

The Nameless 1701

Chapter 1701: Of Course

"But... The Ancient Battlefield is too turbulent to simply take them out. Also, if I throw such an imbalance into the Mortal Alliance so soon, the morale of the Clans will hit rock bottom. They'll feel that all the work they had done for the past near decade was meaningless.

"I want them to have a sense of belonging, I want our first victories to be as a result of our work together, not because my contributions overwhelmed theirs."

Listening to Dyon speak, Ri and Clara felt a deep fire light within them. They could see that their husband had greatly matured.

Of course, Dyon had no intention of completely ignoring his Titans, he would definitely bring some of them over to act as his personal Sworn Knights, but he wouldn't overwhelm the Mortal Clans with their numbers.

Dyon had worked too hard to construct a system where it felt like every Clan had a chance to rise to the top. If he toppled that system by bringing in unknowns to seek short term benefits, let alone building up the Mortal Empire, he would lose the hearts of his people.

Dyon's perspective on things felt much wider now, he wouldn't foolishly make such a mistake.

Plus, Dyon felt that the fire power he had now was more than enough.

Soon, the Title Spirits would perfectly form their bodies once more. Aside from the Demon Sage, who was so close to the Higher Existence Realm during his life, and Dyon's master whose soul was stronger than even Dyon's – things that would obviously force their bodies to take longer to reconstruct – the rest would be ready come the ninth month.

This would give Dyon an additional 11 lower dao experts under his command in addition to Amphorae, Glorianice, Zabia, and the five Ipsum disciples – Trot, Asuman, Bowie, Arlo and Iaachus. Dyon didn't believe it was necessary to have more experts than this, they should be enough.

Of course, there was one other that Dyon didn't count among this number, and that was the former Weapon's Guild Head who was currently still in a coma after suffering disastrous injuries. And, there was also the celestial beasts Dyon had yet to properly integrate.

Though Dyon was lacking in number of celestials, the people under his command were incredibly top heavy in terms of strength. If he planned diligently, he wasn't worried. And, by the time the war ended, the issue of lack of celestials would fix itself.

Dyon remained on the Peak Celestial Floors for a while, happily chatting with his wives. They asked him about what his plans were for the Flaming Lily Sect and were quite surprised by his answer, to the point of being speechless. But, Dyon was more surprised to find that no one came to bother him despite his having taken over Peak Gold City.

Though he expected that most would have learned their lesson by now, it was definitely a surprise that even the three Dragon True Gods hadn't come to find trouble.

Dyon thought that this might be because, unlike what happened on the Lower Celestial Floor, he didn't ban entry from anyone here, though his ban on Low Gold City was still in effect.

Still, the matter was rather odd....

In the end, Dyon left a clone and departed to Soul Universe with Ri and Clara by his side. The moment they returned, the three of them with their separate ways, eager to train.

Dyon, of course, had to see his little girl first. The moment he entered Luna's room, a young, spry little girl practically jumped several meters into his arms, her hearty giggling making Dyon's heart feel light.

"... Do you have to go, daddy?" Alauna pouted. She was normally very good, but Dyon had disappeared for several days. In truth, it was the first time she had been away from Dyon so long. It seemed he had been too reckless in staying in the tower for more than a day.

"Dad's going to do something very boring." Dyon pinched Alauna's little nose.

Alauna blinked with curiosity. "What's that?"

"Cultivation. To grow stronger to protect Little Precious."

Luna who had been watching this interaction suddenly felt there was an opportunity.

"I... I can help." She said softly.

Dyon looked over with a curious gaze.

He had decided that though he loved being with Alauna, he couldn't take her away from Luna. So, the two shared spacious room in Soul Palace.

Luckily, though Dyon did this to keep his distance from Luna, Little Alauna didn't find anything weird about this. After all, from her birth, she had always spent time with Dyon while she was awake, and went to sleep with Luna. Her immature mind didn't know anything about the matters of men and women and obviously didn't know that there was something odd going on with her parents' relationship.

In truth, if Dyon dual cultivated with Luna, his cultivation speed would overshadow Madeleine's and the speed he would have with the Energy Core.

The reason for this was simple. The Energy Core's legendary ability was related to spiritual veins and its ability to help them grow larger, it was its active ability that helped accumulate energy quickly. Simply put, Luna's ability to control energy was legendary while the energy core's ability to control energy was dependent on its user.

It was obvious which was better.

However, Luna wasn't about to suggest that she dual cultivate with Dyon. She knew her boundaries and she hadn't come anywhere close to crossing that one. But, that didn't mean she couldn't help.

"I'll gather the energy for you and purify it. Then you can use [Devour] on it. You'll cultivate more than ten times faster with my help. It won't be impossible to go beyond your goals." Luna explained.

Dyon frowned slightly as Alauna looked on curiously, wrapping her little chubby arms around Dyon's neck.

It was no wonder he was frowning. How was what Luna was suggesting different from using energy stones?

The reason using energy stones to cultivate was frowned upon was because it ruined your foundation by making cultivation too easy. If Luna both purified and primed the energy for him to devour, it would be the same as ruining his foundation, no?

But, it seemed that Luna had already thought of this.

"Don't worry, my help will be different from energy stones, especially if you filter in Primordial Energy. I have absolute control over energy, if you allow me to, I can even make your foundation firmer than it already is..."

Chapter 1702: Happy

"Your foundation seems good, I mean... but it's flawed in many areas." Luna quickly explained herself.

It was hard to tell someone like Dyon his foundation was flawed. Hadn't he perfectly filled his meridians every step of the way? Plus, he had his body reconstructed before entering the saint realm, completely doing away with all of his hidden impurities.

In addition to this, he had his body completely reconstructed once more just a few weeks ago after entering the silver silk stage, and would undergo such a cleansing once more the moment he broke the barrier to the gold silk stage.

Although they had a child together, the truth was that Luna knew little about Dyon. She chased after a fanciful ideal of them being together purely because of Alauna and her fantasies of the kind of man he was, but the truth was that the only Dyon she had come to know was a Dyon whose emotions she had manipulated.

Because she knew little about Dyon, she thought he might get angry with her pointing out his flaws. The men she had come to know mostly had fragile egos and didn't like to be criticized, so she didn't want to open up a larger rift between her and Dyon.

In the end, she ended up flustered and quickly tried to explain herself, but the words she ended up saying were even worse than before. She felt like kicking herself on the inside as she lowered her head, a single eye closing as she expected Dyon to snap back at her.

