

## The Nameless 261

### Chapter 261 Pathetic

Dyon's anger raged, the small flickers of black flames playing in his hazel-green eyes.

The campaign heads watched on in interest. Although they didn't like Dyon, they couldn't help but admit to themselves that they had severely underestimated him. But, this was something anyone would have found ridiculous. If you had paid attention, how could a first in line genius fall in love with a normal man? They should have realized this a long time ago instead of letting their biases play their thoughts.

"Dyon? What's wrong?" Delia looked confused. "I only haven't awakened my constitution to 100% because Patriarch Niveus wanted to study the pill to see if more of our sisters could benefit... I hope you don't mind."

Dyon's heart broke at Delia's naivete. She didn't have access to the senses Dyon had with his aurora, how could she tell that the pill she had given in good faith had already been used?

"What an excellent sect you are." Dyon's eyes sharpened, not yielding to Evelyn in the least.

"What do you mean?" Evelyn said playfully. "The truth is just as younger sister Delia has said. It can't be that you want to keep such an ingenious thing to yourself, right? You should be kinder to women, I'm quite good friends with Madeleine, I wouldn't want her to know of her future husband as a short-tempered brute."

Dyon turned to Delia. "When my soul reaches the Higher Saint stage, I form another one for you. Are you willing to follow me?"

There were not enough pills to condense to be effective at 100%, Dyon had already used too many of them. Therefore, he could only wait until he became a high-level grandmaster array alchemist. So, his soul would need to climb to the peak of the Middle Saint stage before he could boost it to the appropriate level.

Delia looked at the person she had called big sister for the better part of the last year and half. She was slowly beginning to piece together what was going on – but, she didn't want to believe it.

“Dyon.” She said softly. “Are you sure?”

Dyon walked over to Delia, ignoring the glances of everyone and walking right past Evelyn.

He placed his hand on Delia’s shoulder. “You’re Madeleine’s little sister. Therefore, you’re mine too. I want nothing but the best for you and a corrupt clan like this isn’t.”

Delia looked down, gripping her fists at her knees as she tried to control her emotions. There was nothing she wanted in life more than to get stronger. She had watched her father age away in a backwater Academy for much of her life. She had learned her mother was taken away by the Clyte God Clan, a clan she knew next to nothing about. And now, the sect she had chosen to grow stronger, one she had put her faith in, had betrayed her.

“Leaving the Niveus God Sect is nothing short of a crime punishable by death. I’m not sure what it is you think happened, but I hope you won’t be following a fool to your grave.” Evelyn spoke calmly, her smile never leaving her face.

“You’ve taken our resources, our techniques, you’ve learned our secrets and so much more. Our patriarch has even spent precious amounts of her time diligently teaching you. You’re quite ungrateful.”

Dyon’s head snapped, the back of his hand flying towards the unsuspecting Evelyn.

SLAP!

“AH!”

The eyes of everyone widened as Evelyn was sent flying across the room, the shrieking of her voice causing them to wince.

Erea stood violently. “YOU! That’s my sister!”

Dyon said nothing to her, instead looking back to Delia, kneeling down one knee.

“Hey,” he said trying to get the attention of the dazed Delia.

No one knew what was going on. Evelyn was a first in line genius! Her god constitution wasn't among the best and her talent couldn't compare to Madeleine or those with faith seeds, but that didn't change the fact she was a high-level Meridian formation expert. And yet, Dyon sent her flying when it was clear he had no cultivation!

Delia looked up and into Dyon's eyes weakly, “I'm so sorry Dyon. I – I lost something precious of yours...”

Dyon's heart saddened looking at Delia. From what Madeleine had told him, he was quite aware that Delia had a tough exterior but was still quite weak. She had a lot of room to grow as a person and the situation with her parents was fast-tracking the progression. But, she felt like this was a wall she had hit. And yet, she cared more about letting Dyon down than not having awakened her constitution.

Dyon sighed. “When I give something, I don't claim it to still be mine. I gave the pill to you and you had every right to use it as you wanted. You have a kind heart and wanted to help people. How could you know someone you thought of as a big sister would take it for herself?”

Erea froze at these words, slowly turning towards the bloodied Evelyn. Her sister's usual beautiful appearance had become swollen – even some of her teeth were missing.

“Very good!” Evelyn shook violently, shoving medicinal pills into her mouth. “From this day forth you're expelled from the Niveus sect!”

Dyon turned a sharp gaze to the bloodied white-haired girl. “Say something else and I'll kill you.”

Evelyn froze mid-sentence, shaking violently under Dyon's gaze.

Dyon looked her up and down in disgust.

“I can already tell what happened. You practice a technique that requires chastity and yet you didn't keep it. You're pathetic. You have no conviction, so you seek to make up for it by stealing what belongs

to others. Tell the old bitch of your sect that Delia will no longer be in the Niveus sect. The fact she manipulated a young girl for the benefit of such a pathetic first in line genius is enough for me to kill her.”

Evelyn eyes widened at Dyon’s words. “Y- you!”

Chapter 262 Rival

“You? What? It’s clear to anyone that you used to practice a lower heaven technique but were forced to switch to an earth one. Did you think the rules of a cultivation method were a joke? No wonder you’re so weak. Did you think you could keep up a façade in front of me?”

“You can keep the pill and what it’s given you. It’s completely useless to you considering the backlash you’re facing right now. Challenge me again or speak ill of my sister and I’ll have no issues killing you.”

Everyone looked at Dyon stunned.

Ri couldn’t help but roll her eyes again. ‘There you go again...’

Dyon couldn’t be bothered with the Niveus sect girls anymore. He had already been disgusted with their chastity practices to begin with, it seemed more like man hate than anything else – whether that was because he was biased or not.

He wouldn’t have cared about Evelyn being a virgin or not, under normal circumstances, he would have remained silent. But, her actions and her words pissed him off.

Dyon put his hand out to Delia, smiling as her small olive hand entered his. “I’ll protect you while your big sister is away.”

Delia’s eyes sparkled with tears as she nodded.

Dyon stood, walking past Evelyn much to her shock. After bringing Delia to the elves, Dyon smiled at Ri. “Delia, this is my fiancée, Princess Alexandria Acacia.”

Ava's eyes widened, taking a second look at the otherworldly beauty who had been silent this whole time.

Ri smiled greeting Delia. "Since you're big sister Madeleine's little sister, we can be sisters too, no?"

Delia nodded shyly, accepting Ri's hand.

Ava looked at Dyon at the same time as Ri looked up from Delia. "Pervert."

Dyon helplessly looked between the two of them. 'What did I do?'

Delia giggled, feeling a bit better watching this scene, which in turn made Dyon feel better. There was nothing harder than getting someone to stop blaming themselves. Delia was young and naïve, not as mature as Madeleine or as hardened as Ri, but, could everyone be as outstanding as those two?

Madeleine had been basically sentenced to death for most of her life, and yet, she still forged ahead to form loving relationships with those around her. What's harder than caring for others when you yourself have little to rely on?

Ri had basically been pushed into a leading role since her youth, even to the point where she diligently built an alliance and army under the noses of everyone. The determination she had to climb to the top of the steps at Dead Kings Valley... feeling her bones crack and her organs rupture, and still moving forward – these weren't things many people had.

Dyon hoped that over time, Delia could learn from her sisters. Then she'd stand as tall as they did.

Finally, Dyon looked back toward those in attendance. His display had had his wanted effect. He had not only dealt with Evelyn and her disrespect of Delia, he had also shut the mouths of much of the people here.

He took note of the fact he saw no members of the Kami God Clan here.

