyon first learned Demon Emperor's Will, to say he was impressed was an understatement. A Divine Grade Technique capable of upping one's power by so much? Even the very first stage doubled one's strength of body, it was magical.

However, Dyon fell into despair when he couldn't access the technique when he was in that chaotic world and his mind was in too much turmoil to think of a solution.

Things changed once Dyon perfectly balanced his constitutions, though. He understood exactly why he couldn't access the technique... It was because the technique itself had fundamentally changed!

While Demon Emperor's Will increased the strength of the body incrementally, by two, then four, then eight and so on... Titan Emperor's Will, a technique nestled within Dyon's bloodline, was on a completely different level.

Just the first stage didn't just increase his body's strength by two, it wasn't by four either, nor was it by eight... Not only was the mere first stage a twenty times multiplier for the body, it multiplied energy cultivation as well!

Dyon's body shot up to more than ten meters in height. The earth beneath his feet shattered so resoundingly that thousands of kneeling warriors fell into the Belemont Catacombs below, shouting out in despair as the lake's water poured in after them.

Dyon's energy surged along with his body as he roared into the skies.

Brilliant half-step daos appeared at his back, shining in the light greens of wind will and the royal blues of his weapon's master will.

Beautiful crystalline armor coated his massive body as the sky trembled. A beast had been born into the world.

"DIE!" Dyon roared, launching himself into the air.

The multi-colored half-step music dao appeared before Dyon's lips.

In the next instant, something astonishing happened. Head Geb and Horus, two celestials in their own right, shook in terror as they looked down at their bodies.

Moments later, they erupted into a shower of blood.

King Aumen's rage disappeared in an instant. Panic overtook his mind as he suddenly remembered those very same eyes from 20 years back... The eyes of an enraged beast....

Dyon was so fixated on his anger that he didn't even realize that his mere roar had killed two celestials. He had already appeared before the cowering King Aumen, his massive hand wrapping around the King's skull.

A growl reverberated deep within Dyon's throat as the lake below separated slightly to liquid dripping from the once arrogant King's legs.

"To think that you'd be so weak." Dyon's voice rumbled so deeply that it was as though a Dragon was before King Aumen. "You don't deserve my anger.

Dyon said no more. In one moment, his hand was open, and in the next, it closed.

The body of a celestial fell from the skies as blood dripped from Dyon's oversized fist.

Chapter 1172: Firmly

Silence reigned over the Belmont Holy Land.

Three celestials. Three otherworldly beings that stood at the top of their world... Killed in mere moments.

If Dyon said he was certain that he would win so easily, he would be lying. He was very much prepared for a long and drawn out fight, but he severely underestimated just what it meant to have regained his true constitution. And not only that, but to have also doubled its effectiveness.

Before Dyon essentially rebuilt his body, he could have barely been considering a fourth-grade body cultivator. The only reason he could fight toe to toe with third grade middle celestials were for three reasons: a) he had ignored his master's rules at the time and utilized a divine grade technique that multiplied his prowess by 64, b) he had given up tens of thousands of years of life in order to master half-step daos, an ability only peak celestials would have and c) he was in the third and deepest selfless state, something that maximized his battle power to inconceivable levels.

These also didn't mention other things like the fact Dyon's soul was a half-step away from the dao formation realm, or the fact he used the unsealed Dragon King, a weapon superior to many supreme grade weapons, in his battle.

It took all of these things in order for Dyon, as a fourth-grade celestial body cultivator to fight just one tier above him against someone of the third grade.

This wasn't a mistake. This was simply how large the differences between celestial tiers was. The difference between a third stage celestial and a fourth stage was massive. As was the difference between a sixth stage celestial and a seventh stage. These were the markers between the lower celestial realm, the middle celestial realm and the higher celestial realm.

It was because Dyon understood this that he immediately went all out against King Aumen, Head Geb and Head Horus. He still hadn't gotten an accurate gauge of his own powers, which caused him to go overboard.

Firstly, Dyon was no longer a fourth-grade body cultivator. Not only was his body equivalent to the first-grade level, it was the equivalent of the first-grade at peak perfection.

As most knew, the greater one's grade, the more defined the differences. The third-grade had two divisions, the second-grade had three, but the first-grade had nine. Dyon's body was now the equivalent of someone who had filled all 108 meridians at the saint realm before crossing the celestial barrier. Just that difference alone made him more than ten times as power without any added techniques.

Secondly, there was the change in Dyon's meridians. The act of re-establishing his original constitution was the equivalent of Dyon regaining his original set of meridians, the set he was born to receive.

Technically, his true original set of meridians is still within the energy kernel, but this was the beauty of cultivation. Every path was intertwined with one another. While a constitution might specialize in one path, it actually provided a boost in all three paths.

The Titan Diamond Body was a special case just like this one. It had twelve stages total, and each stage allowed one to be "reborn". Dyon, by stepping into the silk bronze stage, was essentially reconstructed from head to toe, discarding all of the bad, and replacing it with the good... There was a reason the final stage was known as the silk of fate...

The third and final point was the majesty of the Titan Emperor's Will technique...

Just from a basic level, one could see that this technique was ten times more potent than the Demon Emperor's Will technique. The first stage provided a 20 times increase, but the second stage would be a 40 times increase, while the third stage would be an 80 times increase. By the end of the first act, Dyon would already receive a higher boost in strength in comparison to the final stage of the second act of Demon Emperor's Will!

And, on a more in-depth level, Titan Emperor's Will boost not just body cultivation, but also energy cultivation!

None of this even mentioned the fact that King Aumen, Head Geb and Head Horus were pitifully weak. Head Geb and Head Horus were mere fifth grade celestials, the lowest allowed grade for a celestial. While King Aumen was a third-grade celestial, but of the lower celestial realm. They were simply incomparable to the warriors of the Grand Templar Sect.

The change in Dyon was so large that he could hardly be called the same person anymore. At this point, he could most definitely fight the two Kings of the Grand Templar Sect without needing that deep selfless state. And, he had more than a 70% chance of winning.

Dyon couldn't help but sigh to himself. He broke his master's rules thinking that he needed to, but in the end he didn't. If he didn't get a grasp on the limits of his strength soon, it would only be detrimental to him. He still didn't even fully understand just how much his silver mirror constitution improved in comparison to the normal version.

However, Dyon was happy about one thing: his roar.

Before, Dyon couldn't use his music will like that because his vocal cords were too weak. The human body was simply too frail. But, it seemed that the this Titan Body of his was far more robust that he could have imagined.

'If it's like this, I won't have to use the [Dragon Transformation] technique to gain dragon vocal cords. Maybe I can already use dragon language in my current state?'

Dyon, who was standing in the skies, lost in thought, almost didn't realize that he was the center of attention. In fact, even those close to him wondered if he had lost his mind.

However, it was then that Dyon looked toward King Mino. "Hey, I need a sparring partner. How about it?"

Dyon looked at King Mino who still hadn't moved from beginning to end. He shrunk down from his ten-meter size, returning to his normal height.

The moment he did so, it was as though an oppressive aura had finally disappeared, causing everyone to sigh in relief.

While waiting for the King's answer, Dyon couldn't help but think of the celestial beast babies. He had kept them with Mia and Bella, thinking that this would be a tough fight. But, it seemed he had overreacted.

King Mino looked toward Dyon with a fierce gaze. As a King, he couldn't show the turmoil in his heart outwardly, but to say he wasn't shaken by Dyon's display would be a lie.

Seeing that he didn't answer immediately, Dyon smiled. "Truth be told, aside from my little niece, Stella, I have no love lost for the Belmont family. I have every intention of unifying this universe and forming its first King God Clan in a long time. Actually, it could be said that I am already the leader of a King God Sect outside of this universe."