But, that moment never came.

"Flawed, eh?" Dyon pinched Little Alauna's chubby cheeks as he fell into thought. "You're probably right.

"The truth is that my cultivation was sealed by some bad people when I was younger, so for a long time, I didn't have access to much of my talent. Truthfully speaking, I still don't have all of my talent in its entirety because the last third is still hidden away.

"Back then, I cultivated through the Foundation Stage incredibly slowly trying to make up for this... I guess I was too optimistic in thinking I escaped any mistakes."

Now that Luna mentioned it, Dyon thought that she was probably right.

[Inner World: Sanctuary] wasn't just the best cultivation technique ever created, it was also probably the hardest cultivation technique ever created – though this last part was debatable.

Yet, all those decades ago, Dyon had used his pitiful amount of talent to cultivate the entire first stage. Though he was supported by the incredibly energy dense Epistemic Tower at the time, wasn't it too much to expect someone as untalented as him to lay a perfect foundation?

The truth was that this was only a portion of the problem. Even further beyond that, Dyon was given his tempered meridians directly afterward, allowing him to reach the peak of the Meridian Formation Realm instantly. But, how could one's foundation be perfect if the cultivation was done for you?

The worst part was that this wasn't the only time Dyon's cultivation had been done for him either. After his seal was undone, he shot up from the 1st Essence Gathering Stage to the 12th in an instant thanks to Evangeline's, or rather, Jade's energy provided through the Nine Cloud Yang Aphrodisiac.

There was a reason the Heavens only cultivated 1 stage for geniuses they liked after one passed a tribulation or entered a new Realm. If it helped any more, it would harm the foundation of the genius. Yet, despite not receiving the help of the Heavens during the Saint and Celestial Realms, Dyon had received a lot of help from elsewhere.

In truth, Dyon had only truly started cultivating under his own talent recently. He cultivated the Saint Realm and the Celestial Realm himself, but it could be argued that he received a ton of help outside of this. Maybe if it wasn't for his body being reconstructed so many times, he would have noticed the issues start to pop up much earlier.

Hearing Dyon's confirmation of her thoughts, Luna felt a weight drop from her shoulders as she gathered the courage to look back up.

It seemed she realized it too. This man she thought she loved, did she even understand the person he was? What were his likes, his dislikes? What side of the bed did he sleep on? What kind of food did he like? What were his hobbies?

Luna would be lying if she said she didn't feel uncomfortable with the cold shoulder Dyon's wives gave her, despite her belief that she deserved it. After all, she was only human, albeit a human with godlike abilities. There would always be that hidden sadness within her.

But now, she finally understood their thoughts. She didn't even know Dyon, what right did she have to ask them to share him with her?

Luna felt enlightened as yet another weight fell, but this time, from her heart. She finally smiled a genuine smile, one that wasn't just for Alauna... It was one for herself, for a hopeful future.

Now that she understood where she was wrong, she could work to fix it. She was very curious... The father of her child... What kind of man was he?

"You said that a third of your talent was still sealed?" Luna relaxed, meeting Dyon's eyes with a light smile.

"Mm." Dyon nodded lifting the giggling Alauna up and into the air. "It's unfortunate, but my energy cultivation talent is sealed within an Energy Kernel. I'm just lucky that my constitution covers my bases in that regard.

"I would absorb it back, but I have no way of separating my talent from the others. And, if I have too much energy cultivation talent, my tribulations will become impossible to cross."

Luna's eyes sparkled. "I can help with that too!"

Dyon looked toward Luna with surprise once more before smiling.

'It seems you've figured something out.' Seeing the clarity in her eyes, he felt happy for Luna.

Chapter 1703: Pain

For a man, there would always be a place in your heart for the mother of your child, it was something impossible neglect. But, Dyon had four wives, he couldn't disregard their feelings for one Luna. Though Alauna was his daughter, and he loved her, he loved Ri, Clara, Amphorae and Madeleine as well – their feelings mattered to him just as much.

So, seeing that Luna had found her own path lowered his own emotional weights.

Dyon and Luna's first meeting was quite complex. If he recalled correctly, he had gone to fight a Universe Tournament with King Viserion and the prize for first place was Luna's hand in marriage.

Originally, the tournament was meant to be a formality. The Scion of the Emperor God Viserion Clan was meant to win as he was already betrothed to Luna. However, Dyon, not knowing the reality of these matters, ended up taking first place.

In the end, the Moon Clan was forced to publicly give Luna's hand in marriage to Dyon, and Dyon, not wanting to embarrass Luna, didn't reject despite only having Amphorae in his heart. This was how their relationship began.

Due to her own family issues, Luna was coaxed by her father and the puppet masters who controlled him to take hold of Dyon, resulting in Dyon's father being captured and kicking off the events of the second trial.

Of course, Dyon didn't know how much of the second trial was truly him, or someone else, and maybe he would never know the truth of those matters, but, at the very least, this was Luna's truth.

"In that case... This is really good. Hold on, I'll be right back." Kissing Alauna on the forehead, Dyon rushed out under Luna's gaze.

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"Really?" Clara's eyes sparkled.

"Of course, Luna can help you retrieve your talent."

Clara's cold eyes gave way to a light excitement as she held Dyon's hands with both of hers.

This was great news. Though Clara had been taking the Jade Queen Bee's honey every day, she still only had Fifth Grade meridians. The only reason she had been able to reach the celestial stage with a perfect foundation was purely because of the vast resources poured into her.

Unfortunately, after reaching the celestial realm, the appropriate resources became far more expensive, and Clara's lack of talent stalled her heavily.

Unlike Dyon, who managed to find his original constitution, Clara hadn't been able to find hers by luck as he had. As a result, it was far harder for her to awaken the true abilities of her constitutions.

This wasn't all either. Dyon had layered multiple of the same constitutions atop of each other, but Clara hadn't been able to do this, the simple reason being her Array Alchemy wasn't as good as Dyon's.

Back when Clara awakened her constitutions in order to increase her cultivation talent, Dyon's soul had still been sealed. There was nothing he could have done to help her skirt around the three-pill limit.

These unfortunate events culminated to the situation today. Though Dyon never hesitated to pour more resources into her, Clara couldn't help but feel inadequate, which was why she worked so hard on the Mortal Network and with the Association.

