

The Nameless 341

Chapter 341 Steeled

Dyon didn't even watch as the armies retreated. He slowly touched down to the ground with Ri in his arms as the demon generals returned to their normal states. Although they were a bit disappointed the Uidah hadn't attacked them, after months of fighting, maybe a break was something even they needed.

Dyon's eyes flashed golden, causing the Gorilla's Den formation to disappear in an instant.

By the looks of it, it was clear this formation had been rebuilt and restructured many times. With the oddities of the gates, the cyclones and storms probably did more damage than the Uidah universe did. But, it was good that Dyon had managed to create enough array plates.

Looking down at Ri, Dyon lit a gentle halo of flames around her to ward off the falling snow before he walked toward Akash and the elves.

"Commander." Dyon gave Akash an apologetic smile as he noticed her injuries were quite severe as well. Her black armor was terribly torn in many places, her singular shoulder guard had disappeared, and even her eye was closed in an attempt to ward off the blood from a gash above it.

Despite that, Akash sighed, "I don't know if I have the right to be called that anymore." Looking back toward the tired and injured elves, Akash felt a dull pain in her heart. If it hadn't been for Dyon, who knows what would have happened.

Having run out of medicinal pills long ago, many had been depleting their essence energy in a feeble attempt to heal themselves for months now. However, essence energy wasn't meant to directly heal. It had healing properties in so far as it purified, cleansed and improved normal bodily functions, but it worked better to amplify healing as opposed to being a healer itself. This was why Dyon's healing worked better with his energy cultivation.

Dyon had thought that maybe the elves might have auxiliary groups from the alchemists guild be responsible for supplying additional pills. But, the problem with that was that not everyone could become a top tier alchemist at such a young age. In fact, many who were still able to enter this gate were still common level alchemists. The pills they could make would not only be a waste due to their margin of error, even completed ones wouldn't be of much help.

And as for those of the older generation who were just slow cultivators, because they were slow cultivators, their soul strength also lagged behind. This meant it was rare for any of them to even have the soul strength necessary to reach upper levels of alchemist mastery.

Dyon could only sigh. He had to slowly change his perspective on things and be more self-aware. As nice and flowery as it sounded to say that everyone should be able to succeed as he did if they persevered enough, the truth was that that was only the case if you allowed for differing amounts of time per person. Dyon couldn't expect everyone to improve as quickly as he did.

Whenever Dyon jumped into situations and acted frivolously, he had to be aware that he could very much be making things worse.

At Focus Academy, he had naively believed that simply revealing the truth of things would be a win. He had somehow believed that the martial world still had some semblance of the mortal realm. If a scandal like the sacrifice of thousands of students had been made public in Dyon's home country, then there would be hell to pay. But, Dyon had to stop applying his own philosophies to the martial world.

From this time onwards, Dyon knew that if he wanted to get involved in something, he had to be sure that he could see it through to the end.

He couldn't rely on the power or the justice of those stronger than himself. He couldn't hope that all of the anger he brewed would only be aimed toward himself and not others. And, he had to be mindful of the connections he formed and what they meant to him.

"Don't say that commander. This campaign was already coming to a close before I got here. There's no doubt in my mind that you all would have lived to fight another day." Dyon smiled. Although his words had seemed hollow, there was still a semblance of truth to it.

They had held out for nearly four months and were still here. Had they not held out for so long, Dyon wouldn't have been able to train and gain his meridians. Even if Dyon were here from beginning to end, there's no telling whether his strength would have been able to sway the battle.

Before his advancement, he had only been comparable to Ri before she fully awakened to her faith seed. Which meant it was likely that Ri's impact on the battlefield strength wise would have been much better than Dyon's had he stayed. They didn't know it, but their contribution was equal to if not more so

than Dyon's. What would have been the use of getting stronger if he came back with no one left to protect?

Akash looked Dyon in the eye. At first, she had assumed that he was just saying things to be polite. But, there was something decidedly sure and pure about his eyes that made Akash feel compelled to believe in him. Dyon just had an allure to him that made others believe in the words he spoke.

Withholding her disbelief, Akash nodded. "We should get moving. There are still a few weeks until the gates close, but this we're already in a period where attacks on the lotus tower should stop. An army coming in any later than now would be hard-pressed to return to Gautama Tower by closing."

Dyon nodded in agreement, content to wait. At least, that was until he noticed Delia was nowhere to be seen.

Scanning around the area, a faint worry built up in Dyon until he noticed blood staining the grey ground where the center of the maze would have been.

Anger steeled Dyon features as his eyes froze over, boring holes into the group of slowly retreating big sect members.

Chapter 342 Depending

Because of the nature of the maze, the top had obviously also consisted of concealment and defensive plates in order to defend against aerial attacks. This meant that the snow hadn't impacted the area. And yet, there was slowly reddening snow in a place where there should have been no fighting to begin with.

Dyon's first thought had been that maybe someone had teleported to the central station and that was the cause of the blood. However, there were no severely injured people in the area and the blood was too fresh.

But, that wasn't the deciding factor. The blood was much too spread out. An injured person wouldn't have the need to move so erratically. And, even if they did move at all, it would have been in a straight line toward lotus tower.

That meant there had been a fight there... But, why would there be a fight at the center of an intact maze?

Noticing Dyon's expression, Akash looked toward the big sect members as well. But, her vision wasn't as good as Dyon's, so she didn't immediately catch that something was amiss. With the sense boost that an innate aurora brought, along with Dyon's newly formed body and energy cultivation, not many around his cultivation level could match his vision.

"Is something wrong, Dyon?" Zaltarish walked up to help prop up his stumbling sister. Akash had been trying to pretend as though she was perfectly fine, but Zaltarish could tell that she was barely holding it together.

Noticing Akash's weaknesses, Dyon turned back to the pile of energy fruits behind him. He had piled a lot from killing the basilisks but had never had a need for them. "Commander, we should distribute these fruits. They're excellent for healing and should give us enough strength to make it back to the gates."

Nodding appreciatively, Akash slowly replenished herself as Dyon handed her a few for herself.

Turning to Zaltarish who was in a much better state, Dyon asked a question that had been weighing on his mind. "What happened in the maze?"

