

The Nameless 361

Chapter 361 Begin

The young man grit his teeth. But, he calmed himself and smiled instead, ignoring the snickering of the surrounding rankers, "It seems that you won this beauty over with nothing but flowery words considering that sharp tongue of yours. She's young, after all. A pretty face and some poetry was probably all it took. She'll discard you when she realizes there's more she should want in a man."

Suddenly, Ri giggled, her anger dissipating under how ridiculous she knew this Uta character's words were. More to a man than her Dyon? How?

Dyon pouted, "What are you laughing for? Don't tell you me you're actually planning to replace me."

Ri flicked Dyon's forehead playfully, continuing to laugh.

Uta felt the limits of his patience being played with. They were practically treating him like a joke.

"How pathetic." Uta said in anger.

Suddenly, Dyon's eyes flashed, causing him to stand up so quickly that Uta almost lost his balance.

In that instant, Dyon's playful demeanor had completely changed. It was as though they were looking at the devil incarnate.

A red gold dripped from him as his eyes trained on the arena below him, landing on a young boy scarred and bloodied almost beyond recognition. He stumbled into the arena, gripping a short sword as he faced off against another young boy. However, they both shared one thing: the distinctive scar that ran from one side of their face to the other, slanting down their features diagonally...

Dyon didn't care about hiding or pacing himself anymore. All he saw was red.

Ri didn't know who Dyon was looking at specifically, but she had a pretty good idea. So, she remained silent. This was something that Dyon would want to handle alone. But, it was clear he was having trouble controlling himself right now.

His demonic will was leaking so potently that the rankers completely forgot about questioning Dyon's credentials and immediately put him on a list of people to watch. A young man, still many weeks from his sixteenth birthday, having already reached the peak level of a will as rare as demonic will? And the fact his path was so domineering? Dyon couldn't be ignored anymore.

Almost immediately, the leading geniuses of every planet turned to their subordinates with one goal in mind: find out who this kid was.

Dyon's breathing was erratic. He was aware that he was being much too emotional to act rationally, but the idea that this was his fault was weighing on him heavily right now. He had to fix this. He had to.

Suddenly, Dyon felt a soft hand slip into his causing him to look down to find Ri looking up at him with a worried smile. "It's okay." She said softly.

A calming ice purity will circulated within Dyon causing him to slowly calm down and retract his will.

Uta suddenly became aware of how far back he had stumbled due to Dyon's abrupt actions. And even then, what made it worse was that he hadn't begun to breathe again until Dyon calmed down. Why was he feeling so much pressure from someone with no cultivation? It didn't make sense.

"Wait for me a while?" Dyon tightened his grip on Ri's hand, looking at her apologetically.

Ri nodded. "I'll be fine."

'Was calling him pathetic all it took?' Some wondered about this. What was with the drastic change in personality? Something else must have happened. But, there were just too many fights going on at once for any of them to have any idea what had set Dyon off.

“You said you wanted to fight, right?” Dyon took off his long coat, handing it to Ri before he took off his turtle neck as well, revealing his striking tattoos and rippling torso. The beauties couldn’t help but allow flashes of interest to sparkle their eyes, much to Ri’s displeasure. But, Dyon leaned forward and kissed her forehead, easily appeasing her.

Seeing Ri smile, Dyon felt content. “Let’s go then. I’m sure you’ll handle it, right old man?”

Not waiting for a response, Dyon’s feet flashed as he disappeared.

The eyes of the geniuses couldn’t help but narrow again. Just how could someone with no cultivation be so fast?

Before anyone could blink, Dyon was falling through the hollow center of the Chaos Tower at break neck speeds.

Even as he did so, the voice of the announcer sounded.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, the warmup rounds are over and done with. We know none of you care about the endings of these petty fights, so, how about we move on to the main events?

Today, we have something special in store for you all.

A battle between worlds. The will of men will clash.

Planet Deimos, highly lauded for its domineering cultivators, have brought along with it two God Clans and a single Royal God Clan, prepared to fight with our warriors to name the best of the best of our younger generation.

Warrior Uta Geb. Ranked 29th among his peers and top 200 within our universe. A highly respected warrior to say the least.

And his opponent? One of our very own. The husband to an unprecedented genius. The prince consort of the Elvin Kingdom. A man who is a genius in his own right. The slayer of Scaled Elephants. The warder of King God Clans. Dyon Sacharro!”

Dyon feet slammed into the arena below, cracking it nearly in half.

“Go, Uta. And don’t shame the Geb God Clan.” The beauty spoke lightly and quite beautifully, and yet, her words held an unconcealed threat.

Uta had no choice but to dive downward as well, soon landed in crater much larger than Dyon’s impact.

The crowd raged with excitement. Cheers rang out unceasingly as Dyon and Uta’s faces were projected onto large screens for everyone to see.

However, not everyone in the crowd had the same reaction.

“Big brother? Isn’t that brother in law?” Pertinacis Sapientia sat next to Oliver Sapientia, Jessica Knoton, some big sect elders as well as his mother, and a Sapientia God Clan member.

Pertinacis’ mother looked at him curiously, “Brother in law? Are you telling me this boy is Madeleine’s fiancé? But, they just introduced him as the prince consort of the Elvin Kingdom.”

The Sapientia elder turned a questioning gaze toward her son. Although she was an elder of an upper branch, her cultivation was still within the meridian formation realm. Elder ranks in the Sapientia family had less to do with power, and more about research contribution, especially in the lower branches. This only changed once you reached main branches on the level of a God Clan.

In the end, this was why she had married Madeleine’s father to be his second wife. He was handsome, and she wanted a child. Because he was from a lower branch, that just made the entire process even easier. With her desire sated, she could once again focus on her research.

However, hearing that Madeleine had promised herself to this young man she had never heard of – and not only her, at that, but also the princess of the Elvin Kingdom – it made her extremely curious.

“Our first in line genius has no fiancé. It’s best you drop this nonsense.” The elder spoke curtly, cutting off the conversation immediately. He was only here to scout Pertinacis at the recommendation of his mother. Normally he would ignore such a request, but knowing that Pertinacis was Madeleine’s younger brother, and the fact that they had almost let Madeleine’s talent fall through, he decided on taking this chance.

As a thank you, Pertinacis’ mother had brought them to the Chaos Arena, something the elder was quite interested in studying the philosophy of. But, hearing what he thought of as slander to their first in line genius, didn’t make him happy.

Hearing the elder’s words, Pertinacis said nothing more. To this very day, Pertinacis was still logical to a fault. Before, he had wanted Dyon to prove that he was strong enough for his sister first, taking a calculating approach as opposed to Oliver’s more emotional one. But, to Pertinacis, it was impossible for Dyon to be strong enough now.

However, the idea of his being the fiancée to the princess of the Elvin Kingdom was new information for him to add to his calculations. The Elvin Kingdom was no weaker, in theory, than the Sapientia God Clan, and yet he was clearly already accepted by them. So, were the Sapientia only being stubborn? Wasn’t the princess to the Elvin Kingdom, what Madeleine was to the Sapientia?

Despite his thoughts, Pertinacis kept it all to himself, instead focusing on Dyon’s figure.

