

## The Nameless 351

### Chapter 351 Nice Way

"I know what you're thinking... Well, at least I think I do. But, you've told me too many great memories you have of your mother for me to believe that she left you just because. I'm looking forward to meeting the beautiful Japanese woman that birthed my little feu glace." Dyon smiled, pushing himself up from the bed and kneeling beside Ri.

Dyon shook his head as his eyes scanned Ri's body. He felt like he had never just paused to appreciate it because whenever Ri was in the nude, she was usually pouncing on him – something he couldn't complain about, if he was being honest.

Moonlight trickled in on Ri's soft, silk-like skin as she blushed under Dyon's gaze. It wasn't as though he had never seen her in the state, but this was the first time he was staring so intently. It made her heart skip a few beats.

Dyon large hands started running over Ri's perfect curves absentmindedly, as though he was trying to ingrain her figure into his memory.

Ri was petite, only being about 168cm tall. But, her proportions made Dyon's breathing stagger.

Her breasts weren't large but were supple and soft – still being ample enough to fill even Dyon's large hands.

Her hips were wide and giving, curving to the size of her plump ass to perfection. In fact, Ri's body hadn't changed even one bit since the first time Dyon met her... Even then, when her looks were supposedly average, she had not only made Dyon fall for her, the sway of her hips, the form of her shape, the tone of her body, had all mesmerized Dyon to no end.

"Pervert."

Ri's voice was like the flap of the wings of a butterfly almost losing itself in the wind. But, that only served to transfix Dyon even more. For the fiery Ri to suddenly be so shy and reserved... It was almost liek Dyon was seeing a completely new side of her he had never witnessed before.

What was maybe the most enrapturing about Ri though, were her eyes.

Dyon felt as though he couldn't stop smiling when he looked into them. He had completely forgotten that they had been speaking about an important topic just before this.

Seeing Dyon's gaze and the flex of his toned muscles underneath the soft moon light, Ri felt a faint wetness begin to coat her treasured place. She suddenly felt though the heat she thought had subsided was building up again.

Dyon seemed to notice that the reddening of Ri's skin was no longer due to embarrassment, which made him chuckle to himself lightly as his gaze shifted to her delicate pink folds. Raising his thumb to it, he gently stroked the small patch of hair causing Ri to shift her hips in annoyance as though to say, 'touch it directly you idiot.'

But, Dyon smirked to himself as he didn't comply.

"Let me give you a massage." He reached for Ri's hips, turning her over as he began to gently press into her toned back. His celestial will and aurora trickled in, pouring through Ri's body and causing her to sigh in comfort.

As Ri's breathing became deep and relaxed, Dyon worked his way through her body. Double and Triple checking her injuries were healed to perfection as he enjoyed the softness of her skin.

"What do you mean by Japanese?" Ri said softly, suddenly remembering they had been having a conversation before this.

Dyon had called her mother Japanese, but Ri had no idea what that could mean. How could she have a concept of what was 'Japanese' when this was the Martial World and not the Mortal World?

A sudden realization came over Dyon. He had never thought about it deeply before, but many of the things he had seen in the human world – whether that be cultures, religions and the like – often had representations in the martial world.

When Ri had fixed the conflict in her constitutions, it wasn't just that she had become a beauty worthy of rivaling Madeleine, it was also that she had gained faint Japanese characteristics – or more accurately, what Dyon deemed characteristically Japanese features – reminiscent of someone who shared half of their genes with a parent of that origin.

“The Japanese are a race of people from the mortal realm. One of their legends includes myths about the kitsune. What's interesting is that the way they look is quite similar to how I assume your mother would. And, someone half Japanese from the mortal realm would look a lot like you, too. Although I doubt they'd be as beautiful,” Dyon said teasingly.

Ri giggled lightly. Dyon never seemed serious enough when it came to these things. “So, that must mean that the wills of the martial world heavily influence the mortal world, no?”

Dyon nodded. “That's the best explanation. To share a culture, religion and even some of the same facial features, my best guess would be that although the mortal realm can't cultivate, it can still be effected by the laws of the martial realm.”

This made sense to Dyon. After all, Ri had once told him that part of the reason campaigns were fought was to spread your will. By doing so, your will thus became more powerful. So, if the Kitsune had been here, or were powerful enough elsewhere to have their wills trickle into other universes, then it made sense for a portion of the mortal realm to be affected.

Dyon chuckled to himself. “At this point, I wonder if us mortals ever truly came up with anything on our own. I wonder what were our ideas, and what was just influence from something high above our station.”

“Well, you'll always have your technology. And technically, since you keep finding truth behind the religions and legends so many believe, doesn't that mean you're all technically right?”

A thoughtful expression appeared on Dyon's features.

“All technically right, huh? Well, that's one way to think about it,” Dyon smiled. “Actually, that's quite a nice way to put it...”

Chapter 352 Both

“That said,” Ri giggled to herself, “if you find a martial clan who are more expert at the use of computers than you are, I think it would be about time to give up.”

Dyon’s hands continued to glide along Ri’s back as he laughed. That would indeed be heart breaking. If that was the case, would mortals have ever really done anything on their own? If even their best accomplishments were just thanks to trickle of will from powerful beings, that would be kind of sad.

“But, you never finished your thought, Dyon...” Ri’s back tensed a bit under Dyon’s fingers, causing him to slow his pace. “If not for the reasons I thought, why would my mother leave, then?”

Taking a deep breath, Dyon answered. “If I’m going to be honest, I don’t know. I can only guess...”

“If the Kitsune were here before the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect, then it likely means your mother didn’t leave for typical reasons.

“If Elder Daiyu’s reaction is to be trusted, the Daiyu clan doesn’t have any dao formation experts remaining. This means that there shouldn’t be anyone among the Celestial Deer Sect’s enemies that we know of, that could rival the combination of your mother and father... Which means the reason they left likely doesn’t have to do with threats from this universe either...”

“But, there’s just too much guess work involved. I have no way of knowing if the Elder Daiyu was lying or not, and I have no way of knowing if the Daiyu are even the only clan we have to worry about. If I remember correctly, my master said the Daiyu clan was just one of their enemies, and if you take into account how powerful a Kitsune-Celestial Deer Sect alliance would be, then the idea of just one clan taking them down sounds absolutely ridiculous.”

Dyon sighed in frustration. “We just don’t know enough...”

Although Dyon didn’t say it, there was something else weighing on his mind.