Zaltarish looked at Dyon in confusion. He had no idea what Dyon was talking about. The elves hadn't been in the maze at the time Delia was fighting. They had only retreated after Dyon appeared.

Seeing Zaltarish's confusion, Dyon changed his question. "Did anything happen that would have caused people to turn on each other?"

A flash of realization crossed Zaltarish's features. "The female leader of the King God Clan did say at one point that if the warriors in the maze stopped us from teleporting back, that she'd leave and let them go."

Dyon's jaw tightened. So that was why they were in such a horrible situation. It wasn't just the army pressuring them into not being able to teleport, it was also the faint pressure of internal tension. It seems he would have to be even more careful when dealing with the Uidah in the future. They had the first semblance of tactics Dyon had seen in the martial world.

“I have something to deal with. I’ll have to leave this to you, Commander.” Dyon turned to walk toward the big sect members as they nursed their wounds.

Seemingly have finally pieced something together, Akash’s features flashed with worry. “Dyon, wait. You should hold back until we leave the gate. There’s a massive penalty for infighting. They’ve likely been punished severely already.”

Dyon shook his head, “It’s deeper than that.” His steps flashed as he immediately appeared among the big sect seeded geniuses as they nursed their wounds.

Jessica, Orbis, Hashim and Lehabim all looked mortified by Dyon’s appearance. He had been hundreds of meters away and yet he had somehow appeared directly before them as though he wasn’t holding a woman in his arms at all.

Dyon scanned them silently, taking in their injuries. ‘Sword slashes. Frost bite.’

“Where’s Delia.” A faint rage was building up in Dyon’s heart. He didn’t need much more evidence to know they had fought with Delia. But, he needed to make sure Delia was safe first before he acted.

“W-we...” Jessica’s lips trembled.

“I don’t need your bullshit stuttering. I need an answer. If you have time to regret your actions now, you should have regretted them then.” Dyon’s eyes were lit with black flames. He was having trouble holding himself back from attacking. If it was up to him, they’d be dead already.

Anger rose in the hearts of the seeded geniuses. They were lauded and praised when they were at home. In fact, there was once a time where they saw Dyon as nothing more than an ant. And yet here, they were nothing – relegated to nothing but foot soldiers.

“You!” Lehabim’s red hair trembled as he grit his teeth. The members of the flame blade sect were essentially watching as he was being emasculated, how could he face them in the future?

Dyon didn't respond with words. A massive black sword will whipped out from himself, immediately slicing off Lehabim's dominant arm.

"AGH!" Lehabim screamed out in agony, watching in horror as his favored arm fell to the ground. He almost couldn't believe that it was once his.

Hashim bit back his remarks. He had wanted to explode like Lehabim had, but seeing the consequences, he threw all thoughts of retaliation out the window.

Their pride was being stomped on and shattered. Dyon had no sympathy or remorse for such pathetic characters. He almost felt that it was beneath himself to even kill them at all.

"Now. I'll give you all one more chance. Where is Delia?"

Orbis finally spoke up. Lehabim was in too much pain. Hashim was trembling in anger at having his pride crushed. And Jessica was much too scared. It was up to him, it seemed.

"She headed toward lotus tower..." He said, softly.

"What happened here?" Dyon didn't express thanks. All he needed to know was that Delia was alive. But, now, there had to be a punishment. And depending on their answer, that punishment might very well be death.

Chapter 343 A Part

"Kill us if you must. But, we did what we had to, to survive." Orbis wasn't in the mood to beg for anything. He had found out the love of his life was promised to another man. He didn't have the will to do much of anything anymore.

The only reason he had even fought with the other seeded geniuses before was in order to help make sure Jessica survived. But, now? In the face of Dyon? There was nothing he could do to stop him from killing Jessica. There was just no point. Maybe dying with Jessica was his best-case scenario.

Dyon looked toward the round Orbis. He didn't have much of an impression of him because neither Orbis nor Jessica participated in fighting Dyon at the Legacy World Opening. However, he didn't have sympathy for such a pathetic mind state either.

"Did you think that saying that would make you justified? Vindicated? Righteous? Is this the way of your world? You have no principles. You have no real goals. You have no ambition. Any semblance of anything you have is nothing but a façade because you're willing to throw it away whenever you come up against an insurmountable mountain. You all deserve death and I'll bring it to you."

Dyon twitched, ready to end the four of their lives where they kneeled. However, Jessica suddenly thought of something that made her kowtow. "Wait! Please! You can't kill us! I'm the fiancée of Oliver. I am the wife of your brother in law!"

Dyon's brows furrowed, 'Oliver's fiancée? What the hell?'

Dyon hesitated. Before this, he was worried about the consequences of his actions. He wanted to change and not act so impulsively, but this was a lot harder than he thought...

If he killed Jessica, and Oliver really did love her, then that would put a huge strain on Oliver's relationship with Madeleine... Something that was already fragile to begin with.

Dyon had no idea that Oliver's true feelings were for Venus. How would he have known something like that? He had barely interacted with Oliver at all. In fact, he had never even interacted with Madeleine's parents. But, what kind of stress would this action put on them?...

Seeing Dyon's hesitation, a faint hope bloomed in the hearts of the seeded geniuses.

However, Dyon only put the thought of killing them away for the moment. He had something else to ask them that was as important to him as Delia.

"What happened to the Viridi family?" Dyon's eyes scanned the reactions of seeded geniuses. But, his words only caused them to tremble all the more so... Because they were not only aware of Dyon's connection to the Viridi family... Much of the reason the Viridi family was punished was because of them.

“Speak.” Dyon was running out of patience. He had to go and help Delia. He was sure that she wouldn’t leave the battlefield unless it was severe. Any time wasted here only made her situation worse.

“I – I can tell you. But, you have to know that Orbis and I had nothing to do with it!” Jessica trembled from her kneeling position, hoping that Dyon would believe her.

Lehabim and Hashim looked over at Jessica with anger coloring their features. But, they knew she was right...

“Tell me.”

Jessica nodded. It was clear if she tried to negotiate with Dyon any more, it would only end badly for her and maybe Orbis as well. Although she didn’t share Orbis’ feelings for her, she could still appreciate his effort. It was just that Oliver was a better option for her future. This wasn’t a mentality that Dyon could respect, but, to Jessica, this was just reality.