'Are they not from this planet?...' But, he couldn't be bothered with that right now.

His eyes wandered until they snapped onto a young man with crystal framed glasses and gold eyes. "Can you contact Madeleine or not?"

Airic looked at Dyon, and maybe it was because of the confidence in Dyon's voice or the display from earlier, but he felt compelled to answer.

"No. They're within a gate. Maybe when they come out it will be possible."

Dyon nodded, a bit disappointed. "Doesn't matter."

A strange look appeared on the face of many there, what did he mean?

"I can handle it anyway. I'll save you all the trouble of finding underhanded means to send me up as vanguard. I volunteer. I already know everything I need to know about the Phantus God Clan. Just stay out of my way."

Something suddenly dawned on everyone. Dyon hadn't wanted them to contact Madeleine because he needed her help... He just wanted to see her.

With that, Dyon turned and left. Not caring about their so-called vote. He was sure this was how they'd want it to end up anyway, might as well stop them from wasting his time.

Many watched Dyon disappear with varying emotions, but, the heads were deadpan. They were quite used to arrogance like this. In fact, even their arrogance was like this. But, the difference between them and Dyon was that they had backing that warranted such arrogance. Where was Dyon's? The Elvin Kingdom? It was true that the Elvin Kingdom was the equivalent of any god clan here, even more so if their king was here, but they were also a declining kingdom... Aside from Akash, none of their younger generation had any rankings of note.

But, with Dyon and now this mysterious unknown princess... their backing was enough for them to take a second look at Dyon.

Ava walked back to sit beside her brother.

“What is it?” She asked noticing his odd expression.

Suddenly, a message entered both of their ears, making them shake violently. They looked at each other in shock before rushing out under the confused eyes of everyone. But, there wasn't much they could do about it.

Sloane Pakal suddenly began to laugh. “Little brother, that friend of yours is quite interesting. But, he might be underestimating the Phantus God clan a bit too much... There's a reason they can attack us alone without worry.”

Caedlum who had been silent this whole time finally looked in the direction Dyon left in.

“I guess we'll see. He's right regardless, he just saved us a lot of time. Even I would have voted for him to be vanguard if nothing else but to test him. The first time a person touches a battle field is the time you can tell what kind of person they really are...”

Elwing calmly looked around the room. He demeanor was completely different from his interactions with the Elvin Kingdom, he acted as a true prince here. Aloof and refined.

He turned his gaze toward Vidar and Voron. “If you two want any chance with Madeleine Sapiaentia, you'd best stop considering this Dyon as a nuisance and more like you treat my elder brother. If you don't start seeing him as a rival, he'll crush you before you realize what happened.”

They both nodded. Their thinking was much the same. There was a time for the arrogant young master personalities, and there was a time for taking things seriously. Madeleine wasn't just a beauty, having her virginity meant a ridiculous boost in power that would solidify most of their futures. This wasn't just about wanting a beautiful girl. Madeleine was the only virgin in this universe with a god constitution awakened to 100%. Her value was immeasurable.

Of course, Elwing didn't remind these two of this because he wanted them to win, he just didn't want Dyon to be strutting around so easily because people constantly underestimated him. The best-case scenario was that he died as vanguard. But, in the event that he didn't, he'd officially become one of them. And when that happened, he'd learn what it really took to stay at the top.

#### Chapter 263 Earthen Passage

Dyon watched with a big smile on his face as Ava cried in Arios' arms. She had gone through so much to save him, even being humiliated by Baal, and now her big brother was finally back.

Arios smiled, holding onto his sister tightly while looking up at his elder brother. "Bro, I've missed you."

Arios' elder brother clasped his shoulder. "Dad nearly started a war because of you, you know. He tells everyone it was because of Ava, but we all know how much he loves you. And what's up with this hair? Are women into this kind of thing?"

Ava sniffled. "You big idiot. Why did you disappear?"

Dyon decided then it was probably best he take his leave. "Take your time Arios, this battle won't be worth your effort. Let me handle it."

With that, Dyon left with to look around the Elvin campsite.

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"What's your plan?" Ri asked.

Dyon pondered for a bit. "The Phantus clan not only relies on their beast taming and breeding, they're also expert body cultivators and earth will warriors. Because of that, normal traps don't work against them."

Ri nodded. Usually when dealing with large beasts, the best option was to ruin their footholds or block their paths – things of that nature. However, how could pitfalls work against warriors who could manipulate the earth itself? No straight forward plan would work against them.



“In addition, even stalling the beasts will be difficult. Their skin is too difficult to pierce for meridian formation warriors. It makes no sense to attack their eyes because their eyesight is already poor and the size of weapon that would be needed to kill them with an attack aimed there would be seen through almost immediately. The truth is that attacking their hearing really is the best option.”

Delia, Akash and the other elves listened quietly as Dyon spoke with Ri.

“But then the problem is having an attack powerful enough to effect them.” Ri said.

“Right, but, my music will isn’t good for soothing. I read about Madeleine’s battle and she succeeded by lulling the beasts into a sense of comfort – a state where they’re near useless. But, my music path is much more useful for instilling fear in my enemies and confidence in my allies.”

Ri nodded. “And instilling fear in such beasts would be a double-edged sword. They might hurt the Phantus god clan, but they could just as easily hurt us too. The best method for soothing we have would then be your and my celestial will, but the Phantus will bring at least ten beasts, leaving the rest near their gate to defend. It wouldn’t be possible for us to deal with all of them alone.”

Dyon smiled. He had given Ri celestial will in much the same way he had with Madeleine, it just seemed like she was much less shy about it.

“I agree. There is the possibility of using my crystal will to boost our celestial will to the appropriate levels, but the calming effect of celestial will is more of a symptom rather than its actual purpose. Celestial will, down to its core, is meant to cleanse, but when its not for defense, it also requires direction with my aurora to be effective. Something as intricate as effecting emotion would definitely need touch... And that’s not a viable option with so many opponents. “

What Dyon was saying was correct. Whenever he wanted to manipulate the emotions of others with his celestial will, he touched them. That included when he wanted to calm Little Lyla, or when he had intimate contact with Madeleine or Ri. Both required the precision of his aurora.

Essentially, Dyon cheated. He used his aurora to make up for deficiencies he had in controlling his celestial will. So, without the use of his aurora, meaning his touch in this case, celestial will could only be used as a defense.

“But, what makes this even more difficult is how they use earth will to attack. Sure, its annoying when they defend with it against pitfalls and the like, but it becomes even more annoying when the manipulate the landscape to suit them.”

Akash suddenly spoke up. “That’s correct. Whether that be turning the land to sludge to ruin footing or elevating their attack position above ours to give an elevation advantage, they’re tough to deal with.”

Dyon nodded. “They’re tough. But, they have weaknesses.”

Everyone listened intently to Dyon, a strange confidence blooming in them as they watched a smile spread across his face.

“You guys have missed a glaring weakness of the scaled elephants.”

Akash’s brows furrowed. “Weakness?...”

Dyon smiled. “They aren’t normal elephants. The Phantus clan has used special methods to meld them with reptilian DNA. That’s why they’re scaled. Usually, this is good for defense – after all, what could be better than the scales as a defense?”

Everyone was still confused, what was the use in knowing that?

Dyon shrugged at their confusion. “It’s obvious isn’t it? They’re cold blooded.”

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Later that day, Delia walked out of Dyon and Ri’s tent nervously, leaving the couple alone.

“Are you sure she can handle this?” Ri asked, listening to the flap close.

