

## **The Nameless 381**

### Chapter 381 Dammit

‘Fucking hell. No more thoughts of death. Focus.’

Dyon immediately continued his train of thought, refocusing on his aurora.

The aurora flame within his mind’s eye had its power dictated by his soul. At the same time, the power that the flame gained from the soul was used to power the eye and decide things like his 6th sense and the like.

But what exactly was that flame? Was it converting the energy to something else? Or was it maintaining the same energy?

In fact, what exactly was the soul made of? What did ‘reaching a new soul stage’ really mean?

In energy cultivation, it was simple. You reached a certain accumulation of energy, and as a result, you would reach a new stage. Each meridian could hold a finite amount of energy, however, that amount changed depending on a person’s body composition. For example, one of the main defining characteristics of what divided, normal, earth, heaven, God and Faith seed level bodies, was the size of their meridians.

However, what exactly was improved during soul cultivation?.

Dyon knew that each time he cultivated his soul, he had to tear it apart before building it up. In the end, this was a lot like normal muscle training from the human world. That said, when muscles built themselves back up in thicker and larger sections, they didn’t do so with nothing. There was a reason why proper diet and rest was needed for muscles to grow. Why? Because they needed energy.

‘That means that when my soul is reforming, it’s using energy too. And this time, it needs a higher quality level of energy, which is why its absorbing saint energy. Great... Now I know why it’s killing me. I just need to know how to stop it.’ Dyon could help but roll his eyes and berate his own self with his personal brand of sarcasm.

That said, this was still an important thing to understand. Dyon's soul was undergoing a new transformation and thus needed this energy. This meant that some possible solutions had to be ignored.

For one, Dyon immediately crossed off the Florence Family technique from his list of solutions. At first, he had thought that maybe if wills were technically forms of energy too, then the Florence family technique would be able to absorb saint energy.

However, therein lied a problem with that solution. If he took away the energy his soul needed to properly mend itself, then he'd be left with a broken soul. His array alchemy would suffer, and he might die anyway. He couldn't afford that.

Suddenly a thought flashed in Dyon's mind.

'I'm such an idiot!'

If anyone heard Dyon, there would be a line going across universes to strangle him.

The truth was that every single thing Dyon had thought of had brought him to this solution. This solution was unorthodox and convoluted. The fact he had even thought up to this point with the pain he was in currently was a miracle unto itself.

The first thing Dyon had crossed off his list was the use of a saint expert to take the energy away from him. The truth was that there were a thousand demon generals with lower saint level cultivation in this very world. Although Dyon couldn't move right now, if he sent a signal large enough, they would converge on his location. In fact, considering the commotion being caused by his break through and the vibrating of the world, it was likely that they were already headed here.

However, not even five seconds had passed since Dyon began thinking. If it had been any more time than that, he would have likely already died despite the low density of saint energy.

That aside, the main problem with that first solution was that this wasn't cultivation deviation. His soul needed this saint energy to mend itself properly to the next level. Which mean no matter how much saint energy his demon generals diverted from him, only more saint energy would flood in to replace it.

The second solution that Dyon had shot down was using his Florence family technique to create a saint energy humanoid. And the reason was for the same reason. No matter how much he absorbed, his soul would only need more.

And that wasn't even mentioning the fact that the technique wasn't meant to absorb that kind of energy, although it would theoretically be possible.

So, after all of this, Dyon knew that the only solutions were to either somehow break his soul into a state where it was no longer on the verge of a breakthrough. Or, to find a way for his body to be able to withstand saint energy.

Knowing those were his only two options, Dyon immediately chose to ignore the first. He refused to ruin his soul in such a way, especially since it would likely result in either death or a death-like state. If he was going to die, it would be while trying to reach perfection.

And that was when Dyon had thought of a solution.

In energy cultivation, in order to reach the Essence Gathering level, you had to first reach the level of a 7th grade expert – or a lower 6th stage. But, to reach the saint level, you had to be at least a 6th grade expert – or a lower 7th stage expert.

That gave Dyon a ray of hope to grasp on. He didn't have to reach the peak level of essence gathering to withstand saint energy. He just needed to be the equivalent of whatever a lower 6th grade peak essence gathering expert was.

Dyon was already a peak first grade peak meridian formation expert, the distance he had to travel was shorter. Now, the question was how to travel that distance.

Just as Dyon was thinking this, flashes of figures began appearing before him. He couldn't move his head, but those he could see were his demon generals.

"Dyon?"

Hearing the familiar voice, Dyon immediately knew it was Ri.

“Dyon, what’s wrong? How can we help?”

‘Eli? He’s awake?’

Dyon chuckled bitterly. “Sorry buddy, I can’t greet you right now.”

“Successor, why do I sense saint energy around you? You shouldn’t be able to ...” Faenor asked nervously. She would normally be teasing Dyon about being naked right now, but this situation seemed far too serious for that.

The inner world of the ring seemed to be crumbling under the strain. Something wanted to come in, but it wasn’t being allowed. It suddenly dawned on Dyon that maybe coming into the ring was a bad idea, it was too important for him to allow it to break.

‘Dammit.’

Chapter 382 Absorb

“I don’t have time to explain right now.” Dyon’s voice was strained. It had only been ten seconds since this whole process began.

He had intentionally sent Ri far from himself, but everyone had ended up converging on him anyway.

Although he couldn’t move, he remembered that he had given Ri partial ownership of the ring. Something she had needed when he was in a coma for four months.

“Ri, take me out of this world along with ten saint level demon generals. I need protectors.”

Dyon hadn’t given Ri ownership of the ring containing his celestial level puppets. If the situation called for it, he would have to first stabilize himself before he could call out for them.

Dyon had obviously never experienced a saint level event. But, if his manifestations appearance was any useful gauge, then he would need space... And a lot of it..