“A-after you escaped, there was still Madeleine and Ava who remained. So, they of course did their best to protect the Viridi family members who were at Focus Academy. Venus, and I believe her brother’s name was Eli...” Jessica took a deep breath, trying to stabilize her trembling.

Dyon said nothing. He knew much of this already. It was part of the reason he had left as he did. Eli had been sent back to Focus Academy and Venus was on the yacht with Ava. There shouldn’t have been much to do to them in the short term.

“However, after everything calmed down, Ava was forced to go home with her father and Madeleine was taken away by her master... They must have thought that there was no reason for a God Clan to come back to deal with such a small family... But..”

“But?” Dyon’s jaw clenched as he waited.

“But... Lehabim and Hashim were bent on revenge – “

“Shut up!” Boomed Hashim, he couldn’t take it anymore. “Don’t pretend as though your sects were completely blameless! It was all of our masters who insisted on trying to gain our quotas back by giving the Ragnor God Clan a way to save face for their failures!”

A light flashed in Dyon’s eyes had a blinding sword qi fell from the sky.

“No! NO! AGHHH!”

Hashim trembled on the ground.

By now, everyone had their attention trained on Dyon and his conversation with the seeded geniuses. But, they remained silent.

The Niveus sect members had been told by Evelyn to not interfere with anything anymore. The elves trusted that Dyon wouldn’t act without rhyme or reason. And the big sect disciples were simply too weak to help their seeded geniuses...

And now, they could only watch as Hashim’s legs were cut from his knees.

The worst part was that as he was threatening to bleed out, a trail of black flames charred his wound closed.

The whites of Hashim’s eyes rolled back as he passed out from the pain. But, a slap of wind will woke him up before he even had any chance to rest.

‘Cruel... Too cruel...’ The thought ran through everyone’s minds but Dyon wasn’t done and no where near satisfied.

“Finish.” Dyon said plainly.

“O-our, w-w-we...” Jessica’s lips trembled as she took deep breaths to try and calm herself.

“Our masters sold the Viridi family to the Ragnor God Clan as a scape goat for the scandal in order to earn a larger quota.” Orbis spoke out for Jessica, seeing that she was clearly not

Dyon’s breathing became shallow as he tried to stabilize his beating heart.

His gaze shifted to the writing Lehabim and Hashim.

The pale look on Lehabim’s face was becoming closer and closer to a sheet of white as his arm lost blood.

Hashim couldn’t even look up properly. He was crying, his tears melting the snow that fell to the ground.

“Before I kill you. I want you both to know that your sects are gone and dead now. This isn’t a matter of if. It’s a matter of when. Die knowing there’s nothing you can do about it.”

With that final thought, Dyon’s sword will fell from the skies, ending both of their lives before he began walking to lotus tower.

“You two survive only for now. Any information about your involvement means death. I don’t care who it is you’re meant to marry.”

Jessica and Orbis could only watch as Dyon figure disappeared into the distance.

They finally knew what it felt like to have your lives toyed with. They knew their sects were as good as done now. With Dyon’s power, even their patriarchs were no match for him... How could 7th and 6th grade essence gathering experts do anything to a man who ended a war by himself?...

And the worst part was that if Dyon ever decided that Orbis and Jessica played a part in Eli and Venus being thrown into slavery... They were dead...

Chapter 344 Good Friend

Moments later, Dyon walked into Lotus Tower with Ri still sleeping in his arms. It didn’t take him long to spot a bloodied Delia, breathing heavily even in meditation.

She sat near the edge of the Lotus Tower gardens, but she had left a clear trail of blood along the once lush and beautiful greenery.

The anger that Dyon had tried to temper raised in his heart again. Ever since he had come to this martial world, the cruelty of its people and rules had been grating on him. And maybe the worst part was that he was beginning to realize as he matured, that maybe the mortal realm wasn't so different. Maybe his anger had clouded his judgement into making him think that the mortal realm was somehow some utopia in comparison when that was really far from the case.

The only difference between the mortal and martial realm is that the people here had power. And what Dyon was beginning to realize was that power doesn't change people, it just makes them more of what they already were.

If the mortal realm suddenly gained the ability to extend their lives by hundreds of time, or the ability to grow strong enough to take your destiny into your own hands, would the outcome really be much different from what Dyon was witnessing here?

The martial realm was a place where no one hesitated to turn on their own comrades – comrades that had quite literally just been putting their lives on the line for you – just for a small chance at survival.

Were the big sect geniuses truly stupid enough to believe that Silvyr would let them go should they follow her orders? Dyon doubted it... No one is that stupid.

They simply latched onto their last fading hope. They latched onto the easy way out. They didn't want to fight against a mountain they deemed unclimbable.

"Delia? Have some of these fruits."

Delia's head snapped up. She had been too focused on healing and recovery, even to the point where she hadn't heard Dyon approach her.

Dyon was slightly startled by the cold blue in Delia's eyes. It was odd. Her hair was no longer white, but her eyes still permeated with a dense ice that made even Dyon uncomfortable.

“Delia? Is something wrong?” Dyon felt silly asking this question. Of course something was wrong, she was littered with injuries and had lost far too much blood. But, he still felt that there was something off...

“I – ” Delia seemed confused herself. She felt that something in her had changed, but she didn’t know what it was. It had to have something to do with her god level constitution, but, she hadn’t had any constitution awakening pills. So, she had no concept of what could be different.

Dyon shook his head, “It’s alright. We can figure it out later. What’s most important is that you recover.” After shifting a bit awkwardly because he wasn’t willing to let go of Ri, Dyon managed to take some energy fruits he had stored in his ring and gently lay them in Delia’s lap with wind will.

A small smile graced Delia’s lips in that instant. The thought of someone who had become as powerful as Dyon still seeming like a scared child when it came to not wanting Ri to feel uncomfortable, or how he was still so thoughtful to her in that same instant, it made her realize that the world she had been hating all this time still had some good people in it.

Well, that and Dyon did look silly trying to figure everything out with his arms occupied.

After nibbling on a few fruits, Delia felt much better. Although not fully healed, with her essence energy replenished, it would only be a matter of time and rest.