The words that Elder Daiyu left just didn’t sit well with him. Even with the knowledge he gained from his grand teacher, the way Elder Daiyu said it was as though knowledge of what happened would make Dyon shift his allegiances from where they were... As though it would make him sympathize with the Daiyu?

If Dyon knew that Elder Daiyu had lost centuries of his life, life he had previously gained by having tempered his body with enigmatic energy of the Dao Formation stage, he would have felt even more strongly about this unsettling feeling. Why would Elder Daiyu risk saying something with such a heavy penalty unless it was just that important to him?... So important he couldn't control his emotions even in the face of aging that much?...

The world was painted in greys... Was it really a certainty that Dyon just happened to become the successor of a clan that also happened to be in the right?... Would he feel the same way had he become the disciple of a Daiyu clan member instead?...

Sure, he hated the Daiyu not just because of the Celestial Deer Sect, but also because of what they had almost helped happen to Madeleine. If it wasn't for the Daiyu, Kami Akihiko would have never had the technique necessary to take Madeleine's talent and Dyon would have never had to fall out with the Kami God Clan, almost die, or risk his life at all.

However, how could Dyon know whether or not the Celestial Deer Sect had ever done something horrible in their long history? Was he meant to believe that in its many millennia of existence, no one of the Celestial Deer Sect had ever done something comparably horrible? ... He would be naïve in thinking so...

That said, Dyon did have a cheat he could use to figure this all out... He just wasn't willing to use it... Little Lyla was much too young to have to be involved in such things.

Although Dyon didn't know about the treaty, even if he did it wouldn't matter. Little Lyla wasn't born at the time and is therefore not bound by it. The reason the old man couldn't tell Dyon, even though he had the power to surpass the treaty because he was of comparable strength to its creator, was because there was still a connection between him and the treaty. Meaning, even if the treaty wouldn't affect him, it would affect Dyon by proxy of the old man's connection to it.

However, Little Lyla wouldn't have this problem... She wasn't tethered to the connection and although the treaty could bind the words spoken, it couldn't bind thoughts. If it did, wouldn't Madeleine's master or Elder Daiyu die every time they thought of the treaty?

This ultimately meant that all Little Lyla had to do was be present during a questioning... But, was it worth it?... To Dyon, the answer was no.

Dyon sighed. "Let's talk about something else."

"Like?"

Dyon grinned. "Your body."

Ri giggled, "Can't you not be a perv, for once?"

"Well excuse me Ms. 'Dyon, I feel hot'."

"Hmph, making fun of your wife's libido is a good way to shut it off."

"Shut it off?" Dyon wrapped his leg over Ri to sit on her soft thighs.

Suddenly feeling a thick and heated rod slap onto her cheeks as rough and strong hands continued to massage her back, Ri's heat started steadily climbing again.

Ri pouted. "So I let you win a few rounds, now you're getting cocky?"

Dyon grinned, sliding his hands down to Ri's ass to press its soft flesh into and around his cock. "Sure, if you can call an entire day 'a few rounds'."

"Hmph, how'd you go from helping me heal and clear my meridians to bullying me."

"Well, okay. I'll give you two choices. I could go back to helping you heal and get comfortable with your new faith seed awakening. Or, I could show you how I won those 'few rounds' again."

Ri didn't respond, instead sliding her ass up until Dyon tip rested just at the edge of her entrance.

Dyon couldn't help but gulp at the sight, but the sensation of Ri's delicate juices coating him ever so slightly made him want to thrust forward all at once.

"I choose both." Ri turned her head back, smiling to herself at Dyon's entranced gaze before lowering herself onto him.

Chapter 353 I Don't Know What You Mean

"Stoop," Ri wiggled out of the large bed, avoiding Dyon's evil hands.

They had woken up relatively late in that morning and Ri wanted to get moving. She had never been to Arena City before, and more importantly, had yet to be on a real date with Dyon.

Dyon had told her that Uncle Acacia had come to see her and took Little Lyla and Zaire back with him. Also, Delia had insisted on going off to train on her own before the World Tournament, so right now, it was just the two of them. Everyone else was either elsewhere in Arena City, or had gone back to the Elvin Kingdom to recuperate.

But, because Ri had said she was sore this morning, Dyon had used that as an excuse to use his aurora to heal her. But, in typical perverted fashion, he had almost gotten too handsy.

Dyon chuckled to himself. "Okay. Let's go out today."

Truth be told, Dyon wanted to do this as well. After all, the only way he'd find information of the Viridi family was by going out.

On that front, there were a few things Dyon had learned.

For one, the Ragnor family was the only God Clan that made excessive use of slaves. Although this was odd to Dyon, when he thought back to Red and Blue and their scarred features, his heart couldn't help but tremble in anger at the thought of the Ragnor clan mutilating Eli, Uncle Ail and Venus.

However, there was another important point. The Ragnor Clan always seemed to be making odd moves. The more than a year Dyon had spent away from this world had almost made him forget that, but now, it was once again in full display.

They had asked the Elvin Kingdom for nothing but transcendent stones for passage into this universe. They started a war with the Pakal for a seemingly not so useful technique. They forgave large portions of the Storm family, despite them having defected and left a stain on their family. And yet, maybe the least covert oddity was their slavery trade.

It wasn't that the martial world was on a moral high-horse, abstaining from oppressive slavery. But... The Ragnor God Clan was probably the only instance of such a relatively powerful clan dabbling in such things.

That aside, Dyon had learned another thing of importance.

The God Clans were situated near the center of the martial world, which was essentially a large continent of the side of the world opposite to the mortal world.

Each God Clan had a piece of territory surrounding the large natural moat of the Royal God Clan. Currently, they were in Arena city – coined as such for the massive Chaos Arenas they housed.

Madeleine had told Dyon about these a long time ago. They were built by the Cavositas God Clan and were essentially places where warriors could fight for money, prestige, and a chance to join the Cavositas Clan should they want to.

So, it went without saying that Arena City was in the territory of the Cavositas. But, the reason Dyon had settled here was twofold. For one, this was where the world tournament would be taking place. Because of their love of battles, the Cavositas also had the best facilities to host such an event. The second reason was that this was the easiest place to not be detected while investigating where the Viridi family were.

The Cavositas were not shy about their ties with the Ragnor family, so it was likely that some of the Cavositas facilities were used to help the Ragnor's businesses. Also, with the influx of people coming to Arena City for the tournament, Dyon's poking around would be less noticeable.

