

The Nameless 251

Chapter 251 Zaire

Later that day, Ri sat on her bed back in a comfortable pair of sweats and a sports bra. However, the bed was decidedly more filled than she was used to.

To her left was Dyon, but Lyla and Little Black were here too, happily playing.

Dyon smiled at the scene, leisurely reclining in the piles of endless pillows. “So tell me Little Black, what changed?”

Dyon felt he had failed, in a way. He knew so much about so many things, but in a lot of ways, today was probably the most he had ever learned about beasts. The worst part was that he learned it from Elwing.

All Dyon knew up until now was that, other than his coincidental run in with the 25th White Mother, her husband, and Little Black, many of the creatures of the martial realm were simply evolved forms of creatures from the mortal realm.

A perfect example of this was Ores’ white tiger. From afar, it looked no different from one you might find in a mortal realm zoo, until you took notice of its striking stripes and crystalline teeth.

From what Dyon could garner, this was the perfect representation for what an earth level beast might be: slightly evolved forms of well-known creatures from the mortal realm. Their differences were probably due to cultivation, specialized pills, and selective breeding. The thought of this intrigued Dyon about the concept of a beast related profession...

But he hadn’t heard talk of it. After all, even if you were in such a profession, would you breed worth while beasts? How viable would such a profession be in the future?... it wasn’t like you could breed transcendent and supreme level beasts... could you?

‘Hmm, I guess it earth level beasts might be quite useful at this level though...’

Dyon had read about specialized units used during campaigns that relied heavily on such beasts. And, obviously, in a gate capped at the peak of essence gathering, weaker beasts like this might be quite useful.

Dyon was finally snapped out of his thoughts by Little Black's response, a bit surprised to find the little boy blushing.

"Ah, Big brother, about that... I could have turned into a human whenever I wanted, it's just that I grow faster in my beast form. So, I wanted to stay in that form longer so I could help you sooner..."

A sudden realization hit Dyon. 'So that's why he looks like he's around eight years old despite being one year old...'

But, then, Dyon grinned. "I get it." Dyon looked to Little Lyla who was getting her hair combed by Ri.

Dyon sighed. Little Black wanted to grow up beside Little Lyla, he couldn't fault him for that. Dyon took Little Black as his younger brother, so, Little Black's happiness came first.

Stretching out his fist, Dyon smiled. "There's nothing wrong with wanting to be a normal kid Little Black. Let your big brother handle everything else."

Little Black's face lit up with happiness as his small fist bumped against Dyon's.

Dyon smiled, rubbing his little brother's head. "Tell me more about it."

Little Black nodded seriously.

"High ranking beasts are often born with an advantage of having ingrown legacies... much of the information I need about wills, cultivation, and techniques are already within me. Only when I surpass my parents would I infuse myself with more information to pass it onto to my own kids," Little Black blushed adorably saying this, but he tried his best to continue. "For example, my father had his legacy etched into his horns..."

The truth is that human can do this too, but their bodies are much weaker in comparison to ours... The passing on of transcendent and supreme level beast legacies to your offspring is part of what makes it extremely difficult for high level beasts to have high level children. But, at the same time, even lower level legacies would be too much for a human new born to handle.”

Dyon nodded. ‘This much mean that male dragons have the ability to limit the amount of legacy they pass on to have lower ranking children... Or maybe, they’re the only beasts who are willing to do something like that?’

“So, the ingraining of a baby with legacies to help their future cultivation is more detrimental to humans than the benefits it would provide?” Asked Dyon.

Little Black nodded. “So, basically I have all of the information I need. But, with this information comes a choice. I had three paths: the beast path and the human path, and the much more complicated path that combines both.

“If I chose the beast path, I would never be able to turn into a human again. But, with that, comes a great boost to my body cultivation. However, there’s also a drastic dip in my energy and soul cultivation capabilities.”

Dyon smiled. ‘He’s quite well spoken for an eight-year-old. Seems both my little brother and sister are special.’

“If I chose the human path, I’d have a direct boost in soul and energy cultivating, but my body cultivating would suffer. Also, I would lose many of my legacies. Although the beast path loses you legacies as well, it isn’t anywhere near as many that disappear.

“And then there’s the final path, the path my mother and father took – combining both.”

Dyon pondered for a bit. “So, you can turn back into your beast form if you want to?”

Little Black nodded. “I can, but my growth will slow in proportion to how long I stay in human form. Meaning, if I spend a year in human form, I’ll only experience that level of change. A year in beast form is worth a bit more than five times that.”

Dyon smiled. "Little Black, I'm here to protect you. Take your time and live your life the way your parents wanted you to. When the time is right, we'll go wreak havoc on your father's enemies."

Little Black's eyes glistened listening to Dyon. He had long since accepted this big brother of his, but it seemed like with every passing day, that respect only grew larger.

"Big Brother, can you pick a name for me?"

"A name?" Dyon asked questioningly.

Little Black nodded. "Beasts usually have two names. One at birth. And another when they choose their martial path."

Dyon pondered for a bit. "I see..."

Little Black's eyes glistened. "Can you give me a really cool name that means destroying mountains or grabbing the sky?"

Dyon chuckled, he had almost forgotten Little Black was still a kid. "Alright then. How about... Zaire Sacharro?"

A smile spread across Little Black's small face. "What does that mean big brother?"

Rubbing Little Black's dark hair Dyon smiled. "It means 'river that swallows all rivers.'"

"Big bro, that's super cool! Hehe."

Ri and Little Lyla giggled at Zaire's pure reaction. This was a really nice moment they were all content with. So, just like that, the small family of sorts spent some time together before Dyon and Ri sent them off to bed.

Chapter 252 I hate.

Deep into the night, Dyon and Ri had opened up the large, draped windows to step into the cool night air.

The balcony was large and looked out into the surrounding forest. There were beautiful gardens and garden paths below that had been recently replaced. After all, they had been destroyed by the words in the sky just a few months prior.

Dyon and Ri lounged on a reclining chair, looking up at the full moon – quiet and practically half asleep.

Ri shifted a bit, nestling her head into Dyon's chest and breathing in his scent.

"Tell me how you really feel," she suddenly said. It wasn't a question and she left no room for debate. Dyon could only sigh, knowing he had to answer.

But before he could, Ri continued, "I don't doubt that you love me. And I also don't doubt that you would be happy to be with me had you met me first. I also know that the Elvin Kingdom has become a good home to you in recent times. But, I still want to know how you really feel.

"If you dare lie to me, don't believe I won't beat you up."

Dyon suddenly laughed. He loved how Ri could be so domineering and yet still so feminine.

He stroked her hair lovingly, pondering for a bit.

"I feel angry. Frustrated. I hate this world and everything about it."

Dyon closed his eyes, holding Ri tighter.

"I don't want anyone I love to ever have to suffer. I want to stand at the top of everything. To be able to look down with those people by my side, knowing that they're safe."

Dyon breathing calmed under Ri's soft touch as he vented for what seemed like the first time in his life.

