

## **The Nameless 371**

### Chapter 371 Useless

Hours later, Dyon was in an entirely new inn. In order to avoid being annoyed, he had moved. He doubted that the Cavositas would do anything out in the open, or else it would mean losing moral high-ground with the elves.

The truth was the despite the disappearance of the Elvin King, his power was still a looming influence. After all, 10 years was a blink of an eye to a celestial expert. And this was even more true for an elf. Assuming that he would never show up again was something many weren't willing to risk on. So, openly killing the man he'd know as his son-in-law was not a good idea.

This was the kind of unknown the elves wanted to continue to foster. To the upper-echelons of the elves, their king had disappeared without a trace or even a word of goodbye. But, to the upper-echelons of Earth and the other planets, the Elvin King was gone, but the elves were aware of why and that he'd be back. This was a subtle, but very important lie.

That said, the elves still had other celestial experts to maintain God Clan rank, including the Grand Elders and Head Sigebryht. In fact, Head Sigebryht was still known as a genius to many. And, no one forgot Uncle Acacia in all of this. He had been exposed as a peak level saint with the attack of the Daiyu on the Elvin Kingdom. It was suddenly clear to everyone that maybe his talent wasn't too inferior to his brother..

In the end, the elves were able to make up for their lack of quality with quantity. Their status could not be ignored.

Without their king, they were among the peak God Clans. And with him? They rivaled any Royal God Clan. This wasn't the sort of existence that could be so easily ignored and Dyon was more than aware of this, so he took advantage.

After treating Eli, Dyon let him sleep. In fact, he went as far as forging a coma-inducing pill set to allow Eli to wake up once his body was healed and his fatigue was gone. After what must have been years of a poor diet and no rest, Eli needed this rest the most.

Dyon knew that if he allowed Eli to wake up now, he'd be too worried about the rest of his family to get a proper rest.

Flashing into his spatial ring, Dyon walked toward the collection of tents he had created for the demon generals and let Eli rest in his. Afterwards, he let the demon know about Eli and that they should explain things to him should he wake up without Dyon's knowledge.

Arios had gone to see his father with Ava after the gate closed, so, he wasn't here. But, there were thousands of other demon generals to help out. Often times, Dyon felt bad about having them stay here, but, there was really no other place for them. In addition, they seemed to enjoy spending their days in relaxation and cultivation.

Many of them had even once been trapped within a gate during its recovery time. Compared to days like that, the demon generals saw this place as a paradise.

With everything settled, Dyon left the ring to appear within the hotel room.

Looking down at Ri's sleeping figure, he couldn't help but feel saddened. To Ri, Eboni and Ulu were people she should have been able to beat. But, the martial world didn't have a place for fairness. In fact, in all this time, even as Ri tossed and turned in her sleep, clearly agitated, she had never once said anything about fairness. To her, victory should have been a foregone conclusion.

At first, Dyon blamed himself. He didn't expect words as simple as 'Sacharro's don't lose' to have such a profound effect on Ri. But, he had to check himself after that.

He had a huge effect on Ri's life, yes. But, not enough to cause a fundamental change to her personality.

Ri was a person who had started raising an army as barely a teenager with the goal of taking over the Elvin Kingdom in her father's stead. She was a person that spent her entire life forcing herself down a path of wills that was never her forte. She was a person that loved array alchemy and studied it just for her fascination, despite having weak soul talent.

Ri was competitive to her very core. She did things because she wanted to and followed through with them to the end. Her hate of losing may have had something to do with Dyon, but it was definitely not the entire reason.

Alexandria Acacia. She had goals of her own. A purpose she wanted to achieve. Whether that be being worthy of standing by Dyon's side, or finding her parents, each was important to her and each required her to win. Then win again. And then win yet again. Taking credit for her reaction, or more accurately, blame, would be nothing short of hubris on Dyon's part.

In a lot of ways, Ri was still that little girl who lost her parents. Still that little girl that lost her best friend. Still that little girl who was training day and night to rebuild the things she had lost.

And now, Dyon was yet another thing she wanted to hold onto to. No matter what Dyon said or did, Ri still felt like she had to earn his love. It was just that this loss had caused all of these emotions to surface.

But, even thinking of all of this, nothing hit Dyon as much as when he heard Ri said something that made him tremble. Something that made him think back to his trials with the old man...

"I'm happy you have big sister Madeleine. I'm truly happy this time." Ri mumbled in her sleep, an uncomfortable sweat coating her delicate features. "I can't be jealous anymore. I'm too useless to be jealous."

#### Chapter 372 Story

All of this time, Dyon had been trying to ignore the facts.

Ri was someone who had spent much of her life being made fun of for her looks. Then, when she fell for someone, she found out that this same man who looked past the way she looked, had a fiancée who was a matchless beauty.

To make things worse, Dyon hadn't met Ri with Madeleine by his side. He had met Ri after having been separated from Madeleine for more than a year. No matter how competitive or confident Ri was, how could she help but not think she was only a temporary replacement? How could someone who had to deal with people constantly disappearing from her life not worry that the first man she had ever loved leaving too?

With all of these feelings mounting and the meeting with Madeleine looming, Ri was trying her best to hide how she truly felt from Dyon, struggling to be the woman Dyon couldn't find flaw in. And then, things instantly got worse...

Dyon had gone and disappeared, falling into a crack permeating with death qi and seemingly dying. Despite his words of promise before those events, how could Ri put stock into his survival? Yet another person, gone..

Ri wasn't willing to believe it or think about it, so she buried those feeling, throwing herself into the battle until a ray of hope came in the form of Dyon's spatial ring.

But then, Dyon didn't show up for months. Ri didn't know how he was fairing, if he was safe, or what he was doing. She was completely cut off and in a constantly troubling emotional state as she fought for endless days in a row.