Dyon wasn't sure of how to mobilize faith, but his words weren't a lie. Soul Rending Peak controlled an entire universe, giving it the qualifications of a King God Clan.

As one knows, a God Clan was a clan that controlled a certain percentage of territory on a given planet, or a clan graced with this title by a Royal God Clan. A Royal God Clan controlled an entire planet within a universe. However, a King God Clan had to, at a minimum, control a single universe. One didn't become an Emperor God Clan until 25 universes were conquered and didn't become a Comet Grade Clan until an entire quadrant was controlled.

Dyon's words made Stella a little sad, but she understood where he was coming from and respected the fact he made his wishes so clear. Considering his power, the Belmont family didn't deserve to keep him under their thumb. Plus, she was well aware of how her brothers and father had treated this uncle of hers in the past.

"Why are you telling me this?" King Mino replied in a gruff voice. His tone was steady and forceful, causing his men to admire the calmness of their King even in this situation.

"I'm telling you this so you know I have no desire to kill you or rule you by fear. As you can see," Dyon pointed toward the Uidah, "My plans have been being slowly laid out for decades already. If you follow me, I can provide you with more benefits than the Shruti did by far."

King Mino's eyes narrowed. "How do you know about the Shruti?"

Dyon chuckled. He knew because the twins told him the origin of the armor they were wearing, but Dyon didn't want this ability of his to become common knowledge, so he replied differently.

"Saru and I can be considered good friends. Also..." Dyon's gaze sharpened. "I dare to say that even they can't compare to the growth I can provide to your bloodlines."

King Mino fell into silence.

Below them, the remaining army of the Geb, Horus and Aumen clans slowly crawled up from the abyss the fell into. Dyon didn't bother helping them, but his Presence was locked firmly onto Ur Aumen.

Chapter 1173: Hung

"We are the descendants of the Demon Bull. If you want us to serve under you, you'll have to defeat me!" King Mino came to a decision. No matter what, he couldn't put down his pride.

"Good!" Dyon grinned fiercely, launching himself through the air to meet King Mino's swinging halberd.

The two met once, then twice, continuously rising into the air to avoid damaging the planet below.

Dyon's blood flowed with a happiness that was hard to describe as his fists met King Mino's weapon.

King Mino was far more powerful than King Aumen. Although he was also a third-grade celestial, he had crossed over into the fourth stage while King Aumen was lagging behind in the third. This meant that he had entered the ranks of the middle celestial.

But, that wasn't all. His body was sturdy and robust, showing signs of breaking into the celestial realm as well. He clearly cultivated two paths, making him much more of a challenge.

Dyon didn't use his Titan Emperor's Will not to disrespect King Mino, but rather, to test his limits. Plus, no one below could see their battle anyway. He knew very well that King Mino was doing this to keep his pride as the King of Planet Mino, so he had no intention of embarrassing him.

Hours later, a large four-meter-tall meteor came crashing down, blasting apart the center of the Mino army.

Dyon calmly descended from the skies as the warriors of Mino rushed toward their King.

"Father!" A girl seemingly far too delicate to be of the Mino clan ran out of the army. She too had horns, but they were a pure white and curved elegantly. Also, unlike the others, hers didn't come directly from her forehead and were instead hidden within her hair.

She glared at Dyon hatefully before helping her bloodied father sit up.

At that moment, King Mino suddenly laughed blissfully. "I haven't fought to my heart's content in a long time. As long as you treat our Mino clan well, we won't ever betray you."

"But, father!" The Princess of the Mino Clan called out in protest, but King Mino only shook his head.

Dyon landed beside the barely sitting King Mino, smiling at Princess Mino who still seemed intent on glaring at him.

"Don't touch my dad!" Princess Mino tried to stop Dyon, but it was already too late.

The moment Dyon's hand touched King Mino's oversized shoulders, a flood of soothing energy flowed into the large man.

The healing characteristic of Dyon's aurora flames were quite weak. In the past he was able to heal himself and the likes of Eli, but unfortunately, it wasn't a characteristic that blossomed overtime along with his soul.

If Dyon had to guess, he believed the healing characteristic was likely from his Master's blood essence. But, considering the fact he hadn't integrated anymore of her blood, it hadn't improved in a long time.

Simply put, Dyon's aurora flames didn't have the ability to heal a celestial despite the level of his soul, however, what could heal one was among the energies Dyon had taken from his constitution's world.

Among the myriad of energies expelled from the bull-bird's dung, one of them was quite good at reinforcing life force and promoting healing. It was far gentler and calmer compared to the other energies.

What Dyon didn't know was that usually, the bull-bird wouldn't expel this energy in its waste and would rather keep it to itself. However, due to the fact this dung was meant for its newly born, it did. In fact, it was the most plentiful form of energy within the dung.

It was likely because of this very energy that Dyon's injuries were healed in just a few hours. But, what was even more astounding was the fact that this energy was even more effective than the atmosphere of Soul Rending Peak's Mystical World.

Princess Mino, who had just been readying herself to battle it out with Dyon, paused in shock as she watched her father's injuries heal at a visible pace.

'Maybe?...' Thinking of something, Dyon smiled as white flames erupted from his palm. Suddenly, injuries that were already healing too fast for common sense accelerated toward health at an even faster pace. 'As expected, the amplification ability of my white flames is impressive...'

Seeing Dyon's actions, the hostile atmosphere around the Mino camp suddenly calmed and was finally replaced with gazes of gratitude.

They were well aware that Dyon had no obligation to do this, especially not after all of the provocation their Mino Clan laid bare before Earth. He was well within his rights to treat them cruelly — such was the way of war. But, it seemed as though he wasn't a leader who wanted to rule by fear...

That said, it was also clear to them that Dyon was no pushover. Having someone as talented as King Aumen under his wing would have only helped Dyon. Yet, he didn't hesitate to kill him in a moment.

The reason this tactic was so effective was especially because they witnessed Dyon's means with the Uidah. Clearly, he had the ability to control individuals, yet he directly killed King Aumen. Why? The only explanation was that King Aumen crossed a bottom line he refused to forgive.

Soon, King Mino was completely healed and clasped his hands in thanks. Even his daughter bowed her head, apologizing for her earlier actions.

Dyon grinned. "With that fiery temper, you and Stella would be good friends."

Princess Mino, whose name Dyon soon learned was Aoife, snorted in disdain. "I'd never be friends with that big-breasted bimbo."

"What'd you say, horns for brains?! Is it my fault your head is bigger than that flat chest of yours?!" Stella shouted from across the lake, having clearly heard Aoife's words.

Dyon laughed as the two teenage girls screamed at each other from hundreds of meters apart. The funny part was that Aoife wasn't flat-chested at all. In fact, she was quite well-endowed. It was just that Stella's chest was towering, already comparable to Madeleine's. It was just that it was hidden under that purple armor of hers.

Aoife wouldn't have even known just how well-endowed Stella was if it hadn't been for one of their fights a few years back. Aoife's halberd cut a mark across Stella's body armor, causing quite an indecent scene. Stella had hated Aoife ever since despite the fact it had only been the two of them there.

An instant later, though, Dyon's expression became serious as he looked toward the seated King Mino.

Despite the fact he sat cross-legged on the ground after Dyon's treatment, King Mino was still eyelevel with Dyon and immediately sensed his gaze.

"There's a possibility that I may ask your clan to move to another universe, how would you feel about this?" Dyon probed.

He was well aware that it may be a simple matter to him to move, however for others, he understood that some had sentimental attachments to their home. Mass migrating to another universe might not be realistic.

Hearing Dyon's question, King Mino frowned slightly. Their home planet had many important landmarks he didn't feel right leaving, especially that ruin that attracted the Shruti to their planet.

Instead of answering though, King Mino asked a question. "Why?"