Oliver and Jessica though, had many complex emotions running through their minds. To them, it was no coincidence that Dyon had come down as soon as they had seen a familiar bloodied figure... Pertinacis didn’t spend much time interacting with the outside world. But, Jessica and Oliver knew exactly what that bloodied figure meant to Dyon. And, if Dyon had gotten as powerful as they knew... Things were about to get stirred up.

‘Can you save her?...’ Thought Oliver quietly.

Dyon was oblivious to all of this. All he could see was Eli’s tired figure being dragged to a side tunnel. He had probably gotten so used to tuning out the arena’s announcements that he hadn’t even heard Dyon’s name, but that just made the pang of guilt in Dyon’s heart grow even more.

"You picked an unfortunate day to piss me off." Dyon said faintly, turning his gaze to the Uta that towers more than a meter taller than him.

Uta said nothing. He had no words left. He could only crouch into a fighting stance, trying to steady the wild beating of his heart as he stared into the black flames crackling in Dyon's eyes.

The loud cheering slowly calmed until only silence remained in the Chaos Arena.

"BEGIN!"

Chapter 362 Pathetic

"I am Uta Geb. I am a warrior from Planet Deimos and am of the Geb God Clan. I have no intention of bowing out."

Dyon said nothing, instead beginning to walk forward.

Was there a need for any more speaking? He announcer had already introduced him, why was he wasting him? 'Wasn't I pathetic? Didn't Ri choose wrong? Weren't you sent to probe me? Fight then."

Immediately noticing Dyon's intention to not play his stalling game, Uta leaped backwards, slamming his fists together.

"Geb's Gauntlets."

Coverings of stone bloomed into existence, coating Uta's arms and hands before hardening.

The members of Planet Deimos watched this silently. They were quite familiar with the Geb family techniques, and this was merely a first step. In fact, it was the weakest stone Uta could forge for himself. Everyone immediately realized that this was not in Uta's personality at all. He was one who wanted to crush his opponents with his ultimate strength from the beginning, and yet he was holding back?

'He's trying to use tricks to win.' Thought the beautiful Egyptian queen like young lady.

A faint snicker came from her side, "Look at that, Eboni. Your Geb family is always biting off more than they can chew and now he's regretting it."

The girl who spoke also came from Planet Deimos. But, she was of the Horus God Clan. With the Horus family finding their roots in the sky, and the Geb family finding their roots in the earth, clashes between these families were quite frequent. They only maintained the semblance of comradery in order to not be picked apart by the other planets.

That said, they all shared the same disdain for Planet Earth. Despite the best efforts of the receptionist, any person who thought for even an instant would immediately realize that Earth's geniuses were avoiding confrontation. After all, Chaos Arena was owned by a God Clan. How could they not know that they were here?

And yet, Dyon and Ri had shown up. If they somehow now lost to a person who wasn't even listed on the rankings despite using one of their best, it would be truly embarrassing for Planet Deimos. But, when they saw Dyon's demeanor, it was suddenly becoming a more and more real possibility that a loss was inevitable.

"Ode, if you spent less time being jealous about not being among this universe's beauties, maybe you'd be as powerful as I am." Eboni replied lightly, taking a sip of spiritual wine as she trained her gaze to the arena below.

Ode's brows twitched. In reality, she was quite attractive in her own right. Long silver hair, striking eyes and a loose white gown that somehow still clung to her figure. And yet, she felt just shy of the other beauties.

However, what pissed Ode off was that Eboni should know quite well that their hatred had nothing to do with such a petty jealousy. It was rooted very deeply in the history of their families and even permeated throughout this generation. And yet Eboni continued to make such remarks because she knew it would get to Ode.

"This isn't the time to be fighting." A quiet young man spoke out, but the effect of his reprimand was powerful.

Eboni Geb. Top 30 cumulative ranker. Ode Horus. Top 30 cumulative ranker. And yet, neither dared to go against the words of this young man.

On Planet Deimos, there were many powerful clans. However, within the last hundred years, three had risen to prominence. The Geb. The Horus. But, none more powerful than the Aumen.

The young man was of normal stature, being about 1.9 meters tall. But, he seemed to glow with his every movement. His skin constantly gave off a heat that made it hard to sit anywhere near him, and his hair seemed to be a bed of gold flames, constantly flickering in the air.

This was without a doubt the strongest Planet Deimos had to offer. Tau Aumen.

Below, atop the arena, Dyon was still approaching the cautious Uta. He felt no need to size such a character up – Uta was too weak.

“Since you insist on cowering, I’ll come to you.”

Dyon’s words sent a roar through the crowd. They couldn’t see Uta’s subtle movements or slight trembling. All they saw was a warrior prepared to fight, and another arrogantly approaching him with no semblance of technique.

“This is a young man Madeleine fell for?” Pertinacis’ mother raised an eyebrow. Although Madeleine wasn’t close with her, she still saw Madeleine as her step-daughter. So, seeing how arrogant this young man was with seemingly no proof to back up his bold statements, she felt as though Madeleine had made a poor decision in her young age. She could only begin to lean with the claims of the main branch elder even more so.

Pertinacis said nothing. He was faintly aware that he was the same age as Dyon, and yet, he hadn’t done anything comparable to what Dyon had accomplished. But, was Dyon really comparable to a top 30 Planet Deimos ranker? Even if Uta wasn’t in the cumulative rankings, being the top 30 of a planet was a big deal. Especially when Dyon’s name was nowhere to be found in Earth’s top 30.

However, in what seemed like an instant, there was nothing but silence.

Dyon's feet flashed forward causing him to appear mere inches away from Uta's large figure.

The beating of Uta's heart quickened. When he looked down at Dyon's blackened and flaming eyes, it was almost as though he was the one a meter shorter. He felt like an ant, like his life didn't matter – he even wanted to kneel down, but his knees seemed locked into place.

He flailed out his arms, trying to make use of his earth gauntlets while scrambling to harden them even further. "Geb's Gauntlets, stage two!"

The cracks in Geb's gauntlets hardened, darkening in the process as Uta cemented his feet to the ground.

Dyon seemed oblivious to the massive stone arm heading for his head. He was pissed off about a lot of things right now and this Uta character was just going to have to be his vent.

Dyon's center of gravity dropped, his legs spreading as his right arm tightened itself against his torso. His muscles rippled and bulged, reddening under the strain of being pushed so far. "Demon Emperor's Will," Dyon said faintly, "Act 1, Stage 1. Perfection."

A stream of heat jetted from Dyon's pores as a red gold aura caused nearly everyone in attendance to tremble violently.

There was no noise. Even Uta's swinging fist seemed like a feather fluttering in wind. A fist that could crush almost any meridian formation expert. A fist of a top 30 ranker. A fist that was reduced to nothing.

Dyon's arm finally released all his built-up tension, his fist flying forward and cutting through the air like a meteor through the atmosphere.

Uta stood not a single chance.

Dyon's fist collided with his torso, tearing through his skin and bone and searing his flesh in black.

“Ugh,” Uta’s voice was faint, even as he flew backward with a flaming hole in his chest. He lost consciousness.

And yet, Dyon didn’t let him go as his feet flashed forward once again, immediately appearing next to Uta’s flying figure and grabbing onto his thick neck.

The sickening sound of Uta’s cracking spine reverberated through the quiet arena. Dyon had stopped his momentum so abruptly that Uta’s neck had nearly disconnected from his body.