"The idea of Madeleine spending time with another man is irrelevant to me. What fills my heart with rage is the fact she's facing dangers without me. That I can't stand in front of her. And that in the end, she wouldn't even have to put herself at risk if it wasn't to make up for my being so useless.

"What angers me is the fact I pretend as if I handed her to her master willingly, when really it was because I knew I had no choice. Because I knew with her being cured, I lacked the power to keep her by my side.

"It's the fact I stood there with a smile on my face, explaining what sounded like an elaborate plan to everyone else, but was really just the final plea of a weak man to spend just a week with someone he loved.

"It's the fact that now I love you. With just as much passion and fervor – and yet I fear I'll lose you in the same way.

"I hate the fact that through all of this, all I do is smile and pretend I don't care. As if pretending to be arrogant will fix all of my problems.

"I have no great family. I have no greater power. I'm only good with arrays because I happened to like computers. My body is only so strong because I lucked into a great master. I'm only not dead, because as ironic as it may sound, the only thing I'm great at is pretending I have everything dancing in the palm of my hand."

The more Dyon said, the quieter he became. It was as though saying these words were taking his everything.

"And now I have a little sister who can see right through me. A little girl I'm supposed to be protecting and yet she can see all of my flaws – all of my faults. The amount of times I've infused Little Lyla with celestial will... again and again, trying to make sure she's never in pain, and yet I know that I'm the cause of most of... It hurts Ri."

Ri's grip tightened around Dyon as she leaned upwards to kiss him softly.

"In this life..." Ri pulled away slightly, her lips hovering a fraction of an inch from Dyon's. "And in any life I live after this... I'll be by your side," Ri said softly, kissing Dyon again.

"Your pain will be my pain. Your hate, my hate. Your love, my love. If we have to stand against the world together. If we have to fight together. If we have to die together. I will never have any regrets," Ri kissed Dyon again, lingering much longer this time.

Dyon wrapped his arms around Ri's waist, pulling her for his side to his lap.

"You carry too much of a burden by yourself," Ri said softly, cupping Dyon's face with both of her hands as she enjoyed the feeling of him gripping her waist.

"With me here, split the load in half," Ri leaned backwards, her skin glistening under the moonlight as she slipped her top off.

Dyon was greeted with an unmatched sight... One that had him greedily pulling Ri back to him.

He enjoyed the soft feeling the invaded his hand as his other flashed with an array on Ri's waist, ripping everything covering her lower half away.

Ri softly moaned through Dyon's war with her tongue, gently grinding her pelvis into him as familiar wild emotions resurfaced.

"And when we save Big Sister Madeleine," she said through gasps. "Split it in three."

Dyon couldn't be bothered with words anymore. The feeling of Ri's soft body riding on top of him, the way her blue-silver hair and eyes shone under the moonlight, the words of endless care she spoke... There was no need for anymore.

Dyon's celestial will and aurora raged to life, leaving trails of golden light along Ri's skin as she writhed with pleasure.

Ri's hands ran along Dyon's body, her lips never leaving his as she played with the straps of his sweatpants.

Dyon groaned, feeling a soft hand grip him. He suddenly felt the urgent need flip Ri over and take her, but he suddenly felt a finger on his lip.

Ri kissed Dyon's cheek softly. "Let me..."

Ri gripped Dyon, lightly but firmly, pulling his member out and playing with it along her entrance.

Dyon shivered. The soft and wet feeling was something he couldn't describe... But when he felt Ri slowly lower herself onto him, kissing him softly... he felt as though he had entered another world.

Ri trailed kisses along Dyon's neck as she slowly rode him, savouring the feeling of celestial will being poured into her endlessly.

"You feel so good inside me..." Ri moaned into Dyon's ear, lightly kissing it.

Dyon felt himself tremble at her words. His hands tightened on her hips, but he made no move to control her motions.

Ri's hips grinded and rotated, it was as though Dyon never felt the same sensation twice.

"Oh God..." Ri's hips suddenly increased their pace as she attacked Dyon's lips with hers.

Dyon's arm wrapped tightly around Ri's waist as he started moving himself... Slow strokes as they both reached their peak.

“Yes...” Ri bit Dyon’s lip as her back arched inwards. Her walls convulsed around Dyon as she felt and endless gush fill her insides.

Ri trembled violently, almost wanting to escape the pleasure, but Dyon’s grip wouldn’t allow her to.

And just like that, they laid there, falling asleep under the moon’s light...

Dyon’s final thoughts were of a concealment array... but probably most importantly, was the fact his burden was half of what it once was.

Chapter 253 Puppets

Late that night, Dyon sat up cross-legged at the head of the large bed, not having bothering to find clothes.

Dyon smiled at Ri laying naked beside him, laying her head on his lap. Dyon gently stroked her hair before focusing on the task at hand, holding a ring in his hand and projecting his mind into it.

‘The stone puppets are at the first celestial level right now, but that’s not good enough...’

Dyon was painfully aware that he didn’t have the ability to bring the stone puppets back to their peak, but he had to do something.

From his understanding, puppets had two main facets to them, in terms of the arrays. The first dealt with their power source, while the second dealt with special abilities outside of weapons.

In terms of the first aspect, it referred to what would basically be the puppets energy cultivation. Some of the best puppets had the ability to replenish themselves using pseudo-cultivation techniques that pretty much amounted to energy collecting arrays.

As for their special abilities, this often had to do with the wills or intents they could wield. This heavily relied on the abilities of the crafter, making a puppet creation inextricably linked to the skill of its creator. The best of crafters could even infuse their puppets with daos of their own... but that was a level Dyon couldn’t even fathom.

'It's impossible for me to repair the daos of these puppets. I wouldn't even be able to infuse an intent to them unless I wanted to pay a heavy price. But, since they still have a power level at the Celestial Stage, would they have access to a rudimentary domain?'

Dyon quickly analyzed the puppets using his master's memories.

In terms of energy cultivation, there were varying types of energy one needed to learn to sense in order to step into the next level. After mastering the ability to sense that energy, you would only need to flood your meridians with said energy type.

For example, essence gathering, the step after meridian formation, required the mastering of essence energy. This was probably the most abundant energy form in the universe and what was found within common and profound stones.

The next form of energy was saint energy. However, to learn to sense this energy, stepping up at least one of your wills to the level of an intent was necessary.

After that was the energy that resided in the puppets right now: celestial energy. This energy type was reserved for those of the celestial stage and could only be grasped if you mastered what was called a rudimentary domain. This was also known as an aura.

Auras were called rudimentary domains because they were a step down from a true domain. Auras allowed you to project your will out into the world, essentially forming reality to your will... However, this was at a severely handicapped level as compared to a true domain. This cap includes range of effect as well as power.

This memory intrigued Dyon about the idea of true domains, but it seemed even Dyon's master didn't have much knowledge of them... which either meant they were rare even within the dao formation stage, or you needed to be at an even higher cultivation level in order to learn one.

Regardless, the mere fact the puppets had celestial energy might not necessarily mean that they had access to an aura...

