

The Nameless 1421

Chapter 1421: Cold

Dyon could only blame himself once more. With his intelligence, he had long since found it weird that the twins recognized him, yet he had never bothered to ask.

Still, Dyon had the faint inkling that even if their olfactory senses were still in good condition, it wouldn't have helped him figure out much anyway. According to the twins, they had never smelled that peculiar smell in their lives, but the moment they did, they felt a sense of comfort they had never felt before.

At first, they were apprehensive to say any more, but under Dyon's prying they finally spilled the rest.

"Around you... Our pain didn't feel as bad anymore... In fact, being around you feels quite good..." Mia finally said.

Hearing these words, the towering guilt Dyon felt only rose higher. He was quite literally their panacea, yet they hadn't even shown any reluctance to let him go. They refused to burden him to the point where they harmed themselves.

"You don't need to feel bad." Mia said hurriedly. "The reason why we never told you was because even you couldn't stop what was happening. Although we felt much better around you, we realized that the disease actually sped up instead of slowing down..."

"Oh..." Dyon felt that an avenue toward hope was suddenly shut off. He had never felt at such a loss.

There was a rumor in the mortal world that had always stuck with Dyon. Apparently, when one died by asphyxiation, there was a final moment of absolute euphoria near the end of their lives. In that last moment, the world would suddenly seem incredibly bright.

Maybe, being around Dyon was similar for the twins... According to Dyon's calculations, they should have lived 10-15 more years, but it had only been 6 and they were already on their death's bed.

Dyon suddenly realized that he shouldn't visit the twins anymore. If what they said was true, then he was only speeding them toward their deaths.

He had no idea why it was that they experienced these things around him, and he had no way of knowing. But, he definitely didn't want to be the reason they died earlier than they should.

"Big brother, please don't stop visiting us." Bella said weakly. "If you stop... Then I'd really want to die..."

Dyon's heart seized. How could he ignore such a request?

"Alright. I won't stop visiting."

In the end, Dyon really couldn't bring himself to stop. He had originally planned on promising to come back, then not doing so. But, whenever he thought about how the twins had never requested anything of him before, he broke his own promise to himself.

Dyon really didn't have a solution to the problem. If the two of them had to die anyway, shouldn't he try to make it as painless as possible?

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Another week later, Dyon found himself within the Eostre family tombs. After the Elvin Kingdom sunk, so too did the holy lands of the various Clans. It was only after a great collective effort that King Acacia was able to salvage much of these lands.

Earth's Oceans were far deeper than those of normal planets due to its explosive increase in size, so one could imagine just how labor intensive this was. But, King Acacia knew how important it was for Clans to have a sense of belonging during this sort of mass migration, so he took up the task anyway.

As things stood now, there were no members of the Eostre Clan that remained alive, so their tombs only took up a small corner of Elvin territory. It was likely good enough that they even got a spot to begin with instead of being ignored on Earth's ocean floors.

Dyon was glad King Acacia did this. The Eostre family sacrificed too much for the sake of the Elvin Kingdom, and although their descendants made a mistake, that didn't mean their ancestors should be punished.

Still, Dyon hesitated when he saw the image of the silver-haired beauty kneeling, frozen tears glistening on her soft cheeks. At that moment, Dyon couldn't help but remember another silver-haired beauty that erupted into his life in much the same way Jade did.

Luna had caused havoc for him during his second trial. In fact, if it wasn't for her, Amphorae would have never died. But, then again, had Amphorae not died, how could she be by his side now?

As for Jade, Dyon realized that he was more to blame for the pain she inflicted than he had previously accepted. Although this wasn't enough for him to feel he had the right to forgive her, it was enough for him to believe she deserved a second chance.

The matters of the martial world were cruel. Dyon himself understood what it felt like to suddenly have no control over your own actions, to feel as though were a passenger in your own body... These were things Jade felt time and time again from the moment she met him.

Finally, Dyon rested his hand on the ice statue. With his current level of Presence, this level of will simply couldn't hold its structure under his pressure.

Slowly, maybe due to his hesitation, the ice began to melt. In the end, Jade fell into his arms.

Even after Dyon dispelled the cold, Jade's body uncontrollably shivered. When Dyon realized why this was, he couldn't help but sigh. Jade currently had no cultivation to speak of, she had severed all of her meridians. This was likely her own resolve, only in this way could she guarantee that she would never try to escape the iced cage. By now, her meridians had atrophied so much that even Dyon's Meridian Nurturing Pill would have no effect.

Jade's eyes slowly opened, their swirling opal color seeming far dimmer than Dyon remembered. She looked around in confusion, seemingly not realizing the only reason she could stand now was because Dyon was holding onto her shoulders.

She looked left and right, not registering that the wide chest before her was in fact a chest. Since she was a head shorter than Dyon despite being quite tall for a woman, if she didn't look up, she wouldn't see his face at all.

Chapter 1422: Endless

Jade trembled when she realized she was in the Eostre family tombs. When she looked back to see Ms. Everdeen's crystal coffin, a stream of tears began to roll over the already frozen ones that covered her delicate face.

When she looked up to see Dyon holding her up, her trembling turned into a fierce quaking. She couldn't control her own body, unable to rein in her own emotions.

Suddenly, she began to scream. Her hands shot up to her head, knocking Dyon's arms away from herself as she stumbled backward, falling onto the ground.

"Put me back! Put me back!"

Dyon was stunned. Had he used any real strength, it would be impossible for Jade to brush him off so easily. But, her frame had been so frail that he didn't dare to be too rough. In the end, the result was the situation he saw before him now.

Still, of all the scenarios Dyon had thought of before he awakened Jade, he couldn't help but kick himself for not thinking of this one.

At the moment, Jade looked exactly like her 18 year old self. She hadn't aged a single day, which let Dyon know exactly how long she had been trapped within the ice. Some time between when Meiyang escaped the Daiyu and before Dyon fought Loki and Elder Daiyu, Jade had entombed herself here. Due to the ice freezing her aging, his and Jade's roles in each other's lives had completely reversed. If before Jade was the mature elder sister, it was now Dyon's turn to be the elder.

"Put me back!" Jade's ravings didn't stop. But, there was something tangibly different between this time and the last. If last time, Jade had lost her mind, this time, it was precisely because Jade was entirely lucid that this was happening.