In the end, Dyon stood there quietly. His lean torso rippling under the blinding arena lights.

He firmly gripped Uta’s neck, ignoring his foaming mouth and rolled back eyes.

“Pathetic.”

Chapter 363 Not...?

Ri watched Dyon win quietly from the VIP area. She was well aware of Dyon’s strength and could see through Uta completely. Maybe the only bit of surprise was that Dyon had showed Uta mercy – if you could call crippling someone an act of mercy.

Dyon stood there silently for a while, trying to calm his nerves before he blanketed the area with his 6th sense to find out just how far away Eli was.

But, just as he was doing so, he picked up on a very familiar aura.

Turning his gaze toward a row of sub-VIP seats, Dyon’s gaze landed on Oliver, Pertinacis and the Sapientia and big sect members that were with them. However, that was all. He only spared them a glance. He didn’t have a good impression of Madeleine’s family, and while he wouldn’t go out of his way to punish them, he wouldn’t go out of his way to greet them either.

This act seemed to snap the Sapientia elders out of their surprised. Under normal circumstances, a glance like that wouldn’t have meant much. But, now knowing that Dyon had a deep relationship with Madeleine, they found it nothing short of rude to disregard them as he had.

“Powerful or not, this is unacceptable.” Pertinacis’ mother didn’t seem pleased. It was clear she had no context for the relationship between Dyon and the Sapientia family, but it seemed like even if she had, she wouldn’t care. She had completely forgotten her disregard for Dyon just moments ago.

Suddenly, Dyon’s arm cocked backward before he launched Uta’s unconscious body into the VIP area 5 stories above, having him land perfectly at the feet of Planet Deimos’ table.

“Victor! Dyon Sacharro of Earth!”

The loud booming of the receptionist awoke the crowd. Replays of Dyon’s victory rewinded and played forward again and again as Dyon made his way to the side tunnel.

On the VIP floor, Ri smiled to herself. ‘You provoke people too well, Mr. Jaws.’

Ri couldn’t have been more correct.

Eboni’s beautiful face twitched with anger as she saw one of her own lying face down before her. Maybe the worst part was that Dyon’s wind will had deposited him gently, as though that was meant to be an act of mercy on his part. Eboni wanted nothing more than to rip Dyon to shreds and make him bow at her feet.

Ode wanted to snicker and laugh, yet she wasn’t the first to grasp an opportunity to do so.

“Planet Deimos, hm? When your ranker loses to a no name, are we meant to still take you seriously?” A warrior of Planet Nix chuckled amongst his peers, “Even his supposed wife is a joke.”

The young man had skin as dark as the night, but his eyes had a sharp hazel to them that was only a few shades from gold. Everything about him and his surrounding clan members made them seem like panthers prowling in the night. It was as though the light had no affect on their darkness.

Ri’s blue-silver eyes flashed with anger. But, she didn’t get a chance to say anything as the warrior continued. “Oh? Did I make you mad? I’m only speaking the truth. You’re supposedly an Elvin Princess

and yet even your own planet didn't know about you until a few weeks ago? Makes me think about how real your rank really is."

"We're here to compete, are we not?" Ri's blue-silver eyes shifted as her pupils morphed into slits and her canines elongated. "Let's compete then. I'm tired of people who only talk big just to lose in epic fashion."

There was a pregnant pause as Ri's words. Her purity had all but disappeared as a feral beast took her place. If it wasn't for the fact she still wore her dress, many would have forgotten that she was once the very definition of elegance.

However, no one felt the impact of Ri's shift as much as the warriors of Planet Mino. Their beast blood roared to life under Ri's suppression. It was the very first time they felt their bloodlines being challenged.

That said, if you looked closely, some seemed completely unperturbed... If Dyon had been here, he would have taken note of this immediately. To shrug off the suppression of a Kitsune could only mean one thing... You too were a supreme beast. The problem? This universe hadn't had any records of supreme beasts in centuries...

"Young Mistress Saru." A young man with brown skin reminiscent of India spoke quietly to a beauty of that could only match Ri and Eboni.

Her brown skin was soft and delicate. Her black hair was a jet black that still shimmered healthily under the arena's lights. And she wore what Dyon would recognize as a traditional sari dress. It was long and flowing and was made of a rich blue that complimented her eyes.

This was Saru Shruti. Top ranker. Member of Planet Mino and the six beauties of the universe.

"I know," She responded faintly in a voice sweet as honey, "She can't be from this universe either. It's impossible."

The conversation was brief. But, the ripple effects its importance would have was unprecedented.

It was clear that the Nix warrior hadn't expected Ri to react the way she had. Judging by her interactions with Dyon, she seemed like a calm and gentle person – but to reveal this bestial side like she had... It made the Nix warriors think to themselves again: maybe she really is that powerful.

However, the young man didn't allow himself to show his surprise. "What a joke. Compete? If your husband's prowess means anything at all, it would be a waste of our time.

He's a follower of the demonic path, and yet he allows his woman to calm him instead of losing himself in the power. He's nothing short of weak and pathetic and beating a lowly ranker of a lowly planet hardly changes any of that."

Hearing his words, Ri stood calmly, her dress fluttering lightly as a dense black aura began to emit from her.

The members of Planet Nix began to laugh. Or, more accurately, the members of the Nuru God Clan.

"My name is Chike Nuru, and I have to say, this is the first time someone has dared used such weak darkness will before me.

Let me tell you very clearly, princess. The reason why I know your husband is weak is the very reason I know you're weak. The Nuru were born in darkness. Our hearts have been charred black and our wills have been tempered in the night. Your will means nothing before me and your supposed beauty is nothing before the young mistress of our planet."

Ri only continued to step forward.

The dark aura that fogged around her began to form ethereal tails, whipping wildly behind her. At this sight, the eyes of Saru Shruti narrowed as she thought a singular thing. 'Kitsune.'

"Let me tell you something, then." Ri replied faintly. "Chike Nuru. Barely top 100. Clearly willing to throw away his life for a woman who will never care for him. An idiot who somehow thinks my will is as simple as just darkness."

The Nuru were taken aback by Ri's words. Not darkness? Then... What was it?

Chapter 364 Empty

Ri flashed forward, not bothering to fully transform.

Ri had no movement techniques. However, did she really need them at this level? With her void will, a small space like this was nothing to her.

Chike stood abruptly to Ri's charge, slightly panicking as he lost sight of her.

"I don't remember consenting to this match." The faint voice of a dark-skinned beauty rang out.

She had been the picture of absolute elegance until now, not speaking a word. But, with Ri's attack, her demeanor suddenly changed that of an underworld queen.

Her hair was done in a tight and delicately crafted bun, embroidered with gold jewels. Her dress was form-fitting, clinging its dense black to her immaculate curves. But, the most striking part about her was the pitch-black array being etched into the air at the wave of her small hand.

Ri barely had time to react. Her sole focus had been on Chike, not expecting that someone would use the guise of consent to excuse a sneak attack. If that had been the true reason, why had she waited until she knew Chike was clearly outmatched to act? It was a clear ploy.

However, seeing that Ri was about to react to their queen's attack, the other members of Planet Nix reacted.