‘A human might need to understand an aura in order to master celestial energy... But, a puppet only needs a puppet master to have an aura in order to inscribe a celestial energy gathering array...’

Dyon’s meaning was simple. A puppet didn’t need an aura. But, in order for a puppet master to inscribe an array with the ability to collect celestial energy, they themselves needed an aura.

Dyon pondered on this. ‘This means there are a few possibilities for why this puppet is at the first celestial level instead of being at the ninth...

‘The first possibility is that the celestial energy gathering array is damaged. As such, it can’t hold more energy than what’s required for the first level...

‘The second possibility is that the array is still damaged, but it does affect it’s ability to hold energy... rather, it’s lost the ability to actively gather energy.

‘The third possibility is that the array was still perfectly intact, but this universe has such a lack of celestial energy that it was impossible for the puppets to accumulate energy faster than they lost it...’

Dyon thought of many other possibilities, but, it seemed like these were the most likely.

In terms of energy stones, they started from the common level, before going to the profound, to saint, to celestial, before ending in dao stones. As such, since dead kings valley had had dao stones, how could it have not had celestial stones?

This meant that if there was no issue with the array, Dyon could use the celestial stones in his possession to make up for this universe’s lack of celestial energy density. But, if there was a problem with the array... the puppets were doomed to continue dropping in level until Dyon mastered an aura.

‘I don’t have a god level constitution so my body matures much slower than them. Madeleine has already started energy cultivating, and Ri can start whenever she wants to now. But, I have to wait until I’m 21...’

Dyon was the most frustrated of anyone about this. In fact, he was confused about it at the beginning too. What exactly matured when you turned 21?

Over time, he had learned it was your meridians. Starting cultivation earlier, for those of lesser talent, was a viable choice. This was because they maintained enough plasticity in their thoughts to cultivate and gain understanding. This 'plasticity' could essentially be considered your talent for cultivating, understanding wills, intents, auras and so on. By starting earlier, they could take advantage of their prime cultivation years, however, this was with a trade off of weaker meridians... This meant that it was unlikely they'd open much more than 54 meridians.

However, those who were of higher talent didn't have to worry about this loss in plasticity. Therefore, they could wait until their meridians fully matured before cultivating...

That being said, those with god level constitutions and faith seeds were different. Their powerful bodies matured their meridians much quicker than average, which gave them a competitive advantage.

Those who didn't have such bodies, like Zaltarish and Dyon, had to wait until they were 21 to begin. The interesting part was that Thor had waited until he was 21 as well, despite having a faith seed... However, this was a special case. Because he was born to a lower branch, he didn't find out he had a faith seed until it awakened itself.

'If I want to energy cultivate faster, I need to find a way to forcefully mature my meridians...'

Dyon sighed. Because of his ancestry, he knew that even when his meridians matured, his energy cultivation talent would be lacking...

'Now is not the time to worry about this. I'll find a way. First, let's see if I can increase the strength of these puppets.'

Chapter 254 Threat

Dyon furrowed his eyebrows as he scanned the puppets within the ring.

'Well... It's not as bad as it could be?'

The good news was that one puppet had an intact array. The mild news was that the intact puppet happened to be the one he hadn't claimed full ownership yet. But... the news that mad him stomach green with regret was the fact that from the damage he could see in his owned puppet, it was likely that the ancient game within dead kings valley was responsible.

'Fucking hell, I could have had two perfect puppets, but I went and practically destroyed one of them.'

Dyon was beyond frustrated. It would be years before he could master an aura to fix this puppet. But, he could only sigh, there wasn't much he could do.

The truth was that if Dyon had had access to celestial stones, the puppet would have had enough power to resist the ancient game for much longer, which would have meant it wouldn't have been damaged. But, Dyon hadn't had any celestial stones at that time, so he would have had no choice but to do exactly as he did anyway...

'Maybe it's better this way,' Dyon thought to himself, 'One weaker puppet and a stronger one. That way, I may be able to catch them by surprise twice?...'

Dyon knew this didn't make sense, but he had to try to find something to comfort himself.

With that thought in mind, Dyon piled half of the celestial stones he had into the spatial ring along with the puppets. It would take time to properly absorb the energy, but by his calculations, the amount of celestial stones would be enough to raise the intact puppet to at least the 4th or 5th celestial stage.

Also, although the other puppet had a damaged array, it still had the ability to absorb energy to repair itself. It wouldn't make it stronger, per se, but, it would at least improve its defenses to withstand a 4th to 5th stage celestial expert...

Dyon didn't want to add anymore celestial stones because that would only marginally increase their power... the requirements to increase strength via energy stones increased exponentially with every passing level. So, it was better to keep the remaining stones to himself. Maybe they would be useful in the future...

‘Alright. After a few days, the puppets should be set back at around the lower levels of the middle of the celestial stage. But, there’s still the matter of the second facet...’

Dyon knew he couldn’t infuse any useful wills into the puppet, let alone intents or auras, but there were other low level things he could inscribe into the puppets to increase the effectiveness when in battle... And what Dyon wanted to mainly do was increase their abilities to work together.

So, he focused on two arrays.

One was called ‘Instant Transference.’ This allowed the puppets to instantaneously switch places with each other in battle if they were within a hundred meters of each other.

The second was ‘Energy Link.’ This allowed the puppets to string energy between each other. With this, the puppet master could control the thickness of the energy to near imperceptible levels. Or, the puppet master could increase the energy output to the max to connect a stream of energy between the two.

Both of these abilities were seemingly weak, but Dyon had already thought of a myriad of applications for them. And, the best part, was that they were low level.

So, Dyon spent the next few hours diligently inscribing the needed arrays.

His body had become much more powerful, thanks to Ri. In fact, he had recently noticed that because of the melding of their auras during their dual cultivation, his soul had reached the peak of the Middle Essence stage. As such, with his manifestation, he boosted his soul to the Peak of the Essence stage.

Suddenly, Dyon froze. ‘If dual cultivating with Ri improved my body cultivation and my soul cultivation... did it help my energy cultivating as well? Did my meridians mature?’

However, Dyon was severely disappointed when he inspected himself. His meridians were completely dormant, no change whatsoever.

‘What’s going on?...’

Dyon could only sigh. 'I guess only time will work?...'

Although Dyon told himself this in comfort, something was telling him that it wasn't so simple...

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A long time later, Dyon was covered in a sheen of sweat.

It had taken him a while to perfectly understand the two arrays. Although they were 'simple', that was only relative to the level of the stone puppet. In the end, they were still master level arrays.

Finally, Dyon laid back. He could see the sun shining through the window, but he felt he had too much left to do. He had to go to the alchemy guild to stock up on pills for his demon generals. He to structure and specialize military formations for them as well. And lastly, he had to set in motion his plan for conquering the Epistemic Tower... Because make no mistake about it, that was his goal!

But, Dyon's mind suddenly calmed as he remembered the woman by his side, his hands running along her naked body.

Suddenly Ri spoke. "It's not healthy to stay awake like that if you aren't meditating you know..."

Ri's alluring body stretched under the small streams of sunlight. Dyon couldn't help but gulp.