Dyon suddenly stood frozen, he had no idea what to do. The level of pain and heartbreak in Jade's voice was so tangible that he felt a trembling deep within his soul.

She didn't want to be in this world anymore. The only reason she hadn't killed herself for the deeds she committed because being forced to kneel for all eternity was a far harsher sentence, one she gladly placed upon herself. She simply couldn't accept being released, least of all could she accept that Dyon was the first person she saw.

No matter how many changes he went through, no matter how powerful he became, Jade would never forget Dyon. It was impossible for her to not recognize him immediately. He was as deeply ingrained in her psyche as this unending guilt she felt.

In the beginning, Dyon had planned to distance himself from Jade. A part of him couldn't bring himself to forgive her, while another part knew that the things that occurred weren't her fault.

Even if he did choose to forgive her, what could he do other than distance himself? He couldn't accept Jade's feelings, so he only had this choice left.

But, when Dyon saw Jade break down before him, his first instinct was to kneel down and pull her into his embrace. He didn't do so to express some hidden romantic feelings, but he did it because he just couldn't find it within himself to stonewall her.

All those years ago when Violet confessed her feelings for him, Dyon hadn't needed to hesitate to reject her. However, it was also at that moment he thought of what his reaction would be if it wasn't Violet who was before him, but instead Ava. How would he react then? And what if it was Jade? A woman he had imposed his lust on... Could he turn his back on her so easily?

Jade fought with all her might, even scratching and clawing, trying to push Dyon away. But, how could she succeed? Not only was she now a cripple, even if she wasn't, would she really have the cultivation to contend with Dyon?

Soon, she simply ran out of stamina. Dyon didn't retaliate, nor did he say any words, he just held her firmly.

Jade's sobbing soon turned to wails. A grief that reached bone deep poured outward in an unceasing torrent. There was a hatred hidden deep within those cries for help. It wasn't a hate toward Dyon or Ms. Everdeen, or even the Eostre family, it was an undying hatred she felt for herself.

Dyon didn't know how long he knelt on the hard stone ground with Jade in his arms. He knew well that had it not been for his body heat, Jade's mortal body would have long since collapsed under the strain she put on it.

In the end, she expended all the energy she had left before she collapsed into Dyon's chest, completely exhausted.

With a thought, Dyon placed two seals on her mind. The first blocked the memories of the atrocities she committed entirely, and the second would force her to sleep until her body was completely recovered.

He didn't have a solution to this. Sometimes, it was impossible for things to be wrapped up in a neat and tidy bow... Jade would one day have to face the things she had done. But, for now, Dyon would allow her some peace after almost 30 years of endless suffering.

With a heavy heart, Dyon laid Jade down in one of the countless bedrooms of Soul Palace. There would be no problem with her resting here for the foreseeable future. Since he had already task Kaeda with watching over her, there was nothing for him to worry about for now.

As for what he'd do once Jade awoke, Dyon could only wait for that moment to come. The level of mental fatigue she must have gone through over the past several decades wasn't something Dyon could fathom.

What made Dyon's punishment of the Eostre Clan so cruel was the fact their consciousness was intact. Due to the ice will, their thoughts were slowed to an absolute crawl, but they did in fact still have thoughts.

In truth, this slowing was even more cruel than it seemed. It made a single second feel like several days. While it had been 30 years in real time, someone being punished in this way would feel as though they had experienced tens of thousands of years.

Of course, it wasn't Dyon himself who had comprehended this fearsome ice will. It was instead the Aedre Clan.

Thinking back, Ri's best friend in the Elvin Kingdom was Primrose Aedre. In fact, Dyon remembered that Primrose spent years pretending to be Ri and creating a resistance group within the Elves. When Dyon first met "Princess Alexandria" he was in fact meeting Primrose.

Unfortunately, due to their years apart, Ri's relationship with Primrose had grown quite distant. But, this was a story for another time. The important piece here was that the Aedre Clan, Primrose's Clan, was responsible for this fierce ice will.

As for how Jade sealed herself, after thinking to this point, Dyon believed he understood. Aside from Ri, Primrose was very close with Opal, Mithrandir, Celine and Jade. After Jade concluded her contract with the Daiyu Clan and cut ties with them, Jade likely found Primrose in secret to help her with this task, swearing her close sister to secrecy.

Dyon could imagine the kind of burden Primrose held all these years. He had truly neglected the Elvin Clans too much. Each of their nine clans, not even including the Acacia Clan, had powerful legacies hidden within themselves.

The Grimbolt Clan and their love of war and fire. The Aedre Clan and their water will specialization. The Sigebryht Clan and their mastery of Seals. The Coventine Clan and their delicate Wood nature. The Fletcher Clan and their expert bowmanship. The Ingram Clan and their comprehension of the enigmatic Light Will. The Nodin Clan and their command of the skies and wind. Not to mention the Norville Family and their understanding of emotions, specifically Desire.

Of course, this leaves out the Eostre Clan who had been sentenced to forever kneel before Ms. Everdeen's grave. But it was likely best that their manifestations never saw the light of day again. Even if they were one day pardoned, they would have to choose a new path for themselves.

This realization made him understand that in his blind pursuit of power, not only had he lost himself, but he had also forgotten the strength that already belonged to him. He couldn't make these sorts of mistakes in the future...

'When Jade wakes up, I'll take her to the Elvin Holy Land. By now, Ms. Everdeen's spirit should have managed to find her way to her ancestors. Only by spending time with her can Jade leap over this hurdle.'

The last time Dyon went to the Elvin Holy Land, he had taken the Aurora Steps and the Dao of Array Alchemy, not to mention endless piles of celestial stones. But, he hadn't met Ms. Everdeen despite the fact she had already died by then. The only explanation was that it took time for a spirit to find their way, it was also questionable as to whether Ms. Everdeen would choose to enter the Holy Land or enter reincarnation. It was impossible to know unless he checked himself once more.

Dyon knew from stories of what the Mathilde Clan did to the Florence Clan that it was quite a process for a spirit to make it into the Elvin Holy Land. If this wasn't the case, the Mathilde Clan wouldn't have been able to hide their treachery by creating Chaos Universe in order to stop those dead Florence Clan spirits from ever reporting their misdeeds to their ancestors.