"You all may not know this, but in comparison to other universes, the energy density here is poor. It's a testament to the talent born in this universe that some of you can even make it to the celestial realm. In any other universe, you might be knocking on the door of the dao formation realm by now..." Dyon explained.

A conflicted glint flashed in King Mino's eyes. If what Dyon said was true... They really were being held back here. Still, it wasn't so simple to just forget everything and leave.

Dyon's words travelled over the battlefield. Although he was speaking to King Mino, these were words that applied to everyone.

"I know what you're probably thinking," Dyon continued, "But I have no intention of abandoning this universe. There are many resources here that can't be found anywhere else. The Belmont Catacombs are just one example of that.

"If I can promise that you'll be able to return to this universe whenever you want, not only quickly but easily as well, will you agree?"

Dyon's words hung over the battlefield.

Chapter 1174: Devil

Hours later, long after Dyon had left the battlefield, he found his way to the Belmont dungeons to see the familiar faces of thousands of Daiyu.

Although he hadn't gotten a solid answer from the Mino, there was nothing he could do about. If he wanted their loyalty, things like this couldn't be rushed.

Plus, there were many matters to deal with still. For example, if everyone migrated, what would Dyon do about the Sapientia? Would he allow them to stay here? He knew that he definitely didn't want any Sapientia in his Kingdom, but he couldn't exactly just kill them all, so what would he do with them?

Then there was the matter of the Bai and King Belmont's condition. Meiyong hadn't agreed to go with him before, what about now, though? What was happening with their Holy Land? And what did they have to do with Poison Masters?

Dyon wasn't worried about transportation, though. The one thing their universe always had were arrays far surpassing their ability to create.

For example, Focus Academy had a creation array, the very one he used to manifest a piano during the Opening Ceremony. Yet, their best formation master at the time was of the practitioner grade despite the fact a creation array requires master grade specialty.

Then, there were their teleportation arrays. Under normal circumstances, it would take months, if not years, for a normal vessel to travel in between their planets. Yet, the Aumen could attack and retreat at their leisure.

Obviously, these arrays left behind were the lingering remnants of the Celestial Deer Sect. They had been repurposed for use by this God and Royal God Clans, but Dyon could maximize their effectiveness even further.

Normally, only a comet grade array was needed to travel from planet to planet within a given universe. Moon grade arrays could travel from universe to universe within a given quadrant. However, to teleport to a new quadrant like Dyon proposed, it would require a planet grade array.

The good news was that the Celestial Deer Sect had left many of them behind. If the 23rd White Mother could casually hand out such arrays to the Sapientia, what do you think the Celestial Deer Sect had available to themselves?

Simply put, the matter of travelling back and forth was settled. The only question was whether the Mino would agree. Dyon suspected that they had quite a few important things they were holding onto here, which was why they were a bit reluctant. That said, he didn't pry.

"Well look who finally decided to check on us poor slaves." A dirtied Chenglei spit toward the jail bars with disdain.

He looked far different from the first time Dyon met him. Back then, he had been proud, silent and brooding. But, after Dyon killed his grandfather and he was essentially enlisted as a slave, there was little left of his original personality.

His clothes were ragged, his long jet-black hair was matted with sweat and dirt, and his originally handsome oriental features were covered with dirt.

Beside him, were another half a dozen Daiyu. But, that wasn't the end of them.

The dungeon stretched for hundreds of meters with each cell housing six to ten prisoners. By the end, they numbered in the low thousands.

"How did your trials go?" Dyon ignored Chenglei's obvious taunt. "It seems like you haven't spent your time cultivating if you're still at the 2nd saint stage. Or... Did you really think I wouldn't notice that your cultivation is actually at the 10th saint stage, hm?"

Chenglei's dull eyes flashed with surprise before his disdainful attitude was replaced by despair. It was obvious to anyone what his plan was: to fake his cultivation and one day catch Dyon by surprise. It was too bad that Dyon's senses were simply too sharp.

"Hm, let me guess. You took the Marquis trials and just barely passed thinking I would think that you're weaker than you actually are, huh?"

"Chenglei, you should know that I'm aware you have a God Grade constitution. I've known as much ever since we fought in the Elvin Kingdom. Do you really believe that I would think that this was the extent of your abilities?"

Chenglei grit his teeth. His constitution was awakened to less than 50%, so he had thought Dyon would overlook him. Wasn't Dyon supposedly blindly arrogant? Why was he so cautious?

Dyon shook his head and sighed. "I have the ability to not only unseal your dragon forms, but to also awaken your constitution fully, yet you insist on being so foolish."

Dyon wasn't lying. It was The Seal that took away the Dragon Bloodline from the Daiyu, so it was only The Seal that could give it back. Yet, he never did this because he didn't believe the Daiyu deserved it.

"Fuck off." Chenglei growled. "You think that you can buy the loyalty of Dragon? I am the Prince of the Daiyu! I won't bow my head to you!"

"Still as stupid as ever." Dyon's lip curled in disdain. "You're being treated like this because you fought a war, you killed, you pillaged, and you took as you wanted, yet you lost. Now, you want to throw a fit because you've fallen into the hands of the enemy? Is that your supposed pride as a neutered Dragon?"

Chenglei very clearly became agitated by Dyon's words, but in the end, he remained defiant.

"It doesn't matter." Dyon shrugged. "The only reason I haven't killed you is because of the promise I made to your ancestor. If you want to squander his life and yours, that's up to you. I've done my part."

"I came here for an entirely different reason. Tell me about the Bai family and why your arrogant Dragon race would have a problem with such a small clan."

Chenglei glared at Dyon, but eventually, he had no choice but to answer due to the seal on his soul. "They might be a small clan, but that doesn't mean they don't wield power. They're devil cultivators."

Chapter 1175: Right from Wrong

After learning everything he could about the Bai from Chenglei, Dyon abruptly opened the cage doors and left. Chenglei couldn't understand what Dyon meant by this, didn't he intend to keep them under lock and key until they repented?

He stood, walking to the opened cage door and slowly stretched his arm out. Half of him was cynical and believed that Dyon was playing a cruel joke. With the seals in them, they couldn't leave even if the roof above their heads was torn open as long as Dyon didn't want it. But, surprisingly, even after his arm stretched over the entrance line, he didn't feel any rejection coming from within.

Complex emotions flooded Chenglei's chest as his brows furrowed.

The path before them was laid bare and obvious. They could either leave on their own and never follow the path of Dragons again. Or, they could remain here and wait for Dyon to come back. If they chose the latter, their futures would be bright. At the very least, they would have a chance at reaching their full potentials.

Chenglei understood that they had no right to hate Dyon for not undoing their seals before letting them go. They had lost their dragon bloodline due to a war they chose to take a part in. What obligation did Dyon have to unseal them and awaken his constitution? He had none.

Seeing the paths laid out before him, Chenglei's will steeled as he decisively stepped out of the cage, followed by hundreds of his clansmen. The moment they did so, the last remnants of the seals within them disappeared like the wind.

'The Daiyu Clan will be rebuilt by my hands. I am a Dragon! I would never rely on another.'

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Dyon immediately sensed what happened, but he didn't really have any reaction to it. Sure, it would be great to have an army of Dragons at his back. Pure blooded Dragons like the Daiyu, despite the fact their Dragon Souls were only of the bronze realm, were incredibly rare. Although Dragons were promiscuous and had high fertility rates, that was only when they lowered themselves to the level of other species. When Dragons mated with their supreme grade beast counterparts, the story was very different.

Plus, Dyon had the means to improve even Dragon bloodlines. Not only did he have access to an entire world's – the limits of which he didn't currently understand – Primordial Energy, he also had millions of Reverse Scales accumulated from the Daiyu Tombs.

Although it would be impossible to raise them to the Gold realm even with this many reverse scales, the Silver realm was definitely a solid possibility. Such a support for his Kingdom would be astounding.