Of course, Dyon found her insecurities ridiculous. It could be argued that Clara had contributed the most to the Mortal Alliance. But, maybe, just like Eli, there were some things that could only be fixed with cultivation strength.

Since Luna had said so, Dyon jumped at the opportunity to help Clara, dragging her along back to Luna's room.

"You can really help?" Clara looked toward Luna expectantly.

Luna smiled. "Of course, of course. Just hand me the energy kernel and I'll find the talent meant for you two."

Clara seemed surprised by Luna's change as well. Usually, when she was faced with either her, Ri or Amphorae, she would lower her head and avert her gaze. This only resulted in her distance between the three of them growing. But now it seemed she had regained some clarity and some of the air of the Unblemished One she had cultivated for so long.

For a moment, Clara thought that this was maybe because of something Dyon said. But, after reading the room, this didn't seem to be the case.

In the end, Clara smiled.

"Thank you, truly."

Luna shook her head vehemently. "No, you don't have to thank me. I'm only doing what I should. I'll always be here to support the Sacharro Clan for as long as I can."

A layer of frost seemed to dissipate from Clara's eyes as she chose to say no more.

After nodding with satisfaction, Dyon communicated with The Seal, bringing out a very familiar ball of beautiful rainbow light.

"Ah!" Little Alauna looked toward the ball in awe. "So pretty!"

Luna concentrated, taking the ball of light into her hands. She could clearly feel that yin and yang side, and it only took her a moment to sense the energies that were perfectly in line with both Clara and Dyon.

Her delicate hands spread as she waded through billions of talent sources. Suddenly, her two fingers pinched, as though she was a witch pulling a string of fate taut.

In a flash, her wrist flicked forward, sending two streams of light into Clara and Dyon's bodies.

In the next instant, they were both enveloped by a gentle light as the Heavens seemed to open up.

Clara grunted in pain.

For Dyon, who had experienced his body being reconstructed so many times, he weathered the storm easily, but he couldn't help but feel strong concern for Clara.

Sometimes the difference between the body kernel and the energy kernel could be confusing because of the great boon the body kernel was for Dyon's energy cultivation talent. But the truth was that they were two separate entities.

Dyon's energy cultivation talent happened to be helped by his body kernel, or the constitutions he received from them, because his constitution reconstructed his body.

Chapter 1704: Beautiful

This reconstruction led to the improvement of his meridians to the first grade, and subsequently, to the True Deity grade.

However, Clara didn't receive this reconstruction, both because she didn't find her original constitution, and because the constitutions she chose didn't have such a profound overall effect.

The Wind Spirit Constitution helped affinity for wind and made one's body lighter. The Energy Flow Constitution helped increased sensitivity to energy and gave one eyes capable of seeing the flow of energy within an opponent's meridians, thus allowing them to dictate the flow of the battle easier. And lastly, Eternity's Balance, which helped the fusion of all things.

None of these constitutions directly improved the body like Titan Diamond Body did.

However, the energy kernel was different. It only had two jobs: to improve one's meridians and one's innate energy senses.

As expected for one born within the universe meant to birth humanity's foremost race, Clara was a dazzling talent. Coupled with her Energy Flow constitution, it was akin to giving wings to tigriss.

The Heavens sang praises from above, causing golden light to wash Soul Palace with purity. Little Alauna giggled happily, enjoying the pretty lights very much.

The Chaos Era was ruled by the Titans, masters of the body. The Primordial Era was ruled by the Angels, masters of qi. The Golden Era was ruled by the elves, masters of soul.

To now, the Modern Era was thought to be ruled by the sprites. But this seemed odd. Technically, sprites weren't human, they were only half so. They didn't actually have human bred talents of their own, rather, they were relying on the strength provided by their sprite ancestors, giving them great affinities depending on the type of sprite lineage they were born from.

Simply put, if one stripped a sprite of their spirit-like characteristics, they would be no different from normal humans.

If this was true, and the legitimate heirs to the throne of this Era were Dyon and his people, then just what was their strength? What were they born to become?

Maybe the answer wouldn't be shown now... But soon, soon it would be.

Luna's eyes flashed. "Bear with me for a second, I will reveal your true constitution as well, but you must choose. Which of your three will you give up?"

Luna could transfer the energy of the Constitution Awakening Pill for Clara as well. If Clara awakened her true constitution, she would take a massive leap forward and become the expert she should be. Just like Dyon, she would step into the true abilities her race of people should have by unlocking all three facets of her talent.

Since Clara was born after Dyon, her soul had been with her from the beginning. Luna had just returned her energy talent. And now...

"I relinquish Energy Flow...!" Clara said through gritted teeth.

Maybe Dyon had spoken too soon. Just when he thought Clara's Energy Flow constitution would gain a great boost now that her true energy cultivation talent had been revealed, Clara suddenly chose to relinquish it. At first, Dyon thought this might be a mistake, but in the next moment, he bit back his words.

Clara's true constitution... Coupled with Eternity's Balance and Wind Spirit...

Well, maybe it would be best if he went back to not challenging Clara to battles.

Suddenly, the temperature skyrocketed. Even in pain, Dyon immediately covered Alauna in a blanket of his qi, keeping her nice and cool. The little girl was so astonished by the sights around her that she didn't even notice she would have died if not for the efforts of her father.

Clara's hair shot into the air, erupting in a blaze of fire. The change was so sudden that Dyon felt a familiar squirming within his inner world.

Little Rain who had been in a coma for years, ever since he swallowed the Fire Sprite, had suddenly stirred under Clara's presence.

Dyon happily smiled. 'Seems she spent too long in that furnace room of hers, she ended up turning into a flame herself.'

Who would have known that the cold-eyed Clara's original constitution was the God Grade Fire Spirit Body?

Dyon's Sovereign Flame flickered wildly. It wasn't just it, but his Runic Flame and his Aurora Flames responded in kind. It was as though every flame in existence bent toward this wife of his.

Though Wind Spirit Body could only be designated as a Heaven Grade constitution, Fire Spirit Body, along with being one of the few constitutions both men and women could be given, was a level above. Fire and Lightning simply stood above all other elemental wills.

Now that Clara had awoken this constitution, her true constitution, her strength had taken a massive leap forward. And... Her body was reconstructed.

A blaze of flames seemed to erase Clara from existence. It wasn't just red flames, but a rainbow of beautiful colors lit the large bedroom. If it wasn't for the actions of both Dyon and Luna, the whole of Soul Palace would have burnt down that day.