In the end, Dyon came back, but even then, it was like a dream to her. She didn't even fully realize Dyon was really back until she woke up in the hotel room.

However, even when she was finally back in Dyon's arm, it was time for her to pretend again. Pretend as though she hadn't been bothered by the past few months. Pretend as though these new shifts in her body weren't confusing and scaring to her. Pretend as though she wasn't scared about meeting Madeleine.

The truth was she didn't know how she felt. She had known Dyon had a fiancée from the very beginning and had already promised herself to him. She had decided right from the moment she gave her virginity to Dyon, that even if she had to spend the rest of her life in a jealous state, it was worth it if she could be with this man. But, that didn't stop her from feeling the fear that was building up.

How would she feel about having to share Dyon with someone else? How would she feel seeing Dyon worry over someone else like he did her? How would she feel when Dyon looked at Madeleine in a way that, up until now, had been reserved for her? She just didn't know.

So, when all of these feelings mounted, and she finally wanted to take out some frustration, everything had come crashing down. She had lost. She felt useless. And worse yet? Even till now she thought she had forever lost her ability to birth Dyon's child.

'Why would he want me now?' Ri didn't know how many times she had thought this. But, it ran through her mind again and again.

“Ri?” Dyon say on the edge of the bed, lightly gripping Ri’s small hand. This wasn’t something he could help her with, but what he could do was be here for her.

“Mm.” Ri rolled, opening her eyes to find Dyon looking at her with a gaze filled with concern.

Dyon wanted to say that he would never leave Ri. That he loved her as much as he loved Madeleine and that he couldn’t live without either of them. But, words just weren’t enough.

Ri might have heard that her parents loved her millions of times, and yet hadn’t they left as well? To Ri, that was what people did... As long as they had enough reason to, they would leave. Even if they had no intention to now, they might still do it later.

Seeing Dyon’s concern, Ri’s eye watered as she looked down at her belly. “I’m sorry.” She whispered softly.

“Ri, stop that. I only need some time to undo it. Soon, you’ll be my health little feu glace, okay?” Dyon gently wiped the tears from Ri’s cheek, “Then, we can train together. We still have weeks until the tournament. You have all of this built up cultivation you haven’t tapped into yet. How could you not have improved after months of fighting, right?”

Ri nodded slowly. Despite her cultivation not having progressed in months, after that much time fighting, she was bound to be ready for quite a few consecutive breakthroughs. A beast could cultivate by almost solely eating a sleeping, right now, that was exactly what Ri needed. Much like muscle training where strength only grew after muscles tore and rebuilt themselves, Ri’s cultivation had been theoretically ‘torn’, but, she had yet to rebuild it.

Sliding to the top of the bed, Dyon dressed-down before helping Ri into something more comfortable.

Ri was quiet and frail. It was clear the seal was still not allowing her to gather her strength and she needed Dyon’s help to do something as simple as changing her clothes. Although Dyon was trying to help, the fact she needed it for something so easy only made Ri even more frustrated with herself.

Despite seeing Ri’s flawless naked body in front of him, Dyon couldn’t think about anything other than how he could fix this as his eyes flashed with gold to cover Ri in a comfortable set of sweats.

"Nope." Dyon shook his head, causing Ri to struggle to give him a look of confusion. "You're my woman. I'm not allowing this. Come here, I'm telling you a story."

Ri's heart warmed at Dyon's words even as she felt like a feather in the wind being swung up to Dyon's lap.

"This story from the human world is exactly what you need right now..." Dyon said faintly.

#### Chapter 373 Promise

Dyon held Ri tightly against himself. He was so large, and she seemed so small, that he nearly engulfed her as he rested his chin on her head.

Ri felt safe in Dyon's arms, especially when she felt his hand rest on her belly protectively, streaming in his aurora and celestial will as he began to speak.

"Can you imagine what it would feel like, to love someone with your everything. To have your whole world be their smile. And yet having their smile never be the one you once knew?"

How would you feel if the eyes I look at you with, suddenly became the very same eyes I looked at everyone with? If the gaze I gave you was as nonchalant as the gaze I gave to any other stranger?

What if I no longer called you my little feu glace, not because I didn't want to, but simply because I forgot?"

Ri listened quietly, trying to understand the meaning behind Dyon's words..

"To me, and you, that hopefully feels like a distant dream. Something that would never happen," Dyon slid his chin down from the top of Ri's head to rest his cheek against hers, silently enjoying the sound of her breathing slowly calming as he streamed more celestial will into her.

"But, sometimes people aren't so lucky.

In the human world, there's a story of a woman who was once diagnosed with acute amnesia. Because of this, she could never again form new memories that lasted through a night of sleep. She was forever stuck, having lost the last few years of her life, while never being able to forge a new life for herself." Dyon tightened his grip on Ri's small figure as though he too was scared she'd disappear.

"However, maybe the truly sad part, is that the part of her memory that she lost included the love of her life.

She would walk around her house, seeing pictures of a man she thought of as nothing more than a stranger. His voice was new to her. His smile was foreign. Even his jokes no longer made her laugh the same way.

The emptiness in her life hadn't just affected her.

The man she had once loved had to watch her no longer look at him with the same eyes. No longer smile at him the same way. He had to watch any progress he made be completely washed away with a single night of rest."

Ri trembled. That sounded absolutely horrible. Not only would this man never again feel like warmth of the woman he loved, he had to live knowing that she'd forever feel empty... As though something was missing that she'd never be able to replace.

"Eventually, the woman one day reached a breaking point. She could no longer stand being in a house with a stranger, so, she made him leave. Casting him out of her life entirely. And the worst part? The next day, she didn't remember what she had done. She went on not knowing what she was missing."

Dyon sighed.

"However, what the woman didn't know, was that the man visited her everyday.

Despite having the past few years of her memory erased, the woman remembered her childhood and teenage years very well. And in that period of her life, she loved going to a café that was nearby.