His manifestation had torn through the inner world that held Acacia Academy. He didn't trust this ring to hold up.

Ri immediately nodded, her slim figure immediately appearing beside Dyon along with 10 saint demon generals.

Dyon had the utmost confidence in his demon generals. The saints of Earth couldn't possibly be a match for them. Although Ri didn't know what grade experts they were, Dyon was fully aware.

No demon general was below a peak second grade expert. And the best among them? The ones surrounding Dyon now? Were at least mid first grade experts.

The twelve of them immediately flashed out of the ring under Ri's guidance, appearing in the hotel room and bursting out of the floor boards.

"Outside." Dyon grit his teeth, struggling for the last of his sanity.

Ri wrapped her arm around Dyon's solid torso, immediately stepping into a void and appearing outside.

With their sudden appearance in the air, the demon generals immediately followed, standing in the air with their long white hair flapping dangerously in the wind. Their previously cheery demeanor had completely changed. Dyon was a leader they put their trust in and his protection was their top priority.

It was early morning on the third day from Dyon and Ri's stint in the Chaos Arena. Ri had tore through Dyon's expectations and had already reached the second level of the meridian formation stage. But, she still had a long way to go to reach the peak – at least another week or two.

"Sorry, Ri. Give me some space, I don't want you to get hurt. Keep away all those pesky people who want to catch a peak at your husband's naked figure."

Ri rolled her eyes, but still looked worriedly at Dyon as he stood on the hotel's roof. Would he really be alright?

But, she had no choice but to let go and move away, leaping to an adjacent building as clouds began to roll in the skies.

The trembling of the earth and the shaking of the skies had caught the attention of the citizens of Arena City. But, maybe the most interested were those gathering experts of the planets. Why?... Because they could very clearly sense that someone was breaking into the Saint realms. And yet, this was among the most powerful they had ever felt.... Who needed this much saint energy to break into the next level?

In normal circumstances, the break through into the saint stage would only require enough saint energy to fill a single meridian. The more talented you were, the more meridians you could fill in that one go. However, there was a cap at the peak of the first stage, or the equivalent of nine filled meridians.

But... This amount of saint energy was far more than was necessary to fill nine meridians... Even if this person had a faith seed. It was just too much.

That said, there was a group of people even more interested than the norm. The array alchemists of the planets who had converged days ago were still having a heated debate on how to deal with this Demon Sage. And tensions were only rising because it was clear to them that this demon sage had ignored their invite. However, when they felt the blanket of soul pressure cover the city, they couldn't help but shiver. This soul... It was too powerful...

Royal God Clan Head Jafari. Royal God Clan Head Shruti. Royal God Clan Head Clyte. Royal God Clan Head Aumen. Royal God Clan Head Belmont.

The most powerful figures this universe had to offer. And yet, all of their attentions were focused on a singular point.

Their celestial cultivation bloomed as they blanketed the city to see just what was going on. Which of their planets was birthing such a genius? And since they were only just breaking into the saint realm... Didn't that mean that they should be on the rankings?... Was it? The Demon Sage?!

Dyon stood as stiff as a statue, taking deep breaths as he continued to suppress his breakthrough. Giving Ri's figure one last wink, he steeled himself and roared into skies.

His voice tore through everything, creating a vortex of black clouds as Dyon strained to move.

Slowly, but surely, he brought his arms together and focused his senses into a meditation stance.

And then... He did something absolutely ridiculous. Anyone looking at him thought only one thing: he has a death wish.

The Tree of Life and Death bloomed into existence, its branches spreading so far and wide that the vortex forming in the skies was nearly swallowed by it.

Thunder and lightning tore through the surroundings, large cumulonimbus clouds forming in rolling waves. Despite the height of the sun in the sky, the city was plunged into darkness, an endless shroud accumulating overhead beneath the shocked gazes of those watching on.

It was exactly at that moment that Dyon did something completely unexpected, something so mind numbingly idiotic that even his Demon Generals were shocked speechless.

His rings flashed as pile after pile of saint stones appeared around him. He wasn't satisfied until he had thousands laying across the room of the hotel.

And then... He began to absorb them...

Chapter 383 Suffice?

The eyes of the demon generals and Ri couldn't help but widen. What was he doing?!

"Dyon..." Ri wanted to reach out and stop him, but a demon general named Thadius gently pulled her back.

"Mistress Sacharro, the successor isn't stupid. He must be doing this for a reason."

Ri could only nod and pull back, trying to focus her attention on nosy incomers as opposed to her worry.

The truth was that they could all tell that Dyon's cultivation hadn't even stepped into the Essence Gathering realm yet. And, another thing that was clear was that he wasn't circulating an energy cultivation technique. This all meant that whatever was pulling saint energy to Dyon, had nothing to do with a cultivation deviation. It was a phenomenon that none of them had seen before, and it was likely that even the successor hadn't planned for this.

However, this was only becoming a bigger and bigger problem..

Dyon's break through was sending waves through the entire city and there were very few who weren't doing their utmost to find out just what was going on.

Breakthroughs into the saint realm were rare enough. But, a break through done out in the open? No one could understand how this cultivator hadn't been prepared for this. And considering how powerful the breakthrough was, it didn't seem like this was the type of cultivator to make such mistakes.

In a normal setting, a breakthrough into the saint realm would not only be highly guarded, but it would also involve copious amounts of array formations in an attempt to temper the impact and reduce the amount who sensed it. Why? Because breakthroughs were an incredibly sensitive time period...

The only question that was left was why Dyon wasn't prepared. The simple answer was that he just didn't know.