Ri giggled. "Pervert."

She reached up, pulling Dyon down to lay beside her so she could wrap herself around him. "When are we leaving?"

Dyon grinned. "If you keep doing this? Never."

Ri smiled, reaching her hand down to play with something she thought of as her new favorite toy. "You know, if this thing keeps releasing inside of me so much, even with low birth rates we may have little ones running around soon."

Dyon laughed. He knew Ri could tell he used an array on himself to filter out anything procreative. She was just having too much fun teasing him.

"If you want me to put a baby inside you, you only have to ask."

"I think we have enough kids for now... Maybe when Little Lyla and Little Black grow up."

Dyon kissed Ri's forehead. "Okay, whenever you want."

Despite his words, Dyon inwardly sighed. He knew quite well that having children with Ri right now was a bad idea. For one, they were still young. Secondly, the situation wasn't exactly safe... Although Dyon doubted it would be anytime soon, it had to be at the very least safer than this.

Ri's father was still missing. Madeleine was still not here. In fact, Dyon and Ri both knew, but never spoke about, how Ri's mother was alive too. What could make a beast as powerful as a Kitsune leave her daughter behind?

It essentially boiled down to Dyon not being strong enough. 'One day... One day I will be.'

"Let's aim to leave a week from now. I need to check on which demon generals managed to learn music will, and form teams from there. Then I need to prepare some supplies, and probably have a few meetings with Akash and the other campaign leaders."

Ri nodded. "You know you aren't leaving me behind right? Try and treat me as a trophy wife and I'll be exactly that. Sitting in a cabinet you can't open."

Dyon laughed. "Are you threatening me with sex?"

“Oh?” Ri smiled deviously, climbing on top of Dyon. “You don’t like sex? You’re okay with losing it forever?”

Dyon winced as he felt a softness touch down on him below.

Ri grinned, seemingly quite pleased with herself before she lowered herself to kiss Dyon.

“You win...” Dyon said almost in a grunt.

“Ah!” Ri gasped as Dyon flipped her over.

Dyon grinned. “My turn.”

Chapter 255 SOUND OFF!

Just like that, a week passed. It was the early morning of their planned departure and Dyon and Ri stood in front of a thousand men and women.

Nine hundred of them were Ri’s army. She had spent years of her life diligently training them. In the end, she felt most satisfied with these ones in particular. Their cultivation levels had all stepped into meridian formation of at least the fifth level, and they were a good baseline.

The other hundred, were of course Dyon’s demon generals. Their long white hair waved in the wind, the aura stifling.

Dyon nodded with satisfaction, addressing them directly. “This is Princess Alexandria Acacia. Her words are as much of your law as mine are. Our thoughts are one and our actions are one. If I am ever not there for any reason, you listen to her commands.”

Although Dyon’s father had never taught him much about the military, the one thing Dyon knew was how important seniority and hierarchy was within an army.

Dyon could always tell that his father disliked his disregard for authority. In fact, it often led to arguments, something Dyon unfortunately felt were among his few interactions with his father.

He could never understand why he had to respect people just because they were older than him. Dyon had always thought respect should be earned, not given. And yet, his father always had a different perspective on things.

So, Dyon thought in respect for his father's memory, he would hold sacred the art form he had tried to master his whole life – the art of war.

This was much of the reason why Dyon went out of his way to form a good relationship with Akash. He hoped his actions were pleasing to his dad, even in death...

“Al!”

A synchronized affirmation vibrated through the spatial world, causing shivers to go down the spines of Ri's army... it was clear they weren't used to this.

“Those who've grasped music will to the 3rd level, step forward.”

Immediately, ten demon generals stepped forward. Six females, most fit, but also of varying heights. Four males – strong robust and determined.

“You ten will be our Vice Commanders.”

Many were stunned by Dyon's decision. Choosing Vice Commanders based on music will? How odd.

Dyon didn't bother explaining. Actions spoke louder than words.

He immediately got to work separating the remaining nine hundred ninety into ten groups. Naming them companies. They essentially amounted to one hundred people each if the Vice Commanders were included.

He then further split the companies in half, naming them platoons. Each pair of platoons was overlooked by the Vice Commander. However, Dyon also chose a lieutenant to pair with them. And, much to everyone's surprise, these lieutenants were also music will users, although they hadn't reached the third level.

Afterward, he split each platoon in ten more groups he called squads. These he didn't choose leaders for. Instead, he emphasized the idea of teamwork and building. Vice Commander and lieutenants were responsible for properly rewarding squads that performed well. If a squad lost a member, they would all be punished. If one of them succeeded, they would all be rewarded.

However, Dyon did add one extra layer of protection for the squads. By ensuring that for every two squads of five soldiers there was at least one demon general, he felt good about the distribution of power.

"I bet you're all wondering why I chose you Vice Commanders based on music will?"

The army was silent. Dyon smiled at this. Questioning your Commander was taboo, especially for foot soldiers. It seemed Ri trained them well.

Suddenly, Dyon's voice boomed, laced with a powerful compelling aura.

His crystal will bloomed before him, amplifying his words to the extreme.

"This is your home now. This is you, and you are it. You die by our collective will. You fight not for yourselves, but for each other. You are an army of demons. Your only goal is victory. Defeat only means death.

"VICE COMMANDERS. SOUND OFF!"

"AI!"

"DEMON GENERAL GAYLIA, HERE!"

“DEMON GENERAL KAEDA, HERE!”

“DEMON GENERAL JASSIN, HERE!”

“DEMON GENERAL HALAENA, HERE!”

“DEMON GENERAL ITHIRAE, HERE!”

“DEMON GENERAL GRAEYA, HERE!”

“DEMON GENERAL MAALESHIIRA, HERE!”

“DEMON GENERAL AREDHEL, HERE!”

“DEMON GENERAL CELEBORN, HERE!”

“DEMON GENERAL KUORNOS, HERE!”

The blood of the army raged.

When Dyon’s voice started, it was almost as though they had entered the pits of hell – and yet, they had no regrets. They wanted to fight and die with honor. There was no fear, no hesitation – there was only victory and death in defeat.

But, when the Vice Commanders amplified their wills out as well, the feeling resonated. It became more personal. It felt like they were brothers and sisters in arms. This was their family and they were willing to protect it with their everything.

Suddenly, Ri’s faith seed raged. Her ten tails whipping violently in the air as her pupils narrowed into slits.

Her hair darkened, as she unsheathed her sword from her back.

The atmosphere reached its peak, the army looked forward at their pair of commanders with unmatched fervor evident in their eyes.

Dyon stood tall with his hand clasped behind his back, finally wearing his battle changpao. A sleek tight fit, its long white and gold tunic nearly touched the ground. It was hard, yet flexible – patterned as a robust leather instead of a soft fabric.

Ri stood right beside Dyon. Her blue-silver tails were long, whipping out at least five meters from her. She wore a white and gold armor, kilted chains of crystals gracing her as a skirt. It all wrapped around her petite figure with an enticing elegance, giving her a demeanor and presence that melded so perfectly with Dyon's own that it almost felt as though this was the state they were always meant to be in.