It wasn't that he wanted to hide the fact he was here, and he wasn't scared of even the top elders of the Ragnor because of his puppets. But, if the Ragnor knew what he was looking for, it might make the situation worse for the Viridi, and that wasn't something Dyon wanted to see.



Leaping up after Ri, Dyon playfully tickled her shapely waist as she sent her mind into her spatial ring, seemingly looking for something to wear.

Through her giggling, Ri slapped Dyon's hands away. "What do you think? Sweat pants date? How romantic it is for you to be taking me to a bloody arena."

Leaning back onto the bed, Dyon shook his head. He could tell Ri wanted to wear something else. After all, she had been fighting for months on end – it was very likely she wanted something as far removed from that as possible.

"I'll be doing the fighting, if necessary. In fact, I'll dress up for you too. I'm sure considering how popular the Chaos Arenas are, there's good places for entertainment seating."

Ri smiled brightly. It seemed Dyon always told her what she wanted to hear.

Just a few months back, she had never thought she'd feel so good just by Dyon letting the Elves know that she was his. So, her heart fluttered at the thought of him doing so with the entire martial world.

Although she was now told that she had become exceedingly beautiful, a small part of her was still attached to that old Ri. Sometimes she even wondered if she would trust Dyon's love for her had he not made it clear that he wanted her even before seeing her true appearance. However, even with those thoughts, Dyon always seemed to settle her doubts... In fact, it was so easy for him that something Ri thought he was the true empath and not Little Lyla.

Strong arms lifted Ri up, causing her to gasp in surprise.

"Pervert." Ri giggled as she noticed Dyon swing her into bridal position. But, his hand had conveniently wrapped around to rest on her breast.

Dyon grinned, "I don't know what you mean."

Ri could only roll her eyes as Dyon brought them into the room's bathing space.

## Chapter 354 For a Reason

A while later, Dyon sat on the edge of the bed watching Ri get ready.

In the martial world, there was an odd mix of modern and what seemed like ancient clothing. There were qipaos, changpaos and kimonos – even including ancient clothing from non-eastern mortal realm cultures – and yet there were also a lot like Delia who wore clothes that would make them nearly indistinguishable from the current mortal realm population.

In the end, Dyon chalked this up to the leaking of wills influencing the mortal realm again. After all, it made little sense to think was the vice versa. Why would the martial world take stock in trends of the mortal realm – a place many of them despised? Even Delia had labeled him a commoner when they first met.

So, to please Ri, Dyon wore dark jeans and a white turtle neck sweater, and long black coat the reached to his knees. It was suffice to say that Dyon didn't like having to dress like this, the whole concept was ridiculous to him. But, he couldn't very well wear sweat pants when Ri was shining so brightly.

Turning back toward Dyon, Ri blushed under his gaze. "Does it look okay?"

"Perfect..." Dyon answered absentmindedly.

Ri was only wearing a minimalistic, thin strap blue dress that stopped just barely above her knees and a white knitted poncho. However, the dress clung tightly to her curves, making Dyon's gaze heat up.

Ri smiled, walking to Dyon and pulling him up, "Let's go, then."

Dyon didn't even manage to regain his senses until they had walked out of the door. Ri's long blue-silver hair, the purity of her eyes and the perfection of her curves was almost too much. Couple that with the fact her delicate and soft shoulders were exposed as the poncho slipped down and Dyon felt like staying in again.

Ignoring the entranced glances they got walking through the inn lobby, Ri dragged Dyon out of the entrance to step onto a cobbled road.

Getting a good look around, Arena City was definitely much larger than the Elvin City. Even the 'inn' they had been in was only called as such because of odd disconnect between mortal and martial world language. In fact, the supposed 'inn' would be known as a hotel in the mortal realm. It had more than ten stories and the room Dyon and Ri had been in was a suite on the top floor.

Not knowing which direction to head in, Dyon's eyes flashed in a purple gold as he searched for a dense center of fighting spirit and martial experts. Not long after, his eyes trained on the tallest pagoda he had ever seen.

It was entirely black, and the tiles looked sharp enough to cut even the strongest of experts. In fact, the tower was so tall that Dyon could see its peak even while looking past the inn they had been staying in.

"That way." Dyon said with a light smile, shifting his hand to grip Ri's.

During their walk, Ri seemed oblivious to the gazes she was receiving. She was too transfixed on Dyon. The way they laughed and talked with each other seemed so natural that even this small interaction made Ri's heart warm.

"What do you mean Uncle Acacia was acting weird?" Ri asked playfully. She found it funny that Dyon was teasing her uncle but was also very happy that Dyon was getting along with her family.

"The entire time I spent with him was odd. He was shifty – always looking around as though someone was going to sneak up on him. Even when he took Zaire and Little Lyla away, he propped them up on his shoulders and flashed away at top speed even though he could have just walked."

Ri grinned. "You know what that means, don't you?"

Dyon looked down at Ri as they thought of the same thing. "His woman is here." They said almost simultaneously.

Ri giggled lightly. "I've always wondered who she was."

“She must be quite powerful if Uncle Acacia is so worried about being found. What do you think happened between them?”

After a bit of pondering, Ri responded with a shrug. “I’m not sure. All I know is that their relationship wasn’t a secret to the older elves, or else it wouldn’t have been so easy to sell me as his daughter.”

“Hm, but if she’s too powerful, and the elders know about her, it may have been odd to them that you were allowed to stay with Uncle Acacia for so long. Then again, you disappeared from the public eye a lot.”

“Mm. What I do know, though, is that I don’t think it ended well for them...”

Dyon remained silent as Ri collected her thoughts, it seemed that this was important to her.

“Uncle never treated me poorly. In fact, he treated me exactly how he would a daughter. Even now, he dotes on me unconditionally.

“But, it always seemed as though the love he showed me was about more than just my being his niece. Of course, he loved me for that, and he highly respects my dad. After all, that’s his big brother. But...”

“You think there was some part of him that wished you really were his daughter by that love of his?”

Ri smiled, wrapping her arms around Dyon’s. “You read my mind too well. He loves her, but he never talks about her. Yet, at the same time, it’s almost like a fantasy world of his and I’m a character in his dream.

I always wonder how he’d react if he ever met her again.”

“Maybe we’ll have to play cupid then. After all, we have a cheat code.”

Ri’s eyes widened before she started laughing, “Only you would call your little sister a cheat code.

The idea of a little girl bringing together powerful saint level experts sounds adorable, though.”

Dyon smiled, already devising a scheme. Sacharro meant sugar for a reason, after all.

