

The Nameless 231

Chapter 231 My Name Is...

Dyon watched intently as Ri's tails continued to slowly form...

He knew quite well that according the legends of the Kitsune, tail number usually denoted power... however, what confused him was the fact that tails were meant to increase with age. And yet, Ri was not even two decades old and already had seven tails and counting...

'Maybe the human version of the legend isn't exactly accurate?...'

The truth would be found out in time, so Dyon didn't worry too much about it. What he did want to focus on were the changes in Ri... giving her a constitution awakening pill was more of a theory on his part... he was hoping he was right, because if not...

Dyon shook his head, focusing on Ri's transformation.

Ri's hair darkened from its light blue... The hands she was gripping Dyon's shirt with began to grow some faint signs of sharp nails... Even her ears lengthened just a bit, although that wasn't too much of a change considering she was half elf.

BOOM!

A ninth tail formed under the astonished eyes of everyone... they all knew exactly what that amount of tails meant: a Kitsune of peak power... unmatched amongst its kin...

At least, that's what they thought until...

BOOM!

Ri's aura finally started to calm down. She kept her head buried in Dyon's chest, gripping his shirt tightly... even to the point of tearing holes into it.

Dyon smiled faintly at Ri's tenth tail, patting her head lovingly, "it seems my little feu glace is quite special..."

The energy that had represented Ri's tails had condensed into probably the most beautiful sight Dyon had ever seen.

Behind Ri laid ten blue-silver tails. They waved around sporadically as Ri seemed to be trying to gain control over them, but, she was still too nervous to look up.

"Are you scared?" Dyon asked Ri softly.

Ri couldn't find the voice to respond, she could only nod her head.

Dyon smiled, "your tails are beautiful... what fits your fox-like personality more than for you to be an actual fox?"

Ri suddenly hit Dyon in the chest.

"Now's not the time to make fun of me!" She said glaring at him in exasperation.

But instead of receiving a response, all she found was Dyon's dazed look... and she suddenly realized, her face was exposed.

Ri tried to hide once again but Dyon's hand stopped her, cupping her cheek lovingly.

Ri's hair had darkened, but it seemed like everything else had brightened to a whole new level in response.

Her features now held a faint Japanese air to them, but her eyes still sparkled her pure blue-silver. Her skin had become even more flawless and was so smooth to the touch that Dyon felt as though his hand was melting.

In this form, her eyes had faint slits in them, but there was nothing sinister about it... Dyon couldn't help but feel lost as he stared at her.

Suddenly, Ri's hair began to lighten to its previous blue-silver... her ears shortened back to a more human-like length... the slits in her eyes vanished... and her tails disappeared in a shimmer of light... however, what didn't change, was her unmatched beauty and those adorable canines that had grown with her teeth.

"Why am I so lucky..." Dyon didn't even realize he said these words, but the tears glistening in Ri's eyes made it clear she heard him.

Suddenly Dyon snapped out of it.

"HAHA, now it's only a two-horse race for most beautiful woman in existence! And it's only between my fiancées! Mom would be so proud," Dyon grinned shamelessly, grabbing onto Ri's hand.

Ri rolled her eyes, "who wants to be your fiancée you perv..."

However, despite her words, there was an unconcealed happiness in her smile... a smile so radiant that Kymil and Darcassan felt like digging themselves a hole to hide in... Ri's beauty, was truly beyond words...

Uncle Acacia chuckled at this, "hey kid, shouldn't you think of speaking to her father before deciding such things?"

Dyon grinned, "of course," Dyon paused before his smile widened, "and you'll be one of the first to know once I find him."

Uncle Acacia's eyes widened before his robust laughter filled the square, "you should treat your elders better than this you know.... Saving us some face always helps."

Dyon stopped joking and faced Uncle Acacia, releasing Ri's hand to respectfully bow, "Uncle Acacia... although I know you aren't Ri's father, you've still treated her as though you were. You'll always have my respect."

Uncle Acacia smiled thoughtfully, floating before Dyon and patting his shoulder.

"You're a good nephew-in-law to have," he said faintly.

The crowd was stunned... They weren't father and child? Then... who was Ri?

However, Dyon didn't seem intent on answering that question so soon. So, after he finished bowing to Uncle Acacia, he changed the topic.

"I think it's clear now that Little Lyla was in fact a True Empath and that the stone does indeed work properly, no?"

The crowd seemed to snap out of it... they almost forgot that Dyon had done this for the sole purpose of proving that little girl's words true.

Despite this, people were getting restless, "if you have proof, prove it. My daughter has been put through enough."

At this point, even the calm Wyn Eostre could barely hold up his façade anymore.

"I told you to shut your mouth once and I won't do it again. See to it that you pay attention, because despite the fact that you will without a doubt die after this, there are vastly different ways I can choose to kill you."

Dyon's words were sharp and unyielding. However, they only made Wyn's anger rise even higher.

But, before Wyn could speak again, Grand Elder Deryth's voice stifled his momentum, "let this child speak Wyn. He revealed Ri's true identity for a purpose, as you've clearly seen. He has yet to waste any

time. Everything he's done and said is of utmost importance. And it seems like everyone but you knows that... it would be best if you remained silent..."

Wyn Eostre clenched his jaw tightly... but, he wasn't in a position to refute Grand Elder Deryth.

Sending a nod of thanks toward the old grand elder, Dyon continued.

"Primrose... why don't you tell everyone your story..."

Primrose looked over to Dyon who was wearing a gentle smile before taking a deep breath...

"The story is quite simple actually," she said faintly, "the only princess this Kingdom ever had was Ri... we used to be the best of friends in our youth before my family tried to separate us," Primrose smiled to herself, seemingly remembering old memories.

"As you all know, the Aedre family specializes in water will, and that was something Ri loved as well... so, we were sort of like kindred spirits... but then, when we were about 5 years old, the King, Ri's father, disappeared... because of this, my family wanted even less to do with the Acacia family... and thus, our friendship was forcefully ended..."

Primrose took a deep breath, "because of that incident, Ri went into hiding for a long time... but, what no one knew was that she was taking in orphans to raise an army... this is why the orphanage Dyon created only had children around five to ten years old... the older ones had already begun training with Ri... like Aeson..."

"Years later, Ri showed back up as the daughter of Headmaster Acacia, but, how could I not remember my best friend? So, I approached her, wanting to help..."

"From that day forth, I took the mantle of acting princess in order to protect Ri from possible traitors, using a mask King Acacia left behind... if it wasn't for Dyon, I would have died fulfilling that duty..." tears glistened in Primrose's eyes as she chuckled to herself, "I guess all that fake power got to my head and my stupid actions led to Aeson's death... I'm sorry Ri, I'm really sorry..." Primrose choked on her words, unable to continue... but then she felt a small delicate hand slide into her own.

She looked up to find Ri standing beside her, tears in her own eyes, “you almost died for me... I should be apologizing to you...”

Dyon smiled watching this scene. It seemed like two best friends had finally come back together after so many years.

Suddenly Dyon thought of something, “So... you called Primrose, Alex, because...?”

Ri smiled towards Dyon, “because my name is Alexandria Acacia...”

Chapter 232 Inept

Dyon smiled hearing this name, “Alexandria... huh, so that’s where Ri comes from? I’m still going to call you feu glace,” he said winking.

Dyon was going to turn to the crowd when he suddenly remembered something, “oh yea... why do you two somehow think that I could know Aeson was going to die, yet didn’t save him? Am I some kind of animal to you?” Dyon faked a hurt appearance, placing his hand on his chest.

Ri and Primrose looked up, stunned.

But before they could ask, Dyon answered, “I placed tens of spatial transference array in him... I guess had that person double checked, they would have realized he passed out due to shock and probably blood loss... but the body of a martial artist is stronger than that... he’s probably somewhere around here...”

Dyon briefly explained what he had done... in fact, this was the very same trick he had used to escape death when Oliver stabbed him.

When Aeson pissed off Dyon in the Acacia hideout, Dyon had already long since prepared the ring for Primrose, so why wouldn’t he be ready for Aeson’s death?

Although he was truly angry, he still used that time to discreetly place a spatial array within Aeson on every one of his vital organs. He did this by purposefully destroying the seat Aeson sat on so everyone

was focused on his anger rather than any fluctuations that may have occurred... and his eyes were flaming so they wouldn't notice its golden light...