So, everyday, without fail, she left to go to this café. Sometimes it was in the morning. Sometimes it was in the afternoon. And sometimes it was in the evening. But, without fail, everyday, she would go.

And everyday, the man she used to love would go to that café and wait.

Without the pressure of him being her husband looming over her, the woman was a lot more relaxed. Without knowing it, this woman spoke with this man everyday. And everyday, she would fall in love with him again.

The man proved everyday, again and again, that he was perfect for her. And every night, she would fall asleep thinking of him, hoping that she would remember who he was tomorrow. But, without fail, she would forget him every morning.”

Dyon’s cheeks twitched as he felt a stream of tears from Ri. His heart was saddened, but he had to continue with the story.

“This was how they spent the rest of their lives. The woman never recovered from her disease. She never woke up remembering the man that had loved her with his everything. And yet, because of this disease, she died not even ten years later, leaving the man alone to live the rest of his life.

On the man’s death bed, he wrote into his will to publish a book, and in that book, he wrote about what he had said the day he vowed to spend his life with this woman.

On the day of their wedding, before her family and friends, and before his own as well, he had sworn to remind her why she loved him each and everyday till death do them part.

And when he wrote about what he was most proud of in his life, it was the fact that he had kept that promise to her very last breath.”

“You idiot.” Ri wiped tears from her eyes, hitting Dyon’s thigh with her small fist.

“I want you to know Ri. I can’t prove it to you now. But, to your last breath. Even if you don’t know that I’m here. I will be.



My loyalty to you will never be something you have to worry about. How much I love you is never something you have to worry about.

Even if I have to deal with you kicking me out of our house. Even if I have to deal with sitting in a café for hours waiting to catch a glimpse of your smile. Even if I have to make you fall in love with me again everyday for the rest of your life. I'll do it."

Dyon's hand made a final movement of Ri's belly pulling out a dense blackness and crushing it in his hand before turning Ri around to face him.

"This is my promise to you."

Chapter 374 Last?

Dyon sat cross-legged with the bed's headboard to his back. Ri's knees rested on his calves as she faced him. But, her head was lowered with her forehead rested gently on Dyon's chest, seemingly trying to stop crying.

"Little feu glace," Dyon smiled, pulling in Ri tightly, "If you have things you're worried about, don't bury them. The same way you want to help me carry my burden, I want to help you."

"Mm," Ri nodded, wiping her tears away on her sleeve before touching her belly, "It all seems so silly now..." She said softly, "How'd you do it?"

Dyon chuckled, "Your husband is a genius, that's how."

Ri rolled her eyes, pulling away to flick Dyon's forehead. "Tell me."

Seeing that Ri was back to her normal self, Dyon felt much better as he began to explain. Ri had always loved array alchemy, in fact, that was basically how they first met. It had been too long since they had a talk about it.

"I'm actually surprised that there's nothing about seals in my master's memories, but they're actually quite interesting."

Ri nodded, "The Celestial Deer Sect and the Elves were in an alliance, so your master should have known about the Sigebyrht and their manifestation. Might be another clue."

"Mm, I think so too. Not knowing about a counter to arrays despite being so powerful doesn't add up."

In terms of the seal placed on you, though, I may have been worried if it was put in place by an elder of the Lebna God Clan that woman is from, but Ulu, I think her name was, isn't a match for experts on that level.

Also, her seal was meant to counter and lock away your yin and the life qi tied to it, but Ulu wasn't skilled enough to use life will's opposite. Instead, she used darkness will as a substitute for death will which weakened the seal from what it could be at its peak level."

Ri pondered on that a bit before thinking of something, "If seals are making use of wills to form their counters, how is that any different from an array?"

"Remember during our first talk about arrays? And how we spoke about how lower level arrays simulate wills, while higher level arrays become them?"

Ri nodded, "So low level seals simulate high level ones by simply being arrays that counter something. They're still fundamentally arrays but have elements of seals."

"Exactly. A true seal requires minimal adjustments and can do a wide range of things. From what I can see, the Sigebyrht family manifestation is a high-level seal. When they stopped the death qi from fueling the cyclones, they didn't have to understand life qi. All they had to do was lock onto a target, analyze, and output their seal."

However, a low-level seal, while they may still use seal-like elements such as targeting and analysis, they need to manufacture their seals from scratch."

"Targeting and analysis?"

“Yea. Although my master’s memories have locked the information, the Celestial Deer Sect’s library still has information on seals I looked at after treating Eli and while you were unconscious.”

That was also how Dyon got his hands on the Unique Type Manifestation technique despite it not being in his master’s memories. The 25th White Mother had purposefully not destroyed the books within the disarrayed library, even though she locked her memories, because she wanted Dyon to find her trail of clues. Clues she wanted him to learn slowly, and not all at once, because he was too weak to know everything now.

“Targeting is a method in sealing that locks down what is meant to be sealed. While analysis decides what it takes to do the sealing.

These two steps are really flexible if you have access to a high-level sealing legacy, like the Sigebryht do. But, it seems Ulu didn’t have that, or more accurately, the Lebna sealing legacy works differently from the Sigebryht’s.”

“Differently? You absorbed that guy’s memories to learn that, right? What Planet Nix like?”

“I got rid of most of the useless stuff, but there was something quite interesting that I saw, though.”

Ri used Dyon’s thighs as leverage to lift herself up and sit in his lap again, before listening.

“There are actually two interesting things of note.

For one, Planet Nix is probably the most united planet in this universe. Here, the Royal God Clan exists, but it’s fairly hands-off – even to the point where the Ragnor and the Pakal constantly war with each other and the Belmont never step in.

But, on Planet Nix, the Lebna and Nuru God Clans both reside peacefully under the rule of the Jafari Royal God Clan.

That said, that isn’t the most interesting thing.”