Only death in defeat? It felt like there never need be such a thing. With them, there was only victory.

The Demon Sage. The Demon Fox. A truly heavenly couple.

Chapter 256 Art of War

Looking at the reaction of the army, Dyon smiled.

"I've already arranged living quarters for each of you. Foot soldiers will live four to a tent. Until the day that you're as powerful as a demon general, don't think of having any other arrangement. Work hard, and you will be rewarded."

With that, Dyon turned to Arios who had been standing further behind him and Ri, observing.

A small smile played on his face as nodded in satisfaction. "Successor, where did you think of splitting the army up into groups like this? It's ingenious. At first, I was confused, but the more and more I think about it, the greater the idea becomes."

Dyon raised an eyebrow. He had read many martial world military books, but he had never felt the need to read about formations or even tactics. For one, it was a logical human world practice to have a top down structure like this. Secondly, he had implemented a few communication measures to adapt formations on the fly in response to enemy movements.

Although Dyon had admitted to himself that he knew nothing of military tactics previously, to him, that was only because he hadn't meditated on war before. Dyon was confident in his ability to come up with his own tactics. After all, hadn't someone else invented them? Why couldn't he? Who could be better at reading a battlefield than him with his innate aurora?

But Arios didn't seem to notice Dyon's confusion as he continued excitedly. "And the command codes and communication arrays. Your tactics are so intricate... Where did you study?"

Ri giggled, she had immediately noticed Dyon's confusion. 'There he goes pretending something complicated is simple again...'

The truth was even if you could find an account for how Dyon knew of military group rankings, there was no simple answer for his tactics. Dyon even went as far as creating a new language to communicate quickly.

Essentially, Dyon's aurora wasn't able to sustain communication with a thousand people – that was too much at his level. And, even if his aurora grew in strength, so too would the size of his army. It just wasn't feasible to implant a communication array into every single soldier. So, he did something different.

Dyon linked a communication array – one that happened to be a slight variation on the one he used to let Aeson know to lay low after his attempted murder – with each of the Vice Commanders and Lieutenants. His last communication array was for Ri. This made a grand total of twenty-one which was well within Dyon's strength to sustain.

These communication arrays had a range of ten kilometers, so, on the scale a thousand-man army would work, it should have been more than enough.

Then, by using these arrays to speak to those twenty-one, they could then use their own soul strength to sustain communication to a single soldier of each of the ten squads they were in charge of. And then, those soldiers could then supply the soul strength to communicate to the other four in their squad.

To be clear, the only one doing the speaking would be Dyon. He was simply using the Vice Commanders as supplements to his soul power to spread his words. This would also avoid what the human world would call the 'telephone effect.'

To Dyon, this was a simple matter. Electrical engineers would use this method all the time – a method he himself used for many inventions. To oversimplify it, it was essentially changing an in series circuit, to a parallel one. Except in this case, the parallel circuit was boosted again and again.

And yet, as though seeing Dyon's thoughts, Ri couldn't help but roll her eyes. "Using multiple cores of soul power to power what amounts to a single array is not simple Dyon... You had to design an entirely new master level array. People are going to hate you if you keep thinking like this."

Dyon grinned. "Will you hate me too?"

Ri flicked Dyon's forehead. "Focus."

"Yes, yes, yes. I didn't study anywhere in particular, it's just that this is the way human world warfare works."

Arios pondered for a bit, before nodding. "Martial world warfare has everyone searching for the best merits... A lot of the time campaign leaders neglect their armies entirely, just commanding where to charge and when is about it..."

Dyon's brows furrowed. "But don't you have specialized units? Like the Fletcher family for archers, and the Grimbold family has quite a few beasts useful as makeshift cavalry."

"Yes, but that's about as far as the subdivisions go. When it's time to launch arrows, all of them are launched at once. When it's time to charge, foot soldiers go and beast users are useful for their increased maneuverability."

A pensive look appeared on Dyon's face. "No wonder you keep losing to innate aurora users. The advantage given to you by a high percentage aurora would be severely cut down if your armies are more organized. But, if you're only searching for the best feats under a weak structure, those who have a better view of the battle field multiply their advantage manifold."

After Listening to Arios' words and thinking on it, Dyon suddenly realized that during all the time he spent researching for this campaign, nothing was said about formations or tactics... He read about Akash's victories, the troubles of the gates, possible pitfalls, he memorized maps, locations – he even thought about possible strategies. But somehow, he only now realized that while victories were detailed, they were often explained in superlatives and expressed who contributed the most rather than how the victory happened...

Everything clicked. The martial world was different. They didn't have set armies. In fact, even their military rankings were shaky. What did 'campaign leader' even mean. There were no numbers attached to it, and even the head of the Elvin Army, Akash, had vastly different numbers under her disposal as compared to the head of the Ragnor armies, or the Pakal armies, for example.

Mortals needed strategy because they weren't as powerful... Martial experts relied on their power. Dyon was sure that somewhere, maybe even in the coming enemies, there were people who used tactics. After all, could the whole of the martial world have no thought of using formations and tactics? He doubted it. But, he'd be ready.

Suddenly Dyon grinned. "I guess it's about time we bring a new wave of the art of war to the martial world, no?"

With that, Dyon flashed him, Ri and Arios out of the spatial world.

Chapter 257 Cheesy

Soon, the three of them were near a pier at the edge of the Elvin Island. Tens of massive ships spread along the coast, filled to the brim with young elves.

Dyon's features noticeably saddened when he noticed older elves as well. He couldn't help but think of Little Lyla and her parents.

Dyon sighed. 'The young see this as a way to prove themselves... The old see this as a way to survive...'

However, it seemed Dyon was oblivious to the effect his arrival had on everyone around him. They had all witnessed or heard of the boy who saved their kingdom from ruin. But, he was different now... Maybe he seemed more human when he wore sweat pants... But, now? Especially beside their princess and a warrior whose blood lust made them shiver? His presence was otherworldly.

“Arios,” Dyon called, “how did it go?”

Arios nodded. “Everything is ready for when you want to move. They’ve also learned the same command code as the main army. I’ve also distributed all of the array plate filled spatial rings to them as well. Although, I didn’t organize them the way you did.”

The array plate filled spatial rings were actually something Dyon had given to the main army as well. He was at a point where he could inscribe hundreds of peak practitioner arrays in minutes. Making hundreds of thousands of array plates to supply an army was only a matter of money to Dyon. Plus, not only did he not lack the money, those array plates made some very interesting formations possible...

Dyon shook his head. “That’s fine. They’re a much smaller unit. When the time comes, I’ll do it myself.”

“Dyon! Over here!”

Dyon looked over from Arios to find Zaltarish and his elder sister calling to him. Smiling he headed over.

“Campaign Head. Zaltarish.” Dyon greeted them amiably.

Akash smiled. Her appearance was truly domineering. Cropped black armor, a large singular shoulder guard, all brought together perfectly by the two short spears and sword on her back.