For one, he had seen the boost in his soul as separate from himself, instead of the part of him that it was. So, instead of being aware that he was breaking into the saint stage, he assumed that he was still in the essence gathering soul stages. This couldn't be blamed on Dyon. Afterall, a perfect innate aurora was the stuff of legends. And a soul talent mighty enough to allow an 18, soon to be 19, year old to host a saint soul was too fanciful even for fiction. To anyone else, the thought of hosting anything even remotely similar to sainthood should take hundreds of years. And, that number was still counted in decade amounts even for the best of geniuses.

And yet... Dyon had only cultivated for less than a year if one ignores the times he was incapacitated!



Then there was the fact that Dyon simply hadn't been aware of what it took for his soul to mend itself. To say his energy cultivation talent was poor before he met his grand teacher would have been an understatement... The more accurate comment would be that his energy cultivation was completely non-existent – even to the point where he himself couldn't tell that he had no meridians to speak of.

So, knowing that, how would Dyon have sensed the essence energy his soul was taking in to mend itself? He didn't know his soul needed energy because he couldn't sense it. There was no way for him to grasp exactly what was going on. But, now that the seal on his energy cultivation was gone, it was suddenly very clear to him exactly what happened when his soul reached a new stage...

Another roar tore through Dyon's throat as patches of his skin burst apart. Streaks of blood dripped down Dyon's torso as his body seemed to expand to another size. However... This didn't seem to be a tear associated with his soul burst from him. Just what was going on?

The first to arrive on the scene were members of the Cavositas God Clan. Chaos Arena was a mere few hundred meters from this 'inn' because Dyon had felt it was best to get Eli and Ri treated as quickly as possible. But, it seemed that that decision had come back to bite him.

The tiles of the inn's roof shattered and burst, flinging off into the air and down toward shrieking civilians. Dyon tried his best to aim his surge of energy upward, but there was only so much control to be had in a situation like this.

In the air, the receptionist stood behind the young masters that had dictated his actions just a few days ago... Ace and his elder brother Voron Cavositas. But, they weren't alone. Vidar and Elof Ragnor were both there as well. It was clear that the four of them had coordinated to conspire against Dyon and Ri, and although they had failed, it seemed that they had just found a new opportunity.

From their appearances, it was clear that they were still very much hobbled from the campaign, but not so much that they wouldn't be in peak health within the few weeks left to the tournament.

"Livy." Voron Cavositas spoke out.

"Yes, young master?"

“What exactly is going on here? Is that who I think it is? And if so, how is this possible?”

Although Voron could tell that this person was likely Dyon, especially by Ri’s nervous nearby figure, he couldn’t wrap his head around just what was going on. Was this truly cultivation deviation? But, what kind of deviation called for such a large influx of saint energy? At most the saint energy Dyon had foolishly absorbed would have already killed him, there was no need for nature to practically act as a funnel for Dyon.

The receptionist, Livy, thought much the same thing. He couldn’t bring himself to believe anything close to what the truth was. Just a few days ago he had been lecturing Dyon on what a saint was. There was no way that Dyon would now be becoming a saint. It didn’t make sense.

“It’s as you think young master. He’s simply an idiot trying to touch a cultivation realm he was never meant to.”

Elof and Ace couldn’t help but snicker at the Livy’s response. They had assumed much the same thing, they had no clue that the receptionist had only said this to make himself feel better. But, Voron and Vidar knew different. So, they took their next step with caution.

“Bring a few more saint level experts, Livy. We’re going to detain him for causing a public disturbance. His immaturity and quite frankly irresponsible cultivation is causing casualties among our citizens and we can’t allow that.”

The aim was clear. Dyon couldn’t afford any distractions right now but wasn’t that good news for them? Since he couldn’t afford them, they would be sure to give him as many of them as possible. They really wanted to see just how Dyon could possibly survive this.

A devious grin spread on Livy’s features as he disappeared in a flash. He hadn’t been paying attention to why his young master seemed to think more saints were needed. But, if he had, he would have noticed ten white haired experts bearing down on Arena City...

No. The term expert didn’t suffice. These ten were Demons.

Chapter 384 Nothing Short

Dyon's demon generals had immediately picked up on the appearance of the Cavositas and Ragnor clansmen, but, they had ignored them. Their top priority was to stay centered around Dyon, lest others take this opportunity to do him harm.

The dark clouds continued to roll in the skies, still viciously spinning around Dyon's location. Mass earthquakes tore through the city, shaking the very foundation of everything that had been built. Even the Belmont family natural moat in the distance began to roll as waves threatened to cause large scale tsunamis to topple everything in existence.

And yet, right at the center, there was a boy a mere 18 years of age.

There was a reason so few focused on soul cultivation.

The truth was that no one had a clue about how much the soul impacted strength. Because in 100% of cases, until Dyon's anomaly, soul strength was lower than energy or body cultivation, the soul always acted as a supplementary powerup..

The Saeclum clan, the auxiliary clan of the Ragnor God Clan, used their soul as a power source for divination because of its innate connection with the world "a connection seen much easier with the soul as opposed to the body. They also used it to attack, but this attack took time and was very susceptible to damaging the user if you misjudged who you were facing. This was why Dyon had the habit of hiding his soul strength from very long ago.

But then, there were clans like the Elvin Kingdom families, or the Celestial Deer Sect, that made use of manifestations. In fact, manifestations might be rare in this universe, mostly because it was a technique kept for top flight clans and sects in the past, but in other universes, having a manifestation was a must.

However, the question still remained... Just how much more powerful did your soul make you? Why was it that Dyon's soul had been able to reach the peak of the Essence Gathering stages, and yet he could only fight on par with peak meridian formation experts at that time?

To many, the answer to this was that the soul was weak. In fact, many saw the soul's most useful function as a basis for learning wills and mastering formations and alchemy. But, although these things were important, was that really all there was to a soul? Why was it that despite Dyon's soul being so powerful, he was still so restricted in his ability?