Of course, Dyon didn't magically learn these truths from thin air. He found them out through Ri who learned them through the World Tree spirit. It seemed the Mathilde Clan hadn't been able to hide their tracks perfectly.

By now, one might be wondering why one would enter this Holy Land instead of entering reincarnation, wouldn't it be better to reincarnate sooner? And the answer to that is linked to the reason why Ancestors choose to enter a deep sleep and be used as the secret weapons of their clans: Karma.

As there is with everything, there are more efficient and less efficient routes to completing a task. When it came to accumulating karma, this truth remained steadfast.

Monstrous Empires like the Elvin Kingdom were always capable of concocting novel and more efficient ways of accumulating Karma. When a spirit enters the Holy Land after their death, a special property of the Elvin Holy Land allows them to accumulate not just Karma they earn for themselves, but the Karma of the entire Elvin Kingdom as a whole!

One can imagine how amazing this sort of system was. With millions, if not billions of individuals accumulating Karma for you, just how many extra benefits would you receive?

The Elvin Kingdom was always able to forge Heaven Defying paths in this way. Unfortunately, defying the Heavens didn't always result in a good ending... It was for exactly this reason that while the Elvin Kingdom shone the brightest, it also dimmed the quickest...

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At this moment, in the largest master bedroom of Soul Palace, a pair of husband and wife had lost themselves to the throes of passion.

Ri's delicate features were matted in sweat, her silver-blue eyes gazing toward Dyon with passion as she rode him. Whenever Ri got like this, Dyon could only allow her to do as she pleased. She seemed to find great pleasure in dominating Dyon in this way. It had been a long time since Ri had Dyon to herself, so she took full advantage.

Even now, her ten white tails wildly pulsed across their large bed.

"You're such a pervert." She whispered into Dyon's ear seductively. "What would Clara say if she knew you asked me to bring my tails to fulfill your dark fetishes?"

Her voice made Dyon's bones melt. He held her flawless body close to himself, not allowing her to pull away.

Chapter 1424: Listening

Dyon didn't even so much as blush in shame. So what if he made such a request? It seemed this wife of his was getting too brazen.

His hands slid across the sleek sweat that coated her back, making their way to her slender hips and grasping firmly. By the time Ri realized that things weren't about to go too well for her, it was already too late. Dyon had thrust upward.

Feeling Dyon slide so far into her, Ri felt like she had lost control of her body. Her eyes even uncontrollably rolled back, her spine shivering without restraint as she became a pile of soft meat in Dyon's arms. Unfortunately for her, since she had thrown down the gauntlet, how could Dyon let her off so easily?

Ri's moans grew fiercer, in the end, they became whimpers of mercy. Her muscles convulsed so much that they began to ache, the pleasure was so aggressive that a wash of endless fragrant juices dripped from her lower half, filling the room with an irresistibly tempting smell.

This wasn't the first time Ri had had sex with Dyon after his breakthrough. However, back then, Dyon hadn't had a full grasp of his strength, so he held back a large portion of it, not willing to harm his wives. But, once he understood his limits well, he drove Ri right to the edge of what she could handle, pushing her to a mountain peak of climaxes she couldn't come down from.

At this point, Dyon didn't even need to use his aurora flames. With his Presence fused into each and every one of his actions, Ri might really pass out if he did so. But, even still, having such a Kingly aura wash over her, even though Ri herself followed the sovereign path, it tamed her spirit. It was as though her body had no choice but to become putty in Dyon's hands.

By the end, Ri could no longer move her hips. She could only lie on Dyon's chest, fervently kissing him as he suspended her hips in the air, driving his cock into and out of her. Not long later, she didn't even have the energy to do that much.

Soon, a gush of hot liquids caused her to convulse once more. At that moment, Ri wanted nothing more than to accept Dyon's seed. Her mind was foggy due to Dyon's Presence, so she had reverted to her most primal instincts.

Luckily, Dyon realized at the last moment that she had lowered all of her defenses, so he took precautions of his own. Although he had joked about putting a baby in her, it really was too early for them. That said, he wouldn't hesitate after the two of them entered the dao realm. At that point, Dyon was confident that he would have accomplished many things. By that point, a lot of his plans could be executed without him having to be there to oversee every little detail, so he could settle back and enjoy life once more.

Dyon had a feeling that with his Presence fused into his every action, it would either mean that his having children would be far easier than those of his cultivation grade, or far harder. As for which it would be, only time would tell.

Ri curled up like a little kitten in Dyon's arms. She had always been more petite than Clara and Madeleine, so this appearance of hers was truly adorable, especially with her not having retracted her ten tails.

Dyon stroked her long silver-blue hair, wiping them away and behind her slightly pointed ears. Ri's ears weren't as long as true elvin ears, but they still carried a distinct sharpness to them that made her enchanting.

"You shouldn't be too hard on Jade." Ri suddenly said.

These words caught Dyon completely off guard. Before he had even decided to release Jade, he had of course spoken to his wives about it, he didn't hide anything from them. But, it had to be remembered that Ri was the one who disfigured Jade's face, sending her down another terrible spiral.

Dyon had no idea how Jade fixed her deformities. Considering the point they had reached, no less than a Comet Grade Pill would have done the trick, but obviously, Earth didn't have access to such an expert back then. So, this would remain a mystery until she awoke.

"Not just Jade, but Eostre Clan as well." Ri finished.

Dyon raised an eyebrow. It seemed that she was quite a fan of dropping bombs today.

"Okay, I'm listening." Dyon's hand absentmindedly stroked one of Ri's tail. This sort of feeling only lost out to gliding across the curves of her body.

In truth, Ri was the Elvin Queen. As long as she wanted to take control, even her father would have to take a step back.

Although Ri kept it tempered most of the time, sovereignty was in her blood. Whether it be her royal bloodline, or her constitution, both were inclined in this direction. It was in large part due to this that her personality was so fiery. If she hadn't met Dyon, that side of her would have only grown fiercer.

Unfortunately, because she sought the path of quick power, she abandoned much of her lineage. This resulted in her path being stalled and her personality becoming more reserved. It wasn't until recently that she felt like she could be herself again.