After that, it was only a matter of leaving a delayed message for Aeson to tell him not to do anything foolish and stay hidden.

"However, that's hardly important now... he'll reveal himself when he feels like it... what's important is how Primrose survived. You still have the wooden ring I gave you, right Primrose?"

The deep blue haired girl nodded, "sliding a wooden ring off her finger and handing it to Dyon."

"You know..." Dyon began, "arrays are wonderful things... and if you use human mortal realm knowledge, you can program them to work even without you being around... imagine rigging an array to trip a teleportation when it feels an influx of energy... or having it trigger a body disguising array for the same reason... or having it store that influx of energy... or maybe, if you're a genius like me, having it do all three..."

Wyn Eostre froze at Dyon's words, his eyes flitting between the stone tome and the ring, 'he can't mean...'

"Ah, it seems suspect number one has figured it out..."

"As you all know, the stone tome does more than just name True Empaths... it also cleanses them... but, the last thing it does, is rank manifestations..."

The crowd's eyes widened as with a sudden realization, all of them training their eyes onto the Eostre family.

Dyon continued, seemingly without a care in the world, "however, the stone tome is smart. When it gives a manifestation its heaven's name, it also records its aura... an aura that is very tightly linked to each and every family... which means, once the manifestation comes into the world, its name shines with a color that's distinctive for each and every major and sub family..."

Dyon smiled.

This distinctive color was exactly the reason each family had its own hair and eye colors... It wasn't a coincidence that the Eostre family had blue-purple eyes and manifested the moon, or the Grimbold family had red hair and manifested a fire axe, or the Ingram family had gold hair and manifested a shining halo... each of these things were predetermined by the techniques they practiced which caused very distinctive aura changes within them that not only effected how they looked, but also made them easily identifiable by the stone tome.

Dyon chuckled, "knowing this, what do you think it is I did?..."

Simple really... I gave Primrose a ring that I knew would set off as soon as she was attacked... allowing that ring to do two distinctive things in a split second...

"It one, scanned Primrose's body and what she wore and disguised one of her body guards using this data..."

"Two, it teleported her and the ring 10km in the direction of Ri's mother's cave..."

"And three, probably most importantly... it stored the aura used by those who attacked her..."

Dyon crushed the ring in his hand, sending the stored energy to the stone tome...

*twinkle

Under the eyes of everyone... the tome began to shine a purple-blue light...

Although Sinaht Sigebryht and the rest had long since realized that it was unlikely Dyon would end up being wrong... actually seeing the purple-blue light made them all shiver... but the worst part, was that among the Eostre family manifestations that lit up, one stood out amongst the rest.

Near the very top... a clear first quadrant genius... sat a distinctive heaven's name, "Jade's Manifesto..."

It was a name they had never seen before, which could only mean that one of the Eostre family members had manifested their soul during the time the stone tome had been 'destroyed'.

Dyon looked at this, the distinctive sign of endless disappointment on his face, "to think you participated personally... you disgust me."

Dyon's sharp eyes turned towards a silver haired girl who was still looking down towards the crowd... suddenly, she started laughing... a twisted and sickening laugh...

Jade stood, taking out a dagger and cutting her long white dress into a short one.

Wyn Eostre suddenly lost him calm, "Jade! What are you doing! There's still a way out of this!"

Jade's purple-blue eyes suddenly turned cold as she looked towards her father, "shut up you useless old man. A way out of this? It's because the head of this family is so inept that we've even fallen this far.

"What way out? All he has to do is ask you for your spatial ring and he'd find the dead body of the disguised Primrose, what excuse would you have then?" Jade looked annoyed, her lips curling in disgust.

"I told you to get rid of it, but you insisted on keeping it and planting it on Sinaht. Now look what you've done."

Jade couldn't be bothered with her father anymore and instead looked off into the distance. To her, the mistake of failing to kill Aeson mattered little... that could still be made up for, which was exactly why she hadn't made fully sure he was dead... but the mistakes of her father? Unforgivable.

"Hubbbyyyyyy, someone's bullying your poor wife... you'll save me, won't you?" She fluttered her eyelashes.

To anyone who hadn't witnessed the scene before, they would have seen her as an adorable young woman calling for her husband...

But right now... all anyone saw was a sick, demented and psychopath.

Chapter 233 Little Sister

Dyon trembled in anger as he watched a familiar figure appear in the skies beside an old Asian man...

But... that was nothing compared to his feelings seeing the disparaged girl beside them.

"Meiying..." He said softly.

Ri looked at Dyon's side profile, feeling a dull ache in her heart as she saw his pained expression... it was clear Dyon knew this Meiying.

Meiying, though, didn't seem to even be able to react to seeing Dyon. It was as though she had lost her soul and her will to go on.

Dyon's eyes flashed with something imperceptible, 'there's a master level array locking her personality and thoughts... only master level? Have the Daiyu fallen so far?...'

"The last successor of our long dead enemy, hm," the old man laughed lightly as though he couldn't care less about being discovered... as though he had this all in hand.

"Release my fiancée's little sister," Dyon eyes narrowed, his skin reddening and his blood pumping in anger.

The old man seemed stunned by Dyon's words.

"Your fiancée's little sister? I don't think this child has an older sibling..." He said, looking at Chenglei questioningly.

Chenglei nodded respectfully towards his elder. "Dyon has the favor of the first in line genius of the Sapientia God Clan. Meiying and Madeleine have been close since their youth."

The crowd suddenly turned their gazes towards Dyon. 'He wasn't lying?...'

Some young men wanted to grit their teeth in anger. An Elvin Princess and a first in line genius? Where was the justice? But... this hardly seemed like the time...

"Ah, so that's how it is. You should have told us this earlier, killing such a child is more complicated," the old man idly chatted with Chenglei. And yet, it was clear by his words that he cared not for the trouble resulting from killing Dyon at all.

Chenglei nodded in apology, "when father first assigned me to kill him, Madeleine had yet to be announced as a first in line genius... it was much simpler then. However, the Sapientia God Clan has never acknowledged such a marriage. It's more than 95% likely that if they knew we killed him, they'd even thank us."

A sudden realization hit the crowd... so that's how it was. Madeleine loved Dyon, but Dyon was only the successor of a dead sect. A God Clan wouldn't give up their first in line genius for marriage so easily... So, this was why no one knew Madeleine was engaged...

Ri's frown deepened. She didn't like the idea of her Dyon being looked down upon like this.

Dyon scanned the old man in front of him, black flames of rage crackling around him.

"A mere first stage Celestial Expert while being so old? No... your cultivation was partially crippled... regardless, if you don't do as I've asked. I'll kill you. So, I suggest you stop speaking so nonchalantly."

The old man suddenly looked up at Dyon with a piercing gaze. It held no aura and no power, but centuries worth of killing intent flooded Dyon's senses. Dyon felt as though he was swimming in a sea of blood. Cries of agony and despair were the only things he could hear... his bones groaned and creaked as though they were being ground to dust...

'Is this an aura?... no, if he used an aura I'd be dead...'

“To be able to see through my cultivation at such a young age... but you’re too naïve boy. Did you think that just because the elders here had higher cultivation than me that they could stop me?!”

The elders voice boomed, his energy sky rocketing and his long white hair fluttering in the wind.

“Centuries before you were even a spawn I had already stepped on the path of dao formation. Even with my dao now shattered, do you believe that just any Celestial Stage expert can beat me? I dare you, say it again.”

Chenglei watched this scene quietly.

He had always been a calm and calculating youth. The one time he lost his cool was because of Dyon... and he was trying his best not to do it again. But, for Dyon to insult his elder like this? He deserved death.

Despite this, Dyon ignored the pain in bones and the grinding of inner organs, lightly patting on Ri’s head.

“Don’t worry,” he said with a smile.

Chenglei grasped his grandfather’s shoulder, causing the old man to look back, “it’s far beneath you to bother with such an insignificant existence, grandfather. Allow me to make up for my mistakes.”

“Ai. Deal with this so-called genius. Show him the reason our Daiyu clan was once unmatched. I’ll make sure these pesky flies and fake Celestial Experts don’t interfere.”

Elder Daiyu looked over at Jade, pulling her in with a wave of his hand and ignoring the rest of the Eostre family.