Dyon sighed sitting cross legged on the bed and helping Ri take off her armor. "The truth is, only you and I are necessary to make this work. In fact, if I include the members of our army with the necessary affinity, its almost overkill. But, I want to give her a purpose."

Ri nodded. "What a good big brother."

Dyon chuckled. "I almost regret introducing you to Ava, you two are too much fire."

"I like her," Ri said grinning, sliding into comfortable sleepwear.

Soon Ri lay to rest in bed, staring at Dyon's meditating figure. She sighed, knowing fully well that he wouldn't sleep tonight. In fact, he wasn't even being his usual perverted self... But, this only made Ri smile. Dyon's focus was one of the things she loved about him.

Dyon himself was taking deep breaths, running over patterns and simulations in his head. He thought of dozens of possibilities and everything seemed to change with just the slightest variable shift.

The first key tower was known as the Earth Tower. It sat in the closest position to the gate and the terrain around it was fairly flat. That being said, there was only one way to get here: a mountain pass called the Earthen Passage.

About ten kilometers past the Earth Tower sat two mountain ranges that stretched around in a semi-circular pattern. The only easily accessible opening in this mountain range was a wide passage. In fact, the passage itself was so wide it was almost inaccurate to call it as such. However, it served its function as the only route here.

There were many problems even knowing this, though. For one, the mountain pass was a huge advantage for Earth will users like the Phantus. In addition, a set straight passage like that severely hindered maneuverability, something that would be highly important when dealing with the Scaled Elephants.

Therefore, Dyon settled on a choice. 'We'll meet them about a kilometer out of the Earthen Passage. The first thing they'll see when the step out will be us.'

Chapter 264 Opposite

Many kilometers away from Dyon's thoughts sat a group of about ten thousand in the shadows of a mountain range.

They were made up entirely of men and they were abnormally large. Even the smallest of them would stand at 2.5 meters tall at his full height. But, maybe the most striking characteristic, was their leather like skin and oddly flat noses.

Funny enough, their flat noses were as a result of a surgery they often performed on themselves to heighten their sense of smell in order to offset the vision problems that came with their cultivation technique.

This odd collection of individuals was of course the Phantus God clan.

"Commander Draven, we'll be out of the Earthen Passage by tomorrow."

A towering man with robust grey leather skin nodded, standing to his full five-meter height as he walked over to what looked like a slowly roasting pig.

Picking up the thick skewer, it was as though he didn't feel the searing heat. He rotated it in his hand, entirely too focused.

The surroundings were eerily quiet as the army watched their commander inspect his food. Many had their own, but there seemed to be a silent agreement that the first bite went to Commander Draven.

Still staring at the meat in his hand, a deep rumbling voice seemed to penetrate everyone, "What is the rule of us Phantus?"

"SKIN AS TOUGH AS THE EARTH. COURAGE AS BOLD AS THE SKY. BLOOD AS HOT AS THE SUN."

There was no hesitation in the response, a deep fire burning in the bellies of everyone.

"Are you all aware of what they've said about us?"

The sound of tensed muscles and gritting teeth were the only things heard under the shadows of the mountain.

A bit less than a year ago, the mighty Phantus Clan had their reputation unceremoniously tainted... And the worst part was that it was done by a woman. The Phantus God Clan had always seen women as the weaker sex, in fact, their campaigns never had a single female member of their clan take part. And yet, their pride had been stripped of them by a being they had looked down on from the start.

Their beasts were tamed, their armies were put to heel, and their defenses were crushed... All because of Madeleine Sapientia.

In this time, they had spent all of their resources, prepared to combat that one glaring weakness. They refused to lose like they did again. Even to the point where they insisted on running vanguard in this experiment... the experiment that would change the tides of everything.

“Tomorrow. I want no mistakes. You attack when I say you attack. You fight hard and without reserve. Defeat is not an option. Only death.”

Commander Draven finally bit into the large pig. His teeth were large flat rows of an endless white, but they were immediately tainted by a scarlet blood.

His look was sinister, and his aura reverberated through the air, causing the mountains around them to tremble violently as red dripped down his jaw.

For the coming day, there could only be victory.

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The next morning, Dyon sat still, meditating in the same position he had been in since the previous night – the faint flickering of red flames dancing around him.

Ever since he had begun dual cultivating with Ri, his blood essence had steadily increased; and, with his demon qilin blood at 31% now, his affinity for fire will had grown exponentially. As such, he began tapping into this will as well, knowing fully well he didn't have full control over his black flames quite yet. Maybe if he started with red fire first, he could work his way to that level. But as it was now, it seemed only emotion could make them come out...

Slowly, the red flames blazed, increasing and shrinking to Dyon's will.

'Sixth level is my cap. If I stimulate my demon qilin blood I should be able to tap into the seventh. If I use my humanoid manifestation, I should be able to tap into the ninth. That's enough.'

The truth was that, by now, Dyon already had the ability to tap into the ninth level of his wind and sword wills. However, his other wills were all around the sixth level. It seemed he was missing something to surpass that mark.

The more he thought about it though, the more it made sense. His Weapon's Hall manifestation gave him high affinity for weapons, so his sword will being high made sense.

In regards to his wind will, he had been confused at first. Why was it so easy for him to learn? But then, he remembered the tattoos on his back. How could Dyon have a manifestation with wings and not have a wind will affinity?

All of this confirmed one thing: he hadn't integrated enough of his blood essence yet. His soul was melded perfectly to him, therefore he benefited from 100% of its affinity. However, with his blood essence not being fully integrated, his affinity for wills other than wind and the sword were lacking.

That said... He had only been practicing fire will for as long as he knew he would be facing the Phantus clan... meaning he had learned up to the sixth level of fire will in a single night!

'Those flaming black-gold circles of my humanoid manifestation...'

Dyon was perfectly right. Even though the black flames flickered in and out of existence, it still boosted his fire will affinity to this level!

Dyon took a deep breath, finally resting. Taking out some spiritual fruit, he ate hungrily to alleviate his fatigue.

Suddenly a gently voice came from behind Dyon. "Did you go out last night?"

Dyon suddenly felt like laughing, this sounded exactly like the start of a conversation in a romantic comedy. 'Maybe those shows I showed Ri are influencing her.'

"Yea, I went to prep the battlefield."

Two delicate hands slid across Dyon's shoulders as he felt a soft kiss on his ear. "You should have brought me with you. Did it go well?"

Dyon reached back, pulling Ri into his lap. "Let's just say the Phantus will have a really tough time using their earth will effectively."

Ri giggled. "You should tell people about your plans, you know. It'll make us worry less."

Dyon grinned. "Only me and my lovely fiancée need to know." He said, lightly kissing Ri's neck, "Did I ever tell you, you smell like lavender floating in an ice pool? How am I supposed to focus with you here?"

Ri pouted. "You seem to have focused just fine last night. Don't think your flowery words will work with me. I'm not as naïve as little sister Del –."

Dyon kissed Ri deeply, stifling her words before pulling back to enjoy her flustered features. "You make it sound like it was easy."

Ri lightly tapped Dyon's lips with her finger, shaking her head. "I hear that men lose their strength if they have sex before battle. Might not be the best idea."

"Oh? But, I heard something too."

Ri raised an eyebrow. "And what was that?"

Dyon's hand waved as defensive and concealment arrays whirled to life. "The exact opposite is true for women."

Ri shrieked and giggled as Dyon flung her to the bed, wrapping her arms around him happily.

Chapter 265 Time

Later that morning, Dyon stood beside Ri, Delia and Arios in front of his army of a thousand.

On this day, the disparity between the demon generals and the orphans couldn't have been clearer. While the eyes of the demon generals shone with unyielding might and anticipation, the orphans shrunk, many shivering in terror.