Soon, the flames began to swirl, reconstructing the figure of a beauty blessed by the Heavens.

Clara's nude form slowly appeared. Like Dyon's body which was spun by fine lines of silk, her body came into existence by wisps of flames, starting from her feet and winding upward.

Her caramel skin shimmered with a slight golden light, making her seem like a goddess descended from above. Her hair seemed to have darkened by several shades, shifting like a beautiful waterfall as it fell to the small of her back. But, the largest change were that of her eyes. What once were pearls of blue so pale that they appeared grey, had turned toward a blazing red, shimmering like rubies under the room's pale light.

Even while his meridians still fiercely expanded, Dyon couldn't help but grin. How could a man not be happy when his wife had suddenly become so much more beautiful? He couldn't have been happier.

Chapter 1705: This...

If Dyon had to be honest with himself, even after believing he had reached the True Deity Grade of meridians thanks to his sovereign flame, he hadn't experienced any stark change, aside from his meridians being larger, everything else was the same.

Of course, Dyon didn't really have anything else to go off of. He was only aware that his meridians were larger than they had been in the past, but he wasn't aware of what the meridians of others were like in comparison to his. But, the moment he regained his energy cultivation talent, everything seemed to flip on its head.

If Dyon had to describe it, it was like the first time he wore the Dragon King as a band on his wrist. Before doing so, the world might as well have been black and white, but the moment he did, he felt as though a swirl of color had invaded his senses.

The world seemed colorful and full of life, as though there was nothing more beautiful than existence itself, even the air seemed to smell better.

However this feeling, it was hundreds if not thousands of times that.

Dyon's meridians doubled, then even tripled in size, it reached a point where he doubted if they could even fit in his body any longer, just where were they going?

But, just when he thought it was finished, a sound that could only be compared to the unsheathing of a vibrant sword resounded from his body. In that instant, his meridians that should have been forged of flesh, became as hard as diamond.

It cracked and reformed, repeating the process again and again.

As though forced to act, Dyon's body responded in kind. He could only push Alauna's small body across the room on a cushion of wind qi as he underwent reconstruction once more. Just weeks after entering the silver silk stage, Dyon shattered the barrier to the gold silk realm.

The truly shocking part, however, was that this time, even while Dyon was holding back so as not to scream in pain, and his body disappeared into thin lines of silver silk, there was a portion of him that remained behind.

Sturdy and intricate lines as complex as blood vessels. Beautiful didn't seem like a grand enough word to describe whatever it was. They were as clear as the purest water, perfectly reflecting the light that bounced along its surface.

"Meridians...?" Luna looked on in shock along with the recently clothed Clara. "... That's impossible..."

There were few individuals more familiar with meridians in existence. In fact, despite being unable to cultivate, Luna's meridians would technically be ungradeable. True Deity simply wasn't enough for her. But, even she had never seen meridians like this.

This obviously wasn't to say that Dyon's energy talent surpassed Luna's, that would be ridiculous. It was rather that these meridians were far too different... They seemed like something beyond meridians.

Luna's eyes shone. Could this be related to Dyon and Clara's race of people?

Luna could very clearly see Dyon 118 meridians, but the formations of meridian pathways were far beyond that of what a human should have.

When Luna turned her attention toward Clara, her sensitivity to energy immediately picked up that Clara's meridians were different as well, they just hadn't evolved to the final state Dyon's had quite yet.

'Is this because of the Sovereign Flame?' Luna speculated.

Thanks to the Sovereign Flame, Dyon's meridians had evolved to the final, perfect, True Deity stage. However, Clara's meridians were now of the First Grade.

'The meridians and blood vessels have perfectly fused, creating a new network. Not just this, but the meridians of the brain are far more intricate than one would find even among the Sapientia...'

If Luna's thoughts were revealed, the shock was ravage the whole of the martial world.

The Sapientia were also a special evolved race of humans. Their strength manifested in their minds, which was why they were known for their knowledge. They were generally far smarter and had higher comprehension than other Clans did.

This wasn't a matter of affinity. The sprites might have higher comprehension toward a certain element due to their lineage, but the Sapientia had a deeper holistic comprehension ability which was why they had the most Higher Existences among the Outer Powers. To say that another race of people had greater brain development than the Sapientia bordered on blasphemy.

But, when Luna looked toward Clara's mind, the proof was right before once more. Not only were the meridians and blood vessels of their minds more developed, they had more folds than average humans did as well, meaning they had more brain matter surface area than others did.

Luna's gaze shifted over to Little Alauna who Dyon had sent over to her. She could only be surprised once more when she saw that Little Alauna too carried these traits she could have only gotten from Dyon.

If this wasn't shocking enough, this wasn't even the most surprising thing of Luna's commentary. The idea of meridians perfectly fusing with blood vessels... It was ridiculous. Luna couldn't even begin to comprehend what it could mean.

Unfortunately, Luna's opportunity to observe more vanished as lines of beautiful gold silk descended, reconstructing Dyon's body once more.

When Dyon reappeared, he had undergone yet another drastic change.

His hair remained just as long and fair, but the silver had been replaced by a shiny, reflective gold. The silver hue his skin gave off was nowhere to be seen, taken over by a lustrous and commanding golden halo, pulsing with life and vitality. Then there were his eyes, a piercing pearl of gold, twinkling with the depths of the cosmos.

Though Clara hated to admit it, her husband really was more beautiful than she was. Was she meant to be upset, or happy about this?

Dyon immediately covered his decency so as not to subject his little girl to a scene he never wanted her to see. Even still, his true focus was on none other than his own body.

His body filled with a brimming, unrestrained power. He felt as though he could destroy entire worlds with a single thought, it was as though... He was finally whole.

Suddenly, Dyon's mercury-like blood surged, sending out a pulse of power that threatened to destroy everything.

Luna's eyes widened, quickly acting, she formed a barrier around Dyon, only to be shocked to find out that she couldn't contain it in its entirety.

"This..."

Chapter 1706: Who Said?

Dyon was shocked. Luna was forced to protect Alauna to her back, even becoming a bloody mess. If she wasn't a Heaven's Child, she would have immediately died.

Clara wasn't fairing much better either, and she definitely didn't have the regenerative abilities Luna had.

Her delicate body was flung across the room, blasting through several walls before collapsing into a bloody heap.