The point here was that Ri had far more of a right to command the Elves than Dyon did. And, since she was his wife, he had no qualms about her doing so either. They were of one mind and soul, there was no reason for Dyon to ever distrust Ri.

"You know better than anyone the kind of control the Heavens have over the minds of us cultivators. Often times, even our personalities are chosen from birth to correspond with our constitutions. Good, Evil, Benevolence or Malevolence, sometimes many don't even have a choice. There are only a rare few that can break from this mold..."

Ri spoke softly. She had once believed that Dyon was one of these people. Even without any affinities or constitutions to speak of, he carved out a place for himself. Once he finally grasped power, he became even more dazzling than before.

Chapter 1425: Okay

However, she now knew that even her invincible husband had chinks in his armor. When she learned of what happened with Chaos Flame and how he stormed into the Grand Templar Sect in a state of near hysteria, she felt a heavy weight on her heart. If even Dyon couldn't escape, how could they?

That said, as she watched Dyon slowly climb out of that rut day by day, that lofty image he held in her mind didn't shrink. In fact, it grew to a level incomparable to before. His place in her heart was unshakeable. Maybe if a day came where he wanted to toss her aside, she wouldn't be able to find it in herself to blame him, but would rather blame herself.

This was all to say that Ri gained a new perspective on things. The Heavens controlled so much of their lives, wasn't it better to celebrate those who could fight against it?

Ri had once hated Jade as much as Dyon did. She hated the Eostre Clan almost as much.

It was easy to forget, but Ri spent her childhood alone. After her mother was taken away by the kitsune and her father chased after her, she had no one else but herself. Although later on Primrose came to her aid, everything the Resistance became was formed by Ri's own hands.

Thinking about how the Eostre Clan wanted to bulldoze all the work she put in down, it filled her with an unbridled anger.

But now, she had grown more mature. It was impossible for a Ruler to micromanage everything their subjects did. What one had to do was foster a culture that could breed good without their interference.

"... The Eostre Clan was neglected by the Elvin Kingdom for too long. In fact, my father's disappearance placed even more burden on them.

"After dad left, there was no longer anyone who could lead the promising youths through the Holy Land's protective Ancient Game. Because of that, the Eostre Clan's burden grew even greater than it had been before. The number of their Clansmen who were forced into never using their manifestations again were too many to count.

"While they were helping the Elvin Kingdom to grow more powerful by leading our talented youths to the Holy Land, their clan was growing weaker and weaker at the same time.

"Slowly, the Eostre Clan's place among the Nine Pillar Clans grew perilous. However, their plights were ignored. Without experts who could use their manifestations, they were simply far weaker, and thus had far less of a say."

Although Ri was explaining things that occurred within a 12 or so year span, it had to be known that the Eostre Clan were struggling far before that.

Before King Acacia was found, it had been a long time since the last True Empath appeared in their Kingdom. The years of attrition was finally put to an end when King Acacia appeared, but then he suddenly disappeared, and for a greatly selfish reason at that.

It was true that it was his duty as a husband to save his wife, but he wasn't just a husband. He was a father, he was a King. The lives of his daughter and his subjects rested on his shoulders, yet he tossed them all aside. Maybe some saw that as valiant, but even more would see it as reckless and self-serving.

"It's true that what the Eostre Clan did was wrong. Their actions, while helping themselves, would have sentenced thousands of Elves to death.

"However, weren't they pushed to that point by us in the first place?"

Ri couldn't help but think of the state of the Elvin Kingdom back then. Why did it take Dyon's arrival for so many orphans to get a home? Did the so-called Nine Pillar Clans even do anything after the orphanage was burned down? You even had bastards like the Grimbolt Clan heir who tried to take the five year old Lyla as a concubine, thinking that she would be very beautiful in the future.

The Elves were infested with a disease, and the Eostre Clan were just a symptom of it, not the cause.

Dyon nodded. His wife's thoughts on these matters were far more refined than his. But, he also knew that releasing the Eostre Clan after so many years of torture might not breed thankfulness, but rather, resentment. If they were going to do this, they had to be extremely careful.

"We'll do as you say then." Dyon said softly, cradling Ri in his arms.

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Madeleine sat quietly meditating in a sea of flames. Without even the smallest fabric to cover her gorgeous body, her flawless skin sparkled under the flickering lights.

Currently, Junior was with Delia and Aiden. It seemed the two boys had become inseparable, and considering Aiden was quite a calm baby to begin with, Delia didn't find many problems babysitting them both. Although some worried about what would happen to Junior and Aiden's friendship once Junior awoke to his identity as a clone, there was nothing they could do about it for now.

Over the past few weeks, Madeleine's cultivation had advanced by leaps and bounds. Although this wasn't reflected in her stage which had stagnated at the middle celestial realm, it shone forth in her comprehension. Whether it be the Book of Creation, the comprehension of Rebirth from the Fire Phoenix Clan, or these scolding blue flames around her, each was a treasure trove that could make even the hearts Dao experts palpitate.

The Book of Creation was none other than the technique book Dyon retrieved for Madeleine. He had originally believed that it was a composition following music will, but under Madeleine's guidance, he learned that it actually acted a sort of abyssal core for the creation path.

Abyssal cores for such ethereal, intangible paths were so beyond rare that their prevalence in the current martial world could likely be calculated with one's own two hands.

After hearing Madeleine's explanation, Dyon believed that this Book of Creation was no less of a treasure than any of Orcus' Core Treasures and Teachings. The odd part was that it was stored away in a mere second phase castle.

That said, after some thought, this mystery had an explanation as well. Orcus never comprehended the path of creation. In fact, it could be said that he followed a path directly opposite to it. Therefore, although his depth of cultivation told him that this was definitely a treasure worth keeping, he never understood its true worth.

Chapter 1426: Solution

As Madeleine said previously, Dyon must have comprehended a path of creation without realizing it. If not, it would have been impossible for him to see the value of this technique book. As for what this path of creation was and where it stemmed from, Dyon had no idea. But, he speculated that it was related to his manifestations.

He could still remember the words of his humanoid manifestation: once his path of sovereignty met his path of creation, he would form a new path that dwarfed the nine dao hearts.