Honestly speaking, Dyon was a bit apprehensive about this tidbit – even to the point where he was worried that he had given Ulu enough clues to assume that his technique absorbed memories.

In the heat of the moment, Dyon hadn't had the time to sift through all of Chike's memories. All he had time to do was check on exactly what happened while he was gone and find a motive.

Unfortunately, after he did that, he asked Ulu if she had really done all of this just to pull him to her side. Ulu had immediately responded with 'how did you know that?', which was a logical ask considering the circumstances. If Ulu thought deeply enough about it, she might be able to connect Dyon's devour technique, to how he knew something he shouldn't have.

And if Ulu knew that Dyon now had memories of a Nix warrior, and Dyon's speculations about Chike's memories were right... Then, there was more trouble than just the Nix revenge to worry about.

Taking a deep breath, Dyon continued. "From the memories, Planet Nix has no history with the Lebna, Nuru or Jafari dating more than hundred years before now."

"Wait, what?" Ri's brows scrunched in confusion. The impact of such a statement was much more profound than it seemed. "But..."

Dyon sighed. "Exactly right. No one has conquered a gate in millennia. So if their history in the universe is so short, where did they come from?"

"There's also... If they weren't here a hundred years ago, then what happened to the warriors that represented Nix at the last world tournament?"

## Chapter 375 Forgotten

Dyon shook his head, he had no idea. It was likely the upper-echelons of the God Clans knew, and that would include the Elvin Elders as well. But, that wasn't the main issue. Who the other clan was, was irrelevant.

In fact, it was likely that the God Clans of Earth were already aware that there was a change but couldn't be bothered to care about the changed political landscape of another planet.

For the world tournament, each Planet sent their best representatives. In the end, for Planet Naiad, Nix, Deimos and Mino, they each sent two God Clans and one Royal God clan. If they had been hosting, they would have likely sent more, but, the expense of interplanetary travel didn't allow that to be worth it.

The interesting part was that although each planet had their own Sapientia God Clan, none of them had brought any members. It was likely that the planet's assumed the Sapientia would afford the expense themselves..

However, that aside, there was another thing of note. Something that Dyon had no clue about because Chike and the members of Planet Nix, also did not know –

The members of Planet Mino, including Saru Shruti of the Shruti Royal God Clan, had also not been here just a hundred years ago. And now? They were suddenly very interested in Ri's origins.

Dyon sighed, "Nothing can ever be simple, huh?"

After a pause, Ri asked a question that had been grating on her, "Do you think how those clans appeared without a gate conquering being noted, is the same way my parents left too?"

"I thought of that possibility as well. If we pay enough attention, we might find some clues. I think I should have a good relationship with at least one set of in-laws." Dyon laughed to himself bitterly.

Ri giggled, "Maybe if you weren't so arrogant, you would have approached them by now."

Dyon pouted in disagreement, "The first time I met Madeleine's father, he was part of a group of people trying to kick me out of their school. The second time was after he tried to end my and Madeleine's relationship – according to Madeleine, Oliver had acted on his own, but I still never got an apology for that, despite the sword through my chest.

I guess I've never had any interactions with Madeleine's mother, but if I'm to take what Madeleine says about her seriously, her goals are always in lock-step with her father's. The only time they even remotely disagreed was when Madeleine seemed to be on her death bed.

It's moments like these that I appreciate Uncle Acacia."

"It seems Uncle might have his own in-laws to deal with soon," Ri said teasingly, "He might not be in a good enough mood to deal with your antics anymore."

Dyon sighed, "In all seriousness, though, something is converging and its converging on this universe.

In the past, this was universe was the best in the quadrant. It had peak dao formation experts, and I'm not certain, but it's like that that also included half-step transcendents. This is why the Epistemic Tower was originally placed right here, in a bridge between this universe, and the next one over.

With the Ragnor and then the Pakal. But now Planet Nix. And even before that there was likely the Kitsune who came too. Too many clans much too powerful to be here are coming here."

"Dyon," Ri said softly, "We should probably talk about when it is you was to enter the Epistemic Tower to start training toward Transcendents."

Dyon shook his head, "When WE go, it'll be all of us. The old man said he had a limited supply of resources, but he never said I wasn't allowed to let other in with me. If that was the case, then Alidor wouldn't have been able to bring in his sister."

"But... You said the old man teleported the Basilisks Alidor had brought with him out when they tried to take the trials."

"Mm. That's true. But, that was only because they weren't talented enough. My fiancées are the most talented women in this universe, grand teacher will of course accept you two. You have a faith seed and a God level constitution, and I have a feeling that Madeleine just got a faith seed of her own."

With Dyon's words, Ri finally sighed in relief. She had been worried that she would be separated from Dyon, but there had been a reason for that. Dyon's ultimate goal was to make his name spread far and wide and the best way to do that was with the help of the Epistemic Tower. If he went in, there was no telling when he'd be able to come out.

"I want to take you, Madeleine, Little Lyla, Little Black, the demon generals and likely Alidor and his little sister with me. I also have a few others in mind... Like Caedlum Pakal. And Thor Ragnor."

Ri looked back at Dyon in confusion. "Why Alidor and his little sister?"

"It's not that I trust him, or that I'm putting any stock or hope in him. It's only that he'll be useful. This will essentially be a quadrant vs quadrant battle, and our universe is lacking in talent. Also, unless his soul strength becomes stronger than mine, he'll never break his slave seal without my say so."

At the moment, Dyon had no intention on ever letting Alidor surpass him. When Dyon completed his soul, his strength was at the peak Essence stage. In fact, he was mere days away from breaking through and having his incomplete soul be at the lower Essence stage, while his completed soul would be able to enter the lower Saint stage! A saint level soul!

"It will be dangerous, though, Ri." Dyon's face steeled. "The Epistemic Tower isn't just about the trials to receive the greatest techniques of that old man, it's also a competition. And it's a competition that involves everyone who was talented enough to forge their way into the Tower.