Dyon’s eyes narrowed at his actions, ‘this means only one thing... they don’t care about the Eostre family, but somehow do care about Jade... which means,’ Dyon turned a gaze towards Meiying, ‘they need Meiying too... why?’

Dyon's brain worked into overdrive as Chenglei's grandfather dropped Chenglei gently from the sky. A wave of power suddenly moved everyone back, clearing more than a 300-meter diameter of space.

Suddenly, Dyon thought of something, 'Meiying specializes in a very special will... the feng shui compass... Jade is either the closest thing the Eostre family has ever had to a True Empath... or maybe she is one... Both of those things involve seeing through and searching for things...'

Dyon's eyes widened, 'what are they searching for?'

A voice snapped Dyon out of his thought, "I, Daiyu Chenglei, challenge you, Dyon Sacharro, to a life and death battle."

Dyon snapped his head towards Chenglei and jumped down without hesitation.

Looking in Chenglei's direction, Dyon suddenly got serious.

'Something about him has changed... last time I saw him he was 16 and had cultivation... but now, he's 17 and has none. Did he reset himself?'

Dyon thought back to the cultivation cleansing pill he had given to Madeleine...

'It's likely that Chenglei cultivated along with the lesser geniuses to maintain a cover. Now he's tapping into his true potential as a cultivator.'

Chenglei's face was dead pan, watching as Dyon gently touched down to the ground using only a first level wind will. The problem was... he very clearly remembered Dyon's wind will being much higher than this.

'What's going on?' He sent a questioning glance towards his grandfather.

Unfortunately, all he found was a serious expression, "this will be a good experience for you Lei'er. The 25th White Mother has picked a good successor. But, today, he must die."

Dyon's eyes flashed with a purple-gold as his formal clothing disappeared.

He stretched, cracking his shirtless torso before bending down to roll up his black sweats.

Dyon casually jumped, flexing his calves and rolling his ankles, landing bare foot in the marbled square.

Everyone's eyes seemed to sharpen, looking intently at the intricate tattoos on his back... a white wing... and a black wing...

Suddenly, Dyon's spatial ring flashed, a normal first common level sword appearing in his hand. It was 6 feet long and a plain silver color. And yet... despite its poor level... it cut through the ground as Dyon casually tilted it forward.

"I've never once gone all out since I finished training..." Dyon said faintly.

The Elvin geniuses trembled, 'he's a swordsman?'

They had no concept of Dyon attacking without the use of his arrays. They had no idea he even trained in anything else! It suddenly dawned on them that in all this time, Dyon had only ever used the weapon's hell array to attack!

"I hope you don't disappoint me..."

Chapter 234 Not Long Enough.

Suddenly, Ri fell to Dyon's side as well, but before he could turn a questioning glance toward her, he suddenly noticed Jade had appeared beside Chenglei.

Dyon's frown deepened. He didn't want Ri to have to fight, but this situation was completely different from the situation at the Legacy World Opening.

For one, at that time he would have fought no matter what to get revenge for Ava, Venus and Eli. So, the odds didn't matter to him.

Secondly, although he is now equally as angry with Jade, Baal hadn't had a former dao formation expert backing him.

Thirdly, those 'geniuses' could hardly be counted as such. They only understood maybe 3 wills each, and that was only the best of them. In addition, many hadn't even been confident in themselves enough to wait until their bodies fully matured to energy cultivate.

However, Chenglei and Jade were different. Jade's genius was already unquestioned. She climbed to the 5th floor library and had a first quadrant manifestation. Chenglei himself, was an anomaly. The Daiyu clan was one that had at the very least been as powerful as the Celestial Deer Sect at one point... which meant that Chenglei had access to a deep reservoir of legacies.

Although Dyon wasn't aware that Chenglei lacked the resources to make the best use of those legacies, all he needed to know was that those legacies did exist... and, Chenglei seemed close with his grandfather. How could a former dao formation stage expert not guide Chenglei well?

Chenglei frowned at Jade, "stay out of this."

Jade pouted, "don't be like that, hubby. He hurt my feelings, I want to kill him as much as you do."

Ri felt herself gagging, but this only made Dyon chuckle.

"Little feu glace, have you ever seen a husband and wife pair married so long with the wife still a virgin? People on the outside looking in my start to think there was something wrong with her husband."

Elder Daiyu's eyes sharpened at these words, 'how does he know this? He can sense something so sensitive?... is this the level an innate aurora gives you? It can't be, although I haven't seen many with this gift, there have been some, none of whom were this good so young... there's something special about this child...'

Ri snorted in laughter, “pervert... who’d pay attention to such things but you?”

Noticing the old man’s reaction, Dyon chuckled, “it seems this is a sore spot for the Daiyu clan, oh my.”

Chenglei felt his veins popping. No matter calm he usually was, what man would stand idly by and listen to this?

Jade smiled as though she had not a care in the world.

“Maybe so...” she said deviously, “I wonder how your supposed fiancées would feel knowing that you forced me to my knees?”

Jade’s eyes somehow read, ‘two can play at that game.’

Dyon’s eyes sharpened, “I suppressed my emotions so you wouldn’t be able to read me. It was never more or less than that. Don’t misconstrue my actions or my words in anyway you want to.”

Jade had a playful smile on her face. She had expected Dyon to get flustered and try to explain himself to Ri... but, it seemed they trusted each other more than that.

Worse yet, it seemed her words only further angered Chenglei, “from today onwards, you’re a concubine. Grandfather help me deal with this please.”

Jade feigned being hurt, “this loveless and sexless marriage is something I put my heart and soul into, and you do this to me? A divorced woman is the shame of a family,” fake tears streamed down Jade’s face as her words dripped in sarcasm.

It was clear even she knew they needed her for a purpose and couldn’t afford getting rid of her... Which made Dyon think that maybe had he known this... he wouldn’t have revealed Little Lyla.

'I can't predict everything... I thought the Daiyu clan was just using the Sigebryht and Eostre clans to control the elves and most importantly: enter dead kings valley... Little Lyla might be in danger if they decide Jade is too much to handle...'

Dyon grit his teeth, 'I can't kill her... if I do, whoever's left of the Daiyu clan will come after Little Lyla.'

The only silver lining Dyon could see that the array block he placed on Jade was still in place. This meant, although they knew he had the tome, they couldn't question Jade about it. The tome itself was something Dyon knew was exceedingly important, but it didn't seem like even the Elves knew exactly what it was. Even to the point they assumed that since the stone tome collapsed, there was nothing more to investigate.

Yet, he was still worried about everything else... Dyon began racking his brain to see if he could have proven things in another way. Maybe he could have just had one of the other Elvin families release their aura instead ... it would have had less of an impact since recognizing True Empaths was the main separating factor between a real and a fake, but maybe, just maybe, it would have worked anyway...

'Dammit!'

Dyon suddenly felt a soft hand fit into his, "you can't think of everything Dyon... Don't blame yourself..."

Dyon looked down to find Ri smiling up at him... just like always, he lost himself in the purity of her eyes before feeling a flick on his forehead, "focus, pervert."

Dyon smiled gently at Ri, caressing her cheek.

"Alright," he said softly, causing her heart to flutter.

Ri knew Dyon wouldn't forget about his mistake so easily... but the best she could do was stand by his side... that and direct her anger toward their opponents.

Dyon sent a quick message through wind will to Ri.

“You can’t kill her,” having nothing but confidence in Ri’s ability to win.

Ri nodded, pulling out her sword, “maybe if I cut off those big breasts of hers she won’t talk so much anymore...”

Dyon’s rage had reached a whole new level. He had never felt so helpless before, even in the face big sects when all he had was himself, a sword and Little Black.

But now, he had an enemy before him that he wanted nothing more than to kill, and yet he needed to wait. In reality, the best choice here would be to bring out the stone puppets and force them to flee, but that wouldn’t settle the rage in his heart.

‘They have to take a loss,’ he thought resolutely, ‘scaring them away is not enough.’

‘Today I’ll show you exactly why the Daiyu clan will always be nothing in the face of the Celestial Deer Sect!’

“Grand Elder Deryth, Sigebryht family head Sinaht, that old man likes bloviating but I’m sure you’ve realized he truly is weakened. Without a solidified dao, he’s lost what it means to be a dao formation expert. In addition, his stamina definitely does not match up to a celestial stage expert, although his strength is definitely much higher than a normal first stage celestial stage expert,” Dyon quickly worked through his master’s memories, giving the elders a detailed explanation on Elder Daiyu’s strength and weaknesses.