These were answers even Dyon himself didn't know. And his grand teacher likely didn't know as well... After all, just what was the use in using the soul in any other way? No one had the talent Dyon did to make it worth it... He was blazing an unknown path and that path was already trying to kill him.

Dyon grit his teeth, focusing himself as he absorbed more and more saint energy. He wouldn't allow himself to give in. 'This has to work!'

Even as Livy left to do Voron's bidding, more and more people began converging on Dyon.

Members of the Niveus Sect appeared with Evelyn and a very old lady. She stood at maybe five feet tall and was hunched over while tightly gripping a white oak cane. Despite her age, Evelyn didn't help her at all as they walked through the skies, it seemed the old lady was still brimming with youth.

"Matriarch... Just, what is going on?"

The old lady didn't respond to Evelyn's question, instead deciding to ask one of her own. "Do you recognize this boy?"

Evelyn nodded. "He is the one who took Little Sister Delia away."

A flash of anger appeared on the old woman's features. "So he's the one who disrespected the Niveus Sect? Good. Let his cultivation run awry. Also, find that little wench. Ungrateful child."

The sinister flash disappeared as quickly as it had appeared, leaving behind an unassuming old lady.

Soon, miscellaneous clans began to gather too. Even the Ragnor Clan auxiliary clans that had once fought against Dyon years ago came.

In the distance, a very familiar face stood. A girl with long brunette hair and red ruby eyes stood alongside many other women with the same features. However, it seemed like many of them had misshapen noses, due in thanks to the techniques they practiced.

This girl was known to Dyon as simply Ipsum. But, she was a member of the Ipsum auxiliary clan for the Ragnor and had been among the 11 that fought Dyon at the Focus Academy Legacy World Opening. That said, she held a burning hatred for Dyon that couldn't be compared to the others... On that day, she had lost the love of her life and her future husband to be. And in her eyes, it was all Dyon's fault.

"Big Sister, he has to die." Ipsum trembled, staring daggers at Dyon's familiar face. Although she got a sick pleasure in watching his features twist in pain and his skin and bones crack under pressure, this wasn't enough to her.

"Little Rose, there's nothing to worry about." Rose's big sister wrapped her arms around her little sister. She was a genius of their clan and had long since mastered their technique to perfection, so, her nose was in a perfect state. "Even if he should survive this, his death is all but assured."

Rose nodded, tears brimming at the edge of her eyes as she remembered the death of Saeclum. Ivan Saeclum. Once a genius, but now nothing but a corpse in the ground. But, his and Rose's revenge was soon to come.

Iris Ipsum. She hadn't interacted with Dyon in the gates because she had been away on Planet Naiad like many other peak Essence Gathering geniuses "including many elves. Planet Naiad was home to the Clyte Royal God Clan and the Kami God Clan. Their relationship with Earth was the strongest which was why the Kami had many branch families here, and also how Head Patia-Neva, Delia's father, had come here from his home " Planet Naiad.

In fact, this was the very same planet Madeleine had been sent to by her master.

But, this wasn't going to be a homecoming for Dyon's wife... No. Iris Ipsum wanted nothing more than to tear Dyon apart for hurting her little sister. And her rank within the top 20, gave her the cache to dare to.

Top 20 on the cumulative rankings. Just what did it mean to be there? ...

It meant being nothing short of a top four expert of your planet.

Chapter 385 Why Not?

The vortex of clouds only spun faster and faster as time went on. But, maybe what was more ridiculous was that Dyon had taken out even more Saint Stones! No one understood what he was doing, it was as though he was purposefully trying to make the situation worse.

Eventually, even the geniuses of the other planets arrived. When they saw who was causing the commotion, they couldn't help but be surprised.

Eboni chuckled to herself. "He can't possibly be this much of an idiot, can he? Cultivation deviation for something so stupid as absorbing saint energy too early? And look at him, absorbing even more as though that would help."

Even with Ode and Eboni chuckled to themselves, the true geniuses were focused on something else entirely.

For one, they could immediately tell that this influx of saint energy wasn't for energy cultivation. The feel was completely different. Secondly, although their souls hadn't been powerful enough to accurately gauge Dyon's soul strength when he fully released it at the Chaos Arena, when Dyon had done that, they felt a pressure like nothing they had ever felt from someone so close to them an age... A pressure that seemed only a sliver away from a break-through just like this one....

Ulu stood in the skies along with her members of Planet Nix, quite nervous. If Dyon died, would she really have to be barren for the rest of her life? Her whole plot rested on his survival and her making use of him as her slave. No matter how much she liked watching Dyon suffer, she was smart enough to know that he was more useful to her alive than not.

But then, she calmed herself. She could always use the guise of Dyon making her barren to save him, and then use the fact that he's the only one that can cure her as the excuse for why she did so. In that case, others might even help her enslave him, making everything all the easier on her.

While everyone was speculating about just what was going on, there was a group of high-level soul specialists that were pulling their hair out watching the current events. Although others might not be aware of what was going on, they were. In fact, there was one among them that had undergone this exact thing, albeit at a much older age.

The Head of the Guild Headquarters. First Stage Celestial Expert. And the only Grandmaster Alchemist in this entire universe. Connery Sapiencia.

He wasn't born of a Royal God Clan or even a God Clan. In fact, the clan he was born into was an unknown and he hadn't had a name until he named himself at twelve years old. However, what he did have was a soul talent that was among the best in this universe and the luck to have stumbled into a legacy world with a peak heaven soul cultivation technique...

Later in his life, he joined the Sapiencia. By allowing them to make use of his talent, he gained near unlimited resources to improve and strengthen himself. As such, he had worked his way to being the head of not only the guild headquarters, but also the Earth branch of the Sapiencia God Clan.