"Clara! Luna!"

Dyon was shocked.

As Dyon panicked, Little Alauna's eyes began to uncontrollably tear up. Though she was hiding behind Luna who managed to protect her in the final moment, she could see the blood pooling at her mother's feet as well as Clara's sorry appearance as she was flung away wildly.

Dyon didn't dare to move rashly again, standing like a statue and forcing every function of his body into a dormant state.

This strength, it was too inconceivable, it was like nothing he had ever felt before. He didn't even trust himself to take a single step.

Luckily, it was then that Amphorae came rushing in. She looked around in confusion before seeing Dyon's pleading eyes aimed toward Clara. Luna would be fine because she was a Heaven's Child, but Dyon was legitimately worried that he might have killed Clara.

He couldn't even bring himself to speak. He realized that when he had rashly called out Clara and Luna's names, the upsurge of energy attempted to break free once more. If he hadn't focused his entire being on stopping it, another catastrophe would have broken loose.

Amphorae didn't say anything more and rushed toward Clara's body.

By now, Luna's bloody front had healed itself. Watching her skull reform and her muscles and skin wiggle forth, Dyon felt an uncontrollable ache in his heart. He had caused this.

This had never happened to Dyon before. He had experienced many massive leaps in strength before, but it was never like this... Never to the point where he couldn't control his own strength and definitely never to the point where he couldn't see the end of his own limits.

It was only then Dyon realized that this matter wasn't as simple as him receiving a third of his talent back, he had completely reformed the body he was meant to be born with and that wasn't as simple as a 50% increase in strength, he had undergone a massive qualitative change.

Of course, it wasn't as though Dyon didn't think this might be related to entering the gold silk realm, but there was something inside him telling him that this was wrong. The gold silk realm alone couldn't explain this.

"It's okay, it's okay." Luna whisked the blood away and covered herself in a new set of robes, picking the crying Alauna up. "Everything's going to be okay, daddy just had a little accident."

Dyon forced a smile, trying to put on a brave front for Alauna, but the truth was that he didn't dare to hold his own little girl in his arms anymore.

Amphorae carried Clara back into the room, but her face didn't look good, nor did Clara.

'She...' Amphorae sent a message meant only for Dyon's ears. '... She needs something capable of healing her quickly, or else she'll slip away.'

Dyon tried hard to control the beating of his heart, it felt as if even something so simple could destroy everything around him.

He immediately remembered that he still had 30% of the planet grade healing pill remaining, but he didn't even trust himself to speak, could he really guide that energy to Clara?

"Luna..." Dyon spoke slowly and deliberately. "... Please... Inside my inner world... Pill energy... from Essence reversal pill..."

Luna blinked before understanding Dyon meant. After placing Little Alauna behind Amphorae, she fearlessly stepped toward Dyon and placed her small hand to his torso, finding the path to his inner world.

The gesture was small, but Amphorae felt warmth toward Luna's trust despite the situation. Trusting your daughter to someone else wasn't an easy task for a mother.

It didn't take long before Luna's abilities shone through. She immediately located the energy Dyon spoke of.

"Dyon, the grip on your inner world is too strong, far stronger than it was before, I can't control it unless you relax."

Dyon grit his teeth, looking toward the unconscious Clara as he willed himself to calm down.

His breathing grew steady. If he couldn't control his path in dire situations like this one, what was the point in his dao heart?

In that moment, the rainbow light laying deep within his nascent soul pulsed to life. Dyon's will shone through fiercely, allowing Luna to take control as the words of his manifestation rung once more.

[Who said a sovereign can't rely on those around him?]

Seeing Clara's injuries rapidly healing, only then did the weight on Dyon's heart finally lessen slightly. He had never raised a hand against his wives, so something like this was too much of a jarring experience for him. Seeing his wives hurt was one matter, but them being hurt because of him was on a completely different level.

Dyon steadied his breathing.

"What happened to me?" Dyon could only ask Luna. She was the most familiar with energy, only she would be capable of understanding.

Clara awoke groggily. Her hand shot to the back of her skull as an intensive fear overtook her.

She had never been so close to death before. As a celestial, she had clearly felt the back of her head completely collapse. Shards of broken bone had torn her brain matter apart, and even her spine had been shattered in multiple places. She had even felt her life slipping away...

Back then, she had forgotten to fight, almost willingly walking toward whatever path samsara had for her.

This was something many experienced when they neared death. Even if their souls could survive without their bodies, the natural tendency would be toward giving way the moment your body gave way.

Clara, who had a celestial soul, and was very close to becoming a Moon Lord, obviously could survive even if her body died, but the tug toward the other side had been too strong.

Chapter 1707: Just Yet...

Clara snapped awake from her own fierce, standing up only to realize she had been in Amphorae's arms.

"Dyon! Are you okay?" Clara's head shot toward Dyon, but she was suddenly held back by Amphorae.

"What's wrong?" She looked around in confusion. It was only then she remembered what happened.

Dyon's body had just be reconstructed, he tried to test out his new form and simply flexed his forearms. In the next instant, what sounded like a tidal wave rushed Clara's ears, but she only registered the sounds after she was sent flying backward.

The impact was so severe that had it not been for the fact Clara had a spirit body, sharing some characteristics with the sprites, she would have died instantly.

Dyon smiled bitterly. "It's best you don't come near me for now."

Clara nodded slowly. She could see the guilt ridden in Dyon's eyes, but she knew there was nothing simple she could say to fix. Instead...

Clara walked forward, ignoring Dyon's words and lightly slapping his defined jawline with her soft hands.

"You're going to be an Emperor soon, get a hold of yourself. I didn't choose a pansy for a husband, did I?"

Dyon smile slanted, maybe only Clara would choose this approach.

"The strength you exuded in that moment was beyond the dao realm boundary. I rushed here even before that because I sensed it..." Amphorae said gently. "... Wait a moment, I will go and get father."

Dyon's gaze followed Amphorae out, still unwilling to move. But, at the very least, he had retracted some of the guilt in his eyes. Clara was right, this was the worst time for him to be acting like this.

It wasn't long before Amphorae had dragged her unhappy father over.

Dyon acknowledged the Demon Sage's expertise in this area despite their differences. He had an innate understanding of the human body, or else he wouldn't have been named the greatest body cultivator to ever exist despite the legend of the Titans.