Although memories specifically related to Elder Daiyu were locked, Dyon’s master’s memory had plenty of information on what happened when daos were shattered and even how to fix them... although the method to fix something like that was ridiculously out of Dyon’s range of understanding, it may one day become useful... luckily, it was clearly it was out of the range of the Daiyu clan too, or else the old man wouldn’t still be crippled.

“Beating him is impossible for you two. However, stalling him until he’s forced to retreat with these two is. In the mean time, we’ll teach these two a lesson... and afterwards,” Dyon turned a sharp gaze towards the Eostre family head, “I’ll have Little Lyla figure out who was involved and who wasn’t. Then they die.”

Grand Elder Deryth and Sinaht immediately appeared in the air before Elder Daiyu who had an ugly expression on his face, "it seems your master left you quite a few good memories... maybe I should take them before I kill you."

Dyon turned his gaze toward the elder, "sure, if you think you, or anyone in this universe, has array alchemy that matches up to my master's, have at it."

Elder Daiyu frowned at this but he didn't seem surprised which was well within Dyon's expectations. He knew there was a reason his master sealed some of her memories... and it seemed there was something in them the Daiyu clan wanted...

Dyon once again faced his opponent.

Chenglei wore a sleek black changpao with loose silver pants to match. His anger still hadn't alleviated, yet, his face was the picture of serenity.

"A boy from the mortal realm wants to fight me seriously?... I think it's time I show you that you haven't been here long enough..."

Chapter 235 Manifestations

Dyon couldn't be bothered to answer. With a last glance at Ri to let her know to be careful, his leg flexed as he readied himself.

Yet, Jade and Ri sprung into action first, Jade's manifestation blooming as a bright purple moon as her hands spread out. A sinister smile was plastered onto her face, as though she was inviting Ri to come.

However, Dyon couldn't pay attention to that, he knew Ri had yet to manifest her soul... but her other attributes were so strong that he didn't feel a need to worry.

BOOM!

Dyon launched himself forward, propelling his movements with his wind will as a dark black spear with an obsidian blade appeared in Chenglei's hand.

The crowd watched this scene intently. With the elders in a stalemate in the sky, their only real duty was to ensure the Eostre family didn't flee... although Zaltarish did finally take this opportunity to help Kymil and Darcassan up from their kneeling positions.

Dyon and Chenglei clashed.

There was no use of wills, no techniques, no extra power, it was only a clash between men.

Dyon's arms flexed as he stared into Chenglei's black eyes. He had long since lost the emotion in his features, the only goals and thoughts before were about defeating the man in front of him.

BANG!

Dyon and Chenglei blew apart.

'His body is tough,' they both thought at once.

Chenglei swung his spear out from his body, bracing it against his back and crouching into a stance.

Suddenly, his energy erupted.

Dyon's eyes narrowed, 'demonic will...'

But, something more astonishing happened afterwards.

Chenglei's body grew a size, ripping his changpao at its seams.

Faint black scales covered the entirety of his body as a black and bloody aura permeated from him to the tip of his spear.

“Your demonic path is weak...” Chenglei said faintly, launching himself forward.

Dyon shifted to the side, spurring his celestial movement technique to the max.

‘Fast! That’s not just demonic will... he has a god level constitution awakened well past 50%!’

Chenglei had no reaction to Dyon’s dodge, swinging his spear in a tight arc towards Dyon.

Tens of arrays appeared below Dyon’s feet, accelerating him forward into Chenglei.

Chenglei snorted, “naïve!”

Spear will erupted from Chenglei’s spear, covering Dyon even within such a close distance.

Dyon’s eyes flashed in surprise.

Tens of defensive arrays shattered as Dyon was blown backwards... the only thing stopping his momentum being the sword he stuck into the ground.

‘He used spear will to make up for the spear’s deficiencies in close quarters... excellent control.’

“First act... first stage demon emperor’s will...” Dyon whispered faintly.

BOOM!

Dyon’s body expanded to 2.5 meters tall, reddening in the act.

The Elvin geniuses shivered, ‘he really had so much to go to?...’

They were absolutely stunned. None of them thought that Dyon actually had so many trump cards.

Dyon brandished his sword, looking at Chenglei calmly, 'this form isn't enough...'

"First act... first stage demon emperor's will: perfection..."

Dyon's body immediately shrunk down to its original size, compacting all of his power. This form wasn't yet the second stage of the first act of demon emperor's will, most accurately, it was step 1.5. It was a perfect stage reached once the first stage was completely mastered. Where the first stage allowed for a 2x power up, this perfection stage allowed for 2.5x and a more condensed and better controlled body.

Chenglei's eyes narrowed, 'that's a divine technique... the celestial deer sect shouldn't have such a strong body type technique...'

However, he didn't find an opportunity to think any more about it, Dyon had already sprung forward with blinding speed, his sword will raging.

Dyon immediately appeared two meters from Chenglei, swinging downwards with what seemed like a casual stroke.

BOOM!

A massive wave of sword will erupted from his attack.

'What the hell!'

Chenglei stared at this wide-eyed, this sword will was only of the first level yet it looked more powerful than that of a 7th, what was going on!?

Chenglei had no choice but to receive it, piercing forward with an indomitable will.

Flames erupted from his spear – their reddish orange hue accented by dark colors that were seemingly stemming from a darkness will.

Chenglei's body increased another size as he grunt. "Black Jade Body: stage two."

Chenglei's changpao ripped apart completely as he flexed... his black scaled becoming more opaque and much more robust.

Suddenly, he pierced forwards, leaping without a single shred of hesitation and shattering the sword will.

Having the most unexpected reaction to seeing his attack thwarted, Dyon laughed, "no wonder why you haven't had sex yet, your black jade body technique requires the channeling of all the yang you have. You won't gain control of it again until you reach a much higher level. I don't know whether to pat you on the back for making such a sacrifice for power or laugh at you and your family for giving up what's truly important for something as useless as it."

Chenglei's jaw steeled, 'what's truly important? What nonsense is he talking about... and how did he figure that out?...'

Dyon didn't let Chenglei have much time to think about it though as his Weapon's Hall manifestation appeared behind him.

"I think I'll give you a little taste of what it means to be a weapon's master..."

Chenglei took a step forward, looking at the black pagoda dripping in a blood red aura.... But, he suddenly felt that his steps were heavy... too heavy.

Looking up in shock, he found swirls of faint black and blinding silvers rotating around him and Dyon. And yet, they seemed to be having no effect on Dyon!

"I wonder how you'll take an attack you can't dodge..." Dyon said faintly.

Suddenly, a blinding white light erupted from the pagoda, speeding towards Dyon and hovering before him.

Chenglei grunted as he went to lift another foot... but when it fell, he left such a deep imprint in the ground that he felt as though he was stuck.

He looked up in agitation to find Dyon had left his sword in the ground and raised his hands, the blinding white sword before him multiplying again and again.

The crowd shivered feeling Dyon's domineering aura. Each sword was not only of the practitioner level, they were melded together with a ridiculous amount of fused wills... wind, demonic, sword, fire, celestial...

Elder Daiyu frowned at this sight, but he knew he couldn't reach Chenglei in a short time.

BANG!

Chenglei fell to his knees, deeply imprinting himself into the ground as the gravity seemed to multiply again and again.

Suddenly, Dyon's eyes flashed with a strong gold color as weapon's hell arrays began to spin vigorously behind him.

A collective breath seemed to be sucked out of the air, 'he's combining the swords from his manifestation to his arrays!'

A sheen of sweat covered Dyon... controlling so many wills at once was not easy, even if he kept them all at the first level.

Chenglei grit his teeth, struggling to stand as tens of arrays melded with swords of wills faced him, spinning furiously in the air.

"I think it's time you pay a price..." Dyon said faintly.

BOOM!

Spears with sword blades sped forward at a ridiculous pace, piercing towards Chenglei.

"AGGGHHH," just then, in that same square, Ri had sliced a line into Jade's cheek... it was so deep that even Jade's tongue could be seen from her side profile.

"You!" Jade was about to scream more in agitation when she suddenly noticed Chenglei was about to lose. 'No!' She thought, 'don't you dare!'