#### Chapter 355 Chaos Arena

Soon, Ri and Dyon reached the entrance of the Chaos Arena.

There was a neat and orderly line filled with what looked like fairly rich individuals. Well, more than seemed. The entrance fee was in saint stones – something Dyon was fully aware no one on the level of what Focus Academy had been on, or even those on the level of the Big Sects, could afford.

Unfortunately, Dyon didn't know much about the hierarchy of clans, especially those between the levels of the Big Sects and the God Clans. He was absolutely certain that there had to be those bridging the gap. After all, the most powerful experts of the God Clans were of the Celestial realm, and yet the big sects only had essence gathering experts to follow. Logic dictated that there was an in between and it was likely that much of these people were of that in between.

Soon, Ri and Dyon made it to the front.

A tired young man with heavy bags under his eyes stood at a podium-like structure next to the entrance. Without even looking up, he began his same monotone speech.

“Welcome to the Chaos tour. Payment is based on cultivation level as well as the level of access you want. If you are powerful you pay less, no negotiations.”

Dyon remained silent, allowing the young man to continue.

The business plan of Chaos Arena was simple. Although they had many fighters prepped, they also like an audience participation element as well. Therefore, it was more benefit to them should the experts be powerful, thus why they lowered the cost for more powerful individuals.

That said, observers were well within their rights to turn down challenges and just enjoy the show, should they choose. After all, Chaos Arena doubled as an entertainment center for the martial world.

“VIP areas are accessible only to notable officials of the martial continent, or members of the God Clans. Please be aware of this and avoid such areas should you not have the background to do so, or else Chaos Area security will be forced to take action.

“Lastly, there are special rules in place due to the coming world tournament. We have many more tourists, and even powerful clans coming from the other four planets. It is best to be cautious and patient when you see a new face. This is not only for your benefit, but for the good and peace of Chaos Arena.

“I don’t sense any cultivation from either you two, so the fee is 10 saint stones each.”

Dyon sighed. 10 saint stones was an exorbitant price to others, but it meant nothing to him. That said, he didn’t feel like paying more just because his cultivation was too pure for the Chaos Arena employee to sense.

“Check again.” Dyon said faintly. His essence energy projected from himself, blanketing the area around him.

The eyes of the young man snapped up, his eyes widening when he senses how young Dyon was.

You have to remember... To many of the martial continent, surpassing even the ninth level of meridian formation was impossible... So, for Dyon to release his cultivation to the extreme like this, all people felt was the pressure of an Essence Gathering expert.

And not just a normal essence gathering expert. The density of Dyon’s essence energy was comparable to a 7th grade expert at the peak of their essence gathering cultivation. In fact, it was ever purer and denser than that.

When that was couple with Dyon’s youth, the young man couldn’t help but shiver. He didn’t even dare to look at Ri despite how beautiful she was.

This young man that he had never seen before, could very well be one of the experts from the four other planets he was talking about...

Shaking his head profusely, the young man apologized again and again. "No payment sir, no payment. I apologize."

When the young man had said payment was based on cultivation level, he had neglected to highlight how cultivation level was tied with age. If an old man with one foot in the grave had stepped up with Dyon's level of cultivation, he would have had to pay the full 10 stones. However, Dyon was a talent. And what more could the Chaos Arena want?

Smiling, Dyon walked through the large black doors and into a lobby area with a few elevator door heading to various levels.

"Let's head to the VIP areas," Dyon said, looking at Ri.

Ri pouted. "Your cultivation is really scary you know. I should be practicing instead of having fun."

"Don't be like that," Dyon said playfully, "I still remember when you were beating me up."

"Hmph, give me more time and an old man to help me cheat, then I'll be right back to that."

Ri, of course, said this in jest. She was fully aware of the grueling process Dyon went through to earn his meridians. In fact, many might not have even remained sane after experiencing something like that. And yet, here was Dyon, smiling as brightly as ever and only seemingly only caring about the others around him. It wasn't lost on Ri how well Dyon treated her and how thoughtful he was.

"If I didn't get more powerful, how would I survive your attacks?"

Ri blushed adorably at Dyon's innuendo, her canines shining through slightly, through her smile. "Pervert." Changing the subject, Ri continued. "Are you sure we should go to the VIP area?"

Dyon chuckled. "I think you're forgetting something very very very important."

"Hm?" Ri looked up at Dyon, confused.

“The guy said important officials and God Clan members, no?”

Ri’s eyes twinkled with a sudden realization, she couldn’t help but giggle to herself. She really had forgotten something quite important. But, that was more so because she was used to completely hiding her identity.

“Who could be more of an affirmed God Clan member than the Princess of the Elvin Kingdom? Plus, her husband is quite dashing, so of course he also deserves a seat.”

Ri rolled her eyes, “Okay, Mr. Jaws. Let’s go.”

Chapter 356 Understood

Scanning the Elevator Lobby, Dyon saw quite a few. Each seemed to have its own floor cap, and Dyon assumed that only the elevators able to reach the top floor would lead to the VIP areas.

From what he knew about the Chaos Arenas, there were many fighting stages. However, that was only when the fights had little investment attached to them. It would essentially be like a free for all, where even ten or more battles could be taking place at once.

Within Chaos Arena, there were of course rankings separated by cultivation level that many fought to improve in.

It was also likely that with the World Tournament happening, the Cavositas God Clan would put some special events in place. This would mean that maybe the free for all would only be appetizers for some lucrative main events.

With a smile, Dyon and Ri walked to an elevator at the far end of the large lobby. It, unsurprisingly, had the fewest people hovering around it, waiting for the receptionist to let them in.

“Why can’t we go in! I’ll have you know my father is a reputable official in the Royal God Clan Bank. I have no need to be a member of the main clan to go in! I’ve been here before!”



A young man's face burned in a rage as he bared down on a deadpan young lady. She didn't seem too impressed by his display. After years of dealing with the most prestigious clans and young masters and mistresses there were, the idea of dealing with the son of a mere banker didn't seem all that daunting to her.

"I've already explained. Unless you are among the top 100 cumulative rankers, or a plus one of them, you won't be allowed in to the VIP area for the foreseeable future. The only exception is if you happen to have the cultivation of a saint, which you clearly don't. If you don't want to have to deal with our security, it's best that you leave."

The young man trembled, but it seemed to be more in embarrassment than anything else. He had promised his friends to bring them to the VIP area. In fact, he had even brought a young lass he was trying to win over. And yet now, here he was, being embarrassed by some no-name.