Madeleine's lips suddenly curled into a light smile as she felt two large hands envelop her breasts. Try as those hands might, the soft flesh continuously spilled from their grasp. It seemed Madeleine's voluptuousness was unmatched still.

"How's your progress?" Dyon's voice whispered into Madeleine's ear, sending a shiver down her spine. Whatever comprehension path she had been on vanished in a puff of smoke. Maybe someone else would have been angry at this turn of events, but Madeleine knew that Dyon would never interrupt her if she had actually been on the verge of something great. These were just insignificant gains.

When Madeleine opened her lips to answer, a soft moan escaped them. In her concentration, it seemed she had almost forgot how much she loved Dyon's touch.

Somehow, his hands felt better than they ever had. There was a domineering forcefulness, but a gentle care at the same time. Before she could even realize that she had involuntarily leaned back into Dyon's chest, almost begging him to do as he pleased, one hand had already left her breast, delving into the dangerous territories below.

Madeleine's arms wrapped around that evil adventurer, but not to stop it. She simply clung on desperately, as though she was a lone passenger of a boat caught in a storm's onslaught.

"Mm ... I think I'm close to ... Mm ... Grasping the essence of ..." Madeleine bit her lip, tightening her grasp on Dyon's arm. The sharpness of her nails almost begged him to go faster. "... Rebirth ... Mm ... But I'm missing ... Missing an under ... standing ... Mm ... Of death ..."

Of the three phoenix paths, rebirth was definitely the most enigmatic and difficult to grasp. But, legend had it that its abilities were otherworldly. Techniques like [Reincarnation of Heaven's Staircase] which could allow Madeleine to become a Higher Existence in one leap was just the tip of the iceberg.

But, with that power came a corresponding difficulty. How could one grasp Rebirth without first both comprehending life and death?

Although Madeleine comprehension of Life had skyrocketed, now standing on par with her flame dao at the 9th intent realm, her comprehension of death was nonexistent. Even worse, this sort of imbalance made Rebirth even more difficult to comprehend.

What made things especially difficult was the fact Madeleine's comprehensions were directly associated with her flames' characteristics. Although it was precisely because of her flames that Madeleine grasped

life will so easily, sifting through the abilities of two flames and four characteristics was still incredibly difficult.

Madeleine's lack of comprehension forced the characteristics into a terrible imbalance that not only weakened her flames overall, but also forced dormant characteristics into a corner, making them harder to grasp.

"Oh?" Dyon smiled, lightly kissing Madeleine's neck as her fragrant juices continuously coated his dexterous hands. "I think I might have a solution for that."

Dyon couldn't be happier with the solution he thought of. The Dragon and Phoenix dual cultivation technique surpassed the mystical grade. How could its uses be simple? It was just that Dyon's comprehension was laughable in the face of an Ancestral Grade technique.

However, now that he had grasped some understanding of Primordial Yins and Yangs, a whole new world was opened to him.

Madeleine delicate body writhed with pleasure. She almost didn't register Dyon's words. When she finally had, although she was surprised, she couldn't express it with Dyon's hand still moving. If it wasn't for Dyon's body refinement realm, Madeleine's fingers would have probably torn through his skin and muscle by now.

Dyon didn't bother to explain his words any further. Since the comprehension was his own, explaining it to Madeleine would not only confuse her and it might lead to cultivation deviation. The only way to explain was to show her himself.

After Madeleine's final convulsion, Dyon lay her in the bed of flames. What once was a sea of hot flames they were apprehensive around became nothing more than a backdrop to their love making. After all, these flames carried the essence of life, although they were hot, they were limited in the damage they could do. In fact, they actually had a level of healing that surpassed even the Saint grade Holy Type energy Dyon took from the bull-bird's beast dung.

Madeleine's legs wrapped around Dyon's waist, her fervent moans filling the third phase castle. Since they were the only ones in the mystical world right now, Madeleine didn't hold back. It wouldn't be a surprise if the beasts below could hear Madeleine's feverish calls.

In that moment, Madeleine felt a world open up to her. She began to faintly understand what Dyon meant.

The Heavens were always fair despite what Dyon might think of them. While a man gained a woman's primordial yin, and could even benefit from them as much as Dyon had from Ri's, how could a wife not benefit from her husband as well? All that was needed was a medium for them to do so.

Normal dual cultivation without the aid of a powerful technique would net a husband and wife about a 5% sync. This measurement of sync was the level to which they could share their beings with one another.

A common grade technique raises this limit almost negligibly, only providing somewhere between an addition 0.5% to 1%. However, even then, they're considered a great boon. Dual cultivation techniques cost more than three to five times as much as normal cultivation techniques which already cost three to five times more than combat techniques. So, their value is clear to see.

An earth grade technique pushes this further, giving an addition 2-5%, while a heaven grade dual cultivation technique can give upward of an additional 10% for a grand total of 15% sync.

Then, there were mighty divine and mystic grade techniques. A divine technique could provide up to 20% while a mystic grade technique could prove upwards of 30%.

Chapter 1427: Finer Things

However, there was a massive leap when Ancestral Grade techniques were reached. Ancestral Grade techniques were only below Origin Grade techniques in value. As their name insinuates, they existed from ancient times. As such, they share a certain path with primordial matters which would obviously help this sync along greatly.

With Ancestral Grade techniques, it was possible to gain an additional 60% of sync! For genius talents with ungodly comprehension abilities, comprehending 65% of a person's thought process was more than enough to help them grasp the remaining 35%. This sort of sync level was almost to the level of overkill for geniuses like Dyon and Madeleine.

As for Origin techniques, only they could provide the full 95% needed to reach 100%.

Unfortunately, even transcendents would kill for Origin Grade techniques. If they knew Dyon as a mere mortal had an ancestral grade technique, they would cough up blood to the point of committing suicide. Simply put, origin grade techniques were far too rare, and yet, not rare at all.

This might sound odd, but it was the truth. Origin grade techniques were techniques so perfect that the Heavens recognized them. However, once the Heavens recognizes such a technique, it becomes part of Heaven's Legacy.

For example, Abraxus' Innate Aurora was an Origin Grade Technique. It was so perfect that even trillions of years after its death, individuals were still being born with innate auroras, Dyon included! For all Dyon knew, an innumerable amount of things he encountered on the day to day basis were actually Origin grade techniques.