One had to remember that Dragons were the second ranked among the quadrants not because of their inferiority to the Star Clan. In terms of raw battle power, no one could match the Dragon Species, even though their bloodlines, much like that of seemingly every other tribe, clan and sect, were also declining. Their physical prowess was mind-boggling and their energy stamina was endless.

There were two main reasons, though. Firstly, the faith of the Star Clan was so overwhelming that even the Dragons couldn't overcome it.

Although it was impossible to use faith within the Valley of Genius, the tower itself was a separate matter altogether. Special events like the Valley banned faith because their purpose was to give lower class individuals a chance to rise up. However, one had to remember that there were requirements of Clan and Sect Grade in order to reach higher levels.

One couldn't step into the Celestial floors unless you were affiliated with a Royal God Clan, it was impossible to step into the Dao floors unless you were affiliated with a King God Clan, and the top floor, as the Demon Sage would attest, was blocked off to any not the ruler or legate of an Emperor God Clan.

No one understood just why these rules were set in place and why the tower could be so fair in some aspects, but so unfair in others, but this was how the world worked. Sometimes, not everything was fair.

Simply for this reason, Dragons, an already scarce species, could hardly be found on the dao floors. This was because their arrogance pervaded their being so fiercely that they would often break off from clans they were affiliated with and attempt to create their own kingdoms.

This pattern caused a never-ending cycle of Dragon Clans becoming smaller and smaller. Despite the fact the Drago-Qilin Lands spanned an entire 5 quadrants, there wasn't a single Emperor God Clan among them, and the King God Clans were pitifully few.

As a sharp contrast, the Star Clan wielded the fate of a Second Comet Grade Clan, they were simply on an entirely different level.

The second reason Dragons were ranked second and not first was one that you could only shake your head at. A lot of the time, Dragons simply didn't show up to events they believed were beneath them. Often times, the only event Dragons would appear in at all was the ranking tournament, but they would place so poorly in the other events that their best outcome was usually second or third.

Even knowing all of this, though, Dyon didn't regret letting Chenglei go despite knowing full well that he have forcibly kept them under his thumb. Anyone with half a brain would know that enslaving a Dragon Clan wouldn't go over well with the rest of their species. However, this wasn't Dyon's reasoning.

The Daiyu Ancestor gave up his body and soul for a chance for his clan to survive. Dyon simply didn't feel right betraying that dream of his even if Chenglei felt his own pride was more important.

Chenglei needed to grow up, and he couldn't do that in a cage.

Dyon tossed this to the back of his mind as he entered the Eostre family tombs. It had been decades since he last visited Ms. Everdeen's resting place, so he wanted to pay his respects before he spent some time with Ri and his In-Laws. But, what he saw made his eyes widen in shock.

Dyon stood frozen, his brain seemingly short circuiting. He was usually proud of his demeanor... it was an aspect of him that made him almost unflappable. It usually took something as big as suddenly leaping from a first level intent to a ninth to make his mind turn to mush, yet he could hardly process what he was seeing.

After leaving the Daiyu to their own devices, Dyon immediately used the Demon Sage Tower to travel to the Elvin Kingdom.

The truth was that Ri and had come with him to visit her parents, but he had insisted on dealing with the war himself. Ri had thrown herself into cultivation in order to be able to help Dyon with his burden, so over the last two decades, she had only seen her parents a handful of times, something that Dyon told her was unacceptable. So, she happily agreed to come.

As Dyon expected, King Acacia wasn't a fan of King Belmont's change either, but unlike Dyon, he didn't have the twins to tell him that something odd was going on. His True Empath abilities saw through King Belmont despite him being unable to change anything.

This aside, King Acacia remained in the Elvin Kingdom, focusing on building it back up while taking care of his wife because he felt that it likely wouldn't be long before the Elvin Kingdom was forced to take the mantle of Royal God Clan.

Knowing this, Dyon had been coming back to let his father-in-law know that there was nothing to worry about anymore, but that was when his attention turned toward the Eostre Holy Lands and he remembered Ms. Everdeen.

For a long time now, Dyon had felt a looming guilt over her death. It wasn't just for a simple and vague reason like he felt responsible for it, but it was rather deeper and darker than that...

Despite knowing that Jade was entirely responsible for not only this poor and kind old lady's death, but also for her torture before death, Dyon almost forgave Jade...

He didn't understand the feeling. He was usually cold and decisive when it came to parsing enemies and allies. It didn't matter how beautiful you were, it didn't matter if they had a good relationship in the past, nothing effected Dyon's ability to differentiate right from wrong.

Chapter 1176: Tribulation

Yet... Despite Jade not being as beautiful as any one of his wives, despite her destroying her image in his heart every time he recalled that crazed and depraved look in her eye after Ri destroyed her face, despite knowing that she played a key role in making Meiyong's life a living hell for almost two years... Dyon still found it difficult to hate Jade.

An innocent woman was dead. She could never come back and it was Jade's fault. Yet, Dyon always found himself making excuses for her and that wracked him with guilt.

So, when Dyon silently slipped into the Eostre family tombs, a sacred place Ms. Everdeen was buried in with her crystal coffin, and saw all of the frozen traitors of that family kneeling before, his heart couldn't help but stop beating when he noticed a new kneeling ice statue in the place he had sworn to drag Jade to...

And... his eyes blurred the moment he realized that that new kneeling ice statue was Jade herself...

"What..." Dyon felt short of breath, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to fill his lungs to their full capacity.

The twins who were standing on Dyon shoulder looked from him to the ice statue he couldn't take his eyes from. It didn't take long for them to understand the history of this place with their abilities.

'So, the Eostre family tried to betray their Elvin kin by relying on the Daiyu and this was their punishment? To forever kneel before the coffin of that pitiful old lady?' Little Yin's immature voice was projected to her brother, clearly she was saddened by this story.

"H-How long?" Dyon squeezed these words out, directing them toward the twins. "How long has that statue been there?"

Dyon closed his eyes the moment he heard the response from the twins. The date they gave him... It was the same date that Jade disappeared from the clutches of the Daiyu...

He didn't know how to feel. Jade, a woman he thought he would have to hunt down, had already been punishing herself for more than 20 years.

With Dyon's senses, he knew that this was her true body, there was no doubting it...

Somehow, she looked just as beautiful as the first day Dyon met her on the library terrace. It seemed the Daiyu had healed her scars for her, one way or another. What Dyon didn't know was that the last time Chenglei and Elder Daiyu had seen her, her face was just as deformed...

Her silver hair draped along her slender shoulders, her eyes were closed as frozen tears dripped from them... Her delicate features were contorted in a picture of absolute guilt and remorse...

Dyon's heart inexplicably quaked. He wanted to break her out, he wanted to forgive her for everything she had done.

Wasn't this exactly what he had been waiting for? It wasn't her fault that her family technique distorted her personality and ravaged her mind. It wasn't her fault...

Dyon grit his teeth... It wasn't until a full day later that he finally bowed to Ms. Everdeen's coffin and left.

No matter how he felt... It wasn't his place to forgive... It wasn't his forgiveness to give...

Even Dyon didn't fully understand the turmoil in his mind. Maybe because he came from the mortal world, he had more sympathy and awareness for mental illness and health as compared to the rest of the martial world, but he still didn't feel right. In the end, he skipped meeting with Ri and her parents and instead secluded himself in the middle of the Elvin Forest.

Although the twins didn't fully understand why Dyon was feeling the way he was either, they remained silent.

'Maybe cultivation will take my mind off of these things... It's about time I broke into the saint realm...'
Dyon looked up into the skies, wondering how difficult a tribulation would be.

With a single leap, he floated on a thick branch of the tallest tree he could find before closing his eyes in meditation.