"This doesn't make any sense..." Connery Sapiencia was a man with mostly bold black hair, but, streaking of grey had begun adding color to his features. He was tall, almost 2.5 meters tall in fact, and wore long dark red robes. In his whole life, he had never seen such a scene, and it only made it worse that he knew exactly what was happening.

"It has to be him... It can't be anyone else..."

The members of the guilds around Connery looked at him in confusion, but all they got was the fiery light in his golden eyes lit.

"H- Head Sapiencia. We've gotten news that first-in-line genius Madeleine Sapiencia will be arriving by the teleportation station at the Sapiencia Main Branch soon. We can't wait here or else we'll be late."

Connery completely ignored this. He was the Head of the clan, he had no real obligation to attend the welcoming of a genius. He had already shifted his schedule once around this. It wasn't his fault that Madeleine was late and didn't arrive on the predetermined date.

Seeing the Head's eyes remained trained on Dyon's figure, the surrounding Sapiencia elders could only sigh. Whenever their leader got engrossed in something, it was unlikely that he would forget it until he fully satisfied.

Connery waved his hand. "Let Ester handle the greeting. Madeleine doesn't care for such things." Not thinking twice about pushing the responsibility onto Madeleine's master.

The faces of the elders couldn't help but twist at this statement. This was the same Connery Sapientia that had run Madeleine away from the main branch because of her loss in talent, and now he was treating her as though he knew her like the back of his hand. There was something inherently off about his demeanor.

From a young age, Connery had had it ingrained within him that only talent mattered. He had only been able to work his way up because his talent had been so overwhelming, so, when Madeleine had ceased being useful, he had tossed her away just as easily. But, he also didn't think twice about accepting her back with open arms. That was just the kind of person he was. Since he had been treated like a tool, that was just how he saw the world.

In all of this wildness spinning around Dyon, he couldn't spare a single ounce of attention toward it.

His skin continued to split and bleed under the strain. But, something was changing.

A demonic aura was dripping from Dyon. The color was such a rich red and gold that it was too real and mercurial to label a simple aura anymore.

The clouds in the sky began to shift, being directly affected by this aura.

Red painted the clouds, even the lightning striking down seemed to be drenched in blood.

That was right... Dyon solution was something he had never been able to do before. Without the ability to energy cultivate, Dyon had no control over such energies and they were thus of little use to him. But, now? With his energy cultivation fully restored? Dyon had thought of a crazy idea.

You could use saint energy to energy cultivate. You could use saint energy to soul cultivate. So... Why not use saint energy to body cultivate?

Chapter 386 Slightest Mistake



Before unlocking his potential to energy cultivate, Dyon had relied on spiritual fruit to body cultivate. The reason why was simple. Spiritual fruit were naturally occurring, pure forms of energy that were already processed. In comparison, energy stones were rawer. They required talent to both purify and guide, whereas spiritual fruit needed no such thing.

This was a large part of why higher ranking clans and universes had an easier time raising fine warriors. With enough money, cultivation could essentially be supplemented by using these spiritual fruits as opposed to the conventional and much more difficult to use, energy stones. That said, as Dyon's bill at Heaven's Wine would attest, this method was very expensive and very few could afford to do so.

As such, to many spiritual fruits, whether that be due to a lack of talent or lack of resources, were the best option. However, they were only the best option given those conditions. If one had sufficient talent and money, spiritual fruits were best used as supplements to cultivation while energy stones would be the main course.

Although this may seem counter-intuitive, the reasoning is sound. Spiritual fruits came into being by utilizing the very energy veins that energy stones themselves were mined from. As such, they were processed versions of energy, and although that made them easier to digest, it also made them less potent and efficient.

In fact, this was seen on an even larger scale with intent fruits. These fruits were the very reason Focus Academy students were very willing to risk their lives in the Elvin forest, but, as Dyon's master would attest to: they hindered future will development despite helping in the short term. Although this wasn't the case with other fruits, the truth was that there was always a point where the short-cut provided by spiritual fruits could no longer match up to that provided by the very reason for their existence in the first place..

So, when Dyon thought of how much his Demon Sage essence blood had stalled, and how even saint fruits were no longer of help to his improvement, he came up with this solution. If saint fruits were of no help, what about saint energy?

Dyon had a goal. He knew his body would be on the verge of collapsing if he pushed the essence blood integration too far, but, his pain tolerance had reached new heights. All he had to do was continue enough for his soul to comfortably break to the next stage.

Knowing that a 6th grade peak Essence Gathering expert could withstand saint energy gave Dyon a bench mark. However, it was likely that this bench mark wouldn't be enough. Why? Because the

amount of saint energy a 6th grade expert would need to reach the saint stage was far less than the amount of saint energy Dyon's soul was threatening to absorb.

However, what Dyon did have working in his favor was that his energy cultivation was much more robust than a 6th grade expert considering he was a peak 1st grade expert. Even now, it was likely that Dyon could fight with and defeat a mere 6th grade expert, even if they were well into their essence gathering cultivation. This meant that the fact Dyon's body still couldn't withstand saint energy meant he was absorbing an amount that far surpassed the wildest dreams of a 6th grade expert.

This was when Dyon got the faint inkling that maybe it wasn't just energy cultivation that had graded experts. Maybe the soul did too. And it was likely that those grades depended on innate soul strength... Which meant, Dyon's requirement for saint energy would be the peak-most among soul cultivators... Just how strong did his body need to be to accept that?

Dyon had no idea, so, everyone around him could only watch in awe as he continued to tear through saint stone after saint stone, his body reddening far more than a normal shade of blush or fatigue... It was as though he was becoming a true demon.

7%.

Dyon's demon sage essence burst into 7% integration. His body bulked to another size before collapsing in on itself and shrinking. The strain his bones and muscles were undergoing was unprecedented, and yet he kept pushing himself.