It was the first time in the history of world tournaments that there had been such unity displayed among a universe. In fact, if one paid close attention, you would realize that something unprecedented had happened...

A member of the Nix planet stood abruptly, sending a stream of silver will toward Ri that made her feel as though her every move was slowed by half her normal speed.

'Time will?' Ri's brows furrowed as the beauty's array breezed toward completion.

An anger built up in her heart as she thought of how many people were attacking her right now. What was the goal here? To provoke her into a disadvantage situation?

But, Ri wasn't worried. Her void will tore through the time will, sending it into an endless abyss of nothing. And yet... It was too late.

In the background, Eboni had still been brooding over her clan's defeat and she wanted nothing more than to pay Dyon back. But, he wasn't here. So, when she saw that Ri was slowed considerably, she smirked to herself and flicked a finger toward Ri's twisting figure.

The moment Ri broke out of the time will, she tried to maneuver herself away from the array's blast, but suddenly found that her feet were stuck to the ground!

The beauty smiled to herself lightly, knowing Ri could no longer dodge. "This is the price for attacking my people. Your beauty? I could take it away. But, I don't think that's enough. Instead, you'll never again be able to perform your wifely duties."

The black array charged into Ri, causing her to convulse and puke up black blood.

"Ugh," Ri's feet were still rooted to the ground, surrounded by a tough crystal earth will that she couldn't accumulate enough energy to break. It was at that time she finally realized that what the beauty had drawn wasn't an array, it was a seal.

Ri suddenly felt empty. Tears fell from her eyes as she raised a small hand to her belly, suddenly feeling a dense shadow looming over what should have been filled with vibrance and hope. It took but a moment for Ri to understand exactly what she meant by never being able to perform wifely duties.

The members of planet Nix chuckled to themselves, knowing exactly how powerful their queen's seals were.

“Serves you right,” Sneered Chike, trying to wash over his previous panic with pointed remarks as he strolled to Ri’s side. “Don’t worry. This only makes it more convenient for when I bend you over and fuck you. At least then I won’t have to worry about birthing inferior children from a beast.”

Behind them, Eboni felt pretty content with herself.

“Do you think that you’ve done something great?” Tau Aumen spoke nonchalantly, staring off into the distance as the golden flames of his hair crackled.

“Young master Aumen, what do you mean?” Eboni asked in confusion. She had just restored the dignity of her clan and trampled over the future hope of her enemies. What could be more fulfilling than that?

“When you’re weak, you shouldn’t poke at something you have no understanding of.”

“Poke?” Eboni’s confusion only deepened. But, she didn’t get much of a chance to think about it because the doors of the VIP area opened to reveal a smiling Dyon. Clearly, he had accomplished something important to him. However... That smile didn’t last long.

Dyon froze as he saw Ri’s delicate figure.

Her face was pale, and her body was trembling. She didn’t even react to Chike’s hand holding up her chin.

All Dyon saw was red.

Black, crystal coated scales tore through his skin for the first time in months. His body immediately expanded to over five meters tall. In but an instant, before anyone could react, Chike’s head was being crushed in Dyon’s one hand.

Chike wiggled and struggled, thrashing about wildly as he tried to turn his head toward his queen to ask for help. But, the situation was entirely different now.

A receptionist couldn't tell the difference, but the genius rankers of this universe could. They had seen enough meridian formation and essence gathering experts to know the difference, and Dyon was without a doubt a meridian formation expert.

Which meant, for his cultivation to be so dense, there was only one explanation.

'First Grade Martial Warrior.'

Eboni suddenly understood exactly what Tau meant. Whether their upper most rankers could match Dyon was irrelevant. If she met Dyon in the tournament, she would only have herself to rely on. 'This...'

Dyon's hand squeezed tighter as he watched Chike's head turn purple.

But, he paused as he suddenly felt a small hand touch his enlarged arm. What he saw only made his heart break. It was clear in an instant that no amount of rampaging or revenge would be the solution to this.

"Dyon..." Ri's hand trembled on her belly as she looked up with teary eyes, "I can't feel anything. It feels empty..."

Chapter 365 Silence

Dyon stood there, looking down at Ri's fragile figure. Everything seemed frozen in time and no one was willing to make the first move.

"Devour." Dyon whispered faintly.

"AAGGGHHH!" Chike writhed in agony.

His soul was being torn apart so slowly that it felt as though every portion of his body was being broken down and grinded into the finest of pieces.

"HELP! HELP ME!"

The members of Planet Nix wanted to move forward, but their queen stopped them with a wave of her hand. A small smile played her features, as though this was exactly what she had wanted to happen. Everything was but a puppet on her strings and she was a master.

The veins of Chike's face bulged and burst, streaking his dark features with a dense and boiling blood.

His arms and legs shriveled inwards, cracking and deforming under the pressure of Dyon's suction.

Soon, he couldn't even scream anymore. Yet, Dyon constantly used his aurora to maintain his nerves, making sure that to the very end, he was fully aware of every bone snapping. Of every bit of flesh tearing. Of every bit of his life being drained away from him.

In the end, he was nothing but a lifeless carcass that barely represented what he used to be and Dyon now knew everything that had transpired.

Dyon shrunk down, striking Ri's footholds away with Celestial will as he picked her up. "Hey, hey. Don't cry," Dyon's voice was so gentle that the warriors of the surrounding four planets had almost forgotten the murderous intent he had just once held.

The truth was that Ri wanted to be angry. She wanted to tear through everything in her path and make them pay for taking something so precious away from her. But, the seal wasn't allowing her to accumulate any strength and the emotional pain wasn't letting her think straight.

"I find this soul technique of yours quite interesting. I want it." The queen of the Nix spoke softly as though she had absolutely nothing to do with the current events. Although she hadn't been sure at first, it was clear that Dyon had used a soul type technique to kill her subject.

On Planet Nix, there were three clans united as one. Each with their own specialities. The truth was that this 'queen' of theirs, was only called as such because she was among the six beauties of the universe. In reality, she was no queen. She was Ulu Lebna, a member of the Lebna God Clan – a clan having a strong branch specializing in seals, but mostly being known for the soul and spirit techniques.

“Here are the facts. Your wife is quite rude and needed to be punished. You were quite rude and needed to be punished. And now, you’ve killed a member of our clans outside of an arena, so let me tell you one more fact. I can kill your wife with a wave of my hand.

Bow down and kowtow until I’m satisfied. Then, you’ll be a servant of the Nuru and Lebna God Clans under the banner of the Jafari Royal God Clan. Although my husband is not here today, I’m sure he would take a liking to your ex-wife as a toy.

You two will never be together again. This is the price you pay for killing one of us.”

Ulu smiled to herself, content.

The truth was that this had been her goal all along and she decided to sacrifice Chike to achieve it. The moment Dyon walked in, everyone was checking for his energy cultivation level. But, Ulu was different. The first thing she checked when it came to anyone was the soul cultivation level.

Dyon had learned long ago that checking someone’s soul level was a breach of etiquette, however, when he felt Ulu check his, he hadn’t bothered with it. Reason being, her soul wasn’t powerful enough to read his level accurately. Dyon was someone with the soul of a peak essence gathering expert at full throttle. Even when he didn’t complete his soul by unleashing his manifestation, he was still a mid level essence gathering expert.