Suddenly... just as the whistling of the wind reached unprecedented heights around Chenglei, a deafening roar sounded out.

RROOOAAAARRRRR

Jade's eyes flashed with an odd light seeing this, 'since you're getting serious I might as well too...'

Jade's manifestation began to slowly change... from a purple moon to a black one.

Ri's eyes sharpened, taking in Jade's transformation.

Her skin darkened, turning into a demonic purple color – a staff appearing in her hand as she swallowed a pill to fix the wound Ri left her.

And then...

The spears reached Chenglei, piercing toward him almost endlessly... but all anyone saw was a massive black figure... and it was moving...

Blood boiled as bloodlines were suppressed... the only thoughts were of endless inferiority... the only feeling was of endless fear...

Above Chenglei, it curled around in the air menacingly, staring down at Dyon with disdain...

Dyon's eyes widened, "that's his manifestation..."

There, covering the already night sky with endless darkness... was a Black Jade Dragon.

Chapter 236 Know Despair

Dyon stared at the manifestation in the sky, his heart palpitating.

He could feel the Demon Sage blood within his raging at the thought of an inferior bloodline displaying such dominance... But Dyon knew fully well he hadn't absorbed nearly enough of it for it to have any effect other than subtly boosting his body's strength.

However, his Celestial Deer essence and Demon qilin essence roared to life, covering him in black scales coated with crystals. Dyon's body began to sound off thunderous booms, disdaining the Black Jade Dragon's suppression.

Dyon took deep breaths... he had used a lot of stamina in his last move. Not only had he fused space and time wills, he also coated his weapon's hell arrays with sword spirits melded with even more wills! And yet, Chenglei's defenses had reached an ungodly level... he didn't even have a scratch on him...

Suddenly Dyon's mind flashed with an idea, 'that could work...'

Leaping backwards, Dyon continued to steady his breathing, gripping his sword in his hand as his Weapon's Hall disappeared.

The dragon coiled around Chenglei, hiding him within its long body...

Dyon's eyes narrowed, 'he's preparing something...'

Dyon looked over to see Jade and Ri's battle reaching its climax. Ri had settled into her Kitsune form, her dark hair flapping in the wind wildly as she slashed her sword out again and again... melding it with endless pieces of water, ice and wind wills.

Jade, however, didn't seem to lose out in anyway. Her moon manifestation seemed to see all things, and yet, it also reflected all things. Purple-Black energies rotated around her, deflecting Ri's blows... however, she couldn't find an opening to attack either.

"It's not so good to take your eyes off of your opponent in such a situation," Chenglei said faintly.

Dyon's eyes snapped back, widening in shock.

Chenglei's body had increased yet another size, even to the point of towering over 3 meters. His hands now had clear claws on them and even his teeth had sharpened. And what was maybe the most shocking: his spear had changed to one of the transcendent level...

Chenglei suddenly tossed his spear into the air, leaping to stand on the head of his manifestation.

The crowd gapped in shock... 'His manifestation has a corporeal body?!'

Dyon winced, 'Higher Essence stage soul... that's the only way...'

Although Dyon could boost his soul to the Higher Essence stage, it had a massive effect on him. And Dyon could clearly see that Chenglei could only tap into this soul power because he entered the 3rd stage of his Black Jade Body. The only good news was that Chenglei was using a soul boosting technique whereas Dyon's boost was a part of him, which meant Chenglei was on an even shorter leash than him.

However, Dyon also knew holding anything back would do him no good right now.

"Grandfather! I'm going to use it!"

Elder Daiyu nodded faintly, still standing in the air quietly with his hands clasped behind his back.

“Shit...” Dyon muttered under his breath, ‘I guess it’s time.’

The sound of tearing resounded. Majestic wings burst from Dyon’s back as his humanoid Manifestation appeared.

Chenglei’s eyes narrowed... he could tell that if it wasn’t for his soul stage currently being higher, Dyon’s manifestations without a doubt surpassed his, ‘who is this kid?! Twin manifestations?!’

Dyon didn’t care for Chenglei’s surprise, instead flapping his wings and launching himself into the air.

‘I can’t use this too soon... I’ll only have one shot... my stamina isn’t doing too good right now...’

Dyon stared intently at Chenglei and his floating spear, ‘just what is he going to do?’

Suddenly, the temperature started rising drastically.

‘You’ve got to be fucking kidding me...’ Thought Dyon.

Chenglei’s Black Jade Dragon had opened its mouth, positioning the spear just in front of it. Chenglei himself sat cross-legged, his face the picture of concentration and fatigue.

Spear will gathered wildly as the spear seemed to begin to glow under the rising heat.

‘How am I supposed to get close to that... that spear will is a death sentence...’

Chenglei’s spear will had reached an unprecedented level. It was clear he had understood at least two paths along it... the sharpness path... and the dominance path... a dominance path that couldn’t help but incite his demonic will to all new levels...

BOOM!

The spear instantaneously lost its form, being engulfed in endless flames.

BOOM!

The temperature rose again as layers and layers of spear will coated the raging technique... it was almost like another sun had formed in the mouth of the dragon...

The crowd suddenly realize that 300 meters wouldn't be enough... they stood, the elders taking the young and fleeing...

Ri suddenly appeared by Dyon's side, a sheen of sweat on her forehead, but wearing a complacent smile.

Dyon shivered as he realized she had a clump of silver hair in her hand and Jade who lied a distance away... was decidedly more... bald.

Despite the danger of the situation, Dyon couldn't help but laugh.

Shaking his head, Dyon focused. "We can't get close... I can only prepare a technique to counter... are you sure you want to stand by my side?..."

Ri flicked Dyon's forehead. "Don't ask me stupid questions or I'll make you swallow all this hair."

Dyon smiled, wrapping a wing around Ri as they stood in the air.

Bring his hands together, Dyon took a deep breath, realizing Chenglei was about to reach the peak of his technique.

"I've never tried this before..." He said quietly.

BOOM!

Endless heat steamed off of Dyon in the face of Chenglei's growing sun... and yet, it had nothing to do with Chenglei.

Dyon's soul exploded in strength, climbing rapidly to the Higher Essence stage, causing his aurora to dance with happiness.

And then... Dyon did something he had never done before... instead of creating tens of weapon's hell arrays, he created just one... but the size... was enormous.

Dyon grunted under the strain of creating an array on such a large scale, but he suddenly felt a peaceful feeling as a soft hand found its way to his back. Dyon was quickly flooded with such a pure feeling of health and happiness that he almost forgot he was in battle.

"Thank you, Ri... this makes this much easier..."

BOOM!

Dyon's array expanded in size again and again... until it towered behind him at well more than 500 meters in height and shining a blinding purple-gold, completely dwarfing Chenglei's dragon... and yet, it was as though it would collapse under the pressure at any time...

Chenglei seemed unperturbed by the change. Although there was a size difference, that difference was only due to how much less refined Dyon's technique was... the scale of something didn't always equate to its power...

"Watch closely..." Chenglei said faintly, "This is the legacy of the Daiyu clan..."

The temperature seemed to raise to even yet another level. A ball of fire, spear and demonic will raged in the skies, looming domineeringly in the mouth of the dragon.

Suddenly, a spear of epic proportions appeared at the center of Dyon's array... spinning ever so slowly...

Chenglei's eyes snapped open. "Know despair... Black Jade Sun: Annihilation!"

Chapter 237 Miss You

A piercing roar tore through the sky, a raging tempest of wind and fire slicing through space as though there was nothing in existence worthy of being in front of its might.

Dyon stood in the face of all of this with Ri by his side, a black-red sun that seemed to block out everything in existence speeding towards them.

Closing his eyes, Dyon took a deep breath, feeling his skin searing under the endless heat.

"Weapon's Hell Array Variant... Devour..."

Suddenly the large array began to pick up its pace, spinning more ferociously as a white purity began to coat it... it was oddly gentle in the face of so much that wasn't.

Ri looked up to see Dyon's face in resolute concentration. She shifted her gaze to her uncle, a man who she had long since taken in as her father...

Uncle Acacia's face twitched. He wanted to move to help, but, he felt a faint pressure locking him and everyone else... It seemed Elder Daiyu would allow them to retreat but had no intention of letting them help.