Till now, Dyon had been holding back his energy cultivation so that he could temper his body and meridians once more, first. Doing this would have guided him into the Pseudo-Saint realm, similar to Prince Nova and his comrades.

However, Dyon had no need for this step anymore. One had to remember that the Titan Diamond Body constitution allowed for 12 chances at "rebirth". This "rebirth" not only erased any hidden injuries, but rebuilt the body from the ground up.

The reason Dyon's body cultivation had leaped from the fourth grade to the first wasn't as simple as just his constitution. It was because the rebirth allowed for the perfect redistribution of his celestial cultivation.

The repetition of the foundation and meridian formation stages were only necessary for those who didn't follow the body path, as they worked as minor replacements for it. However, since Dyon's body had been remolded to peak levels of perfection, he had no need to think about this step again until the day he attacked the dao formation barrier.

However, just as Dyon was about to unseal the remaining energy within Evangeline's seals, two immature voices began to yell in his ear.

"Hey! What are you doing!" Little Yin snapped Dyon out of his concentration.

"Are you trying to kill us?! Just because you're depressed, don't take us with you!" Little Yang growled adorably.

"Huh?" Dyon raised an eyebrow. "What are you two talking about, I'm trying to cultivate."

"You idiot!" Little Yang berated. "You're not just cultivating, you're about to enter the saint realm, meaning a tribulation is coming. Hasn't your master ever taught you what that means?"

Dyon paused before shaking his head. Although he had spent a lot of time studying cultivation techniques, heavenly tribulations were something he always ignored. Just like his trials, he was planning on going in blind.

"Stop being mean." Little Yin cut her brother off. "Big Brother Dyon, you can only undergo your tribulation in absolute seclusion. If others are nearby, you risk not only yourself, but them as well. No matter what kind of concealment abilities we have, the heavens will definitely sense us and increase your trial's difficulty."

Dyon blinked. "Oh... That's what you meant."

Understanding washed over Dyon as he realized he really was about to make a mistake. There was nothing the heavens hated more than interference in its tribulations. So, there were rules in place that made sure that no one could help another with a tribulation.

The only exception to this rule were Heaven's Children, but as Dyon's grand teacher stated, if for any reason the heaven's child that helped you pass a tribulation wasn't able to be there for your next one, you would definitely die. This was because the heavens would multiply the difficulty by many times over as punishment for your dodging its last test.

'It seems I still know too little about the martial world...' Dyon thought. His arrogance still got the best of him sometimes.

"What else should I know, then?" Dyon asked, thinking that he might as well find out now before he sent the twins away.

"You should know that although lightning tribulations are the most talked about, they aren't the only tribulation that exist." Little Yang explained. "If you had to describe lightning tribulations, they would be similar to a supreme grade beast. Although it has the most potential for destruction, it was also possible for it to be weak as well."

"During every tribulation, the saint, celestial, and dao tribulations, you will face three challenges, so to speak. The paths you follow are what decide what these challenges are, however, it's impossible to guess what your tribulations might be regardless. This is just a guiding line." Little Yin continued.

Dyon sighed, and here he thought he would have an easier time since he followed all three paths. It turned out that it was wrong to think that the body and soul didn't receive tribulations, it was just that, for some reason, it was energy that decided when these tribulations would appear.

"The so-called "lightning tribulation" is actually just one category a challenge can fall under. You can have energy, body and soul challenges that take the shape of lightning. However, you can also have a "fire tribulation" and it's also possible to have an "energy tribulation."

"Among these three categories, a lightning form of tribulation is almost guaranteed to appear. Fire and energy are rarer, while energy tribulations are the most unpredictable. They can range from a mental attack to physical. Sometimes, tribulations that have never appeared before, or tribulations that haven't been seen since ancient times, can appear." Little Yin finished.

"Still, tribulations are opportunities. The more difficult they are, the more chances the heavens give you to improve. If you survive that is." Little Yang chortled.

Chapter 1177: Frightened

Dyon decided to give up on the idea of taking his tribulation for now. It seemed the process was more complicated than he thought. All this time, he had assumed it would be a cake walk considering his body's and soul's strengths, but it seemed the universe was more prepared than he thought.

"Where've you been?" Ri asked with a frown the moment Dyon walked into the Elvin Palace.

Scratching the back of his head, Dyon told Ri about Jade and his tribulation mishap. There was no point in lying, after all, their souls were connected. Doing something like that would just fracture their relationship.

"Really?" Ri's look softened. She had thought that Dyon was goofing off or doing something dangerous without telling her again.

Ri understood Dyon's complicated feelings in regard to Jade. So, she knew that his feelings of guilt weren't related to feelings of love, but rather that he felt he should have been able to help more than he did.

Ultimately, it was Dyon that triggered Jade to act as she did. Dyon was the first person that Jade felt she could confide in, he was a person who was clear of mind and pure of intention. But, because of her past

experiences, she became panicked over the thought of losing Dyon after seeing him with Ri. In her mind, the best way to keep him by her side was to cripple him emotionally so that he'd have to lean on her.

What made matters even worse was that it wasn't Dyon who figured this out himself. If it wasn't for Little Lyla explaining this to him, maybe he would still hate Jade with a burning passion.

Her views were sick and twisted, but from a depraved and basal human standpoint, Dyon understood.

The Eostre family gave up their sanity in order to provide a path for the Elves to survive. So much of their culture was predicated on the importance of the True Empath, everything from their ruler to even their ceremonial awakenings, all of it was reliant on this principle.

It could be argued that without the Eostre family, the elves wouldn't have survived to this day. And yet, they were currently all being punished. It was a sad twist of fate.

"Why don't we just release her?" Ri asked.

Dyon sighed. "It's not my place to forgive her. And the only person who can is dead."

Ri could only shake her head. She knew that her husband was even more bull-headed than the Minos. His stubborn nature was never going to change.

"Come, let's go see mother-in-law, I haven't seen her in a long time." Dyon smiled, pulling Ri along with him.

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"Father, are we really going to go under someone else's command now?" Aoife pouted. Her long black hair flowed, seemingly reflecting red light every so often as she followed her father into a large Victorian style palace.

"What would you have me do, little girl?" The gruff King Mino sighed, strolling along the long, dark corridors.

"Father, you had dreams of ruling over the beast quadrants, are you just going to give up like that?" Aoife spoke again, unwilling to give up. "We've already been trampled upon by the Shruti for more than a decade, now that we finally have some freedom we're giving it right back?"

Aoife's dissent became fiercer the longer she spoke.

King Mino chuckled. "What do you know about the Shruti? You weren't even born yet. If it weren't for them, I wouldn't be anywhere near as powerful as I am now."

Aoife's pout deepened. "So what? Did they think that they could just come here and do as they pleased? Then we'd shut up after they gave us a pat on the head and some treats?"

"Not everything can be solved by slamming your horns into it, Aoife. Your mother taught me a better way, and you should keep her will in mind."

"Don't mention that hag to me." Aoife frowned.

"Hey." King Mino's voice grew stern. "Be respectful of your mother's memory."

"Hmph." Aoife clearly didn't like her father's words. 'That hag just upped and left, and you expect me to be respectful? Clearly her frilly little princess was more important to her than her own daughter.'

The father and daughter pair soon made it to the basement floor of the Mino Palace.

On the far wall, there was an ancient archway, inscribed in complex runes reminiscent of historic Mayan script. Almost to follow the same motif, the archway was stone and flaked in a red paint that was eerily similar to dried blood.

"Why did you take me to this place?"

"This is our family's oldest secret. It's also for this ruin that the Shruti chose our planet over the other four."

"What is it?"

"Years before the Shruti came, there was another clan that came here from another world first, they call themselves the Jafari and they're currently on Planet Nix. With their treasures, they could have escaped to another, better universe, yet they decided to remain here because of a family legacy of theirs.