However, from very long ago, Dyon had had the habit of hiding his soul power. When he fought Saeclum and killed him at the Legacy World Opening, it was that strategy that had saved his life. The problem was, that since Dyon never checked the soul strength of others due to etiquette, he had no concept of what an average soul strength would be for someone his age...

So, when Ulu scanned his soul and saw an 18-year-old with the soul strength of a peak meridian formation warrior, she had immediately decided to draw in Dyon’s talent to their side and make him serve them.

Ulu had originally wanted to use a slave seal on Dyon. But, she knew that her soul simply wasn’t powerful enough to force any kind of soul technique onto Dyon. Which meant... She needed to find a way to force him, and Ri provided the perfect opportunity.

Eboni finally couldn't hold in her laughter anymore. She bent over, trying to maintain her former elegance as her cheeks reddened, "You heard the queen, go on and kowtow. In fact, take this useless one with you." A crystal pillar appeared below the unconscious Uta, sending his large body flying toward Dyon who was still lovingly caring for Ri.

Before, they had been apprehensive about Dyon's retaliation. Many hadn't made the connection between Dyon and a mysteriously named Demon Sage that had an unprecedented rank. However, when Dyon made his First-Grade cultivation clear, they began to remember something very important... Although no one knew who the Demon Sage was, he still had a clear affiliation... Planet Earth. Elvin Kingdom.

Previously, people had assumed that the Demon Sage was one of the peak essence gathering elves that had left to campaign elsewhere. After all, a 18-year-old? Having that rank? It didn't make sense. But now, none of that mattered. Ulu had made it clear that Ri's life was in the palm of her hands. If Dyon didn't want his love to die, retaliation wasn't an option.

That said, there was yet another reason Ulu decided on provoking Planet Earth like this. The name Demon Sage meant something completely different to the more powerful planets... And if she was right...

Dyon didn't even glance at the flying body. His eyes flashed with gold as a brilliant defensive array appeared in the air, stopping all of Uta's momentum in an instant and crushing even more of his bones.

Silence.

Chapter 366 Cheap

Many months ago, on a far off and neutral asteroid, an auction of unprecedented importance had taken place. The headlining item? An Earth Constitution Pill named: Queen Fairy.

The God and Royal God Clans were in an uproar. The idea of a ready made, fully awakened bodily constitution was a concept that was so rare that an all-out war nearly broke out. However, there was another reason this pill made a mark the likes of which few had ever seen...

The study of alchemy had stalled in this universe for many years. Although the Sapientia did their due diligence in researching, there weren't many expert alchemists among them. In the end, much of their 'findings' were only cheap theories that no one had the skill to put into use. But, this pill was an

opportunity to shift all of that. If they could study it and reverse engineer it, then maybe the universe would have the rebirth of alchemy they were looking for. This was even more important because they were only steadily becoming weaker and weaker... Alchemy was the best way to make up for the lack of energy density in the universe!

In the end, the pill had been won by the Sapientia family for further research. Unfortunately for the other God Clans, the Sapientia family was just too rich. Maybe the most important reason, though, was their nonconfrontational style. For the sake of avoiding war, the families could only allow the Sapientia to win.

However, that was only until the name Demon Sage came up once again... And this time, on the ranking list. No one knew what that meant. Could the Demon Sage they had been looking for really be so young as to be on that list? Or maybe he was just weak enough to have a low enough cultivation to be? But, neither made much sense... Or, rather, people chose to believe that it didn't make sense. It had to be a coincidence. No one could be so talented, they thought. And on the other hand, no one could be so great at alchemy, yet have such poor cultivation.

Unfortunately, Dyon was oblivious to all of this. When he had sent in the pill through the Elvin Guilds anonymously, he, much like what Prince Belmont had said during his visit to the Elvin Kingdom, already knew that there were other Earth Constitution giving items... However, what Dyon hadn't taken into account was that while Prince Belmont's phoenix feathers were irredeemable, the Queen Fairy Pill could be made in an unlimited quantity...

Their value simply couldn't be compared.

"I'm sorry," Ri mumbled again and again, still absentmindedly staring at the small hand she placed on her belly.

She felt like it was her fault. And worst yet, although she had been burying a deep apprehension at the idea of meeting Madeleine, this was the first time all of those thoughts were completely casted away. If she couldn't birth Dyon's children, at least there was someone who could.

She had jumped into the fight herself, and she felt like she should have won. She had the obligation to win. How could she feel worthy of Dyon if she lost?

Dyon forced a smile, wiping the tears from Ri's soft cheeks. "There's nothing to worry about. I promise."

Many months ago, seals were something Dyon couldn't make heads of tails of. However, there was a reason they looked identical to arrays.

"The queen didn't give you a grace period. Slaves don't deserve such a thing." A member of the Nuru clan sneered in anger. It had been his brother that Dyon just killed and since he couldn't take his rage out on the queen, especially considering who her husband was, it would have to be Dyon.

He walked over slowly. "It's clear you don't understand how your statuses have changed.

"If I wanted your woman to strip naked and hang from the ceiling – she would. If I wanted you to cut your own manhood off and eat it raw – you would.

"In fact, if I wanted to pull out my cock and have your woman suck it right here – I could."

Dyon raised his hand, his eyes flashing in gold as gently covered Ri's quivering hand. "Ri. I said there was nothing to worry about, okay?"

Ri finally looked up at Dyon. She found gentle eyes, glowing in a bright gold with purple hues coloring its edges looking back at her.

Maybe months ago, Dyon would be helpless in this situation. Forced to watch Ri be disrespected and being enslaved himself. However, he hadn't spent month refining his array fundamentals to give up so easily in the face of a challenge.

But suddenly, Dyon froze as he heard the unzipping of pants.

"Ah," the Nuru warrior made his way to their side, "to suck the cock of a Nuru warrior should be your honor. Release the bitch and back away, she's got work to do."

Ulu and Eboni watched on with a smile playing their features.

Dyon looked up to find a truly disgusting sight. The anger he had buried in order to tend to Ri resurfaced causing dense black flames to color his eyes.

“Ah, ah, ah. None of that. I mean, unless you want her to die.” The Nuru Warrior sneered tapping his limp cock. “Hey, this isn’t going to harden itself. It’s hard enough for me already knowing I’m dealing with nothing but a beast. You’re going to have to put some effort in.”

Suddenly, Ulu spoke up. “I’m quite tired of waiting. You have 3 seconds to begin kowtowing or I’ll begin to torture her.”

Dyon said nothing for a long while before he finally spoke.

“Since you like to speak of doling out punishment, I think it’s time I do the same.” He said faintly.

“Stop speaking nonsense. You heard my queen. Leave the woman here, I’ll take good ca – ” The eyes of the Nuru warrior widened as he suddenly felt something warm and wet cut off his words.

An odd and sickening gurgling sound was all that filled the VIP area as the Nuru warrior fell back, gripping the large gash in his neck.

“You dare!” Ulu’s rage peaked at this. He actually dared to kill yet another of their members even with the death and torture of his woman looming over his head?!

“HAHAHAHAHA! I’ve never met such an idiot!” Eboni couldn’t get enough of it. It was as though this was movie and she had bought front row tickets.