"Maybe the worst part is that this quadrant, according to grand teacher, is likely among the minority when it comes to accumulated knowledge on the Epistemic Tower. No one here remembers the importance the Epistemic Tower is meant to have, but that doesn't mean other places have forgotten."

Chapter 376 Will?

"The Epistemic Tower in our quadrant was ignored because our universe became too weak to bother with." Dyon continued. "Eventually, the cultivation cap of the gate fell so far that many forgot entirely.

"With all of the once powerful clans gone, new ones had to build up to the power of the former. But, the information that the destroyed powerful clans had, weren't available to the weaker. Which meant that even though this quadrant now has clans that are as powerful as the Celestial Deer Sect used to be, they have no idea about the Epistemic Tower because that information was never passed to them."

"Are you saying that those powerful clans are converging to look for something... But, they don't know what they're looking for is the Epistemic Tower?"

Taking a deep breath, Dyon answered. "That's likely at least a part of the truth. The fact that the Pakal and Ragnor clan geniuses essentially ignore the Epistemic Tower is evidence that they don't know of it. But, there are a few reasons why that might not be all there is to it....

For one, there's the human world. If the reason the clans were converging had nothing to do with the seal placed on my home, I would be very surprised. In fact, maybe the only thing I'm certain about is the fact that seal has something to do with it.

Secondly, there's the expansion of Earth by thousands of times its original size. That seems far too out of place and random to be by coincidence. Scientifically speaking, there's no non-martial world related laws I can use to explain that... At least, none that I can use that don't include the Earth becoming uninhabitable.

Then there's the Daiyu Clan. They were, for all intents and purposes, a powerful clan from back then. By right, they should have information on the Epistemic Tower. And yet, it doesn't seem to be their focus at all. As though there's something more important..."

"Maybe that's because they haven't birthed anyone who is capable of conquering the tower? Remember how Chinglei seemed stifled by their lack of resources and he didn't seem to have the talent to open the tower either. And from what it seems, he's now the best genius they have..."

"That's a possibility. They might be ignoring the tower because they know they can't open it. Maybe they're making all of these moves to find another way to open it? After all, if they went to the tower without a plan and failed, they'd only draw attention to it. Something they likely don't want."

Dyon had been lucky in terms of the way he approached the tower. Unlike Alidor, he hadn't had the ability to teleport throughout the gate at the time, so, he would have had to travel there manually had he not fallen into the spatial tear.

But, if he had done that, his movements would have been noticed by scouting personnel at some point. Even if the Ragnor had pulled away the Saeclum clan, the Uidah universe had their own scouts too...

In a way, Dyon almost dying was a blessing in disguise. However, the problem was that the Uidah still found out because of Alidor's seeking out faith seed.



“Also, I don’t believe that Chenglei is so weak...” Dyon thought back to his fight with Chenglei and he wondered if he would have won had it not been for devour. “When we fought, Chenglei had reset his cultivation. Which means that we were essentially on an even playing field and it still took everything I had.

“As of right now, I believe I’ve left him far behind. The Daiyu don’t have the means to even awaken his god constitution fully, let alone temper his meridians with Gama. But, I can’t underestimate his talent... I had access to so many wills, I had such a powerful soul, and my body cultivation was doing well, and yet it still took a perfectly tailored technique to win. Next time I meet him, I’ll still need to be careful... because this time, I have to kill him.”

After a moment of silence, an evil grin appeared on Dyon’s face as his hands crept up Ri’s night gown to find two soft bundles of flesh before kneading them gently.

Ri giggled, slapping his hands away. “Pervert. We have work to do. Help me with my cultivation.”

Smiling gently and bowing to his wife’s needs, Dyon nodded. “Alright.”

With that, Dyon began to meditate with Ri. Because Ri was only half a beast, her intuition when it came to choosing paths and the legacies that were ingrained into her, wasn’t as intuitive as it was for Little Black. This meant that she needed to analyze her body slowly to fully understand it.

So, that was what they did. Facing each other, they held hands to mold their auroras and peak out their 6th sense. Then, they began to slowly tease apart the legacies of the Kitsune. And more specifically, the legacy of the void kitsune... Kukan.

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A few kilometers away and still within Arena City, another gathering was taking place.

This time, though, it wasn’t so youthful as it had been in Chaos Arena. In fact, it was quite the opposite.

Powerful masters of the five planets converged on a single building, ready to hold their own conference. After all, the other four planets would never send their best and brightest without protection.

However, interestingly enough, this wasn't going to be a meeting about just the World Tournament. Maybe just as importantly, another event was taking place to take advantage of the rare convening of the planets' elites.

This would be the first meeting of its kind. Spurred on by the appearance of a never before seen phenomena, the array alchemists of the universe would meet for the first time...

Before, the Guild Headquarters had been but a figure head, only stepping in when rules were broken. However, something significant enough had happened for them to finally make a move on this scale. It was time for a change, and that change revolved around one person.

So... Fittingly... As they made their way to Arena City's Alchemy Guild, they were all thinking just one thing.

'Will the Demon Sage come?'

Chapter 377 Not

"Do you feel that?" Dyon asked, eyes still closed in meditation with Ri.

Ri felt like an entirely new world was being opened up to her.

When Dyon had first met his master and she led him to the corpse of her and her husband, the most striking thing about the demon qilin was the tattoos etched into his horns. They were dark and dense and seemed to hold laws unfathomable to Dyon at the time, and even now.

"They're written into me?"

"Let's try pouring your consciousness into one of the shallower ones.".

The truth was that this was a ridiculously intimate process. Even Dyon's master and her husband had never done such a thing.

The legacies of a supreme beast clan were personal and highly guarded. Even in death, it was impossible for Dyon to study the etchings of his master's husband because he didn't have a key to understanding them. However, Ri was her own key, and because she trusted Dyon with her everything, she didn't second guess having him help her navigate.