However, Dyon didn’t leave her. He instead chose to sit cross-legged and speak with Delia. It wasn’t that he wanted to romance Delia in any way. If he was being honest with himself, he simply didn’t have feelings of that nature for her. But, he owed it to both Delia and Ava to figure out whether or not the illusions of the old man were true or not.

Someone might think that there was no use in doubting the illusions anymore now that it was confirmed that something really had happened to the Viridi family. However, Dyon remember quite clearly that during the trial, Jade wasn’t sure what happened to the Viridi family either. She spoke in maybes, and not absolutes.

Maybe the old man just made a good guess. And maybe, he specifically went with guesses that he knew would hit the deepest parts of Dyon's feelings. If that was the case, maybe Delia had never seen him as more than a friend at all.

As Dyon spoke with Delia, he learned a lot. He learned about her troubles with her father. He learned more about the Clyte God Clan and how they had taken her mother from her. He learned about what Madeleine's relationship meant to Delia, and how in a lot of ways, Madeleine was more like the mother she hadn't seen in more than a decade rather than just a big sister.

Seeing Delia open up, Dyon did the same. He had never really felt as though he had issues sharing about his parents. In fact, he had told Madeleine about his parents on their very first date together. Although it was something that pained him, he had always felt that it was a story he should tell with a smile on his face.

The truth of the matter was how he felt inside about it wasn't smile worthy. In fact, it was something that still hurt him very deeply. If not, the trial wouldn't have been much of a trial for him at all. But, sometimes finding strength in pain is better than ignoring it all together. And maybe thanks to that, Dyon had gained a good friend in Delia.

Chapter 345 Different

Far away in a completely separate gate, the battle for an otherworldly legacy had ended and while thousands were disappointed, there was one beauty in particular that was quite content.

Wreathed in flames of dense purple, Madeleine meditated silently.

Her already pristine body was reaching a next level of evolution as her every cell seemed to be being flooded with this new and untold energy.

The curve of her features, the softness of her skin, even the small smile that graced her lips were only becoming more impeccable with each passing instant.

For some inexplicable reason, her glasses burst to ashes. If anyone of the Sapientia family had saw this, the level of shock would have been unmatched.

The spectacles of the Sapientia family were not made of normal material... In fact, they were tempered and forged within the peak most levels of Gama energy found in the peak most levels of the Sapientia family.

While Madeleine clothes burning away made perfect sense, for material tempered by such a high form of energy to burst under these flames?... Just what were they?

Not many knew or understood the Sapientia family. In many ways, they were the most powerful of clans in existence, and yet, they didn't make moves to conquer much of anything... But, they held a strong presence everywhere.

In Dyon's universe alone, they had a God Clan on every planet for five total. In fact, the truth of other universes may not be so different. Maybe the most surprising part was that many of its branches were limited by the God Clan title, but were only labeled as such, because they never made any move to conquer even the planets they lived on, let alone any entire universes or quadrants.

Maybe this was why powerful clans allowed them to maintain such a powerful hold on information, communication and economy. However, no one in the martial world was that naïve. To believe that a group of powerful experts would never become greedy and want more was nothing but the wish of a fool. The reason why the existence of the Sapientia God Clans were allowed was because of one major thing: they had no unity... Or... They did a very good job of pretending they didn't.

As Libro had once told Dyon long ago, the Sapientia God Clan was the only clan that allowed entry of non-Sapientia born people. Because of this, there was little loyalty or leadership among even the highest echelons of the Sapientia. It really did seem like they only existed for the pursuit of knowledge.

They were archeologists and historians, they were merchant and peddlers, they were professors and cultivators... But, as Airic Sapientia had lamented, they weren't conquerors. In fact, the Sapientia, who would have been the foremost leaders in tactics should the martial world have made rampant use of them, didn't actually have any books on such things at all.

In fact, this was very deliberate. The Sapientia family went out of its way to remain as unantagonistic and as disjointed and ununited as possible.

However... There was still something odd that many picked up on.

There was no unity, and yet Sapientia family members were clearly marked with golden eyes? There was no unity and the Sapientia family all had the very same glasses? There was no unity and yet the Sapientia family insisted on those who joined changing their last names and publishing their works under the Sapientia family name?

There seemed to be something odd going on. And yet, no one could ever place their finger on it. So, many ignored it.

The Sapientia family had contributed too much and were far too useful and docile to be done away with. Normal cultivators didn't have time to refine their techniques as much as they would like to. They didn't have the time to explore and find better energy stone mines and sources. They didn't have the time to document or even care about history.

Although some families could do these things on their own scale, no one could do it to the scale that the Sapientia did. So, they continued to exist... Keeping everything within their scope and foreplanning...

However, now something outside their scope of understanding had occurred. Their Sapientia glasses had completely burst and a genius that had already been near the heights of everything, had reached an entirely new height.

Madeleine had fought hard for this right.

She had climbed stairs that tested her will. She had been seared and singed with flames of red and frozen to the core with flames of blue.

She had used her wits to jump through puzzles and loops and in the end, she had made it here with only two other opponents to face...

Prince Belmont... And... The third daughter of the essence gathering level.

In the end, it wasn't Madeleine's power that won. In fact, although she had thought she stood a chance against the two of them, she quite simply didn't.

The third daughter of the Uidah was already of the mid levels of the essence gathering level and she was a lower 2nd Grade expert! Her use of Ethereal permeation was nothing like the fighters Dyon had faced.

With years of training, she had managed to learn to perfectly fuse her Ethereal Permeation with her weapon of choice – an elegantly made fan. Her use of wind will and an odd blade type will when coupled with ethereal permeation was enough to match even Madeleine's first level intent!

If Dyon had known this, he would have been quite shocked. He had yet to meet a single other person with the ability to fuse wills like he could, and yet here was a genius doing so with a will of the supreme law level.

But, maybe the most shocking thing was that Prince Belmont might have been even more impressive than the third daughter of the Uidah essence gatherers...

Some might not see why that's impressive. As a first prince of the Royal God Clan, why wouldn't he be able to match up to someone who was only the third best of King God Clan?...

But, Madeleine thought different...

Not only was Prince Belmont from a vastly inferior universe with vastly inferior resources and energy density... He was also four cultivation levels lower than the third daughter...