His Aurora raged, utilizing its keen energy controlling abilities to ram into the massive clumps of demon sage blood Dyon hid deeply within him.

The blood began to turn from its crimson red to a dense gold. It was so thick and viscous that it was like a melted metal. In fact, it felt just about as hot as such a thing to.

Dyon's body felt as though it was searing itself from the inside out. Even with the brand new reconstructing of his body, the demon sage's blood was just too domineering and seemed set on reconstructing Dyon yet again.

8%

Dyon's veins popped and reformed, his body's red-gold aura growing to a next level of sheen. Dyon had finally torn through the Meridian Formation cap on his body cultivation and had stepped into the essence gathering realm.

The red clouds above responded in anger, growing to another size and spinning even more viciously as Dyon continued to strain and hold back his soul from breaking through to the next level.

His body glowed, healing itself in what seemed like an instant. Dyon's cultivation break-through had gifted him with a new level of tolerance, but it didn't last long as his skin burst at its seams again. The lower essence gathering level just wasn't enough for his soul.

Seeing Dyon's breakthrough, the crowd got a new surprise – even Eboni and Ode stopped laughing. Just what was happening? Why was he surviving? In fact, why did it seem like he was improving? This wasn't how cultivation deviation was supposed to go. Dyon was supposed to be struggling with controlling the energy he wasn't ready to withstand, not using it to improve to the point where he could withstand it.

However, Livy Cavositas, the receptionist, wasn't planning on waiting for an answer. He immediately appeared in the sky with about five other saint level experts, intent on taking Dyon out.

Sneering, Livy's eye glanced over Ri who wasn't even paying attention to him, but rather focused on Dyon. His lip twitched in agitation. 'We'll see how long you can ignore me, then.'

Suddenly, Livy's voice boomed through the commotion.

"This disturbance is intolerable in civilized society. To protect the peace and safety of Arena City's civilians, this criminal will be detained and imprisoned."

His voice dripped with arrogance and condescension as though he was slowly and surely twisting a knife. He seemed to take some sick, personal pleasure in all of this. He still remembered the humiliation of his earlier interaction with Dyon and that scab wound seemed to have been festered by Ri's reaction. He would make sure to enjoy this.

Hearing his words, many recovered from their surprise and laughed happily at Dyon's misfortune. The Cavositas family seemed intent on disrupting Dyon's breakthrough and had even sent saint level experts! Even the slightest mistake in such a sensitive situation by Dyon would only mean his death, and that was exactly what too many seemed to want.

#### Chapter 387 Chain

Seeing the Cavositas family acting to do what essentially would amount to killing Dyon, Connery Sapientia frowned. He didn't know who this child was, but he was very much interested in him. And, it was likely that since he didn't know who Dyon was, that he didn't have a God Clan backing him – which made him think that there was a good chance that he could get him to join the Sapientia family.

But, just as Connery was going to move, one of his elders called out to him. "Head Sapientia, there's someone who would like to talk to you about this boy."

Turning back, Connery looked on in interest. "Oh? Did you find the information about him I asked about?"

"Mm." The elder nodded toward the Sapientia branch elder that had been in attendance at Chaos Arena, and Pertinacis' mother happened to be next to him as well.

Shifting his gaze toward the two of them, Connery waited patiently for the two of them to begin to speak..

After bowing respectfully, the elder turned toward Pertinacis' mother who seemed to be the best option for relaying this information.

Clearing her throat, she began to speak. "This boy has a deep relationship with my step daughter, Madeleine."

Connery's eyes flashed with surprised. He didn't really pay attention to the relationships between people too much. In fact, he had seen Madeleine's parents on maybe a single occasion, let alone her step-mother. But, maybe the more interesting part was this boy's relationship with Madeleine. Wasn't this a good thing? He could easily use Madeleine to have him become a Sapientia, no? So, what was the problem?

“My son, Pertinacis, and his half elder brother, and Madeleine’s full brother, Oliver, informed me that Madeleine has already accepted this boy as her fiancé.” Bowing her head, she continued. “That is all I know.”

“Her fiancé?” Connery was surprised, but then he thought that this story sounded familiar... Very familiar.

His thoughts flashed back to a conversation he had had with Ester Sapientia, Madeleine’s master, about a fiancé.

“Dyon Sacharro?” Connery’s facial features steeled. This situation wasn’t as good as he had hoped.

In his ideal world, he could just hand Madeleine to Dyon. No one else knew what was happening, but he knew very well. This kind of talent was just good for this universe. It was unprecedented in any universe. What bullshit prince or young master, even with a faith seed, could compare? But, that wasn’t the issue. Dyon was from a very taboo place... And his existence was too dangerous to tie to their futures so easily.

It wasn’t that he wanted to help out a love story, he could care less about such a thing. What he wanted was to use Dyon to improve himself and the position of the Sapientia. The point while Dyon still hadn’t become a powerhouse was the best opportunity to do that, and yet everything was ruined by his origins.

‘How is he cultivating right now?’ Connery thought to himself. ‘Does he realize that this shouldn’t be possible? How much does he know? What will they think when they find out about his existence? Do they already know? Since he’s stepped out of the human world, is the Treaty even still in effect? Just what is going on?’

The people who knew of the history of this universe were limited. Very limited. In fact, those who knew weren’t decided just by age, but specifically, who had been present. With the Sapientia family’s wide range, they of course knew what had transpired and their elder experts were thus tethered to the treaty.

However, the Elves had clearly known not a thing about what had transpired. Although they had been surprised by where Dyon was from, they hadn’t reacted violently to it. They had only been caught off guard. But, then they had become very happy about the fact Dyon had no real connection to the human martial world, because that meant he would have no qualms about representing them.