That said, what was required of Ri and Dyon was an essential perfect union between their minds – to the point where who was who would become nothing but a blurred line.

Had they tried this just hours ago, things may not have worked out so well. Although Dyon and Ri had melded their Auroras before, it was always for the sake of powering their array alchemy to a greater height. However, the purpose of this was much different.

In order for Dyon to help Ri, he needed a full understanding of exactly what they were trying to delve into. And for that to happen, he needed to essentially be in Ri's shoes and observe things from her perspective. The melding of their auroras in a situation like this wasn't for power, but, for better and intimate control.

If it had been earlier in the day, before Ri and Dyon had spoken about everything weighing on their minds, it would be likely that Ri would still be barred off from Dyon. Because of that, their auroras wouldn't have melded perfectly and the process would have been more detrimental than anything else.

But, now? Dyon could feel everything Ri could feel, and he couldn't help but sigh in relief. All of his worries were gone, and it seemed the relationship between he and Ri had reached a new level.

"Ri if this is right..."

Ri nodded, determination flashing on her features. "I want to start from scratch."

"I don't have another high-level cultivation cleansing pill. But, I should definitely be able to make one capable of cleansing you."

Dyon immediately began thinking of a course of action.

The cleansing pills he had once condensed from the Celestial Deer Sect were potent enough to erase even a peak celestial expert's cultivation. However, even if he didn't have one of those now, it would be overkill to use it anyway. Right now, he could without a doubt make a pill capable of erasing the cultivation of a peak essence gathering expert.

Taking Ri's legacies into account, or, the ones she had the power to see through right now, the Void affinity Kitsune had their own special paths to take. To Dyon, it was truly fascinating, although completely useless to him.

Over the course of history, it had always been difficult to reach the peak 12th stage of meridian formation. In fact, the peak of the 12th stage had always been reserved for those peak geniuses and was known as the perfect foundation.

However, the difficulty never stopped top tier clans from trying to find ways to circumvent those difficulties and forge new paths of cultivation.

One such example of this would be the celestial deer sect. Using their purity path, they were able to cleanse the impurities of energy to make the path toward perfection easier. Because of the nature of celestial will, it ended up being the most effective at this approach, but, that didn't mean others didn't try the same as well.

Fire path users tried to burn away impurities. Water path users tried to heal their way to perfection. And so on and so forth. The only issue with these paths that tried to copy what the Celestial Deer's did was that none of them were as good at purification when compared to celestial will. In fact, despite not being as domineering as a supreme will, celestial will likely boasted the best purification among all wills in existence except for one.

That said, purification wasn't the only path. Actually, that made sense. To say that the Celestial Deer were the only in existence to find a way to reach perfection would be ridiculous. If they had been, who would have ever challenged their role as a peak level clan? Their reign would have lasted indefinitely despite who their enemies turned out to be.

So, understanding this now, Dyon was quite intrigued with the solution the kitsune managed to forge for themselves. Or, more accurately, the solution the Void affinity Kitsune forged.

The first thing Dyon had to wrap his head around was that void will was a Supreme Law. It was domineering and all encompassing. And quite frankly, quite scary when he thought about it.

The void was an abyss incarnate. There was nothing it couldn't swallow and there was nothing that couldn't escape its grasp.

Knowing this, it would dawn on anyone why Void Kitsune were so rare. And worst yet, for Ri to have been born with the Void faith seed? Nature almost couldn't allow such an imbalance of power.

Why? When the void does its job well, nothing escapes it. Not light. Not wills. And most importantly, not energy.

So... What happens when you apply a concept like that to the energy containers of the universe? What happens when your meridians become able to absorb energy without end? Wouldn't the end result be a near perfect cultivation system, one that might even surpass what the Celestial Deer had come up with?

#### Chapter 378 Solution

This was exactly what the solution of the Kitsune was.

To have an affinity with a supreme law was so rare, it would almost be a shame if they didn't take full advantage of it.

The Void Kitsune completely did away with the purification system of normal energy cultivation. In fact, it could be argued that they did away with the normal meridian formation system entirely. If it wasn't for the meridians being the perfect framework for their system, it would be likely that it wouldn't be of use to them at all.

Dyon could only chuckle bitterly as he thoroughly studied the concept. "This talent. It's not even fair, you know."

Ri giggled, coming to understand the same thing Dyon was.

She no longer had a need for the stock meridian formation system. Instead of tempering and opening her meridians, she would slowly flood each one with void will. She didn't need Gama energy, not did she need to bother with any other wills. In fact, if she used those other wills, it would be as a detriment to her instead of a help.

The general idea was to use Ri's meridians as scaffolding to contain miniature voids within each one. This framework of voids would then act as beds to absorb energy in later levels of cultivation and completely ignored the need to purify meridian paths. In fact, the end of the cultivation technique called for a severing of all meridian paths lest the voids combine and lose stability.

This method was ingenious for numerous reasons.

For one, each of Ri's meridians would now hold almost five times the normal level of energy. In fact, the truth of the matter was that as Ri became more powerful and her void will became an intent, and then continued on into a dao, this number would only multiply further. This meant that when Ri entered the Essence Gathering stage and began accumulating energy, she'd have access to more than practically any other expert of the same level.

Secondly, and maybe most scary, this method didn't slow her cultivation despite needing more energy to move on in levels. Ri's meridians would basically act as miniature blackholes, sucking up energy greedily and at a pace a normal expert couldn't compare to unless they used supplementary techniques like Dyon's Tree of Life and Death.

Thirdly, Ri's stamina would be exhaustive. Something like fighting for months as she had before would be hundreds of times easier because her meridians would essentially absorb energy from the atmosphere without her having to do much of anything.