Dyon and Ri remained silent, waiting for their turn. Although Ri had wanted to pull back after she heard the requirements, Dyon simply winked at her causing her to look at him in confusion.

Top 100 rankers was already hard enough to reach. But, top 100 in the cumulative rankings was an entirely different beast.

The cumulative rankings took into account not just Earth, but the other four planets as well. Which meant, unless you were in the top 20 in your universe, it was unlikely that you'd make the cumulative rankings.

The truth was that Dyon had no idea what their rankings were. In fact, he hadn't even gotten a chance to ask Ri how the rankings worked. But, he wanted to use this opportunity to see if he could catch a glance at the list. He was interested in knowing if he or Ri had done enough.

Seeing that he wasn't getting anywhere, the young man turned back to leave, unwilling to have to deal with the Cavositas family. Although the security would be low ranking members of their family, they would still be a lot more powerful than he or his friends could handle.

But, when he turned back to see his supposed friends snickering behind his back, his anger rose to a new level.

His fists and jaw clenched as he walked away, heading toward another elevator. Well, that was until he noticed Dyon and Ri standing nearby behind him, chatting away happily.

Although his eyes sparkled when he saw Ri, much to the anger of the woman he had had been trying to woo, what he was really focused on was Dyon.

He, the son of a high-ranking man, had been forced to leave. And yet, there was this kid he had never seen here?

At first, he thought that maybe Dyon was from another planet. That would explain why he had never seen him before. But, he sensed no cultivation from Dyon. So, even if he was from another universe, there was no way he'd be in the top 100.

Seeing an opportunity to relieve some of his frustration, the young man sneered. "Didn't you hear what the receptionist said? If I can't get in, what made you think it was your turn?"

The young man puffed out his chest, seemingly trying to seem superior to impress not only his date, but hopefully pull Ri into his friend group as well.

"Don't worry young lady. Although I'm not allowed to enter the VIP areas now, there are other high-level areas that haven't been closed off to me. I can bring you to the sub-VIP layers."

Dyon said nothing, instead looking at Ri's reaction with amusement playing his features. She was his little feu glace for a reason, this young man was digging out his own grave.

"Fuck off." Ri glared at the young man before ignoring him and pulling Dyon along to the receptionist.

The young man could only watch with a stunned look on his face as Dyon's shoulder just barely brushed past his. He hesitated, a look of embarrassment reddening his features as he went to reach out.

But then, he suddenly felt like he had fallen into an abyss of hell.

Dyon shot a glance behind him as he walked forward with Ri, a faint demonic will dripping from him.

The young man's knees buckled as he almost lost his balance. He didn't understand what was going on. Why did he feel as though the young man in front of him was unfathomable?

However, he didn't get a chance to think of it any more. Dyon treated him as though he was just passing over a bug he didn't feel like going out of his way to crush.

There's always a mountain beyond a mountain and a sky beyond the sky... It wasn't until that moment that the young man understood.

Chapter 357 Six

Reaching the podium, Dyon noticed a faint look of interest on the receptionist's face. She rarely saw men as handsome as Dyon, but that wasn't what captured her. There seemed to be something deeper about him. A fact that wasn't lost on someone like her who dealt with a lot of fakes everyday.

However, when she noticed Ri's raised eyebrow at her gaze, she could only shift away from Dyon with a faint red blushing her cheeks.

Dyon smiled, pretending not to notice that small interaction. Ri probably wouldn't normally be so territorial, but it seemed a lot of things had subtly shifted with the full awakening of her faith seed. A female beast would definitely be a lot more protective.

Clearing her throat awkwardly, the receptionist began her introduction. "As you probably heard, we aren't allowing non-saint experts in unless you've reached the top 100 of the cumulative rankings. Sorry for the inconvenience."

Dyon nodded before his eyes flashed in gold.

Ri blinked, noticing what Dyon had done. With her awakened aurora, and Dyon not particularly trying to hide it from her, she had noticed him shift his tracker from himself to her while changing the name back to Alexandria Acacia.

Immediately realizing what Dyon meant, Ri nodded. "Can you check for us please, we're honestly not sure."

The receptionist tilted her head in confusion. Who wouldn't be aware of something so outstanding? Being among the top 100 was a great honor and something families would be pining over. Was it really possible for not one, but two people to be unaware of such a thing?

That said, she had no way of knowing that Ri had spent the last few weeks sleeping and that Dyon had been accompanying her. Ri couldn't check, and Dyon wasn't in a mind state to care.

However, the receptionist suddenly remembered a commotion that had happened after the end of the most recent campaign. There had been a few new names, but maybe the most shocking was that the largest leap in ranking history had occurred. And the worst part? No one had ever heard of them.

That's right... It hadn't been one person with a record-breaking leap... The record had been broken by again and again and then yet again. More than ten people had had unprecedented leaps, and many of them were unknowns. On top of that, it seemed that many of them were from this very universe and two of them had names no one had ever heard of.

Clearing her throat again, the receptionist asked a probing question. "What clan do you represent?..."

Ri brought her hand to her hair, lightly sweeping it behind her ear to reveal a pointed ear that may not have been as long as some other elves but was definitely much more pointed than it would be for a human.

"I represent the Acacia family of the Elvin Kingdom." Ri said with a light smile.

Suddenly, the sound of a dull thump resounded behind Ri and Dyon.

Looking back, Dyon raised an eyebrow as he noticed the young man that had been annoying them before had fallen to his knees. 'What's wrong with this guy?'

But, when he looked back, he noticed that the receptionist had paled.

“W-What’s y-your name?” The normally calm receptionist seemed to have lost all semblance of her once cool personality. She couldn’t help but shift her gaze away from Ri, staring at a screen on the podium she stood behind.

Ri tilted her head in confusion, but still answered. “Alexandria Acacia.”

Dyon’s eyes turn a gold flecked with red and purple for an instant as he scanned through the podium and at the list the receptionist was looking down, quickly memorizing it.

A light laugh escaped Dyon. “It seems my little feu glace is quite amazing.”

The eyes of the receptionist widened at Dyon’s form of address. ‘He gave the princess of the Elvin Kingdom a pet name? Who is he? Could he be?...’

“I-I’m sorry to ask this, but I need to use your tracker as confirmation or else I won’t be able to open the elevator door for you and your...”

“Husband.” Ri smiled, seemingly prouder about her answer to the receptionist than she had been about the reactions she was getting.