"This... This is half of that. The other half is located at the entrance of an ancient and abandoned universe named Chaos. Although it's still somehow hidden.

"The reason I hesitate to join that young Emperor is because joining almost certainly means giving our family ruin up because the Jafari are already allied with him."

Aoife's brows shot up. "Then just say no! They lost this ruin a long time ago, it's ours now."

King Mino sighed. "If it hadn't been for the Shruti, we wouldn't even understand how to use this treasure. Do you understand why you can never blame the Shruti now? They knew how great this treasure was, yet they didn't steal it from us when they left."

Aoife lowered her head.

"I've made my decision, little Aoife. After fighting that young Emperor, I understand his temperament. This treasure isn't one we could use alone. You should know that the Shruti concluded that it's impossible to make full use of this treasure without being someone of the Jafari bloodline." King Mino smiled, patting his daughter's head with his oversized hands.

"A pity. Then how about you give it to me?"

The sudden voice caused King Mino to turn in shock. He was a celestial, yet he hadn't sensed this person approach at all.

Seeing the middle-aged man approach with nine tails as black as night whipping behind him, King Mino's heart seized as he placed his daughter behind him.

"No need to be so frightened." The nine tailed man smiled lightly. "I only need your help finding a certain... Elvin Kingdom."

Chapter 1178: Guide Them

"Look at you, you've gotten even more handsome. Little Alex must spend everyday in bliss." Kawa teased Dyon and her daughter endlessly, wrapping her little body in a tight bundle King Acacia held on to.

Seeing his mother-in-law stuck in a pitiful beast form, Dyon felt a slight ache in his heart. Of his in-laws, since G-man was dead, Kawa was the only one who treated him like her own son. Even his relationship with King Acacia was still a bit stiff. As for Madeleine's foster parents, there was no need to even mention them, Madeleine hadn't spoken to them in years. And, Madeleine's real parents had disappeared once again.

Still, Kawa looked happy. She was an adorable little fox only about three or four palm lengths long. But, her beautiful tails were gone, ripped away by Loki.

Dyon had promised to find a cure for her one day, but he simply couldn't afford the ingredients.

King Acacia could sense the turmoil in Dyon's heart. Although Dyon had The Seal, the expressions flickering within his eyes were clear. It made him happy to know that his son-in-law was so invested in saving his wife, but it also made him feel useless.

He had left his little girl to go and save his wife long ago, only to basically lose her once again. The cultivation devil of sorts looming over him had even slowed his cultivation down.

'Maybe it's a mistake to do nothing but take care of Kawa...' King Acacia thought to himself. Still, he couldn't bring himself to leave the wife that gave up so much for him alone.

Kawa left behind everything she had ever known to become the queen of this small, broken kingdom. King Acacia simply couldn't break that bond.

The day between the family drew onward as Ri animatedly told her parents stories about her experiences since she last saw them. Kawa could only giggle as Ri emphasized for the millionth time how great Dyon's feats were.

Hearing such praise, Dyon couldn't help but blush.

"Father, my constitution suddenly awakened to a new level," Ri glossed over the fact it was due to dual cultivation to save herself the embarrassment of explaining such things to her parents, "Is there something you aren't telling me about Elvin Queen's Reign? I suddenly feel as though my every action is being watched."

King Acacia blinked before shaking his head. "If I had known something about it, I wouldn't have allowed you to stumble around blindly. Your best bet to learn more are the ancestors. In fact, there's a new batch of the younger generation preparing for their awakening ceremonies, I can take you with them."

"Did you learn anything in the past few days?" Dyon asked Ri.

"Well..." Ri stretched out her delicate palm, causing beautiful lights of various colors to dance across her hand.

After a few moments, the lights began to coalesce, forming the small body of a fairy even more beautiful and perfect than the spirit of Dyon's Queen Fairy Pill.

It had a pair of translucent gold butterfly wings on its back, its body was covered in a simple gown that was almost completely see-through, while its features were the absolute pinnacle of perfection. If it wasn't for the fact its body was only 6 or so inches tall, she would definitely be a city-toppling beauty.

"Ri! Ri!" The fairy giggled happily, leaping up and down in Ri's hand.

"A constitution that can manifest helpers?" Dyon mumbled to himself.

The fairy pouted hearing Dyon's words. "I'm not a helper, I'm a fairy princess!"

Dyon smiled at the little fairy's adorable reaction. "This humble servant greets the fairy princess."

The fairy princess put her hands on her hips and nodded. "Good. Good. Serve me well!"

At this point, even King Acacia couldn't help but smile slightly.

"The fairy princess must have some amazing powers, right?" Dyon spoke as though he was speaking to a toddler, but the fairy princess didn't seem to notice. She found his face pleasing and the way he treated her even better. "Do you mind telling this humble servant about your astonishing feats?"

The fairy princess looked toward Ri as though she was asking for permission. It seemed that this princess took Ri's authority very seriously and only continued after receiving a nod.

Puffing her chest out, the fairy princess explained. "I'm an amazing caster of spells. I can heal any injury and alleviate any fatigue. With my sisters, I'm invincible!"

Dyon raised an eyebrow. "Sisters?"

"Of course! There are other fairy princesses. I am the youngest and most doted upon, Isla!"

Seeing Dyon look toward her, Ri shook her head. "I can't seem to summon any of them yet."

Just as Dyon was about to say he understood, he suddenly froze, standing up abruptly. His expression turned grim as he looked off into the distance.

"Dyon, what happened?"

Dyon grit his teeth. "We need to evacuate. Now."

No matter how naïve Dyon seemed on the surface for trusting the Mino and allowing the Daiyu to leave, he would never do anything that might put those he loved in danger. So, when he gave the Mino an option to join him or not, he had attached a simple relay array to King Mino.

If King Mino decided not to join him, it was fine. But, if King Mino had any intention of subterfuge, he'd be prepared for the potential backstab.

At that moment, the relay array that Dyon secretly placed within King Mino's body suddenly picked up eight powerful auras. The problem was that five of them were high celestials, two were peak celestials, and one was a dao formation expert... Even if it was just one of them, Dyon had no chance of winning...

'There's no time!' Dyon roared in his mind.

Dyon abruptly sat down cross-legged, his divine sense immediately reaching out and covered the 10 000 square kilometers that made up Elvin Kingdom.

In an instant, his voice reached out to thousands of elves. "Don't resist. This is a matter of life and death. Trust me!"

Thousands of elves looked up into the sky. They all recognized the voice. More than 20 years ago, it was this same voice that saved them from the utter destruction at the hands of the Daiyu. It was this voice that exposed the plot of the Eostre. It was this very voice that was owned by the husband of their princess and the brother of their future monarch.

It didn't take much for them to believe in his words and wait for the next moment in silence.

King Acacia was shocked when he saw Dyon's divine sense stretch out so far. The island of their Kingdom was at least a 50km in every direction from this central castle. A celestial had no business having such a large range. At most, a great talent would have a radius a fifth of that. What he didn't know was that Dyon's radius covered 2000x that.

Dyon clasped his hands together in deep concentration. Focusing his everything as brilliant arrays began to appear before every citizen. Usually, the scarce population of the elves was a detriment, but today, it was a saving grace.

As Dyon concentrated, the kitsune were already on the move. A bloodied and half dead King Mino lay with his daughter crying atop of him. His arms were sheered into minced meat, his eyes were dull and lacked color, there was even a massive hole out of the left side of his chest, leaving a vacant space where his heart once was.

Dyon grit his teeth in rage. He hadn't expected King Mino, a man he had only known for a few hours, to go so far to protect a secret.

He made use of the runes behind him to protect Aoife, but it seemed he wasn't proficient enough with the treasure to protect himself as well. In the end, it was Aoife who shouted out the information they wanted, unable to watch her father be tortured for any longer.