‘Double sided spear? Interesting.’ Dyon immediately realized those ‘short’ spears were meant to be connected.

“This ship here,” Akash said, pointing to a ship slightly larger than the rest. “Is where the leaders will be. We’ll have to hurry. Our scouts have reason to believe our opponents may be attacking our key towers soon...”

Suddenly Dyon thought of something. "Do universes usually not have names?"

Akash nodded. "We normally name them by the clans or sects we're dealing with. It makes it better for understanding exactly what we're dealing with and when. From my limited knowledge, very few universes have earned the right to have their own name."

Akash looked around for a moment, a bit confused. "Did your army already board? Princess Alexandria told me that you wouldn't be needing me to assign troops under your lead."

Dyon smiled. "Since you're the head commander, there's no problem with telling you. My and Ri's army are within this spatial ring."

Dyon pointed to an inconspicuous ring on his finger. No one ever noticed it, and that was the point. He had been layering it with more and more powerful concealment arrays since he got it.

Akash froze. "A ring able to hold living things?..."

The amount of possibilities that brought were endless. In fact, if a universe had access to such a thing, why would they need to negotiate? They could directly bypass the gate rules, piling their ring with high level experts, and exit the other side before releasing them.

If either universe had access to such a thing, conquering key towers would become moot.

Dyon smiled. He had once assumed this ring was at the Spiritual level. But, the more he researched and learned, the less and less likely that became... he even concluded that such a ring was impossible for a clan at the level of the Celestial Deer Sect to create. Which could only mean they inherited it from something... something that might have to do with their destruction.

As such, when Dyon told Akash this, he had already discreetly placed an array within her. Should she ever want to tell anyone about this, she would not only fail, but she would also alert Dyon as well. This was a test. A test to see whether or not there were elves he could trust aside from Ri and Little Lyla. A test he thought he might as well give to Zaltarish as well.

Akash nodded, immediately understanding Dyon's intent. "Alright. It's best if you bring them out when we enter the ship, since this is a secret you'd like to keep."

Although Akash had thought of the possibility of Dyon simply taking the Elves within the ring and storming to the other side of the gate, it simply didn't make sense.

For one, to get to the other side wasn't so simple to begin with. Someone had to bring you there, and that required more power than the Elvin younger generation had. As a second point, even if they managed to sneak there, what would happen on the other side? The negotiation protected new clans entering into a universe, but, entering one secretly obviously didn't have that built in insurance. Would they continue to run from gate to gate? Ridiculous. They'd have to find a place to settle eventually. Living in a ring for the rest of your life didn't sound appealing at all.

Akash was about to turn to lead them, but she stopped, remembering something.

"This is the ranking tracker," Akash handed what looked like an array plate to him. "The array transcribes itself within you to monitor your actions in battle. You can turn it off and on as you please. And, it's always off when outside of a gate. I was told that you wanted it registered under the name Demon Sage, so, I did that for you as well."

"As for what it tracks and how it tracks it, I'll leave that up to the princess to explain. There are quite a few facets."

Dyon nodded, accepting the plate. He didn't like the idea of all of his actions being monitored, especially when it came to the secrets he wanted to hide. But, a master level plate would never be able to do something he didn't want it to do.

He immediately modified the concealment array on his ring to appear completely invisible by the standards of the ranking tracker. Satisfied with that, he turned to Ri.

"Were you not going to have one?"

Ri shook her head. "Aren't I just one of your Vice Commanders, why would I need one?"

Dyon smiled. “Just one of? If we had to describe what you were, it’d be best to say half my heart.”

Ri rolled her eyes. “Stop being so cheesy, you already have me. Save your lines for Big Sister Madeleine, something tells me your voice is exactly what she wants to hear right now.”

Arios chuckled while Zaltarish seemed to be diligently studying Dyon.

Dyon could only pout as Ri grabbed his hand, pulling him along as they walked to the ship.

Akash laughed to herself, seemingly the only one who noticed Ri trying to hold herself back from smiling.

Chapter 258 I Need It

Hours later, the Elvin ships had entered Royal God Clan waters. Although the Royal God Clan was within the center of the main martial world continent, they were essentially surrounded by a ridiculous large natural moat that spanned tens of kilometers – effectively cutting them off from the main land.

Usually, troops from other god clans would use Royal God Clan provided ships to sail to the Royal God Clan gate. However, the elves were special cases. Using teleportation arrays provided by the destroyed celestial deer sect, the elves were able to directly teleport thousands of kilometers into this natural moat.

As such, it only took a few hours of sailing to reach the teleportation arrays stationed in the middle of the ocean.

Akash looked toward Dyon. They sat in a comfortable lounging room that made Dyon remember that he should think of these ships as less than that, and more like wooden yachts. The inside was much too luxurious to be plainly noted as a ship.

“Are you prepared for what’s to come, Dyon?”

Dyon had been lazily reclining on a couch, but he looked up to answer. “What do you mean?”

Akash sighed. "There's no hiding your identity once we enter the gates. We'll have to immediately report, and that will require me bringing notable campaign leaders along with me – leaders that will include you.

"You've angered the prince, and normally, that would be enough for trouble, but, from what I hear, you've also had run-ins with the Ragnor and Cavositas God clans... that's not exactly good for your prospects."

Dyon smiled, not seeming to mind. In reality, the worst they could do to him was push him to the back line, but, it was unlikely they'd do that. To them, he was a newbie and he was weak, not to mention they wanted him dead in the cleanest way possible. What would be cleaner than dying on the front lines? But, wasn't that exactly what Dyon wanted? Free reign to charge first and dominate?

"Oh, and why's that?"

"Although campaign heads, like myself, have free reign over attacking, when it comes to defending, the rules are a bit different. If they weren't, it would be impossible for our gate to have lasted so long."

Dyon nodded, this made sense. Most merits were won by conquering, but when it came to defending, the fate of the universe was at stake. Which meant pride should be put aside to work together, rather than competing for the higher ranking.

"Since the competing universe will be attacking us soon, we'll be in a defending position... and the choices for defending are decided with votes.

"Ace's elder brother, Voron Cavositas is the head of their clan. Elof's elder brother Vidar Ragnor is the head of their clan. Luckily, the Royal God Clan's first prince of this generation is not here currently... but, unluckily, this means he's left his duties to Elwing. With three major votes like this, it is unlikely the lesser clans will go against them. You and your army will be put in the most dangerous situations without a doubt."

Akash took a deep breath. "And that's not even to mention the Saeclum clan, an auxiliary branch of the Ragnor clan. We heavily rely on their soul strength to provide scouting reports and various other

supportive measures. The mere fact they're under the Ragnor clan would be enough for them to play foul.... But you also killed one of their best geniuses! They won't let you go."

Akash was starting to get annoyed by Dyon's lack of worry. "Do you understand what I'm saying?!"

Dyon smiled, his eyes sharpening as he said words that made even the battle-hardened Akash stir.

"Let them come."

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Soon, the tens of Elvin ships appeared before the largest doors Dyon had ever seen as they stood on the deck of their ship.