There wasn't much Dyon could do. Sure, instilling them with confidence through music will would work, but, constantly relying on others would only be a detriment to them. He would let them sink into this feeling for a bit longer before doing something.

Currently, Dyon stood looking toward the Earth Tower and could see passed it to the pier. They were on the flat lands between the key tower and the mountain range at a place where the ground became decidedly rockier.

But, aside from Dyon's army, there were many questioning gazes being sent toward Dyon.

"What is he planning on doing with only a thousand men? Are the other elves really not helping?"

In the crowd of foot soldiers, familiar members of the big sects stood. They had been stunned to find out that Dyon was not only alive, but also leading the vanguard. But then, they had become secretly happy. After all, vanguard was usually the duty of them as low-ranking sects and clans. In fact, they hadn't even been allowed to participate in any meetings.

To them, the only reason Dyon was leading this charge was because he was being disrespected – something that suited them just fine.



“Serves you right.” Hashim and Lehabim seemed to speak at the same time. It seemed they could only come together on mutual ground when it came to their hate of Dyon. Because of him, the big sects had been relegated to little else than footnotes for the upcoming world tournament.

The campaign heads had vastly different reactions to the big sect ‘geniuses’. To them, they wouldn’t underestimate Dyon again, but they could hardly believe he planned to face ten thousand men with only a thousand. Especially when the Phantus God Clan was known for even thwarting armies in the hundreds of thousands with that very number.

“If he wins, you realize he’ll shoot to at least top 20 on the leader boards, right?” Voron Cavositas spoke to Vidar, trying to gauge his opinion.

Vidar shook his head. “The headquarters may nerf some of his points since this is an army already defeated by first in line genius Madeleine Sapientia. The honor is less when there’s a blue print already out there.”

Voron shook his head in disagreement. “He made it very clear that his music will isn’t as effective as hers. Meaning, he’ll be using a different method. That’s not even mentioning the fact she used an army of hundreds of thousands to face about fifty thousand of the Phantus God Clan and about fifty scaled elephants. He’s facing less, but he’s also only using a thousand men.”

Vidar raised an eyebrow. “Do you really think he won’t use the other elves? Don’t be ridiculous.”

Voron remained silent at this. It was indeed ridiculous for Dyon to use smaller numbers against an army that was already prepared to be severely outnumbered.

“Just be ready to clean up his mess. Phantus clan or not, it’s clear that they’re only here to test something. If not they wouldn’t have sent such a small number even if it was the Phantus clan.”

Voron nodded. “We still don’t know how they brought such large beasts here...”

The jaws of the campaign heads tightened. Something was different about this campaign. They just didn’t know what.

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Dyon's ear twitched, he had been slowly rotating his crystal will around his ears for a while now and had finally picked up faint rumblings.

"It's time."

An array appeared below Dyon and Ri, shooting them up into the air.

'He really does have an innate aura...' The eyes of the campaign heads narrowed.

But they all agreed on another thing... was it really smart for Dyon to leave the protection of his army like this? Wasn't he just making himself and the princess an easy target?

Dyon's voice suddenly boomed. It felt as though he spoke faintly, but the sound reverberated through the ears of everyone there.

"Checkered Formation: Variation 3."

Dyon's army moved without hesitation. A complex, yet organized movement occurred before the stunned eyes of everyone.

Within seconds, the formation was complete. Three squares of 100-man companies sat in the center of a checkered pattern of platoons.

The platoons were arranged very deliberately, their 50-man units standing in orderly five by ten arrangements. Six were arranged to the left, and six were to the right, checkered off from each other. The remaining two platoons were arranged at the back, prepared to merge into a company if need be.

In the end, the platoons form what looked like a pixelated 'U' around the three squares of companies.

Dyon didn't even look to see if the formation was completely properly, his eyes were completely focused on the growing cloud of dust in distance. "Conceal."

Dyon's voice rang out again, causing another organized movement to occur.

The checkered 50-man platoons collapsed in on each other seamlessly, resulting in a perfect three by three set of 100-man companies with two platoons remaining in the back. Suddenly, a complex formation became nothing more than a stock group of troops. And yet, it was still more organized than the martial world was used to.

Airic Sapientia's eyes shone watching Dyon's army move with absolute synchronicity. He had been researching about ways to war more efficiently. He had always thought the brute strength approach was too crude, but, the Sapientia family spent little time on such things, preferring to focus on cultivation related topics.

But, because of this, he suddenly saw Dyon in an entirely new light. 'Is Elder Ester really right about you? I wonder... Can I learn from you? Or is this nothing but a show?'

Dyon couldn't be bothered with the thoughts of others right now. All he saw was a sight that made his blood boil.

In the distance, beasts so large they shook the very earth they walked on, were rampaging toward them.

The stood thirty meters tall but were at least double that in length. Their tusks were enormous, shining with a sheen only ivory could provide. But, that was nothing compared to their skin.

Dark patterns of grey and green alternated as their scaled armor shone under the high sun's rays.

And yet, everyone's eyes couldn't help but be drawn to ten Phantus clan members that rode on the heads of these scaled elephants. They each held thick rods in their hand as their grey leathery skin trembled with anticipation.

The orphans beneath Dyon and Ri shook under their pressure. The bloodlust and unyielding will for victory coming from the Phantus was something they just weren't ready for.

Suddenly, a deafening roar sounded. It wasn't from the mouth of the grumbling scaled elephants, or their ten vice commanders... Instead, it came from the ground!

BOOM!

The earth shattered before the charging army. And, as though it was planned, they had already moved out of the way.

A massive scaled elephant appeared, standing fifty meters into the air! On its head stood a leader of unmatched aura. He stood five-meters tall and his hand was gripped around a javelin, his thick rod strapped to his back.

Dyon suddenly laughed, causing Ri to look at him questioningly.

"You want play? Alright then. Let's play."

Dyon's demeanor completely changed, an eerie darkness exuding from him as a pagoda dripping with blood red aura manifested itself behind him.

The doors suddenly opened, a blinding white light charging for his hand.

The eyes of Commander Draven sharpened, gripping the javelin in his hand tightly as he stared at Dyon, "You dare accept my challenge?"

The rumbling of the scaled elephants never ceased, they were now within a kilometer of each other, but, this distance was nothing when it came to a javelin's throw.

Dyon said nothing as his wings bloomed from his back.

Writhes of flames coated the javelin in his hand as he stared down at everything with disdain.

Suddenly, crystal will bloomed around him as the spear of flames in his hand lengthened again and again.

Soon, Dyon stood alone above everything, staring down at the charging scaled elephants with a pillar of flames reaching ten meters long in his hand.

Dyon grinned, propping up the javelin to throw as wind and sword will picked up, spiralling violently around it. "It's time this martial world understood my arrogance."

Chapter 266 Snow

Dyon flew in the sky, almost as though he was one man against the world. His troops became nothing but a backdrop. However... his tall back, his unmatched confidence, the grin on his face made the hearts of his army light on fire. There was no longer doubt in their hearts that this was a leader worth following.

Commander Draven stared at the man with a white and black wing, his veins popping in anger. It was one thing for a prestigious commander of the Earth Gate to look down on him like this, but this was a boy of not even sixteen years of age. A boy no one knew. 'You have a lot of nerve.'

Ri looked up at Dyon's back a smile blooming on her face as faint snow flakes began raining down around her, her hair fluttering gently in response.

Dyon's demonic will bloomed, the sky seemingly reddening in agitation as his arm cocked back.