With the help of the Dragon and Phoenix dual cultivation technique, Dyon's and Madeleine's sync reached an addition 56%, reaching 61%.

Madeleine couldn't just see what Dyon thought, she could feel it. Every fiber of his being seemed to meld into hers. The only thing Dyon didn't allow her to touch was his comprehension of his chaos flames. He wouldn't be able to forgive himself if his wife lost herself to despair because of his comprehension.

Due to practically now being one with Dyon's mind, Madeleine understood this fact and didn't probe in that area. However, everything else was laid bare to her.

With every climax that caused a wave of pleasure to wash over her savory walls, it seemed as though she gained a new understanding.

A cycle began to form between the husband and wife pair.

Since Dyon had yet to comprehend anything about Madeleine's primordial yins, he was able to use this syncing with her to finally take a peek into it. He decided to focus on Amethyst's yin, using her comprehension of Life in order to bolster and strengthen his death will.

This was a similar concept to a technique the Dragon King mentioned during Dyon's fight with Loki and Elder Daiyu. Back then, he introduced a masochistic technique that required swallowing the daos of others to strengthen your own. The difference here was that that technique was incredibly dangerous, while this one was incredibly gentle due to the fact Dyon didn't need to accept the comprehension as his own, he could rely on Madeleine to act as a go-between, lessening the burden on himself.

While Dyon strengthened his death intent, Madeleine used his primordial yang to glimpse into his comprehension. Slowly, she began to use Dyon's death intent to balance her Rebirth will. Like this, she didn't need to waste time comprehending a new supreme law and could instead focus on her strengths.

The husband and wife lost themselves in pleasure. By the time they awoke, several weeks would have passed and Madeleine's rebirth will would have finally reached a balance. This was the ungodly speed of an ancestral grade technique provided!

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Dyon had truly begun enjoying the finer things in life. One might think him lazy at this point, but he felt the loosening of his mind had brought him to an entirely new level. He couldn't grasp exactly what this change was, but what he could say is that if the Dyon of now fought the Dyon who had just exited the golden flame mystical world, the battle would be a complete wash.

It might be easy to assume that this was because Dyon had gained a grasp of his strength now, and he was therefore better than his counterpart of several months ago. But, Dyon knew that this change was deeper than that.

By now, the growth in his mental energy reserves and spirituality was great enough that he finally noticed the change. It could barely count as a 1% increase, but Dyon was still excited about it.

One had to know that cultivators could spend thousands of years tempering their minds for such an increase. The expanding of one's mental energy reserves was a tedious and laborious task. Only rare species or individuals like Dyon who completely grasped their own weaknesses could make such improvements in such a short period of time.

If the Clans didn't know Dyon's masochistic tendencies well, they would have thought that he had begun to rest on his laurels. He had already pushed their meeting back three times by now, seemingly wasting every day away spending time with his wives.

However, the breakthrough of Zabia and the Ipsum disciples provided good cover for Dyon. Many of the Clans under Dyon's charge didn't have even a single dao expert. In fact, that was the case. None of them did. So, watching six breakthrough in this fashion, how could they not be awed?

Many believed that Dyon was probing their Clans by continuously moving the meeting date, others believed he was prioritizing their new dao experts, and still others believed that he was playing some sort of mind game. However, none of them guessed that Dyon was just enjoying his free time too much to deal with annoying political affairs.

"You know you'll have to deal with it eventually, right?" Clara looked at Dyon helplessly.

In order to increase Clara's effectiveness, Dyon built her an office within Soul Palace. If a person of the martial world walked in, they would be greatly confused due to the fact many mortal world objects could be found within this office.

Chapter 1428: Abstinence

Although the mortal world as Dyon and Clara once knew it was destroyed. It had to be remembered just how much of that data Dyon had stored on his twin bracelets.

Today, those bracelets were turned into the necklaces that Ri and Madeleine wore, however, the data within them was obviously something Dyon would never destroy. They had been sitting idly in his spatial ring for years now.

Considering Clara couldn't possibly remember every detail of everything considering she learned much of what she knew about governance as a mortal with flawed memory, the codex of books, articles and videos Dyon had were an invaluable resource. It could be said that what remained of the Mortal World could be found in this very room.

At this moment, Clara sat on the edge of her desk, her knees sticking close to Dyon's hips as though she couldn't tell how tempting such a position was.

Considering this wasn't the first time Dyon had burst into her office to express his lustful woes, Clara knew what likely coming after this, but she clearly didn't notice that she was subconsciously expectant.

"Ah, they can wait. Let them feel some pressure. Those who are smart can tell that I'm not happy about what's happened in my absence. I'll give them this one last chance to fix their mistakes. If they can't, the punishment will be harsh and swift."

Dyon smiled, grasping Clara's hips and bringing her closer. The fact they now had six lower dao experts, one of whom was even of the first grade, made Dyon endlessly excited. He really had to thank the Demon Sage for taking them in and training them for some many hundred years.

That said, how could they possibly fail? Dyon had outfitted them with some of the best equipment the Celestial Deer Sect left behind, not to mention top tier healing pills capable of adding to one's lifespan. They would have had to be completely incompetent to fail.

As of now, Dyon was wondering if he should give a Divine Pulse Pill to Zabia or not. It was true that Zabia entered the dao realm as a first grade warrior, an absolutely monstrous feat that only True Gods would dare guarantee success in, but he was still only of the First Order. If he took the pill, he would only advance to the Second Order, but he wouldn't receive a Divine Pulse, meaning he would never have a chance to gain the abilities of a Martial Saint.

However, that was only one aspect of Dyon's thinking, another half believed that maybe he was being too greedy. A First Order Dao expert was amazing, could he really expect much better?

In the end, he couldn't make a decision, so he put it off.

Clara rolled her eyes. "You make it sound like you planned to apply this pressure. I know you've just gotten lazy –"

She wanted to continue her rant, but the trail of kisses Dyon was leaving along her neck made her lose her train of thought. At the same time, her knees involuntarily tightened around Dyon's hips, and that was all the invitation he needed.