Ri had long since stopped calling Dyon her fiancé. In the Martial World, there weren’t as many legal bindings on husband and wife and usually only consummation was necessary. However, even that was more socially constructed than concrete fact. As long as two accepted each other, that was enough.

With how many planets and universes there were, it was impossible to maintain a singular and uniform system. Knowing this, Dyon had accepted and stepped into the role happily.

Suddenly, with Ri’s words, the lobby quietened significantly. People had already been paying attention due to the yelling young man, but with Ri’s reveal as the Elvin Princess, many finally got to put a face to her legend.

Alexandria Acacia. The only woman other than Madeleine Sapiencia that had burst onto Earth's ranking list during her first campaign.

Alexandria Acacia. The princess to an Elvin Kingdom that had once rivaled the Belmont family.

Alexandria Acacia. The daughter to a man many thought was the most powerful in this universe...

She hadn't appeared in more than decade, but here she was. And she had not only appeared by herself, but with a young man of near unmatched aura... A young man she called her husband.

In a lot of ways people were as curious about who Dyon was as they were about Ri.

But, all thought of Dyon was completely erased when eyes finally landed on Ri. The room suddenly lost a collective breath and the hearts of many skipped...

Many never thought they'd ever see a beauty to rival Madeleine. And yet, in just the past few days, they had seen four others. And now, Ri made the fifth. The five beauties of the universe had suddenly becoming a domineering six...

Chapter 358 Alone

The receptionist didn't seem to know what to do with herself anymore.

If Ri was in the top 100, that would already be hard enough to accept. But her rank? It just didn't make any sense. And for her to reach that rank after just a single campaign?... It was unprecedented.

Stories of this past campaign had been spreading like wild fire. In fact, the receptionist even knew the name of the young man, or what his name should be – Dyon Sacharro. But, his name wasn't on the list! Only Ri's was!

'There were so many stories about him though... Were they exaggerated?...'

Dyon didn't seem to mind the receptionist's scrutiny of him. Only a few people knew what name he campaigned under and only Ri knew what he had done to earn the rank he sat at now.

With a smile, Dyon brought Ri into the elevator, ignoring the stares as the black doors closed and they began moving slowly upward.

Unable to hold in her curiosity, Ri looked up at Dyon with her blue-silver eyes, seemingly questioning him with her gaze.

Dyon grinned. "You want to know what rank you are?"

"I want to know what rank you are." Ri said seriously. She was well aware that whatever rank she had was due to Dyon siphoning away his deeds to her. She didn't like that.

No one knew more than Madeleine and Ri how important stamping his name down on the Martial was to Dyon. It was Dyon's goal to leave the biggest impact in memory of his parents.

Ri didn't have a goal like that, she only wanted to find her father and mother to complete her family. Something like rank didn't matter to her. And yet, Dyon had still done what he did.

Dyon wiggled his arm out of Ri's grasp to wrap his hand around her slim and curved waist. "I've changed my perspective on a lot of things," Dyon said softly.

"Even before this campaign started, I decided to campaign under the name Demon Sage, not to hide myself away, but to repay a man that gave up a lot for me. I owe a lot of people a lot of things, and although I won't take the demon sage as my master, I still feel the need to repay him by taking up his name.

"Demon Sage wasn't his original name. It was a title he gave himself in self-mockery. He was a man who wanted to do good but ended up sacrificing almost everyone important to himself to do so.

"I don't take up the Demon Sage title to follow in his footsteps. It's as a thank you for the reminder he gives me. A reminder that I'm still trying my best to remember everyday.

“I want to save all those dear to me, but I have to do it the right way. I have to be reflective on the consequences of my actions, and aware that maybe a win for me, isn’t necessarily a win for everyone else.”

Dyon shifted himself to stand in front of Ri as the elevator continued to slowly make itself upward, sliding his hands to rest on her hips.

“However, at the same time, I also don’t want the people who I care for to get lost in the nonsense of it all. The points I siphoned to you is nothing more or less than what you deserve.

“You spent months fighting with no rest. Slaying tens of thousands of basilisks on your own despite your disparity in cultivation. I only gave you the points you didn’t have a tracker to count for you.”

Ri listened silently to Dyon’s words, lost in the passion of his eyes as her small hands rested on his chest.

“Alright,” She said softly. “Then what ranks are we?”

A playful smile appeared on Dyon’s face. “My little fei’s rank is in the top 30.”

Ri blinked.

“Top 30?” Suddenly Ri lightly pounded Dyon’s chest with her small fists. “You liar! You said you didn’t give me any more than what I earned!”

Dyon chuckled. “I really didn’t! I swear!”

What Ri had forgotten was how much the battle with the Phantus clan had swung things for degree of difficulty. Not only were the Scaled Elephants ranked highly in difficult beasts to kill, Ri had played a key part in taking down eleven of them simultaneously.

Then, with barely over a hundred other allies, Ri had survived the onslaught on hundreds of thousands of basilisks. In that span of time, those hundred had cut down the nearly four hundred thousand



basilisks to a mere ninety thousand. And, Ri herself? She had been responsible for the death of at least twenty thousand. Because of the focus the army placed on the demon generals, Ri usually had much more freedom to maneuver. But, that wasn't even the most potent point. With Ri's void will, dealing with large numbers was vastly easier for than others.

So, when Dyon had come back to save her, those tens of thousands of basilisks he had taken out were all slid under Ri's name. With the additional boost provided by causing the retreat of the Uidah King God Clan, Ri might have gotten a slight boost, but not large enough for a drastic rank change.

In the end, Dyon had stuck to his word. He really did only give Ri what she earned. However, to avoid having to do this on a later date, he used the configuration of his own tracker, to make on for Ri as well.

Thinking of something, Ri stopped hitting Dyon. "Wait. If I'm top 30, what about you? You know what, forget you, what about Big Sister Madeleine, I don't care about you anymore you liar."

Dyon smiled to himself, lightly stroking Ri's hair and shifting back to her side. "Madeleine is in the top 20. I'm a lucky man."

Because this was Madeleine's second campaign, her accumulated merits had gained her a higher rank.

Every year, for every new campaign, some would retire and give up their high spots, allowing the young to slide upwards. Thus resulting in a natural cycle that balanced accumulated merit, and new merit.

Ri rolled her eyes at the grin on Dyon's face as the elevator came to a steady stop.

The truth was, they didn't need to talk about Dyon's ranking... The answer was already clear to them.

Even if you ignored Dyon's actions afterward, he had been directly responsible for the death of four hundred thousand enemy warriors in a single sweeping action. He had been the main reason the lotus alliance even survived for so to begin with.