His title wasn't about strength, obviously. One only needs to look toward Zabia and the Ipsum twins, not to mention Amphorae acclimating herself to the Martial Saint Pill so quickly, to understand the Demon Sage's innate abilities.

But who would have known that the first thing the old man would say would be...

"FUUUUUUUUUUCK!"

Dyon nearly forgot everything and snapped. This damned old man, would he not be satisfied until he pissed him off to death? His daughter was in this room, could he not watch his mouth?

"Father, your words." Amphorae frowned, protecting Little Alauna's ears.

The spirit form of the Demon Sage swayed in anger for a few more moments before he finally calmed himself.

"The Heavens created this boy to piss me off to my deathbed. I spent countless years of my life attempting to perfectly fuse energy and vital qi, and eventually succeeded, only for this bastard to be born with it innately? What did I do to deserve this?!?!"

Luna, who was greatly dissatisfied with the Demon Sage's behavior, directly caged him in a sphere of energy, not allowing Little Alauna to hear anymore.

"Dyon, yours, Clara's, and Little Alauna's meridians aren't normal. You have what appears to be the normal system of 109, or 118 in your case, meridians, but the meridian pathways are perfectly fused with your blood vessels. In a sense, your blood can freely flow through your meridians, while your qi can freely flow through your blood vessels.

"When you tried to test out your body, you instinctually aroused your blood. The reason why Clara didn't have as big of a reaction as you is because Clara has never body cultivated before, whereas your blood was perfectly tempered to the peak of the silver silk stage.

"Your strength isn't as simple as the additive result of your qi and body strength, I believe there's an exponential increase when the two are fused.

"I was alive during the Demon Sage's glory years, he was feared by even the Nephilim in those times, it was to the point where the Sapiaentia schemed for his death using his entry into the Timeless Library to wipe his Empire out.

"However, the Demon Sage only artificially emulated what you and your race of people are born with innately... Simply put, your strength is incomparable to what it was before..."

What Luna didn't continue to say was that she felt that this wasn't the end of these matters, it was only the tip of the iceberg... She was certain that the additional blood vessels, meridians, and folds of Dyon's brain played a significant role in his race's hidden abilities... She just didn't know what it was just yet...

...

"That's great but..." Dyon smiled bitterly. "... How do I move without destroying everything around me."

Dyon wasn't too surprised by Amphorae's take that his strength had entered the dao realm. The truth was that he had purposely stalled his body cultivation at the peak of the silver silk stage when he could have entered the gold silk stage all so that he could bring things in and out of the Ancient Battlefield.

However, Dyon had always been aware that the silver silk stage's peak represented the peak most strength a pseudo-dao expert could wield, while the gold silk realm would represent the dao realm.

Simply put, whether it was by the mutation in his meridians or not, Dyon would have had the strength of a dao expert regardless by the end of this coming eight to nine month period thanks to him being able to rely on Luna to bring materials in and out of his constitution's world.

The real question, aside from, of course, how Dyon would control this newfound strength, was just how far into the dao realm he had stepped. Because, clearly, this didn't seem to be a matter of a single step or two.

Luna frowned at this question. The truth was that she didn't know, only the foul mouthed Sargeris would have an answer. But, could they trust him to watch his mouth?

Seeing the signal in Dyon's eyes, Luna turned to pick Alauna up from Amphorae.

"No! I don't want to leave." Alauna pouted. Though she was scared, she didn't want to leave Dyon behind.

Chapter 1708: Rainbows and Sunshine

The little girl always seemed fearless when she was in Dyon's arms, but she was much more timid when not. Being told she had to go away from her father when there was clearly a problem didn't sit right with her.

Dyon felt a deep rage bubbling upward. He had made such grand improvements, thinking he'd always have everything in the palm of his hands from now on, but he couldn't even comfort his own daughter.

'You damned thing, what the hell are you anyway? If you're going to reside in my body, how about you earn your keep?'

Dyon's inner eye turned its gaze toward the rainbow gem embedded into the chest of his nascent soul.

'Come on...'

Dyon had little information about just what this newly formed dao heart was. It was truly an odd event. Usually, one would have to comprehend something or gain something deliberate in order to form a dao heart. For example, Zaire was forced to meditate for decades to form his Chaos Heart.

It didn't make much sense for one to have such a small understanding of their own dao heart, it defeated the entire purpose. Yet, here Dyon was.

All he knew was one word: Control.

The strength of heart to control everything. Those were his only thoughts when he formed this dao heart.

Dyon's eyes closed, seemingly falling into a deep state of meditation while standing.

Alauna's little chubby face was like a guiding light, leading him forward.

Every hidden crevice of his body was laid before. Unknowingly, his manifestation loomed into existence. An illusory image that usually struck fear into all those who saw it suddenly made the small Alauna who was struggling against her mother's embrace relax.

Dyon's raging mercury blood became as calm as the surface of an undisturbed lake, several pathways between his meridians and blood vessels becoming blocked off by strong sealing energy.

It was only then that perpetual pressure in the room suddenly dropped. They hadn't realized it until now, but Dyon's body had been suppressing them all... Almost like the feeling lesser beasts felt when faced with greater ones. Well, everyone except Clara and Little Alauna that is.

"Daddy!" Little Alauna was the first to react, taking advantage of her mother's stupor, she leapt toward Dyon with a happy expression on her little face.

Amphorae was about to take a step to stop her, but she realized that Dyon had gotten a grip on himself faster than they would have expected.

Dyon caught Alauna in the air, raising her high. He couldn't help but feel good as he was serenaded by his little girl's giggles.

"For now, I've only used some stop gap measures." Dyon looked toward Luna, Amphorae and Clara. "I need more time to control it. It seems my thoughts of entering the Higher Celestial Realm have to be shelved for now."

Dyon smiled bitterly, sending an inward gaze toward the seals within his meridians. What a terrible showing, he suddenly gained a massive boon in strength, but had no ability to use it.

Well, that wasn't entirely accurate. If he had no worries about harming those around him, he could unleash unprecedented strength. However, even in that case, if his strength wasn't controlled, what could he even do with it? For example, how could he execute techniques if he couldn't control his own energy?

"That's the exact opposite mindset you need to have."

Suddenly, the voice of the Demon Sage sounded once more. It seems Luna finally let this father-in-law of his off the hook.

"Not only do you need to reach the Higher Celestial Realm, you need to reach beyond that if you want to have any hope of controlling yourself. It's alright if your energy is stronger than your body, but the opposite is bad if you want to have thoughts of control.