They stretched thousands of meters into the sky, casting a massive shadow onto the ocean's surface. The doors themselves were a dark black with faint gold worn with years of ageing. And, to make it even more odd, it stood in the middle of the water!

Currently, the elves were directly in front of Earth's gate, about to cross two identification pillars that would open up the doors. The Royal God Clan Island was still off in the distance, far away from the gate.

Dyon looked up in anticipation, holding tightly onto Ri's hand. 'I guess we're finally here...'

And just like that, the doors opened. There were no flashing lights. No enormous black hole. No grandiose display. It simply opened them up to a new world, one that seemed not too different from theirs.

Until... you caught the whiff of blood in the air.

The feeling of war hung thickly... But, the atmosphere of a warrior wasn't something many could handle. To some, it crushed them – never allowing their full potential to shine through. But, for Dyon, his eyes flashed as he suddenly grinned for an inexplicable reason.

His blood boiled and his foot itched as he remembered some of the words his father had once said to him.

Dyon had always wondered why his father was so adamant about the military. There was nothing glorious about war. There was death. There was pain. There was suffering. And yet, in all of that, there was a rush. The feeling of domination. The primal feeling you got knowing there was little left to protect you. There was only yourself. Your comrades. And the weapon in your hand.

“Remember Dyon,” he said, “I don’t want war... I need it.

“Why do I have a loving wife and a treasured son here and still insist on putting my life on the line everyday? Because war isn’t just about yourself.

“I fight for you. For your mother. And for anyone else who may have a son and wife of their own.

“There is no glory, there is only victory. There is no defeat, there is only death.

“When the day comes that you have to step onto a battlefield for yourself. When the day comes that you smell the blood of your allies and your enemies and you smile. When the day comes that your blood boils and your eyes redden, pushing you – itching you toward the lands of hell. That’s when you’ll know you’re my son.”

Chapter 259 Notes

Soon they had touched down on the shore within the gates and were greeted with the sight of the first key tower... except it was nothing like a tower.

Standing in the distance about a kilometer from the pier was a massive tree hundreds of meters in diameter and height. But, if that wasn’t shocking enough, the tree itself looked little like what a tree would. It was an amalgamation of thick vines that weaved up and down to form its trunk before rising into the air to bloom into a canopy of intricate patterns that seemed to hold no life at all.

However, it was still a beautiful sight. The vines making up the body of the tree held myriads of oval shaped spaces between them that were filled with transparent crystals that acted as windows into the

hollow trunk of the tree. To an observer, if they had to describe the key tower two words, they'd land on 'World Tree' without hesitation.

That aside, between the pier and the key tower was a ridiculous amount of moving parts.

Hundreds of thousands of tents, makeshift buildings, and what seemed like millions upon millions of warriors buzzed about in an oddly orderly fashion.

Ri suddenly nudged Dyon. "You haven't stopped smiling in a long while, learn to read the room. Did I promise myself to a psychopath?" She said teasingly.

Dyon looked around, seemingly just realizing the gloomy expressions on everyone's faces. The only person who seemed completely unaffected was Arios who was smiling right along with him.

Dyon grinned at Arios. "This is a great feeling, isn't it?"

Arios' eyes shone. "The very best."

"You know the Sicarius family is most likely here, right? You'll meet your brothers soon. Maybe even Ava is here knowing her personality."

Arios paused. It had just dawned on him that Dyon was right. He had been so focused on executing the plans Dyon had laid out, that he completely forgot.

Akash was stunned, "the Sicarius family?"

Her look sharpened as she looked over Arios once again. It wasn't that she hadn't noticed the blood thirsty aura dripping from him, it was just that she didn't know how someone who seemed to be Dyon's subordinate could have such a deep background.

To the outside world, the Sicarius family was a small backwater family near Focus Academy. But, God Clan level existences knew fully well how important they were to the underground of the martial world.

They weren't only the leaders of the only assassin guild on Earth, they also happened to be the only personal guards of the Royal God Clan themselves.

Akash turned her gaze toward Dyon. 'It seems I've underestimated you again...'

Sighing, Akash stopped trying to put a gauge on Dyon. "Dyon. Ri. Gael. Bele. Zaltarish. Aeson. You six will come with me. The rest of you can start setting up camp. Be ready to move at any time."

Gloomy expressions appeared on the faces of many when Akash mentioned setting up camp. It seemed that they didn't like the footwork. But, Dyon caught a whiff of something else.

'Seems the elves haven't been treated well recently...'

But, he said nothing for now. If it was as simple as bad land, there was little his array alchemy and celestial will couldn't fix.

So, Dyon ignored it, looking around to confirm some things. For one, it was clear that the space nearer the gate was much more stable than it was as you reached the middle. The fact there didn't seem to be any counter measures against the unpredictability of the gates here attested to that.

The weather was stable, the temperature amiable, and the sky stuck in a perpetual sunlight. In other areas, day and night might flip on a whim, spring might become summer in an instant, and even the ground you stood on might not be sturdy for long.

'I may have to use my crystal will constantly to amplify my senses when the time comes. I can't afford any mistakes.'

However, just as Dyon was getting lost in his thoughts on their walk to the key tower, he suddenly felt a small and delicate hand slip into his.

"Half the load." Ri said softly.

Dyon was stunned for a bit before smiling. "Half the load."

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Within the key tower, a heated debate was taking place and it seemed like very few had the right to speak.

The room itself was near the very top of the key tower, sitting in the center of the canopy of vines out in the open air. And, there was of course a collection of people Dyon would recognize.

"Listen. Dealing with the Scaled Elephants of the Phantus God Clan is not going to be easy. How did they even get this close without us realizing?!" Ace Cavositas raged. Although he wasn't a head, he was noted campaign leader of a God Clan, he had every right to speak.

"Stop asking stupid questions Ace, that's hardly relevant right now. What's important is that we find a way to send them back, or better yet, eliminate them here," Elof retorted. Ace may be his friend, but scouting was the responsibility of the Saeclum clan, a branch under his family. Blaming scouting was by proxy blaming the Ragnor family, something Elof wouldn't stand for.

"You of the Ragnor clan sure like dodging blame, never taking responsibility for anything." Caedlum's elder brother, Sloane Pakal, spoke out with disdain.

"It would be best if you stop pouting and pretending as though you're above everything. I've never seen such a pathetic first son. Not having the talent to even surpass your younger brother and you think you have the right to talk down to mine?" Vidar Ragnor wasn't in the mood for dealing with cheap shots from the Pakal God Clan.

The Scaled Elephant of the Phantus God Clan were no joke. They were among the main reason why Earth hadn't conquered any new key towers in decades.

But, because they were so hard to maneuver due to their sheer size, this also handicapped them from attacking on this side of the gate... until now that is. No one had any idea how the enemy universe had managed to pull off this move, and to make it worse, their scouts hadn't even picked it up! Now they had to deal with heavy units that didn't even share the faults of heavy units? This was ridiculous!