Chapter 346 Pay [Bonus chapter]

[Bonus chapter for 100 golden tickets. Information about how to get more bonus chapters in author's note below. Also, this is the last chapter of vol 3, yay!]

Prince Belmont was somehow able to completely dominate the third daughter of the Uidah, with vastly inferior cultivation despite being from an inferior universe. And maybe the worst part for third daughter? He was younger than her too.

Before the battle had even really begun, Madeleine was completely outmatched. Due to no fault of her own, she also held her own age disadvantage. Madeleine had only just recently turned 20 during this campaign, and yet third daughter was well into her twenties, and most likely already thirty plus years of

age. And although Prince Belmont was only in his lower twenties, age disparity meant even more the younger you were because those were the years cultivation progressed the quickest.

As Madeleine's master had once said, cultivation drastically slows down even at the peak meridian formation levels. A genius could sweep through the foundation stage and the beginning of the meridian formation stages almost in their sleep. However, things began to change soon after that, and the first drastic change was with the essence gathering level.

One could go from charging through meridian formation levels every few weeks to months, to taking years to fill even a single meridian with essence energy. This only gets worse with the saint cultivation levels where experts sometimes spend decades and even upwards of a century or more on a single stage.

Unfortunately, this only became all the more exaggerated when you were in a universe as weak as this one...

So, when Prince Belmont may near quick work third daughter, Madeleine had been shocked.

The truth was that Prince Belmont hadn't laid a finger on Madeleine. Having been surprised by Madeleine's power and ability to make it this far, he had been even more determined in making her his wife. In his logical view, even with his power, he needed someone powerful to stand by his side. As such, in an act of fake chivalry, he had allowed the women to fight each other first, knowing Madeleine would lose.

Then, he defeated third daughter and stepped to the podium to accept his reward...

However, he was rejected...

A normal person might have raged at this outcome. After going through all of this and putting his life on the line, the legacy still refused to join with him. However, Prince Belmont said nothing, felt nothing, and showed nothing. It was almost as though this was an outcome he had expected.

In fact, Prince Belmont only had a single thought before he thought to walk to Madeleine, 'The Belmont family really isn't worth much.'

However, when he turned to look for Madeleine, she was gone. A faint and imperceptible light flashed in his eyes at this realization.

A legacy that had disappeared without a trace from the world had reappeared that day. The combination of the hottest fires in existence, with the coldest embers. This was a legacy not match by many and was the very basis of the Belmont family's lineage. And yet, it didn't go to a member of the Belmont family...

Amethyst... The singular violet phoenix in existence. The only supreme beast of its kind. Chose Madeleine.

The most important bloodline of the Belmont family. The bloodline and lineage that had kept the fires of their family raging for centuries. Was now in the hands of someone else...

So, as Prince Belmont left the tower alone, leaving Madeleine to the Sapientia family to head home first. His only thoughts were to let his father know as quickly as possible. Madeleine could marry no one else but a Belmont. And that Belmont had to be him.

It didn't matter that Amethyst didn't think his talent was worthy. It didn't matter that Madeleine would likely soon be stronger than him. What mattered was that Madeleine's virginity now held the key to bringing the Belmont family to new heights.

Before, Madeleine was the only virgin with a 100% access to her god level constitution. That made her value unprecedented and unmatched since no one knew who Ri was or that she even had a faith seed.

But now, Madeleine was not only a virgin. She was a virgin with both a god constitution and one of the most powerful faith seeds in existence...

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As Madeleine was being wreathed in flames, Dyon sat silently meditating by a large bed in an inn.

They had long since left the gates and were now stationed in a place called Arena City. The world tournament was just a few weeks away and with Earth hosting this time, there was no need to head back to the Elvin Kingdom.

Dyon had opted to stay here. Partially because he wanted to get Ri into a settled environment as quickly as possible, and partly because he wanted to be in a place where he could see Madeleine when she arrived.

Little Lyla and Zaire were chatting and playing on the edge of the bed. It was funny to Dyon because he imagined the scene was quite similar while Ri was waiting for him to wake up. And it was maybe even funnier because he had no idea what children like them talked about for so long. They seemed to never leave each other's side. But, that made Dyon happy – as though he had a real family again.

That said, right now Dyon was focused on something entirely different. He had jumped forward in cultivation far too quickly and needed time to meditate on his changes. Although the awkward feeling he had had subsided since his fight with Arios, he still felt like there were more things about his body he needed to come to understand better.

The good news was that there was no need to consolidate his foundation. Although the set of meridians the old man had given him were no different from anyone else's, they had been tempered to perfection in terms of meridian formation standards. If Dyon tried to temper anymore with meridian formation level Gama energy, it would be a waste. And, he wasn't yet strong enough to handle essence gathering level Gama energy.

'First, we understand ourselves. Then, we wait for Ri to wake up. And then,' Dyon's eyes flashed with the black flames of his anger, "they pay."

Chapter 347 Victory

Ri shifted in her sleep, her nose twitching as it breathed in a familiar scent.

Confusion filled her senses as she tried to open her eyes to no real avail. Her vision was blurry, but she could feel a cushioned softness around her, but her face was on something hard, yet springy.

Ri trailed her hand along what she lay on, trying to figure out why her fingers kept dipping in and out hard trenches. Finally, her hand reached high enough that it fell into something wet, causing her to startle fully awake.

Dyon chuckled to himself wiping his mouth from where Ri's fingers had been, "You're quite handsy in your sleep."

Ri's blue-silver eyes blinked, finally clearing enough to realize she was lying on Dyon's bare chest. The truth was that Dyon hadn't been anywhere near Ri when he climbed into bed to sleep, but, in typical Ri fashion, she had ended up draped all over him. It was like she could track Dyon down even in her sleep.

"Dyon?" Ri's voice was hoarse from such little use, but she jumped up excitedly. "You're here!"

Ri grabbed onto Dyon's neck tightly, burying his face and neck in her long blue-silver hair.

"Yea, I'm here." Dyon smiled, holding onto Ri's little waist. She was still wearing a baggy sweat shirt and pants, and Dyon had to admit she looked quite adorable right now.

Not willing to let go of Dyon, Ri laid there for a long time, half mounted. "Tell me what happened..." Ri had wanted to stay awake until the end, but it was clear she was just too tired to make it.