But then, there was another even more important point...

Dyon had done something no one in modern history had done... He conquered Epistemic Tower. Alone.

Chapter 359 Rank

The tension in the Chaos Arena VIP area was palpable. With the prestige of entire planets on their backs, the top 100 cumulative rankers were almost in no mood whatsoever to be enjoying entertainment. That said, there were always exceptions to rules, because despite the thick layer of apprehension, the room itself still remained quite lively.

Planet Naiad. Planet Mino. Planet Nix. Planet Deimos. Planet Earth. They were all approaching a once in a century tournament and each was confident in their own victory.

That said, Dyon and Ri didn't seem to particularly care. They smiled as though nothing was happening and chatted with each other lightly even as they walked to past the elevator door and to the entrance to find yet another receptionist.

However, this receptionist seemed far past the norm. It was suffice to say that he wouldn't be cowering in the face of Ri's name. If he really was the only representation the Chaos Arena had here, and they were allowing saint level experts up, there was no more needed to be said about his power.

Completely ignoring Dyon's presence, the receptionist nodded toward Ri before stepping into the already opened doors and into an elegant lounging area, expecting Dyon and Ri to follow him.

Although Ri wasn't very happy about Dyon's treatment, Dyon himself didn't mind. It wasn't as though he was trying to keep his identity as the Demon Sage secret, it was only that he hadn't known until just recently what his rank was. He had only temporally transferred his tracker into Ri in order to duplicate one for her.

However, it was better this way. He'd be able to separate who was truly dangerous and who wasn't much easier. If you weren't intelligent enough to understand that he was more than what met the eye, you wouldn't be worth his time.

The lobby area was interestingly designed. Surprisingly, the room was almost like a sheer cliff. The entire center of Chaos Arena was hollow, peering down to the Arenas below. The surrounding space was filled with circular tables and a combination of semi-circular and near circular couches. Since it was just the two of them, meaning Ri and Dyon, it would likely make the most sense for them to sit at a small table with a semi-circular couch.

Although Dyon's mind was thinking about trivial things like that as he followed the receptionist while chatting with Ri, to everyone who was already inside the VIP area, their gazes immediately focused on their approaching figures, quietening down slightly.

"What name would you like to register your fighter under?" The receptionist asked Ri, finally sending a glance toward Dyon.

"Fighter? He's not my fighter. He's my husband." Ri's brows furrowed at the questioning of the receptionist.

For the first time, a flash of emotion appeared on the face of the receptionist. He had noticed Ri and Dyon's intimate interactions, but it wasn't odd for powerful women to use handsome men to sate their own desires. So, the receptionist had just assumed that Dyon doubled as a sex-friend and a fighter. After all, the goal of today's special events was to pit the rankers head to head without actually spoiling the outcome of the coming tournament.

Of course, it wasn't mandatory to participate. Watching was definitely allowed. But, the receptionist had just made the wrong assumption.

"I see." The receptionist said, quickly recovering. He sent a second look toward Dyon, trying to see what it is he had missed. But, he sensed nothing coming from either Ri or Dyon. For Ri, her ranking made up for what the receptionist assumed was a lack of cultivation. But, Dyon had no such fallback.

A robust laugh came from the corner of room. "Imagine a man having to rely on his wife to do things. If you marry your fighters so easily, beautiful miss, why not let me be your fighter too!"

A large man with tanned skin sat on a couch much too small for him to fit properly. He was surrounded by others with tanned skin as well. Dyon immediately realized that they weren't from Earth, but there was something distinctly Middle Eastern about them.

Dyon's eyes faintly glanced over the large man. He was probably three meters tall and his waist was seemingly a meter thick to its own. But, he was worthless. Dyon barely spared him a glance before he scanned the rest at the table.

Disregarding all those that weren't worth his time, Dyon immediately picked out six troublesome characters. But, the problem was, everywhere his eyes shifted, he began to pick out more and more. And yet, there was one striking thing that caught him off guard... They were the only ones from Earth here.

Seeing Dyon's disregard, a rage built up in the heart of the large man. But, what was most interesting was the reaction of a beauty that shared the section with the Middle Eastern lookalikes.

Her beauty was breathtaking. Her skin was a healthy and shining bronze. Her hair was a jet and straight black, and yet her eyes were a cool dark blue. Her features were sharp and her nose was pointed, but her traditional dress style seemed to be what took her already outstanding features to a new level.

She looked like an Egyptian Queen. Wearing a linen dress embroidered with rich gold and jewels, and yet maintaining a minimalistic and conservative smile.

And yet, Dyon had spared her but a glance.

In fact, there were three other beauties of that level in this very room. And each and every one received a glance of pure nonchalance. However, when Dyon turned to reassure Ri that he didn't mind such ridiculous words, the twinkle in his eye was clear. He had sights for no one else besides his wife's. He had grown, or at least, he was trying his best to pretend he had and hoping that if he willed it enough, it would become the truth.

Dyon chuckled. "It's okay old man. I got it. You couldn't start until you had a representing member of Earth, right? Unfortunately, many of our members are still recuperating. So, they'll have to settle for me, no?" Dyon's hand domineeringly slid to Ri's waist before he brushed by the receptionist.

The truth was, Alidor's plan of attack had worked even better than he thought. Because of his provocation to Kaeghan, the first son of the Uidah King God Clan, the Uidah had joined the attack on Earth. It wasn't just Lotus Tower that had an influx of Essence Gathering experts sent to them.

Couple all of that with the fact that Prince Belmont had just fought through a legacy world, and Madeleine was MIA, and the members of Earth were truly having a poor showing. Inside, Dyon was a bit worried about whether Madeleine had received the legacy in time to leave the gates before they closed,

but he reassured himself by hoping that the avatar Amethyst had left behind would help Madeleine circumvent the gate's lock down.

All of this said, it was in the best interest of Earth's best that they rest as much as possible for the world tournament in the coming weeks. However, that was just fine for Dyon.

Earth wasn't a place he had to trick himself into seeing as his home. Earth was his home. He grew up here.

Regardless of how the other members of Earth treated him, it would be a cold day in hell the day he let anyone assume they were weak.

"Don't mind me," Dyon said lightly, "This is my wife's show and I'm only her humble fighter. Introducing – Princess Alexandria Acacia."

The large young man froze at these words, because he suddenly realized who it is he had tried to provoke...

"Rank 27."

Chapter 360 The Weak

This was a completely new take on things.