"You know ... Mm ... If you wanted ... to temper ... Mm ... Your spiritu ... ality ... Mm mm ... You should try ... Mm ... Absti ... nence ..."

Despite Clara's words, she had already thrown caution to the wind, running her hands across Dyon's wide back as she lost herself to lust.

By now, Damaris had lost count of how many times she had stumbled upon the faint moaning of Dyon's wives. She was starting to think he was doing this on purpose to annoy her.

If Dyon knew what Damaris was thinking, he'd probably send her flying with another palm strike. Who asked her to keep trespassing on his property?

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Like this, an entire 6 months passed without Dyon taking any action whatsoever. As this went on, those who were confident in his work ethic began to waver. Could it be that his promises were empty? That the images he painted of fame and grandeur were nothing but that? Images?

Many couldn't help but feel disappointed, but there were others who enjoyed the current status quo.

With Dyon's funding, even working disciples of the various sects lived lavish lives, never running out of cultivation resources. What had once been a short supply of qi gathering pills became a nearly endless.

At the same time, the academies continued to flourish. With the addition of the Mortal Clan geniuses, their standards raised by another level. Although there were only 36 of them, each displayed talents beyond imagining, going from a point where they knew little to nothing of the martial world just 6 years ago, to a point where they had all entered the essence gathering realm as 9th Order geniuses.

Whether or not they could continue this momentum was up in the air. After all, with each subsequent cultivation realm, the title of 9th Order genius became more and more lofty. There were no shortage of mere 2nd or even 3rd Grade Celestials that had once been 9th Order Essence Gatherers as well. But, what one could say was that these Mortal Clan geniuses had a unique drive to them. They were eager to return home wearing stripes of glory, ready to tell their fellow clansmen about how amazing the martial world was.

Of course, these 36 geniuses only knew the flowery and beautiful portions of the martial world. Under Dyon's protection, who would dare to harm them? Even the Clans who Dyon was currently displeased with didn't dare.

But, for now, Dyon allowed them to keep their rose-colored glasses on.

During this time, another campaign season opened for Soul Rend Universe. It was obvious that even after Dyon decimated them almost ten years ago now, they wouldn't have given up after only a single attempt. But, although Dyon could no longer enter the gate considering it was an essence gate, that didn't mean he didn't have his own counter measures.

The process of capturing gates was long and arduous. After Dyon took control of all nine towers, it was difficult for the 99 universes to make a move with them being at such a great disadvantage.

Chapter 1429: Bustling

At first, because of this, they didn't attack at all. For the first five years after Dyon nearly killed all of their young geniuses, they didn't send anyone. In all likelihood, they were attempting to contact, or, rather, hoping to contact their backers for a helpful solution.

However, one had to know that the elusive backers of the 99 universes had been in control of them for several million years, from the destruction of Soul Rend Peak, to now. With so much time having passed, several generations would have come and gone. Over time, their interest in the usefulness of the 99 universes would have plummeted.

As expected, those backers hadn't contacted the 99 universes in numerous years already, closing in on more than a hundred thousand by now. And, even before that, the time lag between contacts had been growing. In the end, the 99 universes would only rely on themselves.

Unfortunately for them, those 5 years were enough for Dyon to foster many competent essence gatherers, none more outstanding than Allura, Sibyl, and Kedar, the leaders of the Mortal Clan geniuses.

Although their quantity was lacking, and even their quality in some aspects, Dyon had given them such a large lead that it hardly mattered. Over the last two campaigns, the 99 universes had spent all of their time trying to reclaim one tower, hoping to use it as a base of operations. But, they were rebuffed again and again.

By the time this third campaign rolled around, Allura, Sibyl and Kedar no longer needed to rely on the tower advantage. But, this just made the 99 universes lose more miserably.

Unfortunately for them, the geniuses the 99 universes sent to face Dyon had been Pseudo-Saints back then. By now, they had already passed their first tribulations and could therefore no longer enter the essence gate. They stood no chance.

Aside from the mortal clan geniuses, there were other flourishing geniuses as well. Not to mention Giralda's son Ryu who was seemingly a step above them all having earned the only S grade thus far given by the academies, there were also the former soul slaves.

Although it seemed like Dyon was doing nothing, he would often send out his clones to diligently guide them. Before he began this small break of his, only Masada had entered the Master realm, being of the 3rd stage.

In truth, this was too low a standard. Considering Masada had a peak saint realm soul, her upper limit was that of a peak grandmaster, yet she was still a master. However, under Dyon's 6 months of guidance, every single Lower Blossom innate soul stage genius entered the peak practitioner realm at a minimum, with over 1000 of them becoming masters, with Masada leading the pack as a 10th stage master!

Not even the former soul slaves themselves knew this was thanks to Dyon's guidance. Everyday, he would form thousands of clones and send them all out in disguise, claiming himself to be a nominal elder of Soul Rending Peak. In this way, he slowly rose their standards, day by day.

Soon, on one particular day as Dyon was absentmindedly kneading Clara's breast, he decided that it was about time for the meeting to officially begin.

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On this particular day, the Soul Palace was bustling. The long-anticipated meeting was finally occurring. While many who had been invited felt pride, there was still a mixed bag of emotions.

Those who understood what the title of True God meant had already long since submitted to Dyon's strength, but that didn't mean they acknowledged his leadership. While having the larger fist and vast resources was great, the ability to run an empire was an entirely different matter.

At the same time, there were those who didn't comprehend what the True God title meant at all. Due to the precarious situation they were in, Dyon was very selective with the individuals he allowed to leave their universe and interact with the outside world. Of course, he trusted his Demon Generals, his wives, close friends, and even his little god sons and daughters, but that trust didn't extend to everyone.

As a result, many had spent the last more than 7 years now holed up in this universe. Of course, it wasn't exactly like this place was a prison. After all, it was an entire universe. So, this didn't cause much dissatisfaction, although it was a source of slight discomfort.

Currently, every notable figure in their Soul Rend Universe was gathering, whether that be those of the past powers, or the new ones that originated from Dyon's home universe.

The hall they gathered in was one Meiyang specifically designed for these sorts of occasions. It was a large, oval room, spanning over three hundred meters down its longer length, and just below one hundred fifty meters down its shorter.