Dyon stroked Ri's hair thinking back to that day. "I just scared them away a bit, it's no big deal."

Ri rolled her eyes. "I don't mean that. I don't remember you looking like this."

Gasping, Dyon feigned a pained expression. "Was I not handsome before?"

Ri pulled up from her tight hold on Dyon neck, propping herself up to stare at his face. However, even as she scanned him, it was Dyon that couldn't help but be lost in her beauty. It had been almost two weeks now since they arrive at Arena City and aside from some periodic rolling, Ri had been completely incapacitated... Dyon had almost forgotten how captivating her eyes were.

Tilting his head up, Dyon kissed Ri, relishing in the softness of her lips. "Forget me. Why are my fiancées so beautiful?" Dyon grinned, sliding his hands under Ri's sweat shirt to trail his fingers over her soft skin.

Ri pouted. She wanted to know what Dyon had experienced, but he was too busy teasing her. And the problem was that she was heating up far quicker than usual.

“Dyon... I feel hot.” Ri didn’t know what was going on. She had liked sex before, sure. But, she had never held her breath in anticipation of it as much as she did now.

Dyon hesitated. Although Ri was awake, he wasn’t sure if she had fully recovered yet. If you take into account his new energy cultivation, he felt like starting would open a dam he wouldn’t be able to easily close. It was as though energy cultivation allowed the potency of Dyon’s demonic bloodlines to increase manifold, finally permeating throughout his body as they should have before.

However, Ri didn’t seem intent on waiting for an answer. Dyon barely had time to put up a concealment array before her lips collided into his.

A low growl escaped from Ri as her soft tongue tangled with Dyon. Their clothes burst to non-existence, even severely reddening Dyon’s torso in the process as she inadvertently tapped into her void will.

Dyon felt as though he was strapped into a ride he didn’t have control of the beginning or end of.

Ri’s supple body weaved around Dyon, trailing what seemed like every inch him with small nibbles with her adorable canines.

The heat she felt in her chest at the sensation of hands running over her and her hair made her feel as though she could explode at any instant. By the time her hands finally made it down to Dyon’s member, she didn’t even pause at its increased size. The sounds she was making didn’t even sound human anymore.

Dyon smiled to himself. Seemingly understanding what was going on he flipped Ri over.

Ri moaned in displeasure, but Dyon didn’t seem to mind.

“You’re the queen of beasts,” Dyon said softly, lightly kissing Ri’s ear, “but, you shouldn’t forget who your king is.”

A look of defiance flamed into Ri's blue-silver eyes as they formed into slits, her canine's lengthening ever slightly as she began her attack on Dyon.

Both of her soft hands grabbed onto his shaft as she lay beneath him. Dyon groaned lightly, propping himself up above Ri's exquisite figure.

Ri's hands ran along his shaft, her thumb rubbing into tip as her other hand gently rubbed his balls. Dyon felt as though he would explode at any moment, and that was even before Ri tilted her head up, biting his lip to pull him down into a deep kiss.

All this time, despite Dyon's words, Ri had been in control. He hadn't even been able to think straight for long enough to realize he hadn't made use of any dual cultivation techniques to conquer Ri.

But, there was little he could do. Something had seemingly snapped in Ri and her bestial aura was affecting even Dyon. It was as though Ri had manifested her own sovereign will and it was completely dominating right now.

Dyon grunted as his shaft convulsed. But, before he could finish, Ri's hands suddenly stopped, shifting her hips to slide Dyon's tip along her wet slit.

"You can only finish if it's inside of me." Ri's eyes flashed with a gold Dyon's eyes had reddened too much to notice.

He didn't even last a single stroke.

An endless gush released into Ri causing her to moan in delightful pleasure.

Her small hands wrapped around Dyon's wide back as her legs held onto him tightly.

A light giggle filled the room as Ri basked in her victory.

Chapter 348 Experience

Dyon took a deep breath. "You little minx..."

Ri's walls convulsed around Dyon, almost to remind him who had won before she kissed his jaw lightly. "Don't be mad, my king."

Dyon couldn't help but chuckle to himself as Ri poked fun at him. She seemed really proud of herself. Dyon hadn't even been that quick on the day he lost his virginity. But, embarrassment wasn't a word Dyon knew the definition of. Now shamelessness... He knew a thing or two about that.

Suddenly, the room started to twinkle with a faint celestial light. The flames of Dyon's aurora blazed with a purple-gold right along with it.

"You can have round one." Dyon pushed himself up, grinning widely as he watched Ri's soft skin and supple breasts redden. Ri's breath quickened, but her lip twitched as though she was trying to pretend like Dyon's slowly accumulating will was having no effect on her.

"Cheater." Ri pouted, feeling her blood flowing wildly.

However, Dyon only continued to grin as he grabbed Ri's waist, pushing his shaft in deeper and deeper.

"Wait." Ri's lips trembled, her hips wiggling as she tried to escape.

"My turn." Dyon flipped Ri over, lightly pressing her face into the soft bed cushion and pushing himself in even deeper.

Ri's feet curled upward as her ass shook involuntarily at the completely new stimulation. She came immediately, unable to stop herself from going limp and trembling in pleasure.

Dyon leaned over top of her, moving her hair out of the way to kiss her ear. "I hope you didn't think that was all." Dyon's hand trailed along Ri's soft back before he grabbed a handful of her plump ass. "It's a king's job to service his queen."

Ri's face buried itself into the bed's pillows, her knees propping her ass up as Dyon had his way with her. She didn't know how much time passed, or even how often she climaxed. But, what she did know was that she wanted more and more.

Ri's feral cries filled the room, her hands gripping and tearing apart the sheets as her bestial side relished in the feeling of being taken.

She didn't even notice when Dyon pulled her up by her neck, holding onto it gently as he pounded into her.

By the time Dyon stopped, it was already evening. An entire day and all Ri had to show for it were wobbly legs and a smile that was so self-satisfied that it could light any night sky.

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When Ri finally came to her senses, Dyon was snoring lightly. She watched him silently for a long while before the dull ache between her legs made her giggle to herself.

"You must have been trying to break me, king."

Ri kissed Dyon's partly opened lips softly before settling onto his chest.