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

Commander Draven's eyes sharpened. 'Body enhancing technique!'

Dyon's skin reddened as blood raged through him. The javelin's flames left an uncomfortable heat on everyone below, but suddenly, something changed.

The wind and flames merged, a tornado of fierce reds and yellows bathing Dyon's arms in an endless blaze. But, that wasn't all. It began to drip with a bloody aura, demonic sovereign will etching patterns of a black red into the already domineering pillar.

"What is he doing... That's too much for one attack..."

The campaign heads were beginning to feel real threat. The amount of wills Dyon was melding into one attack completely surpassed their expectations. But, the majority of the problem lied in the fact they had no idea what he wanted to use this attack for. Was he trying to take out Commander Draven in one shot? Did he really underestimate them that severely?

Airic brows furrowed. "Just another brute."

But suddenly, all thoughts froze as Dyon's arm careened forward, his torso rotating so quickly that the javelin disappeared from his hand in an instant.

It tore through the air, rings of displaced space booming into existence as though the sky itself was shattering.

Commander Draven's eyes widened, his heart palpitating in agitation. The demonic will dripping off of the spear of flames, the killing intent aimed for no one else but himself, it was as though for but that instant, he couldn't move.

The scaled elephant beneath him seemed to feel his master's agitation, causing a raging roar to resound from its mouth, piercing toward the rapidly approaching tempest of flames.

"MEN, HEAR ME NOW!" Commander Draven's voice raised to its highest peak. "RAISE THE GROUND."

Maybe if Commander Draven could see anything other than a blazing light headed right for him he would have seen Dyon's smirk in response to his words... Maybe if he had seen it, he would know that his call was futile.

Unfortunately for the Phantus, he hadn't. So, as they did before every battle, the tens of thousands of troops on the ground circulated their earth will, tapping into the deep reserves of the ground to elevate their piece of land. It was something they did all of the time, it gave them the perfect charging momentum. What could give an army more of an advantage than charging downwards from high ground?

Suddenly, something completely unexpected happened. Dyon's javelin shot directly past the tilted head of Commander Draven! 'As if I would be frozen into not moving. Do I look like a rookie to you?!

BOOM!

The javelin pierced into the ground, sending shockwaves through the earth.

The Phantus army dispersed as screams of pain and horror grasped the lives of their men... But, to them, it was meaningless.

Vidar's lips twisted in disdain. "All of that to take out a handful of men? They haven't even lost ten from that one attack."

It was suddenly clear to everyone that Dyon's attack looked flashy, but it was exceedingly weak. He had missed directly into a patch of running meridian formation warriors, and yet took at most five lives. Even more astonishingly, the ground seemed to be barely affected! Even the javelin had disappeared from existence, the abyssal core making it up had already flashed back into Dyon's fading Weapon's Hall Manifestation as he touched down on the array beside Ri.

The brows of the campaign leaders furrowed. It looked like they wouldn't be able to avoid fighting today.

Voron looked at this scene calmly before looking to his brother, Ace. "Prepare the troops. Let him die first then we can clean up this mess."

Ace nodded, a smirk coloring his features.

Dyon couldn't be bothered with the thoughts of others, he instead took a deep breath. 'Even with all that preparation, it took a lot out of me... We have ten minutes...'

Raising his hands into the sky, an intricate array formed with crystal will began to appear.

Golden lights shimmered and the diamond like array twinkled in the air.

But, the Phantus clan didn't seem intent on waiting for Dyon. They approached rapidly. From a kilometer to eight hundred meters. From eight hundred meters to five hundred.

Suddenly, Dyon whispered, using his communication array to directly communicate with the Vice Commanders.

Demon General Gaylia immediately stood out from the backmost middle company. "READY!"

Arios flashed toward the third middle company to stand beside Demon General Maalshiira as her voice also boomed.

"READY!"

The crystal formation above Dyon continued to expand again and again. It seemed that for every meter the Phantus approached, Dyon added another ten to his array.

And then, something inexplicable happened.

Two of Dyon's center companies all simultaneously raised their hands as Ri's faith seed bloomed, her blue-silver tails whipping out from.

The eyes of the campaign heads widened in shock. "Faith seed!"

Dyon smiled at Ri. "Ready?"



Ri nodded. "Ready."

Her voice had a demonic and seductive edge to it, giving Dyon all the motivation he needed for his crystal array to bloom to five hundred meters!

Dyon looked off into the distance. "NOW!"

All sound was blotted out as though the sight that graced everyone was the thing worth sensing.

A raging tempest of wind and fire will accelerated from the companies below Dyon, immediately charging into his crystal array... His crystal amplification array!

The cold and hot wind tunneled their way into the sky, immediately causing a swirl of dark clouds to form. The atmosphere shifted, the sky darkening. A massive cumulonimbus covering the sun in an endless black.

The booming of thunder tore through the battle field as the cloud seemed to rumble to life, endless sheets of water pouring down it and coating the lands almost instantly.

But, the Phantus didn't seem to care. What was a weather change to them? But, what they didn't notice was that their beasts were being coated with the relentlessly pouring rain. There was no escaping it.

"Ri. Delia. Vice Commander Ithirae."

No other words were needed. The foremost company of 100-men and the two women stepped up.

Delia's hazel eyes ice over into a cold blue, her hair turning a blinding shade of white as she lifted her hands up to Dyon's amplification array.

Ri's muscles flexed, massive beams of ice will forming at the tips of each and every one of her tails.

Then, a blaze of blue shot from them, amplifying into massive pillar of light before charging into the rolling thunder clouds.

Suddenly, Commander Draven realized something was wrong. Since the time he had issued the command to raise the ground, less than half a minute had passed, and yet, that was too long for nothing to have happened.

However, before he could call out again, the temperature rapidly dropped...

Looking up into the sky, Commander Draven shivered...

It was snowing.

Chapter 267 Played

Everyone was stunned. Snow? What was the point of that?

Suddenly, Airic realized something. 'The land... It's not elevating even though the Phantus commander called for it?' Confusion covered his features until his eyes widened. 'THE JAVELIN!'

The Phantus were beginning to panic. They were less than five hundred yards from clashing with the Earth gate army, but, their momentum was being slowly crushed.

Not only was their footing being ruined by the ice piling on the ground, their scaled elephants were noticeably slowing!

Commander Draven roared in anger. "You damned beast! Move!"

But, there was no response. The usually rowdy and vicious scaled elephant had lost its fire. The water that had coated its skin was slowly icing over, and although that wasn't enough to encase it in ice, something else entirely different was happening.

The charge of the elephants slowed...

Four hundred meters....

Three hundred and fifty meters...

Three hundred meters...

And suddenly, ten of them stopped, collapsing to the ground. Their breathing was nearly non-existent, their robust scales covered in a sheet of thin ice.

The last of them, Commander Draven's pride and joy, let out a sound that resembled nothing more than a whimper.

Its foot lifted in a final act of defiance, but, the cold was too much.

**BOOM!**

And just like that, the mighty scaled elephants fell into a deep hibernating sleep.

Everything was silent.

The Phantus God Clan didn't know what to do. Their Commander and Vice commanders had lost their beasts, they couldn't elevate the ground to gain a topical advantage, and now they were ten thousand against hundreds of thousands.

Commander Draven shook violently, standing on the head of his collapsed beast. 'Not like this. I refuse!'

All eyes were drawn to the young man standing in the sky beside of woman of unmatched beauty.

His battle changpao seemed untainted even by the falling snow, but there was not a drop of surprise on his face. It was clear that to him, there was no doubt in success.