Even Ode couldn’t help but roll her eyes at Eboni. “As if you would respond to provocation any better. Cheap slut.”

Ulu’s eyes steeled. “Since you wanted it this way and couldn’t accept a simple punishment. You can watch helplessly as your woman writhes in pain.”

Chapter 367 Insist

Dyon completely ignored Ulu, looking down at Ri. “Just focus on me, okay?”

Ulu’s face twisted menacingly, her small hand lifting into the air. A dense black fog coated it as she slowly clenched her fist.

However, the screeching agony she had expected never came.

Smiling gently, Dyon’s eyes once again began to glow. And it suddenly dawned on everyone... Dyon hadn’t used an array plate...

“Innate Aurora...” Saru Shruti’s eyes narrowed. There were just too many surprises between this couple. This Dyon that they had looked down on had too much to him that they couldn’t fathom.

Dyon diligently coated the seal with his aurora, surrounding it in an array perfectly fused with celestial will.

He wafted a comfortable feeling into Ri until her eyes closed into a deep sleep. Then, barely caring for the exposure of his ring, he drew a concealment array around Ri before sending her in.

Dyon knew what he had to do. But, that needed more time than he had now – he could only induce a sleep in Ri for now.

“You did all of this just to try and pull me to your side?” Dyon didn’t seem to be talking to anyone in particular as he glanced at Uta’s unconscious figure. It was clear he was about to die at any moment, and yet Planet Deimos’ warriors weren’t making any effort to help him.

Ulu frowned at Dyon’s words, ‘How did he know that?’

It made sense that Ulu was confused. She had no idea that the technique she had been coveting from Dyon could absorb memories. Right now, Dyon had a full understanding of what Ulu had wanted to do. Unfortunately for her, Dyon’s skill with arrays had increased far too much. But, all he had done for now was sever Ulu’s ability to control the seal by cutting it off from the outside world.

There was a reason the Sigebryht family seals and Ulu's seal looked almost indistinguishable from arrays.

Seals were the antithesis of arrays. While arrays wrote in universal laws, the goal of a seal was to erase those laws. That's why the Sigebryht family could seal away the death qi to stop the cyclones, they had locked away the will by writing an anti will.

The reason Dyon hadn't been able to understand seals before was because he was essentially used to doing math questions without showing his work. He could cut through the calculations to reach the answer but hadn't understood properly until he solidified his fundamentals.

Understanding seals, without first fully understanding arrays, was like trying to understand integrals, without first understanding how derivatives worked.

"I want you to know that the only reason I'm not killing you all today, is because this is a fight for my wife. However, you still deserve a punishment, don't you think?"

Ulu remained silent. She couldn't understand where Dyon's confidence was coming from. Did he think she was as easy to deal with as the Nuru brothers? One was barely in the top 100 and the other wasn't even on the list.

"You must think you're very powerful, hm?" Ulu smiled. If no one had seen her malicious deeds just moments before, all they would have seen was an otherworldly beauty. But, now, that smile had a venom no one could ignore.

"The dead one said something about stripping my woman naked and hanging her from the ceiling, right? I wonder what you'd look like hanging from the ceiling like that. I'm sure your man servants would love that." Dyon's face remained expressionless as he shifted his gaze to the ceiling. But, his words caused a palpable anger to grow within the Nix Warriors.

Their most elite warriors had remained with Ulu's husband, thinking that only Ulu was necessary. It was now their job to protect the dignity of their queen. And yet, here was this boy saying whatever he pleased.

“You!”

The warriors of planet Nix stood, storm toward Dyon. But, he ignored them, his foot slowly raising in the air before dropping.

Dyon’s figure flashed, ripples of space and celestial will sending booming circles of raging winds flying out in his wake.

“Ugh,” Ulu’s face paled as Dyon’s strong hand wrapped around her delicate neck.

“Ulu Lebna. Ranked 30th. Supposed member of the six beauties of this universe. Know today that you made a mistake in opposing me.

“You wanted my wife to never give birth, right?” Dyon’s eyes bore into Ulu, flames of black coloring his once hazel-green eyes.

Dyon’s manifestation bloomed into existence, boosting his soul to the peak of the Essence level.

Ulu’s eyes bulged, her voice struggling to push past Dyon’s grip. “Y-your soul strength. N-no!”

The Nix warriors tried to charge toward Dyon, but purple gold defensive formation formed, stacking again and again. It was complete overkill. Each was of the peak master level and the heaven’s chimes that rang through the air shook even Chaos Tower itself.

Eboni trembled at this sight. Was this really the man she thought she could beat? She wasn’t that much more powerful than Ulu. In fact, their ranks were so close that strength couldn’t be decided from it at all. And yet, she was nothing in front of Dyon.

It was suddenly very clear to everyone that Dyon hadn’t been even remotely trying when he fought Uta. He hadn’t used any energy cultivation. But, even worse, he hadn’t even used his utmost strength – his soul!

For the first time that night, Tau Aumen and Saru Shruti smiled. They were both thinking the same thing. They wanted nothing more than to fight Dyon and see how they measured up.

Aside from them, though, there had been one other planet that hadn't said a single word during this entire exchange. Planet Naiad.

If Delia had been there, she would have immediately recognized her mortal enemies – the Clyte God Clan... Or now, more accurately, the Clyte Royal God Clan. And maybe, had Dyon paid more attention, he would have noticed that among their allies included those who were boring holes into his back... The Kami God Clan.

However, Dyon didn't care about any of that now, all he cared about was making Ulu pay.

"Unlike my wife," Dyon said faintly, "there's no one in this universe that will be able to help you after this. Never think of enjoying sex again. Never think of conceiving. You will never have a child in this lifetime."

A dense black array began to form on the tips of Dyon's fingers.

Ulu could only think one thing.

Despite the hand clamped over her throat. Despite the stretching of her spine. Despite the burning of her lungs as she begged for air. The only thing she saw was that dense black. All she could think of was death.

"STOP!"

Suddenly, gazes turned to the doorway as the receptionist burst in, looking down at Dyon as he tried to stop him.

Dyon's fingers paused as he looked over to the receptionist. He had known from the very beginning that this man was powerful, or else they wouldn't have allowed him to guard this area.

“Why?” Dyon asked faintly. He didn’t really care about this answer, he just wanted to confirm something.

The receptionist cleared his throat. “Fighting must be done in the arena. This is not a sanctioned match and thus only increases the tension between planets. If the match isn’t organized, it shouldn’t happen.”

The eyes of the surrounding warriors flashed in realization. Did such a powerful warrior not have the backing of his own planet? What was going on?

Dyon’s eyes glowed in a gold as he looked down at a ring on his finger. Before he looked back up.

“Interesting. So, where were you before?”

The lips of the receptionist twitched. ‘Is he an idiot? He should know that this is deliberate. Why is he asking questions?’

The receptionist cleared his throat again. “As the Nix Planet missuses said, your wife attacked first. For breaking the rules, it was a suitable punishment.”

“And if I insist on punishing this woman?”

The receptionist sneered. “Are you powerful enough to act against me? Why are you asking such ridiculous questions?”

Ulu couldn’t help but laugh. She had no idea why people of Earth were helping her, but this was truly comedic.