Dyon shifted slightly, wrapping his arms around Ri's waist as he smiled to himself. "The King had to put on a good show for his queen."

Ri rolled her eyes. Dyon never seemed to sleep too deeply and that was something that worried Ri, honestly. Even during his coma, he was constantly muttering calculations and deductions. In fact, being in a coma might have been the only time Dyon got any real semblance of rest.

"Hmph. I let you win. Why else would I allow your cheating?"

Dyon's eyes remained closed as he chuckled. "Ha, I didn't cheat. I simply used the tools available to me."

“You mean like memories from a person who lived thousands of years? You must have gotten that position from her memories too.” Ri’s eyes glimmered when she remembered the feeling of being pinned down beneath Dyon. There was a submissive feeling to it her beast side couldn’t help but gravitate toward.

“Eh –” Dyon didn’t know how to respond. Could he say that that was a position quite commonly used in the human world? How would he explain how he knew about it?

‘Well... This is awkward.’

By the time Dyon finished explaining, Ri was in a fit of laughter, very much content to make fun of her fiancé.

“Alright, Alright. Every young boy is curious! It’s not my fault!”

Ri giggled, “Dyon Sacharro. Boy genius. Focused. Driven. And a pervert from birth.”

Dyon sighed. “Fine, fine. You win. I’m a pervert.” Suddenly, Dyon grinned. “But, now this means there are only two left in this world who can deal with that and for now, the job is solely yours.”

Ri smiled lightly, resting her hand on Dyon’s chest, “I don’t think I mind that too much. Even though today seemed excessive, if I didn’t lose consciousness, I feel like I would have still wanted more.”

A serious expression colored Dyon’s features. “I saw you awaken your faith seed completely. Or, I guess, what seemed like a complete version... I’m not entirely sure on how faith seeds work exactly, I’m sorry I can’t be of much help.”

Ri shook her head. “I don’t need to know everything now, we can slowly figure it out together. But, didn’t the Celestial Deer Sect use to be extremely powerful? Wouldn’t they have faith seeds then? So, why doesn’t your master have memories on it?”

Dyon pondered a bit. "I know for a fact that the Celestial Deer Sect has at least one faith seed tied to their lineage. The First White Mother transcended, so it's likely she left behind her faith seed. However, I don't have access to the rest of the Celestial Deer Sect's history because my master locked it away. It's likely her memories on faith seeds were locked away too, then."

"Why are you so sure about the First White Mother?"

Dyon nodded as he answered. He told Ri about his experience in the Epistemic Tower and what it meant for them in future. He also told her about how the old man was technically his grand teacher many times removed, and how one of his disciples had been the First White Mother. With that information alone, it was perfectly reasonable to assume that she had a faith seed. In fact, it was the only conclusion.

After thinking for a while, a sudden thought flashed in Ri's mind. "Wait. Since the Epistemic Tower is one of a hundred of them, it does the same job as every other Epistemic Towers, no?"

"Since it connects every gate in this quadrant, doesn't that mean we can use your ring to directly bring the elves back to our universe by using the gates as a spatial jump point?"

Chapter 349 Too High

"Yes, that should be possible. But, whether we should do it or not is completely different question..."

Ri waited patiently for Dyon to continue. If he said it wasn't a viable thing to do, she knew he had a very good reason for saying so.

"I don't think we'd have any problems finding Universe Chaos should it be within this quadrant. In fact, it's a near guarantee that Universe Chaos is within this quadrant because the old man confirmed for me the story Prince Belmont told. Amethyst fought the dark, ice and fire phoenix clans through Chaos and this universe. For it to be like that, Chaos must be relatively close.

"In fact, there could lie a dormant gate to Chaos within our universe itself. After all, it's the only uninhabited universe in existence. For it to remain as such, the entrance to it is either hidden or ignored. There's also the possibility that it's too dangerous to enter, however, from my understanding, its no more dangerous than it was for me to take Epistemic Tower. If it was out of my scope of abilities, grand teacher and the demon generals would have told me.

“However, our problem isn’t in being able to find it, it’s about whether or not it’s smart to do so...

“If we go and reboot a dormant gate, people will be made aware. This is why the tracking and ranking systems work so effectively even across dimensions. There’s someone or some organization powerful enough to keep tabs on these things and it’s important that we don’t alert them unless we’re strong enough to do so. And, the obvious problem, is that we aren’t strong enough to do so.

“If the elves and us go to plant a flag in a completely new universe, we’d be asking for trouble. For one, we have no idea how many gates Chaos has. But, it could be very possible for us to have to split our already small population into even smaller groups.

“Secondly, remember this universe used to be extremely powerful, which means its likely that the gate to Chaos might even be a peak dao formation gate or maybe even the peak-most half step to transcendence gate. Even though it’s possible to change the threshold of cultivation of a gate if you control all of its towers, remember that the dangers associated are set to match the cultivation thresholds. The dangers of an essence gathering gate would be nothing compared to even a saint gate, let alone a celestial gate or higher.

“Thirdly, although it’s possible to teleport directly into chaos and completely bypass the gate problems and potentially avoid being detected, there is still another aspect of danger we’re missing. It might be okay for a small group to go, but, an entire population of people entering a dangerous area sounds like a formula for genocide...

“Remember, there’s a reason the elves left that universe in the first place. My best guess right now would have to be that they predicted the fight amongst the phoenixes, however, that can’t be the full story.”

Ri nodded. “It can’t be the full story because the ancient elvin clans should have been at least marginally comparable to the phoenixes...”

“Exactly. There shouldn’t be a large difference between the Elvin Kingdom of old and the phoenixes. And yet, they still chose to evacuate. And maybe the worst part was that the family heads of the ancient god clans had chosen to stay behind, letting the younger generation and lesser families go instead.”

Ri sighed. “So, it’ll take quite a long time, hm...”

“But, Ri... I did think of something else...”

“What’s that?” Ri looked up, curiously.

“Your father is likely not in the universe anymore. In fact, it’s likely that he’s gone for your mother. Have you thought about how powerful the kitsune are?...”

Ri blinked. “Supreme levels beasts... In fact, higher level supreme level beasts. They’re likely past a King God Clan level to begin with. An Emperor God Clan, maybe?”