'Kitsune Clan...' Dyon's rage caused his Mind's Eye to tremble, increasing the output of his soul energy even further.

They were running out of time. By the moment the kitsune found the teleportation station to Earth and activated the formation, Dyon was only half finished.

Ri, Kawa and King Acacia still didn't understand what was going on. But, judging by the seriousness of Dyon's expression and the sweat beading down his forehead, this matter was not simple at all.

Dyon was a man who had casually strolled into a war that had been raging for years and ended it within a few minutes. Yet, that same man was clearly panicking.

"King Acacia, I need you to go to the Elvin Tombs now. Only you can guide them. Take Ri with you."
Dyon split his mind once more to give instructions to his father-in-law even as his mental energy drained by the second.

Chapter 1179: Never Again

Dyon's urgency reached a new level when the kitsune left the range of his relay array. That could only mean that they were already on Earth!

The voices around Dyon were drowned out completely as he focused on his task, but he could vaguely hear Ri telling her father that she had no intention to leave.

However, Ri soon saw an array appear in front of her as well. But, this one changed her appearance drastically from a world-toppling beauty, to an average Elvin girl. Her ears became more defined, the oriental features she inherited from her mother disappeared, and her bestial aura became overshadowed by a natural energy.

This action of Dyon's told the three exactly what was happening: the kitsune were coming!

"Go!" Dyon's gruff voice sounded out. "He doesn't know who I am, I will survive."

Dyon couldn't move an inch. The scale of what he was trying to do was simply far too enormous. But, he was their only chance.

In the next instant, Dyon reached out toward the three academies. As expected, there were hundreds more elves within their pocket dimensions, but forming hundreds of arrays within another dimension entirely was too much for Dyon.

The last time he tried to do this, he had just escaped from Focus Academy and tried to project a concealment array outside of his Life Ring. However, he passed out unconscious before he could finish the feat and fell into a coma for more than half a year...

This time, the task was far more taxing.

The earth beneath their feet began to tremble as an oppressive aura appeared on the planet. Despite still being millions of miles away, the mere presence of Head Void caused the Earth to quake.

Blood flowed from Dyon's ears as Ri was dragged away by her father. Three arrays began to form within the academy pocket dimensions while their counterparts were saved within the Demon Sage Tower.

With a final roar, the entrance to the three pocket dimensions collapsed, trapping hundreds of them within. A moment later, the arrays floating before thousands of elves flashed, causing them to disappear and reappear in the basement floor of the Elvin Palace.

Without a chance to breathe, King Acacia quickly ushered them toward the swirling blue portal that led to their tombs.

Thousands rushed in as quickly as they could, yet the pace still seemed too slow.

By the time the final elf disappeared into the portal and King Acacia turned to go and get Dyon, the aura of a dao formation expert suddenly violently crashed onto the Elvin Island, causing the King and Ri who clung to his hand to violently cough up blood.

"No!" Ri wanted to pull out of her father's grasp, but even without improving, King Acacia was still a second-grade middle celestial. With a last complicated look toward the room Dyon was sprawled in, King Acacia dragged his daughter into the portal, shutting it behind him.

Dyon violently coughed up blood as he lay on the ground, completely devoid of energy. Even for him, creating thousands of teleportation arrays, even if the distance was relatively short, was too much.

The speed of a dao formation expert, especially one specializing in void will, was much too quick. The fact he appeared above the Elvin Island already meant that it was too late. Had he not concealed Ri's bestial aura and appearance, he would have definitely stopped the tomb portal from closing. Plus, Head Void had already sealed the space, even if Dyon had the energy to teleport away, he couldn't.

Still, Dyon grinned. This kitsune bastard wouldn't get what he wanted.

A moment later, the roof of the palace was ripped away, exposing Dyon's sweaty and panting body to the eight emotionless kitsune above.

Dyon's eyes looked up emotionlessly, but the smirk on his features said it all.

The truth of the matter was that it wouldn't have been impossible for Dyon to split his mind just one more way and teleport himself to the front of the Elvin Tombs so that King Acacia could drag him in. The problem with that would be the pocket dimensions that the three academies were nestled within.

When Dyon first came to the Elvin Kingdom, he had thought that it was so cool that they have separate Mystical Worlds for their academy grounds, but at the moment, he hated it very much.

The reason Dyon stayed behind was to make sure that the kitsune didn't use their void will specialty to break into the now closed off Mystical Worlds. If they came to the Elvin Kingdom and found no one, Head Void would use his abilities to diligently search, and at that point, him finding those pocket dimensions would only be a matter of time.

For the sake of those students, Dyon had to find a way to distract their attention away from the Elvin Kingdom. Plus, his Uncle Acacia was still the Headmaster of Acacia Academy. The unfortunate part was that Dyon hadn't thought far enough ahead to have a plan...

'First and foremost, I have to recover my soul strength.' Thinking to this point, Dyon hated his home universe even more. With the Energy Core, he should have been able to do so relatively quickly. But, the energy here was so scarce that his attempts were pitifully slow.

Of course, he had the energy from the bull-bird dung, however, that energy also needed to be processed into soul energy. It didn't seem like that world his constitution was connected to had readily available soul energy like Soul Rend Quadrant did.

All of these things took time to go over, however less than a fraction of a second had passed since the kitsune ripped the roof of the palace away.

"Let me help you. The Queen told me I should." Dyon heard the delicate voice of a very familiar and arrogant little fairy princess, Isla. "Your soul is very big though... It will take me at least a 5 min even with all this energy you're funneling in."

In shock, Dyon's mind turned toward his Mind's Eye to see Isla fluttering about. Delicate magical circles floated around her as her gold butterfly wings flapped gently.

Dyon suddenly felt that his drained mental energy had recovered by more than 50% in an instant, but what was even more shocking was that the little fairy was converting energy into soul energy faster than even his divine grade Soul Rend technique!

'Ri is in another dimension entirely but the familiar summoned by her constitution can act autonomously? Just what kind of constitution is Elvin Queen's Reign?'

"Head Void," One of the kitsune turned toward the only dao formation expert in their midst, "It seems that this boy is the only one here. I can't sense anyone else."

"Do you think I don't know this?" Head Void sent a sharp gaze toward the speaker, causing him to involuntarily take a step back.

The pressure of a dao formation expert descended from the skies, landing directly on Dyon. "Tell me what I want to know, and maybe you'll have the chance to live."

Dyon remained silent. With his Presence, energy suppression, even of the dao formation grade, no longer worked on him. Unless Head Void funneled enigmatic energy directly into his body, he'd still have full range of motion. However, Dyon had no intention of allowing them to realize such a thing early on.

"Where are the elves?" Head Void asked sharply.

"I don't know." Dyon answered simply.

Head Void's brow furrowed. A mere essence gatherer dared to answer him so casually?

"Do you want to die?" Another Void kitsune stepped forward, roaring toward Dyon.

Dyon flinched for the sake of keeping up appearances, satisfying the vanity of the kitsune trying to get back into Head Void's good books.

"I'm human, how could I know where the Elves are?" Dyon said in a weak voice.

The kitsune blinked before they realized that Dyon was in fact telling the truth. However, Dyon was inwardly smirking.

Head Tudo was a beast with cultivation far deeper than any of these eight, yet with her dull senses as a beast, albeit partly due to her bias, she completely misjudged Dyon. Knowing this, Dyon didn't believe that any of them could see through him. Aside from being more handsome than usual, there was nothing special about him.

"Do you take us for fools?" Head Void growled. He normally would have swatted this child to death by now, but Dyon was his only clue to finding the elves. He was certain that there were four auras just moments ago, but then three vanished the moment his made his way above the castle, which was why he ripped the roof away.

"What could a normal human have to do in a Palace clearly built by the elves?"