In all these years the Martial world had ignored a glaring weakness of the Phantus. In fact, the weakness was never exposed only because the beasts usually played a defensive role near the gate entrance of the opposing universe. This meant that the weather they experienced was stable.

Although Dyon didn't know what tricks they had used to make it here unscathed with such large beasts, he had analyzed each god clan he might face in this campaign. The weaknesses of each were firmly etched into his mind, whether they were aware of them or not. And the Phantus, could not escape the cold-blooded nature of their beasts.

Warm-blooded creatures were special. They had the ability to use food as an energy source for heat, resulting in a constant body temperature. However, cold-blooded creatures relied on the environment around them to dictate their internal temperature... Which meant, as long as it was cold enough, they would begin to hibernate.

Dyon's voice resounded in the ears of his Vice Commanders, not giving the Phantus any time to regroup.

"Reform!"

The checkered formation immediately reappeared, the three companies remaining in the middle while 50-man platoons arranged around them.

"Flanked attack variation."

The rumbling of moving troops snapped everyone out of their stupor. They were suddenly very much aware that this wasn't over.

Commander Draven looked up, apprehensive about the situation. But, a flame of anger suddenly raged in his heart when he noticed only a thousand men were charging. And, from his vantage point on the ground, the formation looked as ordinary as could be.

“Men!” Commander Draven’s enraged voice boomed through the battlefield. “They dare to look down on us like this. Attacking with a mere thousand. Crush them!”

A furious blaze was lit in the heart of the Phantus warriors. To only attack them with a thousand? Even when they could have attacked with more? This was nothing less than a slap in the face.

Commander Draven smirked. ‘You are too young. Your little tricks are clever, but you know nothing of the art of battle. You form drones out of your men, while I take into account the heart of mine. You won’t win if your army has no morale.’

Draven watched happily as Dyon stood in the air as though he was king. But, to everyone else, Dyon was too naïve.

However, how long would that really last?... Dyon’s voice boomed, laced with a compelling power that seemed to stifle even the rumbling of the battlefield.

“Demon Generals. Remind them who you are.”

A blood lust seemed to begin dripping from the skies.

The white snow suddenly felt like it was a rain of blood.

The killing intent became palpable, the air solidifying with a demonic aura. And then... The chant began.

“Darkness prevails over all

The blood seeps into the ground”

Two hundred meters...

“The strong slay the weak and stand tall

While the unfortunate are silenced”

One hundred fifty meters...

“The sage of the demon empire is supreme

Unmatched and unprecedented

Unchallenged and without flaw

Immortal and esteemed”

One hundred meters.

“He leaves his legacy for only those as evil as he

Only those as ruthless and heartless

Cast away your humanity for strength.”

The Phantus were trembling, having forgotten about the weapons in their hands.

All they saw was a sea of blood, an Asura of unprecedented evil looming over them.

“Drench the soil in the blood of your enemies

Plant the seed of your life within it

Welcome. Sage of the Demon Empire.”

And then there was nothing. The clash took place in an instant. The demon generals tore through everything in their path.

The formation was almost overkill.

The three center companies lured the Phantus into a false sense that this formation was no different than any other, leading the unorganized masses of the Phantus into charging in blindly in an attempt to salvage their courage. But, it was futile.

The middle three companies were nothing but a ploy. They were already the most tired after putting everything into creating the storm clouds, so it was more than believable that they'd be the easiest to beat... But, that was exactly the point.

Dyon's army seemed to collapse inwards, the three companies giving way. The two front companies peeling to the front, while the one further in the back peeled backwards. But, then, Dyon gave the penultimate order, standing in the skies domineeringly.

This formation had four possible alterations. The first, was conceal. The second, was reform. And the third, was extend. And the fourth...

“COLLAPSE!”

Suddenly, the pixelated 'U' shape of the formation changed.

The three center companies, having lured the Phantus to the center vanished from their sight.

The six platoons of either side collapsed in on themselves. In their checkered formation, three platoons had maintained the integrity of the sides while the center companies lured the Phantus in. However, with the command, the checkered platoons fell back, immediately being replaced by three fresh platoons on either side.

At the same time, the two platoons that had remained at the back surged forward. Being well rested, they pushed to maintain the back line in the absence of the three companies who had disappeared.

Seamlessly and without blemish, the Phantus were trapped and flanked from all sides being relentlessly attacked from four fronts.

The Phantus ten-thousand-man army was whittled down to almost nothing. Their morale was low, their beasts were down, in fact, in the hours it took for this to take place, they hadn't even noticed that they could once again elevate the land beneath their feet.

They had been played...

Chapter 268 My Guess?

Commander Draven raged watching his comrades fall one after another. But, there was little he could do.

The ice that coated the ground was horrible for footing, and yet it seemed as though everyone in Dyon's army had defensive formations to use for traction.

Then Commander Draven thought he could use his overwhelming strength to raise the morale of his troops again, but, the white-haired demon generals simply toyed with him. He was nothing before them.

He could only run again and again, in the end using his men as shields in his last bid for survival.

After losing half his men, Commander Draven had had the thought of escape, maybe his pride just wasn't worth it... but then Dyon from his high perch said dreaded words that resounded in his psyche even as he stood bloodied with less than a thousand of his men left.

"Defense Variation 1. Turtle shell."

Flashes ran through the entirety of Dyon's army as each of them took out tens of defensive array plates. The air was filled with shimmering gold as dome after dome of defensive formations completely surrounded the Phantus.



The Phantus were filled with endless despair. Although they could work to destroy these arrays, Dyon's army seemed to have an endless supply. But, the worst part was that they seemed to be fitted with special weapons that could be launched without effecting the defensive array.

Looking down at the massacre, Ri asked Dyon about it and received a smile in response. "I call them spatial spear grenades. They're essentially array spears fitted with time sensitive spatial transference arrays. It allows the spears to pass right through the defensive formation before materializing to attack the enemy."

Airc watched this scene with his heart trembling. 'This... This is what I wanted! This is it! The true art of war!'

The campaign heads almost couldn't believe what they were seeing. Regardless of the fact that Commander Draven wasn't the best the Phantus had to offer, he was without a doubt in the top three campaign leaders they had. And, his strength had already stepped into the essence gathering stage! Just who were those white-haired freaks Dyon called demon generals?!

In the end, Commander Draven and his commanders became painfully aware that Dyon's army was toying with them.

The checkered formation allowed tired soldiers to switch out and fresh ones to come in. The back and front lines constantly alternated as well, and yet, it was all done without a hitch.

Commander Draven could only watch helplessly as his scaled elephants were being constantly rained down upon with ice will. Although the storm had stopped, one of the companies that had sneaked in behind the Phantus while allowing them to penetrate had left the battle to ensure the elephants didn't wake up!

No one knew how Dyon communicated these things so smoothly. It was as though he was speaking into the ear of every single one of his soldiers! How could the campaign heads and the Phantus know how exactly right that assumption was?

Commander Draven suddenly realized that there was no reason for him to still be alive. He was the only remaining life blood of his army, why hadn't they targeted him?! And then it suddenly dawned on him...

'They want to capture me... They've realized there's something odd about how we brought the scaled elephants here!'

However, despite realizing this, there was little Commander Draven could do. Even when he charged in with no regard for his life, knowing they wouldn't kill him, he was stopped immediately by the overwhelming demon generals.

"YOU COWARD!" Commander Draven screamed into the air, slowly losing his mind. "What kind of man hides behind his army while they war! Why should anyone follow you!?"

Dyon turned his gaze from his leisurely talk with Ri.

"To his knees." Dyon said faintly.