Elder Daiyu chuckled, "I think it's best if you all stay put... Did you see me interfere when my daughter-in-law was scalped?"

Jade, however, was shaking in rage... her arm was bent in an odd direction and deep claw marks could be seen across her face and chest.

'She's... a monster...'

Jade shivered thinking of the power Ri tapped into to bring her to this pitiful state. But, that made her no less angry.

'Die then...'

But, for some inexplicable reason... when she looked up to see Dyon facing this danger with Ri by his side, she felt a rare something in her heart... something she couldn't name or place... but whatever that feeling was... it had only started the day she met Dyon.

Slowly getting up, Jade walked towards the battle, wanting to be by Chenglei.

And that was when, Dyon's eyes finally opened.

The light within them was so blinding that they could have been spears of their own... cutting through the air like blades of purple gold.

Dyon's muscles flared under the strain of his powered soul, pushing everything he had into this.

The dragon's roar vibrated the air, shaking the buildings and cracking the marble.

It was one man against one beast.

It was the fiery pits of hell against heaven's judgement.

It was a final blow against a final blow...

Suddenly, Dyon finally released his spear, grabbing onto Ri's waist and leaping backwards.

BOOM!

The spear spun furiously into the Black Jade Sun, the dragon still roaring furiously – adding as much power as Chenglei could channel into it.

Chenglei's eyes widened. 'What's going on... it shouldn't be like this!'

Dyon watched, hands on his knees as Ri supported him.

The weapon's hell array pierced forward, seemingly soaking up Chenglei's technique as its own.

Dyon smirked, "looks like I was right..."

Regardless of what form an attack using a manifestation took, it was always at its base form a soul-based technique. Meaning, it could be negated with techniques meant to negate soul type techniques... and what technique was better at doing that than Dyon's defensive type soul technique: Devour.

If you then couple that with the cleansing power of celestial will... what could stand up to it?

BOOM!

Blinding lights and concussive explosions filled the square, a tempest of blacks, reds and whites spinning into the air as a raging tornado.

The wind kicked up, destroying and slicing anything in its path. Dyon had no choice but to curl his wings around himself and Ri, allowing his manifestation to loom over them protectively.

"NO!" Elder Daiyu moved toward Chenglei but found himself blocked by Deryth and Sinaht.

“You can’t expect us to let you through so easily, do you?” Said Grand Elder Deryth faintly.

Elder Daiyu’s hand flashed as a very familiar treasure appeared... the Demolition Cube.

“I think it’s best you two get out of my way.”

The cube opened into four sections, revealing a blinding sphere of light.

Elder Daiyu was truly worried. He sensed a familiar air in the technique Dyon just used... and if he was right... Chenglei’s manifestation was in danger! How could he allow his grandson to be crippled like he was?! Even a partially damaged manifestation would have massive effects on one’s future. And the idea of that technique being the very one that shattered his dao was making him sick to his stomach!

‘How did this child master a technique like this already?!’

The old man was fully aware that at the level Dyon’s technique was at, the mere second stage of the first act, he wouldn’t even make a dent on a Dao Formation... but, against a person of similar soul strength to himself?! The results would be catastrophic!

Elder Daiyu winced as he poured his power into the Demolition Cube... the power required to be of threat to Celestial Stage Experts was too much for him in this state, but he did it anyway. He had to make it before Chenglei’s manifestation was completely destroyed!

BOOM!

“AAGGGHHHHH!”

Chenglei screamed in agony as Dyon’s technique began to eat away at his dragon.

It felt like his soul was being shattered... bent... distorted... He had practiced a soul cultivation technique before, but it felt nothing like this!

Suddenly, Dyon felt a pat on his shoulder. He spun quickly, agitated. He was heavily fatigued, so he was giving his aurora a rest – because of this, he hadn't felt anyone sneak up on him.

But, the sight he found made him sigh in relief. "Aeson... thank you..."

Aeson had used the opportunity while Elder Daiyu was distracted by Chenglei's pain to take Meiying away.

Dyon was pale, but he still stood to pat the seemingly comatose girl on the head.

"You've suffered a lot..." he said softly.

Dyon turned to Ri who was still holding him up, "I need your help Ri."

Ri nodded, knowing what Dyon meant. Dyon wanted to use Ri's aurora as a boost to his own like he had when healing Ri in dead kings valley. That way, he could heal Meiying in his fatigued state.

With blazing fires and battling elders as a backdrop, Dyon slowly melded his aurora with Ri's to pick at the array locking down Meiying.

Suddenly, Meiying's eyes began to brighten from their dull state.

She looked up, confused. Seeing Dyon's pale countenance, she was startled, "Dyon?..."

Meiying's eyes widened with realization, "Dyon quickly, fix the array you just broke."

Dyon's brows furrowed, "but it's almost gone..."

Meiying shook her head vigorously. "No, no, no. You can't possibly understand the scale of what you're trying to get in the way of. You have to put the seal back on me."

“Can you tell me?” Dyon questioned. He already faintly knew what Meiying wanted to do... but he didn’t feel comfortable with it.

Meiying rolled her eyes, turning her gaze to Ri. “Can you tell my stupid brother-in-law that he’s not the only one who can dive head first into danger please?”

Ri giggled, flicking Dyon’s forehead. “Can’t you tell she’s made up her mind? Give her a key to the array so she can open and close it.”

Dyon frowned in thought. For Meiying to be able to use the key on her own, she needs an awakened aurora... at least to a partial state....

Ri sighed. “Your senses are really dull when you’re tired. She already has her aurora awakened partially. In fact, it’s at 39%.”

Dyon was stunned. Suddenly, he eyes flashed with a realization.

‘The Daiyu clan needs people with auroras... or maybe, they need their important pawns to have auroras... is this part of why they attacked the Celestial Deer Sect? Why do they need so many things that improve the senses? Meiying’s compass... Jade’s manifestation... and now auroras?’

Dyon’s eyes widened further. ‘The aurora awakening steps from Dead Kings valley!’

Suddenly it all fit together. Although Dyon still didn’t know the exact reason, it was clear they were searching for something... and they needed people to help them. Having the aurora awakening steps would have been a huge plus to that.

Dyon sighed, seeing Meiying’s resolute face. She was still so young, thrust into a world like this by her own father of all things, “I’ll add the key and one other thing... I’ll save you when the time is right,” Dyon said gently.

“Your big sisters miss you...”

Meiying's eyes glistened as she nodded, a last tear falling as they dulled...

Chapter 238 Aged

Dyon watched as Meiying fell into another trance like state... he wanted to save her, but he knew having someone close to the Daiyu family was for the best.

Suddenly, Dyon started violently coughing, blood seeping out of his mouth.

"Dyon! Release your manifestation you idiot!" Ri's eyes glistened with worry as she propped Dyon up.

Aeson watched quietly as Ri tended to Dyon lovingly. He hadn't said a word since appearing, but it was clear he was hurt. But, what could Dyon and Ri do about it?

But, Aeson could hardly focus on those feelings for too long... because behind where the four of them stood, Chenglei's screams of agony had finally ceased... but, they couldn't see through the dust.

"We need to bring Meiying back to them without them noticing or else she'll be suspected..." Dyon said through coughs.

Aeson nodded faintly, vanishing with Meiying.

Ri blushed as she slowly created a striking blue array for them to sit on. She was slightly embarrassed about being so slow compared to Dyon, but, there wasn't much she could do about that.

Soon, they looked up to see a raging battle still going on... the worst part was that Grand Elder Deryth and Sinaht were in sorry states, and yet, other than his pale face, Elder Daiyu looked untouched.

Suddenly, their attentions became focused on the finally dispersing dust cloud...

"Ri... what happened to Jade?" Dyon said leaning against her.

Ri shrugged, "I attacked her face with the best will combinations I have... she'll be hard-pressed to heal herself. You can say she's quite the ugly duckling now," she said proudly.

Dyon chuckled, "I guess that's all we can do for now..."

A pensive look surfaced on Ri's face, "she's superficial and her personality is shallow. This is the best way to hurt her right now."

Dyon nodded... but, neither of them knew just how right they were.

Within the dust cloud, Jade had paused her search for Chenglei, suddenly realizing that her medicinal pills weren't working.

'What's going on?' She thought.

Then, a realization hit her. 'THAT BITCH!'

Jade was truly absolutely revolting now.