But then there was the Daiyu. Their elders clearly knew.

Just what was going on? Even if Dyon had all the information about who knew and who didn't, he wouldn't be able to guess how they connected... Until he reached a sufficient level to be able to unlock his master's memories... A level he was slowly but steadily approaching.

"What do you want to do now, Head Sapientia?"

Connery was silent for a long while. He wasn't willing to give up on a talent like Dyon so easily, after all, his philosophy heralded talent over everything. But, the weight of the danger Dyon presented was too looming and too vast. How could he be comfortable with allowing their, now, most valuable genius to be tied to Dyon? He would rather she never marry at all.

In fact, Prince Belmont had approached the Sapientia with a very good offer that Connery had been thinking of accepting. The truth was that he was planning on completely ignoring this offer in favor of Dyon after witnessing his talent, but, the prospect of being allowed to write an in-depth history on the Belmont and investigate their tombs – tombs known to be highly connected with the past peak supreme beast, Amethyst – was too good to give up knowing the cons of siding with Dyon.

"Do nothing. We'll watch." Connery couldn't make a decision. The tombs of the Belmont family would put him in good standing with the Sapientia branches of other and more powerful universes, but Dyon's knowledge and power would also do much of the same. In fact, it could be argued that a eighteen year old with soul power that was just about to break through to match his own, would vastly outweigh whatever the Belmont tombs could provide.

There was also the fact that with Dyon's talent, it wouldn't even be two decades before he was the most powerful existence in this universe. This was a simple fact Connery couldn't ignore. He worked based on facts and logic. When new facts were presented, he formed new logical analyses. Something like Dyon becoming the most powerful person here in less than twenty years was something only Connery would ever think – but, he had no doubt that he was correct.

But... The problem was even if he became the most powerful person from this universe... Those that want to chain his people weren't from this universe... And they're much more powerful than what Dyon could match even with hundreds of years.

## Chapter 388 Before...

Ri looked up into the skies, pissed off at Livy's accusations. He made it sound as though Dyon was doing this on purpose. Wasn't it very clear that he couldn't control what was happening?

Dyon, however, couldn't be bothered with Livy's words. He had to focus his entire being on the task at hand. Not only did he need to divert part of his attention to suppressing his soul from breaking through too early, he also needed to body cultivate with the rest of the attention he had. This was slowing down the process, but there was little he could do. He couldn't even divert anymore attention to create clones because he was already using the Acacia family technique to speed up his energy absorbing. There was just too much on his plate to worry about a busybody receptionist.

"Don't worry Mistress Sacharro, this clown won't enter even a hundred-foot radius of the successor." Thadius spoke with a bold smile.

Thadius' voice was booming. He hadn't bothered to hide his words at all. In fact, what he had said was so shocking that people didn't even harp on the fact Dyon was a supposed successor of something.

Livy's face twisted in anger. He understood being looked down upon in the Cavositas God Clan, after all, it was a God Clan. But, who was this person? And what right did they have to look down on him?

"Go ahead Thadius, this doesn't need all of us to act, only one is necessary."

Thadius casted a lustful gaze back toward the curvaceous demon general who had spoken. "That depends, River. Will you warm my bed tonight if I perform well?"

River rolled her eyes, "Why don't you go and ask Ronica. She seems to be more your cup of tea."

Thadius cringed at this rebuttal while Ronica chuckled before wrapping her delicate arms around Ri's shoulders. "Don't worry Little Ri. Even though Thadius is pretty weak, this is no problem."

Ri giggled lightly at the interaction between the Demon Generals. They were always like this. They seemed like a cross between siblings and lovers – Ri couldn't tell which was more accurate. It seemed as though every demon general had experienced something with the other. They were a close nit family that Dyon and Ri tried their best to ingratiate themselves into. Dyon because he was meant to be their

leader, and Ri because she saw it as her duty as Dyon's wife. This was essentially her husband's kingdom, so she had to know his subjects.

Livy stood in the skies trembling at this sight, but, many took this differently. Just who were these people that looked down on the Cavositas so easily? And why were they following a kid who was supposed to have no backing? Just what was going on?

Those who had been at the last campaign in Earth's Gate recognized the white hair as symbols of Dyon's vice commanders, but those had obviously been Essence Gathering experts. Did he have even more powerful ones he had chosen not to use?

Thadius winked at Ri, trying to playoff his embarrassing moment after giving an apologetic smile to River who was still ignoring him.

In the distance, Voron, Ace, Elof and Vidar were among those who recognized the demon generals. But, that didn't mean they were worried. After all, why would they think that Dyon would have experts powerful enough to deal with Livy and the other saints under him.

All the while, Dyon remained focused on his task at hand. Oblivious to the red and gold rolling clouds, the continuously cracking roof and the viciously whipping winds. The atmosphere was becoming so dangerous that those with low cultivation have been immediately evacuated out of the area.

9%

Dyon's body buffed to a new level. His torso seemed to be bursting with muscles that no one had ever seen before and they were so vascularized that everyone around could see the pumping of Dyon's blood as it slowly became a more and more solid gold.

10%

Dyon roared into the skies, cutting through all of the discussion that had been taking place. His Music Will had inadvertently torn through the intent barrier, shaking the entire city itself.



In that instant, he wanted nothing more than to express his pain and that had melded his mind perfectly with his music will. As such, Dyon had stepped into a state of one with mind seamlessly, sending shock waves through those in attendance.

The elders froze. 'That's... An intent?!'

Vidar's face scrunched in anger. "Livy. Stop wasting time."

Vidar Ragnor's voice snapped Livy out of his surprise. After all, how could he not be? What kind of concept was a eighteen year old with an intent? No one had information on Madeleine having mastered an intent yet, but, wasn't Dyon still another year younger than her? And hadn't he only been in the martial world for just under two years? This didn't make any sense.