In the end, the only drawback of this technique was that usually Kitsune wouldn't be able to sustain all 108 voids and reach perfection. The amount you reached, heavily depended on your talent. However, even this wasn't a problem for Ri because she wasn't a normal Void affinity kitsune... She was THE Void affinity Kitsune. The Kitsune that started down this lineage in the first place. The faith seeded void Kitsune: Kukan.

Aside from this, the only problem was Ri's foundation stage cultivation. Because of the strain of literally accumulating black holes within yourself, Ri's foundation stage needed to be as solid as just about any in existence. So, she had to restart.

"I can create an environment about a third as effective as the one Epistemic Tower for you. I just need to set up a few arrays and use the Acacia Family technique to purify and process essence gathering energy into an easily digestible form. With your talent, you'll probably reach the peak of the foundation stage by day three." Dyon smiled, already having finished preparing Ri's cleansing pill.

Nodding, Ri bit back her thanks. Having just been one with Dyon's mind, she already knew exactly how he'd respond to her trying to say thank you. Instead, she prepared herself to work hard so that she could stand by his side proudly.

However, she couldn't help but smile even as she took the pill to wash away her cultivation. When she had been in Dyon's mind, she had found unequivocal proof that he loved her just the same as Madeleine. There was no need for her to be troubled anymore and she threw herself in cultivating.

Having finished helping Ri, Dyon prepared himself to begin cultivating as well.

He needed more time to feel ready to move on to the Essence Gathering level, because he still felt like something was missing... As though there was a piece he hadn't fully grasped yet. After all, he had only spent just a few weeks with any real concept of what energy cultivating meant at all.

Although he had spent a month cultivating to the peak of the foundation stage, before leaping to the peak of the meridian formation stage, he hadn't truly opened the door to energy cultivation until he got his meridians. But, even then, he hadn't had any time to study himself and what that door truly meant... He had gone from fighting Alidor, to fighting a war, to taking care of Ri. He hadn't had the time.

But, now, his main focus was reaching the Higher Essence soul stage. He had been stalled at the Middle Essence stage for too long and it was about time he proceeded forward.

The truth was that he had a feeling he would need to forge grandmaster level arrays soon, and he wouldn't be able to do that unless his soul reach saint level through his manifestation's boost. It felt as though there were enemies all around him and that a single moment of weakness could cause

everything to collapse around him. He had to not only be powerful, but he had to quickly keep improving, only in that way would be able to become the man he wanted to be.

There were too many odd occurrences going on, and with his identity as the demon sage apparently becoming a looming problem he hadn't though it would become, he needed a solution for it.

That said, the first solution to any problem was power.

#### Chapter 379 Never

Dyon's skinned reddened under the strain, but his face was completely serene. He had been quite serious when he said he didn't feel pain the same way anymore. It wasn't that he didn't know that he was in pain, or that he didn't know that it hurt, it was more so that his pain tolerance had increased to astronomical levels.

After having his body sheared apart and reformed just to be sheared apart again, it was hard for anything to compare... Even if that comparison was the tearing of your soul.

Although Dyon hadn't thought about it much, the truth was that what his grand teacher had done for him wasn't as simple.

Meridians were an organ system, but, not an organ that was simple to replace. For example, transplanting a heart might be difficult, but it was still an acute process and confined to a small work area. However, the circulatory system as a whole is different. One can't expect to be able to switch in a completely new set of veins and arteries for a person.

That would require creating new infinitesimally small connections between the bronchioles of the lungs, and the ciliary bodies of the brain and digestive system. It would even require replacement of the small vesicles that brought resources to and from something as sensitive as your eyes.

In a way, meridians were exactly like the circulatory system. On the surface, they were like veins and arteries, but they also had the job of feeding energy to the smallest crevasses of the body. The only way to do this properly was to reconstruct Dyon's entire body piece by piece..



That said, although the process had been painful, it had the added benefit of allowing Dyon to better focus on his soul cultivation. Without being distracted by pain as much as before, he could diligently work on deconstructing his soul to its finest pieces and reforming it into stronger and stronger wholes.

Suddenly, Dyon felt something snap.

The room threatened to fold under the pressure of his soul's breakthrough, it was nothing like he had ever felt before.

'Shit...'

Dyon had made a mistake. He had thought that since his soul was still within the Essence Gathering realm, he wouldn't have to deal with any break through phenomena. But, he failed to properly understand how his soul worked.

When Dyon called upon his manifestation, he wasn't using a technique like Chenglei had. It was his actual soul going toward completion... Which meant, that the reason breaking through to the Higher Essence stage had taken so long, was because he was never really breaking through to the Higher Essence stage... This whole time, he had been knocking down the barrier toward a saint level soul!

'I can't do this here... Can the ring withstand a phenomenon? No time!'

Dyon's eyes snapped open as he grit his teeth to try and suppress his breakthrough.

Seeing Ri's meditating figure surrounded by an array that worked to lock in a dense air of energy, Dyon sent her into the ring, not wanting her to cultivate without protection, before he too dove into the ring after hiding it in some floor boards.

Just in time, Dyon appeared in the new world.

"AAGGHH!" Dyon roared in relief, his clothes bursting from him as his soul was baptized with a new energy.

Dyon immediately realized something was wrong.

In energy cultivation, the first three stages were reserved for essence energy. All of the foundation stage, the meridian formation stage and the essence gathering stage only differed, in terms of energy, by the density you were accepting into yourself.

However, when crossing over into the realm of the saints, the energy changed completely.

For energy cultivation, as long as you mastered an intent, you would learn to sense and accumulate saint energy. But... There was no such restriction for the soul.

Many ignored this because of the rarity of a soul cultivator. In many cases, if not nearly all, energy cultivation surpasses one's soul strength. Therefore, to many, the only way to sense saint energy is to first learn an intent...

That said... There's another way.

For the truly talented, if one's soul talent reaches unprecedented levels and crosses into the level of a saint, then this very same person will learn the way of the saint.