"Blood is too used to rampaging about as it sees fit. Whenever you have an injury or infection, blood rushes to it. Whenever you work a muscle, blood rushes to it. Even the areas of the brain you use to think, blood rushes to them.

"Blood acts on instinct, only energy is completely deliberate and controllable. You need more energy if you want to use this strength."

The Demon Sage had put away his envious expression and looked toward Dyon with the utmost seriousness.

"If you had been born with it like you were supposed to be, this wouldn't be difficult for you. I had to make sure that my energy and body were perfectly balanced. I could have broken into the Higher Existence Realm with just my body long ago, I didn't need to rely on the Epistemic Tower to reach that realm along that path. But I was held back by my energy cultivation."

According to what Dyon knew, the Demon Sage needed to reach the top floor of the Epistemic Tower in order to reach the Higher Existence Realm. The problem was that there were restrictions placed on the tower. One couldn't step onto the dao floors unless you had the Faith of a King God Clan backing you, and you couldn't step onto the top floor unless you had the backing of an Emperor God Clan.

There were restrictions on the celestial floor as well, that being the requirement of a Royal God Clan. Luckily, Dyon had taken control of Soul Rending Peak, which freed him of this restriction. But, he had yet to conquer Soul Universe, so he couldn't count as a King God Clan quite yet. This wasn't because there were hidden Clans within Soul Universe, but rather because Dyon had to personally subdue the universe itself, something he wasn't quite powerful enough to do yet. Though, this mutation in his meridians might change that...

The Demon Sage turned his gaze toward Little Alauna who was in Dyon's arms. "This little pup is already leagues better than you in that regard, likely because it's all she's known since birth."

Little Alauna blinked, too enthralled by her father's embrace to listen to Sarger's words.

"If I were you, I'd need to reach the dao realm before even thinking of undoing those seals. But since your body is unique and it seems you're from a race of people meant to take this path, you won't have to go so far. Maybe the pseudo dao realm will be enough?"

"Pseudo Dao Realm, huh?" Dyon smiled toward Little Alauna, it seemed he was more interested in playing with his daughter than listening to the Demon Sage's words.

The Demon Sage snarled. "It's all rainbows and sunshine until she falls in love."

Dyon glared at Sarger. But, remembering that this was what the Demon Sage had experienced with him and Amphora, he couldn't help but laugh. If his little girl could find a man as good as him, wouldn't that be a good thing? Though if he tried to have other wives, Dyon would break his legs.

"Daddy, daddy. Do this!"

Dyon's attention turned back to his little girl, only to see her eyes glowing. The hazel of her hazel green eyes suddenly deepened in color, becoming a bright, complex gold.

Dyon blinked in astonishment. He wanted to call out to Alauna to be careful, but it was already too late.

Chapter 1709: Pretty

With his soul, he could see what was happening very clearly. Alauna had sent a stream of soul qi from her Mind's Eye into her brain.

This sort of matter was incredibly reckless. Soul qi was seemingly the most docile of the energy, but it could be incredibly dangerous if one's soul talent was too great.

The reason Dyon wasn't worried about reaching the Pseudo Dao Realm was because he knew he would only need a brief moment to break into it from the Peak Celestial Realm.

For others, this was ridiculous. Just the process of comprehending Enigmatic Energy would take years for even the most talented. However, hadn't Dyon already comprehended Enigmatic Energy?

One had to remember that Planet Qi was simply Enigmatic Qi filtered through an appropriate Soul Cultivation Technique. The moment Dyon's soul broke into the dao realm, he had already, by proxy, comprehended enigmatic qi.

However, this was the very reason Dyon didn't dare to send his soul qi into his body. No matter how docile, planet qi was still qi that was birthed from enigmatic qi. Dyon's body wasn't yet strong enough to withstand it in the past. Well, his body could now, but his meridians were still too weak.

As Dyon's daughter, and as a baby girl birthed from a Heaven's Child, how could Alauna's soul talent be poor? She had an unheard of Peak Fourth Grade Innate Soul just like her father. This meant that her soul was the equivalent of a Peak Meridian Formation expert from her birth!

Now, she was sending soul qi of a meridian formation expert into a body that wasn't even at the Foundation stage yet. How could Dyon not be shocked?!

With Dyon's thinking speed, he underwent several stages of grief in an instant. Would he really lose his little girl, just like this?

All this time, he thought he had been protecting her by not inquiring after her talent, but in the end, wasn't it this neglect that led to Alauna experimenting on her own? Her death was no one's fault but his own.

Too many terrible things had happened this day. Wasn't growing stronger supposed to be a happy occasion?

However, the seen of Little Alauna's mind turning to mush under her soul qi didn't happen as Dyon expected.

A halo of light appeared above her head, making her look like even more of a little angel than she was already.

"Ah!" The Demon Sage called out in shock, his spirit form wavering in the air.

"See, see?" Alauna's bright smile caused the weight on Dyon's heart to drop. He didn't even register how miraculous her feat was as he held her tightly.

He resolved to not continue ignoring Alauna's talent. He couldn't let her stumble around blindly like this.

"Isn't it pretty?" Alauna asked with a bright smile.

Alauna seemed oblivious to the fact she nearly gave her father a heart attack.

Dyon could only laugh along with her. "Yes, very pretty."

Over the next few weeks, Dyon began to understand. Unlike the Demon Sage, his body, and that of Clara and Alauna, were perfectly suited to this kind of strength.

Little Alauna's innate instinct was to flood her brain with soul qi, resulting in the disconnect between one's Mind's Eye and their body to be closed.

When Dyon replicated his daughter's teachings, he realized that the brutal rampaging of blood the Demon Sage described vanished without a trace. Every beating of his heart, and every flexing muscle fiber, suddenly fell under Dyon's complete purview. As a result, Dyon had no need to reach the Pseudo Dao Realm in order to control himself, but this didn't mean that he didn't need practice.

Still, Dyon realized that there were many other benefits to fueling his mind with soul qi.

For one, his thinking speed, something he thought couldn't possibly improve any further, had taken another massive leap forward. Dyon was certain that even Higher Existences couldn't match his thinking speed now.

Secondly, his comprehension abilities skyrocketed. Dyon had felt that the path toward comprehending daos was an insurmountable mountain before. As a result, he had planned on streamlining his paths, focusing on his flames and Weapon's Master will. But, that foggy path suddenly felt completely clear when his soul qi flooded his mind.