Earth didn't have a heavy emphasis on beast taming and breeding at all. You might see the odd clan like the Grimbolt family and their white tigers, but that was all. How were they supposed to defend against thirty-meter-tall monstrosities?

Sloane chuckled at Vidar's word.

"I think you should probably take some notes from me." He said rubbing Caedlum's hair lovingly, "at least I have an understanding when a family member is more talented and smarter than I am."

Sloane sent a not so subtle glance toward Thor who was observing in his usual quiet manner.

Vidar's jaw clenched at these words. Who wouldn't be able to tell what Sloane's words meant?

Thor was a member of a branch family but had been welcomed with open arms as a dual first in line genius along with him. His faith seed was the higher ranked and the one that provided the most talent. If it wasn't for him not understanding he had a faith seed due to being born in a branch family, no one doubted he'd have surpassed Vidar by now.

Chapter 260 Rage

"Alright. That's enough." Elwing Belmont calmed the situation down. "I think it's best we try and hold them off for as long as possible and call my brother and Madeleine Sapientia back here."

A handsome red headed young man, sitting beside a decidedly more reserved and mature Ava, nodded in agreement.

"I agree. The first in line genius of the Sapientia clan made her debut in the gates against the Phantus God clan. Her ability to use music will to deal with the beasts is our best bet right now."

Elwing nodded, turning to a young man with golden eyes and crystal framed glasses. "Do you think you can handle communicating with your other Sapientia God clan branch to get them to come back, Airic?"

"That might be a prob—"

“Actually.” Ava spoke out, glancing toward the Niveus sect to find Delia. “We know someone else who’s even better than Madeleine with music will, no?”

Over the passed year plus of time, Delia had chosen to leave Focus Academy to join the all girls God sect: Niveus. As such, she was now known as Delia Niveus. This was, of course, the sect that only accepted women with God level constitutions.

A girl with white hair and eyes Dyon would have recognized as the girl from the legacy world opening, looked at Delia questioningly. But, she was quite surprised to find a nod of affirmation.

Seeing Erea Niveus’ reaction, many realized there was more than a little truth to Ava’s words. In fact, even if they questioned the legitimacy of such words, not many would be willing to offend the Sicarius clan, especially when it came to Ava... her father was a bit... over-protective to say the least.

The head of the Niveus campaigns, and first in line genius, Evelyn Niveus, was interested in this as well. In fact, she shared Erea’s characteristics even down to the white hair and eyes because they happened to be sisters.

“And who is this person?” She asked questioningly.

Ava smiled remembering a handsome young man. “Her fiancé.”

Airic furrowed his brows at this. As the current campaign head of Earth’s Sapientia God Clan, he didn’t like how Ava referred to Dyon. Ester Sapientia had even told him to keep an eye out for him specifically... It seemed Akash had missed one other clan when it came to Dyon’s enemies.

“I’ve never heard of someone under that title.” Airic said, clearly pissed off.

“Whether you want to pretend or not is irrelevant to me. You’re already aware of how Madeleine feels about the situation, and I doubt that you, someone who couldn’t earn the first in line genius title for themselves, has station above hers.” Ava’s words were sharp, she was never one to deal with nonsense. How these people could very well see how Madeleine felt and still deny it was beginning to grate on her nerves.

Airic didn't seem perturbed by this. He was a scholar above all else and spats weren't within his style.

"My feelings are irrelevant. I only acquiesce my wishes to that of my clan. And I've never heard of them accepting such a thing."

A sudden sound came from the stairs at the side of the room. The sound was faint, but it seemed as though there was not a person here who could stop themselves from looking over.

There, seven people walked into sight. Four were easily recognizable. Akash, her younger brother, Gael and Bele. But, among those not recognized, Aeson was completely ignored.

But, what everyone was focused on was a young man that walked in beside a woman of unparalleled demeanor and beauty.

The eyes of the heads sharpened, focusing in on him. His aura was arrogant and care free. He exuded a lack of respect for practically anyone.

But the beauty by his side was someone none here had seen before. 'Who is she?'

Ava's eyes lit up, jumping for her chair and running to Dyon, hugging him tightly.

Dyon was stunned for a bit before he laughed. "Ava, how are you?"

Ava backed away a bit embarrassed. When she had first met Dyon, her impression of him wasn't so good. He was a flirtatious annoyance who was also arrogant and weak, he hardly deserved any of her attention. But, after he saved Madeleine and got revenge for her even at the expense of his own wellbeing, he took hold of a strong part of her heart. She didn't romanticize their relationship because she had realized that that was just the type of person Dyon was – he saved and cared without reserve. So, to her, he was a great friend she wanted to always be a part of her life.

Yet, despite Ava's innocent actions, many people took this the wrong way. Even Zaltarish nearly self-imploded.

‘How many women you bastard?! Teach me!’

Dyon smiled at Ava’s reaction before looking past her. He barely spent any time scanning Elwing and he completely ignored Ace and Elof, much to their anger – but, he did take note of a few people... namely Vidar, Voron and Airic. Well, it may have been more accurate to say that their eyes were among the most noticeable.

Even Thor’s eyes seemed to have a shift in them. ‘He’s grown.’

“I hear you need my services?”

Surprisingly, Elwing was the first to respond. “How useful would your music will be in dealing with beasts compared to First in line genius Madeleine Sapiencia?”

“Not as useful as hers.” Dyon said without hesitation. “Madeleine practices music techniques and thus has specialized methods to direct her music will. Music techniques useful for men are rare and I haven’t dabbled in such things.”

Disappointment colored the faces of neutral parties. But, there was a faint happiness on the faces of some at the thought that they wouldn’t have to rely on Dyon.

Dyon smiled to himself. Although what he said was true, that didn’t mean he didn’t have a method to deal with beasts like that. His music will didn’t need to be as well directed as Madeleine’s, he only needed to combine his music will with some tactics he thought of to deal with large beasts. But, he wouldn’t say this so soon, after all, he preferred if his Madeleine came back sooner.

“Useless.” Ace said under his breath. But, who here would not have heard him?

Still, Dyon pretended to have no heard him. Instead looking around the room.

However, too many took this as a sign of weakness. This was a room they had just spent hours yelling at each other in, who would accept an insult like that?

Suddenly, Dyon's eyes landed on Delia. "Del —", before Dyon could finish his brows furrowed, "why isn't your God constitution awakened to 100%."

Dyon didn't wait for her response, instead looking around at the women surrounding her to land on a white haired and eyed young woman – Evelyn Niveus.

A rage began building up in Dyon's heart. "You have a lot of nerve."

Dyon's care free demeanor changed completely. A dark pressure covered the room as many realized that Dyon hadn't ignored Ace because he was scared. He had ignored him because such a small character wasn't worth his time.

Akash could only watch helplessly from the side. It didn't seem like this matter would be simple.

There, sat an aloof young lady with a faint smile playing on her face. Even though she was seated, her eyes seemed to look down on everything.

But, that wasn't what angered Dyon.

Her God level constitution was awakened to 100% and that could only mean one thing. She stole what was meant to be for Delia.