Commander Draven was immediately cut down, the tendons in his leg sliced apart with no regard. He could only stare blankly into the air as his ten vice commanders were laid face down beside him, their faces buried into the muddy ground despite their best efforts to wiggle free. In the end, only the eleven of them remained.

"You're an idiot and you claim to be a better leader than I am?"

"You charge here relying on only a single strategy and have no back up plan and yet you're a better leader than I am?"

"You boast that you're a real man, yet you rely on beasts to make up for your numbers disadvantage and yet you claim I'm the coward?"

"You had no thoughts of retreat until half your army was gone, and yet you used your own men as shields before you realized we were keeping you alive, and yet you still claim I'm the coward?"

Dyon's words were like sharp swords, piercing in the heart of the commander of the Phantus again and again.

“You were too prideful. Assuming you were above everything when really you only deserve to kneel before me.”

Suddenly, Dyon looked up into the distance. “Take notes. When you decide you show yourself. I’ll crush you just the same.”

With that, Dyon commanded his army to hand the prisoners to campaign head Akash.

Dyon touched down from the sky, holding Ri’s hand with a smile on his face. Akash could only shake her head bitterly. “I didn’t earn these prisoners Dyon, you should take credit for the information we get from them.”

Dyon grinned. “What do you mean commander? I came here under you, so all of the work I do is under the Elvin Kingdom name. In fact, I placed all the merits of today’s battle under my little feu glace’s name. I want you to know that I am here for the Elvin Kingdom too, I remember the promise I made very well. It may have been to Primrose at the time... But, wasn’t Primrose acting princess?”

Akash and Ri were stunned. “You idiot, why’d you put it under my name? How’d you even do that?”

Dyon shrugged. “Manipulating master level formations like these are easy. For some reason, I can’t seem to change the rating system on a whim, most likely because it’s linked to an even stronger array acting as a check and balance, but, something like changing the name the points go to is easy.

If I wanted, I could put all of the points we earn under a single name. It’s a bit of a loophole.”

Ri sighed. “You still shouldn’t have done it.”

Dyon shook his head. “Without you, my plan would have never worked. Your ice will sealed everything.”

Ri flicked Dyon’s forehead. “Don’t lie to me.”

Dyon sighed. "Lowering the temperature of water is exceedingly difficult because it has a very high relative specific heat."

Seeing their confusion, Dyon continued.

"Specific heat is just a measurement of how much energy it takes for a certain amount of an object to raise its temperature by a set amount. Essentially, water has a high specific heat meaning it takes a relatively high amount of energy to raise its temperature. Conversely, this also means that it has to lose more energy to cool down.

"While normal ice would have been effective, the ice powered by your faith seed seems to be different... The purity path of your ice will make it so that we used a lot less energy than necessary because it was much more sustainable away from your body.

"In order to force the scaled elephants to sleep, we needed more than just pumping them with ice. For one, in order to do that, we'd have to let them get too close, which would result in some losses. Also, it would take more time as well. The fact they were coated with water before the temperature dropped made the cold all the more piercing to them."

Ri's eyes shone listening to Dyon. She still didn't completely buy that she made or broke Dyon's plans, but, Dyon was at the very least telling the truth.

Suddenly, Akash thought of something. "Um, Dyon?"

"Yes?" Dyon responded, looking up from Ri.

"When you were speaking to Commander Draven, it seemed you also addressed someone else?"

Dyon's eyes sharpened at this question. "There's something odd going on here. This seemed like a test run rather than a real attack, but that's not the main issue. The question of how they traversed the gate with those massive beasts is a preeminent one.

“But, what I do know, is that there was someone watching this entire battle take place. Someone who didn’t seem to care whether the Phantus lived or died...”

Akash’s brows furrowed. “Who?”

“My best guess?...” Dyon looked off into the distance, a pensive look playing his features. “Their innate aurora wielders.”

Chapter 269 Compare

Dyon turned back to Akash, taking his mind off of their observers. The mountain range was much too large and innate aurora wielders were much too versatile to handle nonchalantly.

Dyon’s hand flashed as a ring appeared in it. Handing the ring to Arios, he spoke. “This ring is filled with medicinal pills. I ended up having to buy them because I simply didn’t have the time to make them myself, but they should be good enough for now. We were lucky enough not to lose any members this time because the demon generals protected their groups of ten well, but its best we don’t allow injuries to pile up, or else its only a matter of time before someone dies.”

The surrounding campaign leaders looked at Dyon as though they were staring at an alien. Spending money on medicinal pills for foot soldiers? Who would be willing to bear such a cost?!

Dyon raised an eyebrow at this reaction. “If you don’t treat your army well, why should they treat you well?”

This was a simple concept, it had nothing to do with money. In fact, if you kept having to replace members of your army because they got injured, they would never become elite. And if they never became elite, you’d be stuck in a perpetual rut of mediocrity. The martial world was too concerned about the growth of their campaign leaders and didn’t pay enough attention to their foot soldiers. No one wins a battle alone.

Arios nodded, taking the ring to handle the task Dyon had given him. He was quite painfully aware that although Dyon was standing tall now, his fatigue was unquestionable. Dyon had already been drained after amplifying so many attacks, but then he forced himself to stay out even further passed his limits just to make sure communication was seamless. The problem was that communicating took even more soul power! Dyon hadn’t rested all day.

Ri looked at Dyon's side profile, worried. Any casual observer wouldn't see anything wrong with Dyon, but Ri could clearly see his clenched jaw and pulsing veins. He was ready to collapse at any moment.

Ri tightened her grip on Dyon's hand, sending her soothing ice will to stabilize him for the time being. She smiled, hearing a message of thanks enter her ears.

Dyon looked up and into the sky, it had seemed easy, but he was aware that it was anything but. Had their commander realized that Dyon could only stop them from raising the ground for ten minutes, the turtle shell defensive formation would have been hard pressed to continue working. In fact, if they had heightened their vantage point, they would have seen the quirks of the formation and maybe would have made counter measures against it.

Dyon was snapped out of his thoughts as a familiar red-haired girl walked out from the crowd. "Big brother, let me help you with that. After all, the rest of us did nothing."

Dyon smiled. 'Looks like I can rest easy.'

But, thoughts of peace didn't last long before his dreams of sleep were interrupted by Airic.

"Prince Consort Sacharro, do you mind if I ask you a question?"

Dyon was stunned by the form of address, looking at Ri before bursting into laughter, "oo oo, that hurts. Yea, sure. What's your question?"

Airic looked confused about why Dyon was laughing. Wasn't a man marrying into a family via their princess known as a prince consort? What was funny about that?

Dyon almost started laughing again at Airic's reaction. 'This guy is too serious!'

Airic shook his head, ignoring Ri's smile and Dyon's antics. "What was the point of the javelin?"

"I can answer that for you actually!" A faint voice rang out causing everyone to look up and into the sky.

The eyes of the campaign heads sharpened. 'Where'd he come from.'

Dyon looked up to find a young man standing beside a beautiful young lady in the air. Beneath their feet, an array of shimmering reds lay, holding them up.

The young man had short jet-black hair. He was handsome, but rugged, standing at over four meters tall. However, his defining characteristic was a faint red scale that was etched into his forehead.

A bestial aura emitted from him as his hand played with the woman by his side with no reservation.

The white haired lady herself didn't seem to mind. She was about two years younger than the young man, most likely around Dyon's age, and yet she towered at three meters tall, somehow still dwarfed by the young man. However, her defining feature was a glittering blue scale at the center of her forehead.