“Mm. Unfortunately, your threats mean nothing to me.” Dyon’s hand pierced forward, stopping Ulu mid-laugh. “Enjoy.” Dyon said faintly, anchoring down the death array directly into Ulu’s womb. “Know that there is not a single expert in this universe that can help you now.”

Chapter 368 Enlighten

Ulu strained her neck to stare down at Dyon's fingers. She couldn't believe what had just happened. Did he really not care about the threat of a saint level expert? Why had it ended up like this?

A dull pain throbbed just below Ulu's belly button. Dyon's fingers hadn't pierced her skin, and yet it somehow felt much worse than if he had.

Dyon released Ulu, letting her drop to her knees.

The receptionist trembled in anger. As a man talented enough to become a saint level expert, he too had once ranked highly on the cumulative rankings. He didn't see himself as any inferior than these so-called geniuses, and yet Dyon had disregarded his existence completely. How could he stand for this?

Taking a deep breath, the receptionist calmed himself. The truth was that he had made a move to stop Ri from attacking initially, but, the young master of the Cavositas God Clan had told him to stop, seemingly knowing that Ri would be ganged up on. And yet, that very same young master had told him stop the proceedings now. The goal was clear: use this moral high ground to teach Dyon a lesson. But... Dyon's next words were completely unexpected.

"What are you so mad about?" A light smile played Dyon's features as he turned to walk to he and Ri's sitting area to pick up his turtle neck and jacket. "I let her go like you wanted me to, didn't I?"

"Who are you trying to fool? You clearly did something." The members of Planet Nix raged from behind Dyon's defensive formations.

"Oh? Did I? Prove it." Dyon waved his hand, removing the defensive barriers.

The warriors were much too scared to attack Dyon now. They settled for glaring at him before running toward their queen.

The receptionist watched this silently. After he heard Dyon's response to the situation, he understood exactly how Dyon wanted to end this. If he wanted the moral high-ground, he had to be able to prove that Dyon had done something. But, could he?

There was a reason why Dyon had said there wasn't a single person in this universe who could help Ulu. He was confident that his array alchemy had touched an unreachable level for those here. Even his soul strength was nearing the best this universe had to offer. Even a peak saint expert might not have a soul strength at the peak of the Essence stage.

In order to help Ulu, you'd not only need to have a soul strength above the Essence stage, you'd also have to be a grandmaster array alchemist. And even then, you'd need to find a way to counter a death infused array. And that was all after detecting and seeing through the concealment array Dyon placed around it.

Dyon leisurely put on his clothes as the Planet Nix warriors tended to Ulu. The truth was that Dyon could have infused enough death within his array to make it act as a slave seal as he had for Alidor. But, he chose not to for very specific reasons.

For one, if Ulu couldn't plot against him, then Ri would never have a proper rematch against her. Dyon saw first hand how broken Ri was after this loss. She felt as though it was her duty to win, and yet she had failed. Dyon didn't want to do this for her, so he had to Ulu the ability to act against him and by proxy, act against Ri. It would be easy to just tell Ri that it wasn't her fault so many had attacked her at once. But, he knew Ri didn't need flowery words. She needed goals and motivation.

The second reason would be the evidence. Something like infertility would never be able to be directly tied to Dyon. But, suddenly having to follow Dyon's every word? That would give the receptionist the exact thing he was looking for to justify his attack.

Sure, Ulu would always know that Dyon was the culprit. But, the important part was that Dyon was working in the same greys as the receptionist. Because Dyon couldn't prove that the receptionist was being biased, despite how obvious it was, Dyon lost the moral high ground. And, because the receptionist couldn't detect Dyon's array, no matter how obvious it was that Dyon had planted one, he would lose moral high ground if he chose to attack Dyon.

It was a simple move. Dyon had adapted to the game the Cavositas God Clan wanted to play perfectly.

However, when Dyon turned to walk out of the exit, he found the receptionist blocking his way.

This was a man of the saint stage, and almost fittingly, he was about a head taller than Dyon. He had black hair and eyes matching that of the Cavositas clan and despite his clear older age, he had a vibrant youth to him that made it feel as though he had hundreds of years left to live.

Dyon smiled. "Something you need?"

"Nothing in particular. Only wondering about a couple disappearances. Two, to be exact."

"Oh? And what disappearances are those?"

The receptionist tilted his head, a clever glint lighting his eyes as though he had seen through Dyon.

"One is very important to you. And the other, is quite important to me."

"Important to me you say?" Dyon chuckled, completely unperturbed by the saint energy emanating off of the receptionist.

"Do you have any real concept of what it means to be a saint?"

"Well. I'd assume to be a saint means having better things to do than being a door man for children and harassing a meridian formation expert, no?"

The brow of the receptionist twitched at Dyon's subtle dig. But, he kept his composure. "Mm. One would think... But, saint energy itself it quite interesting."

"Please enlighten me, elder." A polite smile pasted itself onto Dyon's features. He was quite interested in finding out just what this man thinks he knows. He mentions two disappearances, and yet now he wants to speak on the prowess of a saint? How did this connect?

Chapter 369 One With

"One with mind. One with heart. One with body. One with soul. One with will. One with intent. One with law. One with world. One with Dao.

“What it means to be a saint is to have mastered an intent. What it means to have mastered an intent is to have a view of the world few others have. Too many are quick to ignore the namesakes of the nine intent stages for overly simplified numberings, but those names mean something.”

What the receptionist said was true. Often, the levels of intent were broken into stages of one to nine, when, in reality, each had their own name. And, in fact, that name gave insight into how to master or come to understand that will to that level. In addition, the name also often gave clues as to the scope the intent would reach.

When Madeleine improved her celestial will to a celestial intent, it was because she had received a calming reassurance at a moment where her connection with her surroundings was deep enough to take the next step. This connection was provided by her essence gathering cultivation, while the peace of mind had been given to her by Dyon’s message of reassurance and encouragement..

All of these culminated in Madeleine reaching a state of one with mind, thus stepping into an all new level of power that only a rare few could match at the essence gathering level. In fact, the only reason the third daughter of the Uidah King God Clan had beaten Madeleine so easily was because Madeleine had spent weeks fighting and protecting her fellow clansmen. Couple that with the fact that she had higher cultivation than Madeleine, and the ability to fuse wills, and Madeleine simply did not stand a chance.

“So, what’s your meaning?” Dyon asked, a smile still on his face.

“Like I said. Two are missing. And there’s little you can hide from a saint expert. You may have released the planet Nix queen, however, you’ve taken something from us that you should be giving back, don’t you think?”

At this point, it was clear to Dyon that the receptionist was referring to Eli.

He was using his explanation as a saint to show Dyon that he wasn’t just making a guess. The connection that saints gained with their surroundings far surpassed that of Essence Gathering experts and without a doubt surpassed meridian formation experts.

Since he realized that he had lost the moral high ground in one instance, he had decided to gain it another way.

The truth was that the reason it had taken Dyon so long to come back, even to the point that Ri ended up being taken advantage of, was because he was doing his due diligence in saving Eli.

Unfortunately, he hadn't been able to find any others of the Viridi family. But, it was likely that Eli knew where the rest were and could thus direct Dyon.

The problem was that Eli had passed out due to blood loss and was thrown into a cage filled with other warriors – seemingly with their only hope being death. Dyon had wanted to save them all, but that simply was not realistic. The movement of one slave might fly under the radar, but all of them? It was too much to maneuver. It would have to be a plan saved for another day.