"I said I didn't know where they went, but I never said that I've never been affiliated with the elves." Dyon spoke timidly. However, if one paid attention to something other than his tone, you would be able to sense the mocking disdain hidden within his sentence structure. "The elves have numerous failsafes in place, not to mention the ability to tell the future by sacrificing lives. My role in the castle is no different from a male prostitute."

Looking at Dyon's appearance, the kitsune couldn't help but believe his words. Plus, they also knew that the elves were an ancient race, and had also heard about their ability to sacrifice a life for the sake of telling the future.

Dyon coughed, his voice hesitating slightly. "I am duty bound to tell you this due to the seal on my soul, however. The reason I couldn't move before you entered is for this reason as well. The King told me to tell you that... You'd never see Aki Void again if you continued these attacks..."

Chapter 1180: 90%

Judging by the twisting Head Void's visage, there was a rage boiling deep within him.

'If I push him too far, he won't care about Aki anymore even if it means his death.' Dyon silently judged. 'However... That might change if he sees Aki personally.'

Suddenly, Head Void began to laugh. "What a joke. I haven't seen that grandchild of mine in more than a year already, but I'm supposed to believe that he's in perfect condition? These sorts of dirty dealings, is this the way the Elves negotiate?"

"Not only have you taken the faith seed of our clan, you've kidnapped three of our young geniuses, and now you're asking me, Akuno Void, to back down?!"

A wave of energy erupted from Head Void, smashing into Dyon's body and sending him careening through the floors.

The stone cracked apart, pressing Dyon body so fiercely that a human shaped indent formed. His bones creaked and his organs almost gave way, but he was finally able to survive in the last moments.

'He survived?' Head Void's brows furrowed. The energy he sent was more than enough to kill an essence gatherer, why was he alive? Not only was he alive, he didn't even spit up any blood?

Head Void stretched his arm outward, causing a dense wave of energy to pick Dyon up. In the next moment, Dyon's body flew up and into the sky just for Head Void to grasp his neck.

Seeing Head Void's curiosity, Dyon's nervousness was replaced with deadpan eyes.

Head Void lifted a finger toward Dyon's arm, coating it in an eerie fog Dyon immediately recognized as Void will before he pressed forward.

However, seeing that not even a dent was left in the wake of his probe, his curiosity grew fonder.

3rd will level... 5th will level... 8th will level... The power increased slowly, but steadily. Still, Dyon's arm showed no signs of giving way. It wasn't until Head Void pushed it to the first intent level that faint white marks began to appear on his skin.

"Do you expect me to believe that you're just a normal servant with a body this powerful?" Head Void's anger disappeared as he smirked toward Dyon's expressionless face. He almost took Dyon's change in demeanor as a victory.

"What can I say?" Dyon struggled to speak with the vice grip around his neck. "One needs a powerful body to satisfy all those noble women. They're pretty pent up after a day of pretending to be prudes."

Bang

A solid fist collided into Dyon's abdomen, causing his body to curl and spittle to fly from his mouth.

"Interesting..." Head Void mused. "Still no blood. Not only is your body powerful, it exceeds most celestials by far..."

Dyon coughed, slowly regaining his wind. "Nothing is better for a man's health than entering between a woman's legs. You should try it sometime, you're giving off massive sexual frustration vibes."

Dyon's words were only answered by yet another, much firmer strike to the gut that silenced his petty quips.

"Search the island." Head Void said firmly. "I don't believe that they'd leave behind such a talent. It's more likely that they're hiding."

The seven kitsune dispersed immediately after hearing their family head's words. Since their senses were poor, it was better that they searched personally.

"What a bountiful trip this has been." Head Void laughed to himself. "Not only did I lay eyes on an ancient treasure ripe for the picking, I've also found such a great cultivation technique. Tell me boy – be

careful with your next words if you'd like to live – where is the cultivation technique you used to gain such a powerful body?"

Despite being beasts, kitsune were actually quite lacking in the body path. Their true forms were very small, and as such, they didn't gain the boost in power other beasts had. In return, though, they gained excellent affinity for certain elements. While other beasts were the embodiment of abstract paths like 'sovereignty' or 'wisdom' or 'slaughter', the kitsune became the embodiment of the elements themselves.

However... If he could lay his hands on the technique that made Dyon's body so powerful, not only would his battle prowess gain a huge boost, but he'd also be able to expand his meridian vortexes as well.

Just like Ri, all Void kitsune with deep enough bloodlines, learned the [Void Energy Cultivation] technique that allowed the replacing of meridians with mini-blackholes. However, due to the weaknesses of their body, many were forced to limit the size of these vortexes.

The only way to increase this size was to either gain great control over void will, or increase the strength of your body. There was a third way as well, but that was restricted to those who gained Kukan's faith seed. With Dyon's technique, Akuno would be able to fulfill a lifelong wish of his.

Just with these two treasures, Dyon's cultivation technique and the Mino ruins, Head Void was certain that the kitsune would gain a leg up on the Shruti and finally be rid of them.

'Foolish Shruti. You had such treasures right under your noses, yet you let them go.' Head Void laughed to himself. 'My Kitsune Clan will rise again!'

Dyon's eyes feigned nervousness. "This technique is a bloodline technique... I can't simply transfer it over... You aren't human, you can't use it."

Head Void snorted. "Then I'll simply begin to follow the human path even if it means relinquishing some of my cultivation. Give me the technique, boy."

Dyon frowned. After hesitating, he slowly raised his hand to Head Void's forehead.

"What are you doing?" Head Void tightened his grip on Dyon's throat.

Dyon coughed violently, trying to intake air. It wasn't until Head Void realized he couldn't answer that his hand loosened.

"I told you," Dyon said through coughs, "It's a bloodline technique. How can I transfer to you if not through your Mind's Eye?"

Dyon had just found his path to victory.

Head Void's frown deepened as he scanned Dyon cautiously. Opening up one's Mind's Eye to someone else wasn't a joke. Not everyone had a domineering toddler in theirs like Dyon did.

On top of all of that, beasts were known for their weakness in the soul path. It was even more detrimental to them to do something like this.

However, when Head Void thought about how weak Dyon's energy cultivation was, he relaxed. Clearly this boy spent all of his time on the body path, making his other paths significantly weaker.

"Begin." Head Void said sternly.

Although Dyon was still hesitant on the outside, he was jumping for joy on the inside. He was absolutely certain that his Head Void's soul was no match for his. Even if, by some miracle, Head Void had broken into the dao formation level with his soul, Dyon's own soul path prowess was comparable to a dao formation expert's.

Dyon's hand laid itself upon Head Void's forehead, steadily streaming his thoughts toward the kitsune head.

The moment the first words of Demon Emperor's Will began to form in Head Void's mind, a faint excitement came over him.

'Divine Grade technique! Definitely a divine grade technique!' His kitsune clan didn't even have a single technique of such caliber. Only by bringing their bloodline back to its origin did they have a chance at learning such astounding techniques. However, those who could do so were a pitiful few, which was why their faith seeds were so important to them.

Dyon lulled Head Void into a false sense of security, breaking down his barriers one by one and lowering his guard further. Head Void's only complaint was that for a divine grade technique, this pace was too slow. At this rate, it would take weeks for Dyon to finish. However, he forced himself to calm down. He assumed that this slow pace was due to Dyon's poor soul cultivation, which only lowered his guard even more.

Just as Dyon was beginning to feel that it was about the right time to make his move, a stream of celestial energy carrying a message entered Head Void's Mind's Eye.

"Family Head, we've found traces of destroyed Mystical World entrances. It's more than 90% likely that the elves escaped into these worlds."

Dyon's heart seized when he heard this message. He normally wouldn't have heard anything, but now that he was connected to Head Void's Mind's Eye, he could.