With a ranking list consisting of only one hundred people, Ri's ranking of 27 was nearly unprecedented. And what was even more surprising? Everyone here could tell that she wasn't even 19 years of age yet. It really put things into perspective. Even if her husband was weaker than Ri, or so they thought, he was also just as young, being only a few months older than Ri. So, logically speaking, for him to be her husband, it was likely that his talent surpassed much of theirs as well.

At least, that was what the intelligent warriors immediately picked up on. As for the more block-headed large man, all he saw was Ri's ranking and how he should have chosen his words better than he had.

The truth was that although he wasn't within the top 100, he was still within the top 30 his planet had to offer. It was just that he barely missed out. So, when he saw a teenage boy like Dyon looking down on him and completely ignoring his provocation, a rage built up in his heart.

However, Dyon seemed completely oblivious to his aura even as he passed by and led Ri to an open table where he intimately laid his arm out for Ri to rest her head on.

It was at this moment that many noticed Ri's level of beauty. Because of the receptionist's questioning, Ri had been partially hidden, and thus no one got a good look at her until Dyon led her past.

A sudden look of realization crossed the faces of the four beauties, 'No wonder...' They thought. But, that just lit a competitive spirit within them. They had no real interest in Dyon despite how attractive he was. To them, a young man not able to be in the top 100 rankings wasn't worth their time. But, for a beauty that rivaled them to appear like she had, and yet be ranked so highly despite being younger than them, that was definitely something to take note of.

Seeing that Dyon had taken hold of his job from him, the receptionist shook his head and began to speak, "Now that we have a representative for each Planet, we can begin."

The truth was that the receptionist had been told that no one from Earth had planned to come. He had only waited this long to give the semblance that this hadn't been a planned absence. But, with someone so highly ranked having come, this saved Earth from a lot of embarrassment. Ri wasn't the most highly ranked they had, but she also wasn't too lowly ranked either. It was perfect.

The truth was that there was no way the other injured Earth rankers could heal as quickly as Ri. After all, Ri's husband was one of the most skilled array alchemists on the planet, and even in the universe. With his constant care, it was no wonder Ri recovered so much faster.

"The premise of today's battles is simple. The crowd below is currently watching miscellaneous fights between people you all likely look down upon. However, we of the Chaos Arena are in business of entertainment.

Keep in mind that there is no obligation to battle today. In fact, we have plenty of fights lined up that you will find of interest regardless of what you feel about the current happenings.

Treat today as a friendly way to get a pulse on your competition. If you don't want to fight. Don't." The receptionist turned to walk out of the doorway, but, before he closed it, he smirked. "That said, I think you're all a lot more competitive than that."

With that, the door locked and the room shifted. Everything began to tilt and slope downward, continuing until the arena and noises below suddenly came into full effect.

The loud blaring of the masses, the sound of the cries of agony and breaking bones and flesh – even the smell of blood suddenly invaded all of their senses.

They were only 5 stories up, which made Dyon think what the rest of the building's height was used for. He definitely remembered it being much taller than the inn he and Ri had stayed in, and the inn was ten stories.

Shaking his head, Dyon looked down at the table in front of him, suddenly remembering he hadn't eaten in weeks. He had spent all of his team constantly healing Ri, and because of his new energy cultivation, he hadn't particularly felt it. But, he was missing the human aspect of savouring food.

"Hungry?" Dyon smiled down at Ri who seemed lost for a instant, looking down at all the chaos going on in the arena below.

Ri giggled, resting her small hand on Dyon's thigh, "Go ahead and eat, you glutton."

Dyon grinned when he noticed the food mechanisms were near identical to Heaven's Wine. It dawned on him that even if he didn't have laachus' badge, he could essentially use his array alchemy to force the table to give him whatever food he wanted for free. But, he found it much funnier to know that somewhere, laachus' tab was steadily growing. In fact, he wondered if he'd meet laachus again soon. He found it odd that someone as powerful as him wasn't at the gates. Or at least, Dyon hadn't seen him. It was quite possible that maybe laachus campaigned on another planet.

It didn't take long for Dyon and Ri's table to be filled with food. But, it was clear to everyone that only Dyon was eating. To the elite warriors, eating was almost something reserved for the inferior masses. If you felt hungry enough to eat, it meant you were either lazy with your cultivation, or you were weak to begin with.

However, the more intelligent noticed something different about Dyon's eating, causing their eyes to sharpen and look at him in an entirely different light. His digestion was perfect.

That only meant one thing: his foundation stage cultivation had reached a realm of perfection only allowed by a peak level technique. And yet, they felt no cultivation coming from him. They had no idea what that could mean.

Of course, Dyon had done this on purpose. He wanted to see who would notice how much finetuned control he had over his body. Those who noticed would earn the right to be on his radar.

Suddenly, the beautiful middle eastern lady dressed like an Egyptian queen thought of something, "Uta. Go and probe him." She said through essence communication.

The large young man didn't need any more prompting. He didn't know he was being used, but even if he did know, the commands of this young woman weren't commands he could ignore.

Dyon snorted playfully when he noticed who was coming over, but he didn't care too much. In fact, Dyon was still scanning the area for any Ragnor Clan slaves he could find. As of now, Dyon could see among the twenty or so arenas below, at least five of them involved slaves fighting in one way or another. Some even had two slaves fighting each other. And when they weren't fighting, they were cleaning up after the mess of completely battles.

Dyon cared much more about this than the clown puppet now looming over him and Ri.

"Fuck off." Ri wasn't happy. They hadn't bothered anyone since they'd come, and yet here was this oversized bear of a man come with clear bad intentions.

The young man hesitated at Ri's anger. He had been prepared to deal with Dyon, but Ri was someone even he didn't want to provoke. But, he knew it was too late to back down now, so he focused on Dyon, hoping his allies would help him should it come down to a fight with Ri.

"Can you even be called a man, hiding behind a woman?"



Dyon said nothing, continuing to scan the arena and eat the meat of what was definitely a heaven level beast much to his happiness.

Seeing Dyon ignoring him, the young man took this as a sign of weakness. "The weak have no place here. I'd like your seat, so it's best you fuck off."

Dyon sighed. "I usually try not to judge people by their outward appearances, but you really are a brainless brute, aren't you?"

"What did you say?!"

"Worst yet," Dyon continued, ignoring his question, "You say I'm hiding behind a woman, but you're taking orders from one right now. In fact, you're hoping to use her as a shield to protect you from my wife's anger. You're quite the manly man, aren't you?"