"It's simple really." The young man continued. "The javelin was a misdirection. It was actually meant to complete a purification type array. One that only lasts for about ten minutes. The Phantus are just idiots. I could have sent them a message that would have changed the tide of the battle, but I preferred that they suffered for their ignorance."

Commander Draven grit his teeth in agitation, looking at his tied-up brothers.

The young man groped the breasts of the tall young lady, seemingly reminiscing. "It's the law of the jungle. The weak should die."

Suddenly, the young man paused, sniffing the air and locking his eyes on Ri. "Interesting. So that wasn't a body modification technique, you're an actual beast. A beast worthy of being compared to my lineage if I'm correct. And yet you gave your virginity to a human?... Whore."

Ri's anger raged. "How dare you."

Dyon was silent, but his aura was anything but. Faint flickers of black flames danced in his eyes as he stared into the sky.

His body trembled, but it was involuntary. He was truly too weak right now. And, what wasn't helping was the fact he felt as though his demon qilin blood was being suppressed.

The young man didn't seem to care about Ri's words. "I should take you right now. You'd make a good slave girl for me to toy with every once in a while. It seems you're quite loose anyway, right? It must be the greatest joke in existence for a human to be expected to curb the desires of a beast."

The campaign leaders watched silently, which was something the young man clearly expected. They felt no obligation to help Dyon.

Suddenly, the woman by his side giggled. "Do you smell that?" She gently rubbed the crotch of the young man. "I smell an inferior bloodline. There's no doubt. He can't compare to you."

The young man laughed, looking down on Dyon. "Imagine that. A human pretending to be a beast. It's truly pathetic."

Almost inexplicably, Dyon's anger vanished as he looked to Ri by his side.

Ri's brows furrowed. "Don't do anything stupid. You can always deal with him when you're healthy. Now isn't the time."

"Ah yes. Since I've decided to not leave without this little beast girl here, you should just let her come with me. At least then, you can live for a bit longer." The young man looked at Ri with lecherous eyes, she was truly the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

'Maybe only she can compare.

Chapter 270 Stain

Dyon ignored him, walking to the Phantus troops. "You called them idiots, right? You could have changed the course of the battle with a single message, right?"



The young man raised his eyebrow. "What makes you think you have the right to ask me questions?"

Dyon chuckled. "I'm quite tired right now."

The campaign heads scrunched their brows listening to Dyon's words, what was he talking about? Even if he was tired, that shouldn't be something he told his enemy.

"However, insulting my woman is already enough to co-sign you to death."

The young woman's eyes widened in surprise before she suddenly started laughing as though she had just heard a funny joke.

"You're not even bigger than me." Her pinky lifted into the air with disdain. "How could you possibly match up to my husband."

Dyon didn't look up, instead crouching down to one of the tied-up Vice Commanders and lifting his head up by his hair.

Looking into the reddened eyes filled with hatred, Dyon chuckled.

"If you like choosing your women based on how big they are, you might want to re-evaluate this macho man stance of yours."

The eyes of the young man sharpened at Dyon's words, instantly understanding the innuendo.

"It seems you don't want to live today. I'll cripple you first." His aura changed, a crackling fire red blooming around him. "Then, I'll strip your woman down in front of you and take her."

Dyon nodded. "That's three times now."

Dyon lifted up the Vice Commander, grasping his throat. “Only a Higher Foundation stage soul at essence gathering? Pathetic.”

An inhuman roar ripped through the throat of the Vice Commander as his veins popped.

His body looked as though it was being deflated, Dyon’s touch being nothing less than his death sentence.

In the distance, Arios was leisurely administering medicine to the troops. He and the demon generals hadn’t even looked to help Dyon. If he needed their aid, he’d have asked for it.

They smirked to themselves as they watched Dyon go from Vice Commander to Vice Commander, devouring each and every one of their souls.

The young man watched this scene up in the sky, not entirely certain of what was going on. All he could tell was that Dyon was killing the Vice Commanders, but, that was good news for him.

Finally, Dyon reached Commander Draven much to the commander’s dismay – but, he stopped. “Eh, I think that’s enough for now. I’ll deal with you later.”

Dyon walked back to Ri with a big grin on his face. “Which one do you want? I can give you Mr. Big Dick. Or, I can give you Ms. Big Dick.”

Ri snorted in laughter, hitting Dyon’s shoulder. “What are you saying?!” But, she settled down afterwards. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

Dyon laughed. “Of course. The only reason I didn’t use my devour technique to replenish my soul with the Eostre family was because the culprits that deserved death had soul power that was too high for me to take easily. But, The Phantus are body cultivators, and they’re much younger, it’s quite easy to use them. I’m at full capacity.”

Members of the Saeclum heard Dyon's words and shook violently... This was exactly how they'd lost their genius! But, why would Dyon be bothered with such hypocrites, he simply turned a blind eye to the shift in aura. If they made a move, they'd die just the same.

Ri smiled. "You take the girl. I feel the need to chop off some important limbs right now."

The men all shivered at Ri's words. Was this really the princess of the Elvin Kingdom?

In fact, they had been so surprised by the change in events, that none of them stopped to consider what it meant for Dyon to have taken the virginity of a woman with a faith seed.

"Don't get any funny ideas pervert. You're only allowed to make me and big sister Madeleine pass out. If you're fighting a woman, I expect you to go for the kill. After all, she seems quite used to self-pleasing men."

Dyon grinned, a six-foot-long silver sword materializing in his hand. "Your words cut pretty deep, I'm sure your sword will cut deeper."

Dyon turned to the fuming couple in the sky. "I'm quite aware that you have no confidence in showing yourselves here. The only reason you risked it is because you don't want us to find out what the Commander knows. Unfortunately for you, in the process of doing that, you've angered me and my little feu glace. There is a price to pay for such things. And today, that price is death."

Dyon aurora blazed at its full strength, immediately collapsing the red array below the tall couple.

The shattering beads of energy rained down as they fell from the sky, unperturbed by the change.

The wind accelerated around them, blasting outwards as the earth cracked beneath their feet.

"Whether you know our goal or not." The young man said through gritted teeth. "Is irrelevant to whether or not you can stop us."

The young man surged forward toward Dyon, but Ri immediately stepped forward. “Didn’t I say I was going to deal with you?”

“Get out of my way woman. I’ll have pinned down between my legs soon enough.”

Ri didn’t bother responding, her faith seed blooming into action with a decidedly flashier flair.

Dyon smiled. ‘I was wondering when you’d make use of your god constitution... You neglect it too much.’ Suddenly Dyon’s eyes widened.

“You’ve been hiding your manifestation from me?... That’s not nice.”

Ri smiled, her tails blooming into existence. A majestic aura spread out from her, making everyone feel as though it was only right that they should be kneeling.

A crown decorated in precious jewels burst in the air, expanding again and again. But, that wasn’t the end of it.

The growl of a feral creature tore through the wind, manifesting as a blue-silver fox, ten tails whipping out violently behind it.

The fox was a creature with beauty beyond words. Its pointed nostrils flared out adorably while its delicate paws hovered in the air, standing tall behind Ri. A blue crystal melded to its forehead, giving the demon fox an undoubtedly noble air.

But then, a change occurred.

The crown slowly lowered itself, melding into the blue crystal and turning it gold. And with this change, Ri changed as well.

Flashes of gold swept through her body, lacing her tails with tracks of golden fur.

Her eyes brightened from their blue silver, their depths shimmering with hints of gold.

Ri suddenly laughed, standing in front of Dyon, not an ounce of fear in her as the large five-meter tall young man barreled toward her.

“You say my bloodline can be compared to yours... But, from what I see. You’re the equivalent of a shit stain beneath my feet.”