However, Dyon had exercised the utmost caution. He used a clone to replace himself so that he never disappeared from view and used the best concealment array he had in his disposal. But, therein lied a problem, even as Dyon saved the unconscious Eli.

Even though the saint didn't have any specialization in array alchemy, what he did have was a soul comparable to Dyon. This meant that his sensitivity to Dyon's concealment array, even if it was a peak master level array, would be there. And the worst problem was, to avoid detection, Dyon hadn't used his peak most array because that would require releasing his manifestation. Therefore, he had only used a mid-level master array.

The receptionist was a mid-level saint. This was simply the scale of a God Clan. They could afford to use warriors so powerful as doormen because mid-level saints simply weren't powerful enough to be elders. And, considering how old the receptionist was already, he was unlikely to ever reach that level.

That aside, despite the receptionist's cultivation, his soul strength still rested at the lower essence gathering level... But, that was enough to catch that something was off when faced with Dyon's concealment array. And now, he was acting on his hunch.

"I believe one you're speaking of is my wife. But, where she is has nothing to do with you. The second, the one who is important to you, I have no idea about. Because, I don't know what you're talking about." Dyon smiled calmly because the saint's words had already revealed his own lack of understanding.

When the receptionist had said there were two missing things, one of which was important to him, Dyon had been confused. But, when he made the connection between the receptionist's soul strength and the possibility of it being enough to see through his mid-level master array, things clicked. The receptionist didn't know that Ri had been put into a spatial ring. He thought that Ri was still in this very room, hidden by Dyon.

Essentially, the receptionist was threatening Dyon. He was saying that because he was a saint, he could use his intent mastery, and the connection it gave him to the environment, to see through Dyon's array and find Ri. And, because he could do that, Dyon should give back the prisoner he took and accept punishment.

However, Dyon found this all very funny because the receptionist couldn't be more wrong. Not only was Ri in no danger whatsoever, even if she was in the room under the influence of a concealment formation right now, Dyon still wouldn't be scared of this so-called saint level expert because he had two trump cards he had yet to use.

Chapter 370 Demon Sage

The brows of the receptionist furrowed at Dyon's response. He didn't know who he was talking about? Was this kid really willing to put his wife's life at risk on his gamble?

The truth was that the receptionist had no idea whether Dyon took a prisoner or not. What he did know was that Dyon had acted weirdly right before his fight, and his eyes were seemingly trained on one of the fighting stages.

Then, after confirmation from his young master, he found out that there were indeed some Dyon cared about that had been sold into slavery. Couple that with the fact that there was only one exit from the arena, and Dyon would have been in perfect position to save someone.

But, what the receptionist could not understand was where Dyon's confidence came from. After all, how could he know that Dyon held a ring that couldn't even be properly scaled amongst treasures? To him, both Eli and Ri were floating around in this room somewhere, he just couldn't detect it properly.

However... The more and more the receptionist searched, the more he realized there was nothing to be found..

Looking past the receptionist, Dyon's eyes landed on the Planet Nix warriors. They had lifted up their deadpan queen to sit her in a chair. But, it was clear that a fire was being slowly lit in her eyes. 'Good. Get angry. I want my little feu glace to beat you at your best.'

With that last thought, Dyon turned back to scan over the rest of the planets, his eyes faintly lingering on Eboni which caused her to involuntarily shiver.

"Despite what mistakes my fellow kinsmen have made, I hope you don't assume that I'll allow you to seek revenge as easily as you did against the Nix."

Shifting away from Nix, Dyon's eyes landed on Tau Aumen, steadily taking in his glowing hair and fierce features.

With Tau's words, Eboni seemed to have gained her fire back, staring back at Dyon arrogantly. But, anger could only build up within her as she noticed Dyon completely ignoring her gaze. She felt insignificant... Weak. Dyon had not a care even for her beauty.

"And I hope you don't assume that the reason she hasn't died is because of you." Dyon's emotions showed no signs of fluctuation. He meant his every word. Eboni was only alive because he was leaving her for RI. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Ode sneered, "You're so arrogant. Did you think a handsome face meant strength? Our young master is in the top 10 for a reason. Don't assume that beating Ulu makes you anything significant in his eyes."

Dyon had already begun to walk away before Ode spoke, brushing past the receptionist who was still searching.

"Your ranks mean nothing to me. The name at the top in the end will be mine." With those last words, Dyon left.

After Dyon's disappearance, silence reigned in the VIP room.

The receptionist had disappeared in a puff of embarrassment. Although he tried to follow Dyon, he had lost him. It was clear Dyon had used another concealment array, a much more powerful one. However, this only made the receptionist surer that he had been correct. But, that led to another problem... Just how powerful was Dyon's array alchemy to be able to hide from a saint expert?...

The Nix warriors were still tending to their queen. In reality, she wasn't hurt at all. The grip on her throat had long since healed, and the robustness of a martial body made the effects of 'hanging' she had suffered severely below what a normal human would suffer. The only real wound was her pride.

"I'll kill them!" She shrieked, grinding her teeth in anger.

When had the Nix ever been disrespected like this? They were three clans united under a single banner. They should have been much more powerful than the norm. They had the Nuru family and their dark arts. They had the Jafari family and their robust time control. And they had the Lebna, Ulu's clan, which specialized in the soul – specifically sealing. They were meant to be perfect! And yet, even in under a united banner, some no name had done this to them?!

Ulu breathed deeply, trying to calm herself. She had to accept that Dyon wasn't a no name. If she was right, this teenage boy was an unprecedented array alchemy expert coveted by the whole of the universe. But, this wasn't something she could disseminate to the public. If others knew, it would only increase competition for the Nix.

However, there was something good about Dyon being the Demon Sage. This meant that Ulu could stop worrying about his ranking... Because she was almost certain Dyon had cheated now!

"Queen, should we inform king?"

Ulu shook her head. "Not yet. King and the elites of Nix are off on a mission right now and will join us on this planet soon. However, if we tell my husband what has occurred too soon, given his hot head, he'll act without thinking and kill our pawn.

"We need to first wait until just before the tournament begins, that way King won't be tempted to act before the fact. Then, we'll inform him of the importance of this pawn. After we do that, we can explain how he's disrespected the Nix and me.

“This child has no concept of the true strength of the warriors in the top 10. He thinks that just because he can manipulate arrays and forge points for himself that he’s among them? No. The top 10 of the cumulative rankings are nothing short of gods.” Ulu’s eyes sparkled as she thought of her husband before a dense anger formed in her eyes as she touched her belly. “Or maybe I should say top 11 considering you’re a fraud.

“After you find that you have no choice to be a slave, your so-called seal on me will be removed by your own hands.”

Ulu sneered in disgust as she thought back to Dyon’s rank. At first, she had been scared of this new ranker. But, when she met Dyon, and connected his ability to the array alchemist, everything made sense. Dyon hadn’t earned his rank. He cheated. Manipulating the rankings to manufacture his results.

After all, nothing else made sense to Ulu. Why? Because Dyon’s rank wasn’t just in the top 10... In fact, it wasn’t just in the top 5...

Demon Sage. Rank 1.