Even Dyon's grand teacher had never heard of this. There had never been anyone in the history of the martial world to reach the level of a saint soul without first becoming a saint because there had never before been anyone in history with as much accumulated soul talent as Dyon.

As Dyon had learned from his grand teacher, his soul talent wasn't just his own... It was the accumulated soul talent for billions of people over thousands of years. With the seal of the human world in place, no one had had the ability to cultivate at all until Dyon broke through the soul seal... And now he was an anomaly of the world... A meridian formation expert who would sense saint energy...

But, there was a price being paid.

This wasn't the way things were supposed to be.

Energy slowly accumulated and improved in density over time because the body couldn't take high densities of energy all at once. There was a reason you needed to temper your body before you could temper your meridians all before you could fill them with energy... Without this steady progression, the body would never be ready for saint energy. In fact, attempting to fill yourself with saint energy before you were ready only meant death...

There was a reason why Dyon had warned Madeleine to never try and cultivate with the dao stones. There was a reason why he, himself, had never tried to cultivate with them either, let alone the celestial or saint stones. There was only death that awaited those who tried to skip into levels they weren't ready for...

But, what could Dyon do now? He had stumbled into something no one in the history of the world had dealt with before and he only had himself to rely on...

His fiancée was cultivating. His demon generals were of no help in an unprecedented situation like this. His grand teacher didn't have unlimited reach...

So, he could only stand there in horror as his roar of relief slowly became that of pain... A level of pain he thought he would never experience again...

#### Chapter 380 Killing

Dyon immediately steeled himself. This was not a time to panic.

Deviations in cultivation where one would essentially go berserk were things he had read about. But, those materials weren't helpful here.

Normal occurrences usually involved over-tempering meridians that could result in scarring or sheering, and maybe even them completely bursting apart. There had also been documented occurrences of people dying by trying to absorb higher level energies too soon, but that type of cultivation deviation would normally have to be fixed by an expert of that level taking the energy, all while the person in question stopped absorbing it.

But, how could Dyon stop absorbing saint energy right now? It just wasn't possible. This was a breakthrough, and as such, his soul wouldn't be satisfied until it was filled to the brim. The only saving grace was that this universe had such a poor concentration of saint energy that Dyon had some time to think before he completely blasted apart.

'Okay, think think think.' Dyon stood oddly like a statue, all of his muscle tightened to their peak degree. He couldn't move even an inch and he felt as though he was becoming a slowly inflated balloon. The worst part was that his soul was still threatening to become too powerful for his body to handle, and although the bulge wasn't obvious now, he could feel his soul pushing against the barriers of his body..

Dyon didn't even have time to think about the benefits of something like this, although he was sure there would be. After all, if he was dead, how would he enjoy anything?

'I can't panic. Panicking will only slow me down. I have to think about things from their simplest forms and work my way up.'

The first thing Dyon remembered was a seemingly useless piece of conversation he had had with the old man. He remembered very clearly that his grand teacher had said that he would never be able to sense saint energy because his body would never be able to withstand mastering an intent unless he reached the essence gathering stage. Something that was obviously impossible for him at the time because he had had a seal on his energy cultivation.

This let Dyon know a few things.

For one, the old man had no idea that sensing saint energy would be possible for Dyon as soon as his soul broke into the saint stages. That meant that this had never happened before – or else Dyon had no doubt that the old man would have known. And, if the old man had known, he would have without a doubt told Dyon and warned him, because he should have been aware that Dyon was only a single small leap from reaching a saint soul.

Although this information was seemingly damning, to Dyon, it was really important. That let him know that there was no need to waste time looking for solutions that others had come up with, because no one in history had dealt with what he was dealing with right now.

The second thing that Dyon thought of was energy. What was it about and what made it different.

Then his thoughts shifted to Gama. That was an amalgamation of wills and energy if Dyon remembered correctly. The old man spoke about how Gama was split into levels, but each level was the same in that they held every will in existence in combination with a comparable level of energy.

Then Dyon thought of qi and wills. Will outputs were known as qi because will power was dependent on a level of energy output, was it not?

This was the mind of an innate aurora wielder. The way they thought of and connected things reached levels a normal person couldn't hope to reach, and Dyon's mind only seemed to be thinking even faster with his life on the line.

But, there was one thing grating on Dyon.

In orthodox cultivation, you had to temper your meridians with wills to open them up to accept energy. However, it was also commonly understood that the more wills you used, the more powerful you were. This was why the best of clans didn't bother with tempering with wills one by one, but instead used Gama energy to floor the meridians with every will.

However, how did those things connect? Why did using more wills allow for more energy acceptance? Couldn't you just understand a single will incredibly well and then use that to open your meridians to their fullest extent? What was it about wills and their connection with meridians that made you more powerful if you used more? And how did that connect with energy?

Every avenue of thought brought Dyon more questions, and they were all seemingly dead ends.

Then Dyon thought of something else. His aurora. He used a form of energy to draw arrays to then change the laws of his surrounding, right? But, what kind of energy was that? What exactly was his aurora and what was it made of? It was clearly not a normal flame. And yet, at the same time, it was its own eye.

The aurora, or mind's eye, seemed to contain a flame. That flame was of course the special energy that was used to either draw arrays or produce an alchemic flame. At the same time, that flame was among the best for manipulating energies. This was why Dyon was so good at dual cultivating. His ability to manipulate energy flows within others was unprecedented. How ironic...

To be able to control energy flow in others so well and yet be so lost when it came to himself.

His ability to control energies within himself was completely useless to him right now! The problem wasn't energy control. It was the fact that the energy itself was too pure for him to handle. It's flow into himself wasn't something he could stop, but that didn't mean that he had lost control of the energy itself. It was only that his soul was massive hole at the bottom of a lake, and the saint energy was the water in that lake.

And that water was killing him.