Dyon nodded before a spatial ring appeared in his hand. It was a ring from he took from the dead Fifth Son, the young man from the Uidah clan that Alidor killed.

“According to information I got from this, the only Emperor God Clans in this quadrant are the Ragnor and Pakal. Aside from that, the Sapientia God Clans are really spread out and of various power levels, then there was the Uidah clan who were only a single universe conquered away from becoming an Emperor God Clan.

“And yet... I see no mention of the Kitsune...”

Ri’s brows furrowed at Dyon’s words. The Kitsune weren’t from the quadrant at all? Were they maybe a small clan that didn’t do much conquering? Or were they really from an entirely separate universe?...

“But then, how did mom and dad meet?...”

Dyon nodded. “That’s the question I had too. But, as I thought about it, there was another problem I found.

“Your father is thousands of years old. And I would assume that your mother is at least hundreds of years old if not thousands herself. And yet, you’re only 18, just like me.”

A look of confusion appeared on Ri's features. Why was this important?

Dyon continued, knowing Ri might have been confused. "Once you think about it for long enough you'll notice something really important is missing... It's a massive loop in all of our understanding actually..."

"Because you're only 18, that means your parents have been in this very universe within the last 18 years. You've met your mom and your dad, enough to even know their face and enough to even know their faces within the Elvin Kingdom itself.

"However, isn't there something wrong with your parents leaving this universe while they're both hundreds if not thousands of years old?"

Dyon's words led Ri, making her realize the conclusion that had been blatantly in their faces all along.

A sudden realization hit Ri. "The gates! Their cultivation is too high to leave this universe through them!"

Chapter 350 Did...?

"But... What does that mean?" Ri settled back down after her realization. As much as she wanted to believe that her parents had to be in this very universe, something wasn't adding up. Plus, they didn't know enough to conclude something like that. At most they could know for sure that Ri's parents didn't leave by normal means.

A sad smile surfaced on Dyon's features. He didn't like seeing Ri in such a sad state, but these were things they had to talk about together. He was a hypocrite when it came to his loved ones. A lot of the time he wanted to carry all of the load and keep things buried inside, but he hated the idea of his friends, or his women especially, having to do so. His decision just months earlier to trust Ri and Madeleine to fight on their own was something that still tore him apart to this very moment.

He knew Ri was safe now, because she lay by his side. In fact, he knew Madeleine was safe too because on his way back, he used Little Lyla's help to find a spatial tear to her. However, he still hated having to find Ri in such an injured state and although Madeleine wasn't hurt when he found her, when he got a good look at the legacy world she was in, he had some pretty troubling guesses as to what her winning could mean...

Dyon sighed, "What we do know is a few things..."

“For one, if your parents are no longer in this universe, they didn’t leave by the gates. No one within the last ten years has conquered a gate, so therefore the cultivation of your parents would be too high to enter one.

“So, with that understanding, we’ve eliminated one possibility, but there are others. If we assume that your parents aren’t here, then that means that there’s some other, novel way, to travel between universes.”

“Is there really such a thing? It doesn’t seem likely...”

Dyon nodded. Ri was right. If people could travel between universes just like that, then what would the gates be there for? And, when you think about the fact that the gates were created by the old man – a person who had transcended and wielded unprecedented power – one would be hard-pressed to justify the existence of such an item. And it became even more unlikely when you considered how weak this universe is... But... There was something nagging at Dyon’s mind.

“You’re right, but there’s something we’re neglecting...”

“You mean how it is my mother got here, right?” This was something Ri had begun pondering as soon as Dyon mentioned the problem with her parents leaving this universe. Because, if there was a problem with them leaving, then there was obviously the vice versa problem...

“Exactly. But, that question leaves more questions than even how your parents disappeared...”

“We don’t know how old your mother was when she came here, so we have no approximation of cultivation. That means she could very well have used normal means to enter.”

“The problem with that would be that there are no Kitsune here... Not that we know of anyway. So, if the Kitsune had come here, why aren’t they here now?”

“True. There’s also something interesting about those questions. Remember when I told you that my master has seals on her memory? And that those seals most likely lock away pieces of information about the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect?”

“Mhm,” Ri nodded.

“Well, one of the things that we’re included in her memory was the oddity of the color of your aurora. This was something I found odd for a long time, in fact it was the main reason it took me so long to figure out you had conflicting constitutions...”

“You mean?”

“Mm. After we met Bas and Liska, I confirmed my theory.

“The characteristic gold color an aurora gets denotes an innate wielder. A white color denotes humanoid species such as the elves and humans. But, beasts have aurora matching their species and species type... Bas’ aurora was a blazing red. Liska’s was a pale silver. And yours is a striking blue.”

“So, you think the Kitsune used to be tied to the Celestial Deer Sect?”

“It’s still too early to conclude that because my master alluded to the Celestial Deer Sect being in conflict with the qilin and dragons because of her husband and Little Black...”

“But, if it was true, it would make sense for a number of reasons. For one, the elves had an alliance with the sect, which means that if the Kitsune were involved, that would likely be how your parents met.

“Secondly, if the Kitsune were in an alliance with the Celestial Deer Sect, it would also explain their disappearance from this universe. If a big war happened, and their side lost, it would be unlikely for them to have survived... Their state could very well be similar to the Celestial Deer Sect. However... There’s a problem with that assumption.”

“Mm. If they’re destroyed, why did my mother leave? Unless we’re assuming incorrectly.”

Dyon laughed. “That’s a possibility. Because of the martial world, whenever a woman disappears and she’s from a strong clan, I automatically think they must have stolen her to marry her off for political gain.”

Ri sighed. "But that's just the sad truth... It happens too often... If you hadn't helped the Elves so much, and I suddenly revealed my talent, even the Grand Elders might have used that as an opportunity to try and sell me off for their benefit..."

Leaning down, Dyon kissed Ri's forehead. "Well that would be the end of them, now wouldn't it?"

A small smile appeared on Ri's delicate lips as she snuggled closer to Dyon, very content with his response.

"But, the truth is that my mother did leave before my father did... If it's not for the assumed reason, then what reason could there be?" Although Ri didn't want to think it, she got a nagging feeling in her heart that made her uncomfortable.

'Did my parents leave because they didn't want to be with me anymore?'