The room was designed into layers, with each subsequent higher layer taking up a larger radius along with a higher elevation.

Obviously, with the current scope of Dyon's fledgling empire, this sort of size was overkill. As a result, everyone gathered toward the lowest layer, allowing the higher layers to be sealed off by curtains of

lavish red and gold. As of now, the area they had access to was just a few dozen meters in every direction.

In the lowest layer, the oval had a section of its head cut away, effectively separating Dyon's faction and trusted aids from everyone else.

Many could only confusedly walk into such a grand scene. Not only were the materials the hall was crafted in pristine beyond belief, but it had a distinctly modern design to it. After Dyon's input, Meiying decided to take some cues from the mortal world in its design. One could almost mistake it for a United Nations assembly room.

At this moment, the quiet murmurings of the crowd calmed as the entrance doors to the hall opened. Their eyes all focused on the approaching group of individuals, unable to take their eyes off of them. Still, even with their imposing atmosphere, none were grander than the youth that led them all.

Dyon currently wore robes of black-gold, beautifully crafted and etched with ancient emblems. Even without a crown, he undisputedly carried the air of a ruler, somehow overshadowing even the dao realm cultivation of Zabia who followed behind him.

Chapter 1430: Thoughts?

Of his wives, only Ri and Clara followed him, each taking either one of his sides. As for Madeleine, she had no interest in such matters. Although it would be important for her to be here once Dyon officially established his Empire, for this sort of meeting, her appearance was unnecessary.

Ri was dressed in a gorgeous white gown. It clung tightly to her torso before falling light gentle rainfall from her hips, her slender shoulders covered by a shawl of elegantly crafted wool. One could almost see a tangible queenly aura around her that could make one's heart palpitate.

As for Clara, she dressed formally in her Comet Lord robes. The silver fabric failed to hide the perfection of her curves, shimmering with streaking lights of illusory asteroids. Her gaze was cold and piercing, radiating with an attention to detail that those in attendance didn't dare meet.

Many knew that Dyon had many wives, but they knew next to nothing about the kind of women they had become. Some passively waved them off as tools Dyon used to vent his lust and completely decided to ignore them. In all likelihood, or so they believed, when Dyon matured, he would find a woman worthy to be an Empress to be by his side... But who would have known that Dyon's women had such Presence?

Those who had underlying intentions, had already felt apprehensive after entering this hall, but seeing this sort of display, their hearts trembled all the more so.

Aside from his wives and Zabia, Dyon was followed by his ten Vice Commanders. Along with Zabia, they all wore imposing black armor that seemed to waft with a dark aura that suffocated the atmosphere.

Together, they walked forward without a word. Dyon led them to the sectioned off portion of the hall, taking his place on its central throne with Ri and Clara seated to either side of him.

Dyon took his time scanning the room. Amid the silence, there seemed to be a deadly pressure poised at the necks of all in attendance. Yet, Dyon didn't seem to mind, meeting the gaze of each and every one until they were forced to look away. It wasn't until he reached his father and mother-in-law that he smiled slightly and released the tension in the hall.

"I've kept you all waiting, I apologize for that." He said with an air of authority. It didn't seem like he was apologizing at all. "Since this meeting has been called for the betterment of Soul Rend Universe, how about we begin with your thoughts?"

The various Clan and Sect leaders looked toward each other uncomfortably. Of all the ways they expected Dyon to begin, this was the one way that caught them off guard. They had half expected Dyon to storm in, list off a bunch of unquestionable, maybe even unreasonable commands, then stroll out.

Dyon waited patiently. He did absolutely nothing to alleviate the awkward atmosphere, he only sat silently. Seconds became minutes, and soon as much as half an hour passed without anyone saying a word. What a joke. Didn't they all have eyes? Just the one dao expert to Dyon's back could kill them all, and that didn't even mention Elder Nova – who wasn't here – or Dyon's own fighting prowess.

Still, Dyon continued to say nothing. His expression made his point clear, 'I know you have complaints, so we won't move on until you spill them. I don't mind sitting here for all of eternity as long as you all remain silent'.

Finally, one of those present couldn't handle it anymore. He was actually a member of a former God Clan of Earth, the Cavositas Clan. After Loki turned their Patriarch into a puppet, they fell to the wayside. But, Dyon did find their affinity with destruction will quite interesting. Much like celestial will and celestial supreme law, destruction will shared this same relationship with chaos will. In fact, the Chaos Arenas where Ulu nearly crippled Ri were run by the Cavositas family. This was no coincidence.

If Dyon remember correctly, the heir of the Cavositas Clan's younger brother was actually among the 11 geniuses he fought at the entrance of the Demon Sage's Legacy World. Still, Dyon didn't show any particular reaction when their representation cleared his throat. After all, he hardly cared about such matters anymore.

"Leader Sacharro, if I might ask, why is it that you continuously pushed the meeting back?"

The Cavositas Clan member decided to pluck some low hanging fruit. His tone wasn't too reproachful, and he also picked a topic that everyone was clearly aware of. In this way, he could minimize the risk to himself while also moving this meeting along.

Since he wasn't sure what he should call Dyon, he settled upon Leader Sacharro. For now, that should be good enough since Dyon hadn't officially established an Empire or Kingdom.

"Oh, that?" Dyon smiled lightly. "I was taking a vacation and I was reluctant to stop enjoying myself."

Dyon's words caused the leaders to not know whether to laugh or cry. Wasn't this too blatant? They had all expected some flowery excuse connected to the betterment of their alliance, but who would have expected this?

The Cavositas representative coughed awkwardly again. "I see. You have been working quite hard, it's good that you've taken a break."

Although Ri and Clara maintained their dignified expression, they were inwardly dying of laughter. Dyon was so mischievous. Still, his words had the desired effect as the atmosphere seemed to lighten.

Seeing this change occur, many began to speak, one after another. Dyon's memory was good enough to remember every concern, but Clara still recorded everything. This was below her standing as Dyon's wife, but for now, everything was quite informal. Implementing strict protocol without a good foundation first was just as good as not doing anything at all.

The complaints were quite wide ranging. Some spoke about the need for additional academies. As things stood now, only three academies per planet was a bit lacking. Even the mortal world had countless schools. So, having only three academies each really was too little.