Her arm hung awkwardly to side. Her face had deep and unhealing claw marks on them. Her hair was nonexistent except for a few strands that made her look absolutely ridiculous.

The worst part was that Ri hadn't stopped there. Jade's once flawless body was riddled with blood and was now scarring over instead of healing properly.

Jade screeched in agitation, clawing at her skin to open her wounds again to try and heal them properly.

But, nothing she did worked... Ri's will was too powerful for her to handle and the Elvin Kingdom's alchemy wasn't advanced enough...

She raged in the dust cloud, clawing at her face and body again and again... but all she succeeded in doing was deepening her scars...

Her fingernails became bloody and torn... tears streamed down her face as she dug into her skin again and again, unwilling to accept this.

“No, no, no. THIS WAS ALL PEOPLE EVER LIKED ABOUT ME!”

Jade fell to the ground, banging her fists into the marble again and again and again.

“AAAGGGHHHHHHH!”

Suddenly, Jade’s screeches became maniacal laughter. She had clawed at her face so much that her tears were indecipherable from the blood that streaked down. Every time her nails hooked into her flesh, a sickening sound that could grate on the soul would resonate. Many had to look away, unable to continue watching.

Not bothering to clean herself up, Jade stood, muttering nonsensical things to herself.

“Good, good,” she said, “very good.”

The thing was that healing within the martial world was very complex... if your body was weak, healing yourself was quite simple because the building blocks of your body were simple... however, the more powerful you became, the harder it was to heal yourself... and the more powerful those who attacked you were... and the less they wanted you to heal yourself... the less likely you would succeed.

Maybe if Jade had been patient, waiting for a better pill or a better expert to heal her, her appearance could be saved... but her obsession with the thoughts of others didn’t allow her to want to exist in a world where she was anything other than perfect for even a second...

And thus, a monster was born... without feelings... without beauty... and with just a single sole purpose: Kill.

**

The elders, noticing the situation was already in hand, finally let Elder Daiyu go. They could faintly understand that Dyon was allowing the Daiyu clan off easy for the benefit of the Elvin Kingdom... if the Daiyu clan's plans were truly thwarted here, all of their wrath would be directed towards them... and although their king was very powerful, he was not only missing, they also had no way of knowing how powerful the Daiyu clan was... For all they knew, King Acacia was nothing in the face of their best experts.

Elder Deryth finally touched down to the center of square, and what he saw, made the rage within him boil.

Jade sat on her knees beside Chenglei who was clearly incapacitated. The last remaining bits of clothing on him were only the last fragments of his silver pants.

His pale face caused the scarlet blood running from his cracked lips to look like the last vestiges of his life.

Elder Deryth only spared the disheveled Jade a single glance before crouching down and raising a trembling hand to his grandson.

His anger was palpable. It wasn't that he thought the 25th White Mother would pick a bad successor... but he had had confidence in his grandson, and now it had backfired... What if he had attacked himself instead? What if he had just forgotten about his role as an elder? He turned a sharp gaze toward Dyon, prepared to kill him before leaving... but then, he suddenly remembered the elders in the sky... he didn't have time to deal with them and minimize damage to Chenglei...

Dyon suddenly coughed, looking towards Elder Daiyu. "You know this situation as well as I do, Elder Daiyu... I also know what you came here for... but let me tell you now: find another way."

Elder Daiyu's eyes sharpened. "Why shouldn't I just return with a larger army?"

Dyon wanted to laugh, but he was in too much pain... the strain of pushing himself so hard was definitely getting to him.

“For one, if the Daiyu clan wanted to move on such a large scale, they would have already... but, it’s clear you don’t want anyone to know how powerful you are just yet...

“Secondly, if you had dao formation experts to use, you wouldn’t have a need to be covert in such a weak universe. Plus, my master’s memories make it quite clear that they erased all of your dao formation experts from existence... or at the very least, crippled them like you...” Dyon spoke slowly, gauging Elder Daiyu’s reaction to this.

His master’s memories had no such thing because even if they existed, they would be locked, but he was hoping that Elder Daiyu would reveal something in his emotions... maybe if his judgement wasn’t clouded by Chenglei’s situation he wouldn’t have... but the sharpening in his eyes told Dyon all he needed to know.

With a smile, Dyon continued, “thirdly, it wouldn’t be in your best interest to attack a kingdom under my protection... especially with how much you rely on soul techniques and how that’s very easily countered by Devour... no? Can you afford for more to end up like Chenglei? What would happen if I taught Sinaht and Grand Elder Daiyu that technique? Would your fight with them have ended so simply?”

Elder Daiyu said nothing, instead looking toward Jade. “Will you be of use? Or should I kill you now?”

Jade said nothing for a long while before speaking. “You’re the only one I have any worth to.”

Elder Daiyu nodded, waving his hand to take her along with Chenglei and Meiyang.

Dyon sighed in relief, happy he didn’t have to reveal his stone puppet trump cards.

But before Elder Daiyu left, he said one last thing that made Dyon furrow his eyebrows.

“You’re from the mortal realm of this planet, yet you protect those of the martial realm... I wonder if you’ll do the same once you know the truth...”

What Dyon didn't see was that as soon as those words left Elder Daiyu's mouth, he aged by another century...

Chapter 239 Rest Well

With the disappearance of the Daiyu family and Jade, the square now held an eerie quiet. It seemed the only sounds that could be heard were Dyon's wheezing breaths and ragged coughing.

Ri sat on her knees, propping Dyon up as they sat on a floating blue array. There was a tinge of worry in her eyes as she felt Dyon erratic heartbeat. It looked as though he had lost half his body weight, a mere shell of his former self.

Ri sighed. "You overdrew on your soul... without energy cultivation to help rejuvenate you, it's hard to sustain yourself after drawn out battles... you're such an idiot," she muttered.

Yet, despite her words, she lay Dyon's head against her chest, slowly circulating an ice purity will to help alleviate his pain.

What Ri had said was true. Unlike with energy cultivating, the soul and the body couldn't easily draw on outside sources to replenish themselves. If you depleted your essence energy, you could simply take out an energy stone to replenish yourself.

However, when your soul or body was fatigued... only time would help unless you had very special medicines. In fact, even if you had those medicines, time would be your best option. This was exactly why there were three martial paths... each supplemented the next.

Dyon chuckled bitterly, his voice hoarse. "Maybe you're right... I need some sleep. But, not yet."

The members of the Eostre family trembled. Everyone knew the truth. How could a family who knew the secrets of everyone else, keep secrets amongst themselves? When Dyon said he'd find out who was involved, that was already lenient in and of itself.

But, just as they were shaking in despair, Dyon said something that made many look at him as something other than an impulsive genius boy.

“Grand Elder Deryth... Sigebryht family head Sinaht... The members of the Eostre family should be punished. Those that need to be killed, must be killed. However, I’m sure you can tell how a family that has an inability to keep secrets from each other would find it troublesome to rebel...”

The elders nodded in agreement. Even if someone of the Eostre family wanted to defect, once they had true intentions of doing so, wouldn’t all those around them immediately know?

Dyon sighed... this was where things got complicated. This was because the Eostre weren’t perfect empaths. That means that the degree to which they could see through things depended on how powerful their singularity had manifested within them.

This was exactly why Jade’s genius was a curse... a moon that wanted to reflect too much of the sunlight... she was so close to what a True Empath would be without being naturally so, that she not only deluded herself into believing she actually was, but her mind slipped as though she was one.

The reason for this was simple... a True Empath occurred naturally in nature. Because of that, they had failsafes of their own to combat the loss of their minds. Although this mental degradation was still inevitable along the stream of time without help from outside resources like celestial will or the stone tome, it was still better guarded against... it was much like how an animal could age normally while clones had drastically shorter lifespans.

Jade was exactly that... a false representation, a fake. And as such, she degraded much quicker.

That being said, the main point was that because the Eostre family had varying degrees of insight, many of the weaker ones could hardly be judged for being wary of the stronger ones... especially when the stronger one had a daughter who was the closest thing to a True Empath since King Acacia... before the existence of Little Lyla was known that is...

As such, the course of action became clear. Wyn Eostre was put to death, forced to kneel before the tomb of Ms. Everdeen for the rest of his days.

Along with him went many high ranked elders.