Thirdly, his level of control reached an all new level. This much was obvious, considering it allowed him to take control over his rampaging blood, but Dyon realized it was even further than just this. When he executed techniques, they suddenly took a step forward toward perfection. It was as though there wasn't a single ounce of wasted energy.

By extension, Dyon's [Devour] reached ridiculous heights, as did the range of his control over atmospheric qi. Before, Dyon could only wield a few dozen meters, much like everyone else. Only Madeleine could wield several hundred meters worth of atmospheric qi. But, under this odd state, Dyon felt his control over qi was no less fantastical.

Of course, Dyon's soul was near the peak of what was possible for mortals, while Madeleine still had a long way to go with her constitution, so this wasn't to say that Dyon's potential along this path was greater than hers.

Fourthly, Dyon simply felt... smarter, for lack of a better descriptor. Dyon felt that if he had these abilities when he confronted Aritzia, he wouldn't have made such a basic mistake as confusing what board they were playing on. Maybe his intelligence wasn't infallible now, but it was far less fallible than it had been in the past.

There were so many benefits that Dyon could hardly believe it. Could it really be that he and his people were a whole race of individuals with these abilities?

But, Dyon came to understand that he simply had special circumstances compared to his people.

Firstly, Dyon's Titan Diamond Body made his body oppressively powerful. Basically, the strength he could exude was his own from the beginning, it was just that his True Meridians allowed him to use this strength more effectively.

Chapter 1710: Meditation

Secondly, Dyon's soul talent was on another level. Though others of his race could receive the same benefits by making use of the additional meridian and blood vessel pathways of their brain, only his soul would make the benefits so much more pronounced.

From what Dyon noticed, Little Alauna grew very tired after her "pretty halo" disappeared. The same was true for Clara. However, Dyon's soul stamina seemed practically endless.

After teasing apart what he thought was much of that foundational secrets of his new meridians, Dyon began to diligently cultivate. The whole of Soul Universe fell into a tranquil quiet, completely focused on the coming months ahead.

With the great boost his [Devour] received, Luna's help, not to mention receiving his true energy cultivation talent back, Dyon's cultivation speed skyrocketed.

Dyon purposefully entered the Ancient Battlefield along with Luna. He knew cultivating here would be slower, but it would also make his foundation incredibly sturdy.

With Luna's help, Dyon's past mistakes were fixed one after another. He felt as though his strength had increased by almost 20% without even cultivating in earnest.

It was only after Luna was certain there were no more improvements to be made that they trudged forward.

Before, Dyon had taken a whole year to reach the middle celestial realm. But, this time, it only took him three months to reach the high celestial realm. Then, it only took five months to reach the peak celestial realm, and that was only because he had 118 meridians to fill as opposed to the 109 of everyone else.

Due to his body, Dyon usually did not need to re-temper himself as a pseudo expert before entering the next realm. But, that was back when his energy talent came from his constitution. Now, his meridians were separate from his body talent once more, meaning he had to take his time to temper them with Gama energy.

Over the last month, Dyon diligently entered the Pseudo Dao Realm, allowing strands of enigmatic qi to swirl around his new meridians.

Unfortunately, this was where the first disadvantage of his new talent appeared. Because his meridians were fused with his blood vessels, it would take longer for him to temper himself appropriately. In addition, he had to be extremely careful as he had even more vessels to temper within his brain. But, if this was the only hardship, Dyon would gladly take it on for what he received in return.

Simply put. His strength had become unfathomable to his former self.

Finally, the clock struck zero. A surge of Spatial and Time Qi erupted, swirling around Soul Universe, Celestial Universe, and Chaos Universe, enveloping the three of them under a single banner.

In just days, the sounds of war drums would beat.

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Dyon awoke from his meditation.

He hadn't spent the last nine months doing nothing but cultivating, those days were behind him. The reality was that Dyon was confident in conquering Celestial Quadrant even back when he was a lower Celestial. To him, his personal strength was irrelevant. The fact he grew this strong before the campaign began only more firmly placed the nail in the coffins of his enemies.

Knowing this, Dyon didn't cultivate like a mad man. This was no longer his martial way. He had promised himself long ago that he wouldn't blindly seek power at the expense of his family.

So, not only did Dyon's strength grow greatly, he did many other things as well. He spent time with his wives, watched his little girl blossom into the beautiful flower she was, and oversaw the growth of his soon to be Mortal Empire.

Like this, just three days were left until they beat their war drums.

"Lord Husband." Amphorae smiled lightly, greeting Dyon.

Amphorae had spent a lot of time by the side of the Pakals. Among those who would fight in this war, aside from Thor and Alidor, it could be said that the Pakals had the greatest motivation.

They were chased from their homes, forced to take up residence in an all new universe, purely because they didn't agree with the Demon Sage's name being disparaged. It was no wonder they wanted revenge against those they once called clanmates.

As for Amphorae, she had rightfully taken up a position as Clan Matriarch, though, this was only temporary. She had every intention of handing this role off to her father once his body was finally reconstructed properly.

Unlike Ri, Amphorae didn't feel any sort of responsibility toward the Pakals. It wasn't long after her birth that her father entered the Timeless Library, resulting in the downfall of his then King God Clan. For much of her life, she had been alone and was more worried about her personal strength.

This sort of detachment only grew after her memories of her past life reawakened. For obvious reasons, Amphorae didn't have much good will toward the large Clan structure. After all, it was another large Clan that forced her into such a loveless marriage with Dyon, though that wasn't entirely his fault.

Still, in her last life, being dutiful toward her Clan led her down a road of pain and sorrow. So, it was no wonder she didn't want to repeat that once more.

Pakal territory on Soul Planet oversaw the ocean and Amphorae's personal quarters were no different. Large, seamless windows looked out into the dark waters that partially reflected the dull moonlight. Amphorae, who hadn't been expecting Dyon's visit, had been meditating upon a sturdy platform standing above a formation etched with transcendent stones.

Dyon had personally drawn this formation for her. It was a planet grade formation that increased the density of energy. Rather than relying on energy stones to cultivate, energy stones were used as a catalyst to more quickly gather energy. This sort of treatment was the kind only the Emperors of large Clans received, but considering her husband was a Planet Lord, there was no reason Amphorae couldn't enjoy this sort of luxury herself.