Any given major family had thousands upon thousands of members. Even though the Elvin population was small in comparison to the humans of the martial world, that didn't stop their population from being within the hundreds of thousands.

And then, there was the problem of the Sigebryht family. In regards to them, it was best to choose to forgive.

Not only was Sinaht the most talented among the older generation with the king gone, he had only been forced in a corner to act as he did because of the Eostre family. Without the king disappearing, the Elvin Kingdom would have never been in turmoil, and Sinaht would have continued to be a pillar.

In addition, they really did nothing wrong in the end... They weren't responsible for any deaths and they hadn't made any attempts to be responsible for any such things.

The only real problem left was the Norville family and their act of stealing orphans. However, when Dyon looked into this, although he was thoroughly disturbed, he couldn't argue with their logic.

He still shivered at the look in Mithrandir's mother's eyes when she told him she hadn't tasted human in a while. Maybe if it wasn't for Ri's glare, his demon essence would have gotten the better of him.

It turned out that the Norville family took in orphans to raise them for the desire path. However, aside from teaching them the techniques, the real choice was left up to the children when they became of age. After all, Mithrandir was a prime example of how you could become stronger in such a path yet remain a virgin.

Although Dyon didn't like the idea of essentially grooming kids to become prey to their own desires, from the perspective of the Norville family, they were sharing something wonderful with the world. Also, weren't they simply taking orphans off of the streets at the end of the day?

It was both disturbing and somehow also refreshing that the Norville family had such a simple wish. It was almost as though all they wanted was for people to release their inhibitions. But, to Dyon, they just looked like a swinger couple... a really attractive swinger couple... but a swinger couple nonetheless.

In the end, Dyon stood in front of Ms. Everdeen's crystalline coffin with Ri holding him up. He felt as though he was fading, but he wanted to see this last sight before he rested...

They were in the Eostre family holy land. Dyon silently wondered if this was what Ms. Everdeen would have wanted...

To her, the major families were a next tier of existence she could never reach. And yet, here she was heading the tombs of one of them.

Taking a look at the dead Eostre family traitors that lay before her, Dyon nodded in satisfaction.

"There's only one person left..." he said softly, "I'll have her kneel before you just like all the rest. Rest in peace Ms. Everdeen and have a good chat with my mother, I'm sure she'd love you."

Ri watched silently as Dyon's eyes reddened. He was struggling to keep them open, but it was clear his strength was almost completely gone.

Finally, he completely collapsed into Ri.

Spinning an array to life, Ri rested Dyon's head on her lap. Her beautiful eyes glimmered with a faint sadness but unconcealed happiness. It felt like, for the first time in a long time, she had someone to truly rely on. And yet, that was a bitter sweet feeling.

Stroking Dyon's hair, Ri planted a gentle kiss onto Dyon's forehead. "Rest well..."

Chapter 240 No One Said

The room was large and extravagant, bathed in dark reds and greys.

A large bed five-meter-wide bed was situated right in the middle, covered in endless amounts of soft pillows as a handsome young man slept soundly, turning every so often and muttering odd things in his sleep. He was completely oblivious to the fact that three people who loved him were in the very same room.

One was a girl with beauty beyond words. Her silver-blue hair and eyes shone even in the dimly lit space, and yet, she oddly wore what looked like a sports bra and sweatpants... not living up to the rest of her pure appearance at all.

This girl smiled faintly as she watched two small children play on the end of the bed.

'I'm glad you gave me partial ownership of the ring,' she thought quietly.

The children, though, seemed to have no worries in the world. One was an adorable little girl around five years old. Her long pink hair nearly touched the ground as she gleefully giggled.

The other child was a boy with jet black hair and eyes. He had the faint marking of a white scale on his forehead, but other than that, he was about seven or eight years old.

"Shh," berated the beautiful blue haired girl, "you'll wake your elder brother."

"Big sister Ri," pouted the little girl, "you shouldn't miss your birthday party. Big brother Dyon wouldn't want that."

The beautiful blue-silver haired girl was of course Alexandria Acacia, the little girl was Little Lyla and the boy was... Little Black!

Ri bent towards Little Lyla and patted her head, "birthdays are meant to be celebrated with those you love. How could I enjoy it with him not there?"

Plus... some annoying guests were here to ask why the elves hadn't appeared on the battlefield for this campaign...

Little Lyla clapped happily, giggling, "big brother will wake up soon. Really!"

If it was a normal little girl who said this, Ri would have brushed it off. But, the fact it was Little Lyla caused Ri to glance expectantly at Dyon's handsome countenance.

It had been four months since the day Dyon essentially single handedly saved the Elvin Kingdom from ruin, and yet he still hadn't awoken. It was clear he had overdrafted his soul... yet, all Ri could do was occasionally circulate her ice purity path and water healing path within Dyon. The rest was up to him and time.

"Big sister?"

Ri turned her head to Little Black who was looking at her expectantly. "Hmm? What is it?"

"Can we go and eat? I'm really hungry?"

Ri covered her mouth, giggling lightly. Little Black was probably the only one who could match Dyon's appetite.

Originally, she had been confused when she first saw this Little Boy. But, when she figured out the reason why he had come out of his beast form, a warm feeling blossomed in her heart.

"Okay Little Black, you can take your little sister to the banquet hall. I'm sure they're setting up for my birthday by now. There's definitely plenty of food."

Ri laughed as Little Black's eyes sparkled. He grabbed Little Lyla's small hand in his and practically dragged her out of the room.

A smile was all that was left on Ri's face after they gave her a final wave goodbye, closing the door.

Suddenly, the room was silent. With the children gone, it was just Ri and Dyon's breathing.

Ri slowly got up and walked to the door, locking it. She knew people would come and disturb her, but she really had no intention of going to this banquet.

She had been thrust back into the palace lifestyle with Sinaht acting as interim king in the absence of her father and while Little Lyla grew up. Regardless of how confident they were in the fact that Dyon was most likely who the prophecy spoke about, changing long standing traditions is what almost brought the Elvin Kingdom to ruin in the first place. As such, Ri was back in her old room and Little Lyla was slated as the next ruler of the Elvin Kingdom.

Walking to the side of the bed, Ri smiled as she got on, loving how perfectly she fit to Dyon's side.

Dyon shifted in his sleep, wrapping his arms around Ri.

"You smell good," he muttered.

Ri blushed, taking in Dyon's scent as well. His shirtless torso had gained the weight he lost back. The chiseled yet soft feel made it impossible for Ri not to run her hands along it again and again.

Smiling, Ri giggled, "you say weird things in your sleep..."

Ri closed her eyes, content to take a nap in Dyon's arms when suddenly she heard something unexpected.

"How could I still be asleep with such a beauty in my arms? Wouldn't someone be looking down on me for wasting such a thing?"

Ri wiggled her head out of Dyon's chest to find two pure hazel-green eyes looking down at her.

Dyon smiled gently, caressing Ri's cheek, "how angry do you think the kingdom would be if I stole their Princess' first ki – "

Ri didn't think. She was just so happy to see Dyon open his eyes again that she only leaned upwards, pressing her lips to his.

Dyon's senses were invaded with a cool feeling. Ri's lips tasted like water melted from the highest peaks and were as fragrant as lavender.

Her touch was as soft as the petals on a rose... a kiss so gentle Dyon felt as though he was sinking into a cloud.

Suddenly, Ri pulled away, looking into Dyon's eyes with a slight blush on her face.

Dyon smiled when he noticed she had inadvertently gone into her Kitsune form. Her adorable canines had become more prominent and the bed was decidedly softer with ten beautiful silver-blue tails lying about.

When Ri noticed what had happened, her blush deepened as she retracted them, causing Dyon to chuckle.

"The next time I make you sweat pants," he said with an evil grin on his face, looking toward Ri's backside, "I'll put a spatial transference array in the back so I'm the only one who can ever see this sight."

Ri's brows furrowed, "what do you m –"

Ri's eyes widened as she suddenly felt a draft from her back. Her tails had pushed down her sweats!

Ri buried her head into Dyon's chest, hitting his arm in embarrassment, "stop teasing me!"

Dyon smiled, pulling a duvet over to cover the both of them, "okay, see now? I can't see anymore."

Suddenly, Ri kicked off her sweats, speaking in a soft voice made Dyon shiver from head to toe.

"No one said you couldn't look... pervert."