How could they know that Dyon had unprecedented soul talent? This not only allowed his array alchemy to reach levels unreachable for those his age, it also allowed him a deeper connection with the things around him, making it possible to learn wills even quicker than the average person.

Livy waved his hand, causing the saints behind him to fan out and prepare their attack. But, this was the moment that Thadius finally stopped messing around ...

His eyes reddened, seemingly dripping in blood as his body slowly expanded. He was silent as a trident appeared in his large hand and he stepped into the skies.

"You have a lot of nerve, thinking of attacking the successor with his protectors here." Thadius spoke faintly, but his voice had become such a deep and reverberating base that it seemed to replace the rolling thunder in the skies.

The saints froze. They hadn't felt Thadius' cultivation before, but, he had all of a sudden revealed it all at once. This pressure...

"A saint..." Livy trembled. He was a saint himself, but he was only of the first stage. And those he had brought with him, didn't even have 9 meridians filled with saint energy. But this Thadius... He was a monster. An unfathomable beast they couldn't see the peak of.

“Come on.” Thadius took a step forward, grinning a smile that looked like it came from the depths of hell. “Don’t back down now. Attack. Let me feel your so-called power.”

Thadius was emitting a thick red fog and his trident seemed to be continuously expanding.

“It’s too late for you to realize now.” Thadius said faintly.

The skies shook violently as beams of demon qi tore through air and slammed the saints to the roof of a building.

“UGHH.”

They struggled but their faces remained firmly planted. Demonic will wasn’t an attack on the physical, it was an attack on the psyche. And yet, the pressure was so strong that Livy and the Cavositas saints felt their bones collapsing in on themselves.

“Before the successor, people like you only have the right to face the ground and kneel.”

Standing domineeringly in the skies with Dyon protected to his back, Thadius faced the present experts – daring them to attack.

Chapter 389 %

Silence.

The Ragnor and Cavositas brothers had no idea what to do. Should they call more to attack? But, that would require involving God Clan Elders... How embarrassing would it be to personally call out elders to deal with a teenage boy? Who were these people and why were they so powerful?

“River dearest! I did good, right?” Thadius’ domineering demeanor completely disappeared, instead being replaced what looked like an obedient stay-at-home husband.

River couldn’t help but snort. “Only you would take credit for defeating such weak saints. I suppose you are shameless enough, though.”

Thadius pouted but couldn't say much..

He had already stopped pouring his demonic intent into the saints, but they seemed to still be incapacitated. He didn't deem them worthy of anymore of his effort, so he dropped back down to the roof, taking his place as Dyon's protector as the clouds in the sky continued to roll.

Not many had a real concept of what had just happened. It had been so quick that aside from the words Thadius spoke, few sensed anything else. But... There were two celestial experts in the crowd. One being Connery Sapientia, and the other was the Matriarch of the Niveus Sect. And the both of them were stunned about the same exact thing...

'One with soul!'

This level of intent mastery was unprecedented for a saint in this universe. Even many of the celestial experts were capped at the second level of an intent, one with heart, let alone the fourth level of one with soul.

The difficulty in progressing in intents reached all new levels when compared to wills. It was true that to sense saint energy, mastering an intent was necessary, but not many ever went past this level in this universe – it was just too hard. Why? If Dyon had a guess, it would likely be because of lack of natural resources that allowed in-depth analysis of wills and intents such as abyssal cores, something this universe seemed to be severely lacking in. Couple that with their overall weak soul cultivation and meditating on wills and intents had that added level of difficulty.

The only exceptions were those born with affinities provided by God constitutions and faith seeds, and even heaven and earth constitutions to a smaller degree. However, lower ranking constitutions only allowed advantages in lesser wills, and was usually limited to just one or two. Luckier experts, like Madeleine, gained affinity in a general path.

For example, Madeleine was very good at any and everything related to purity and yin energy. As such, her level of progression in celestial will rivaled Dyon even after he utilized the Florence family technique to form a celestial deer humanoid manifestation.

Delia was another example of a path generalization. Because of her Infinite Ice Hell constitution, she gained access to the absolute path. Such powerful and rare path affinities were what warranted the ranking of Delia and Madeleine's constitutions.

In addition to this, there were constitutions that only allowed affinity in single wills, but these wills were so domineering and wide ranging, in terms of their abilities, that it made the narrowed scope negligible. Ri was an example of this with her Void affinity.

Void will was a supreme law and it was likely that Ri could dominate nearly anyone at the same level simply by virtue of that.

But, that wasn't all. Because of a supreme law's versatility, Ri even had the ability to use it in her energy cultivation to reach levels of power a normal expert would normally never be able to. It would be impossible for Dyon to use the Void Kitsune's energy cultivation techniques because he simply didn't have the affinity necessary.

However, in cases where experts didn't have these affinities, or in cases where those affinities had reached their max capacity – meaning they could no longer help progression without supplementary materials – those experts had no choice but to stall at those lower levels. Even Celestial experts were stranded at low level intents...

Celestial energy didn't have an intent level requirement, instead, it required mastery of a rudimentary domain, or an aura. The problem was that these auras couldn't be said to be more powerful than upper levels of intents. Instead, they were quite comparable... Which meant that an aura might not give a celestial expert an advantage over a high level intent, depending on the level of the aura, of course.

But, this was a scary proposition, especially for the Matriarch who had just been on her high horse. She wasn't afraid of fighting the demon generals, because while her aura wouldn't give her advantage, celestial energy definitely would – however, what if she had to fight all ten of them? What if this Dyon had more saints of this level? Was that even possible? How could a boy have such powerful subordinates?

Even Dyon had underestimated the Demon Generals. Or, more accurately, he had overestimated the level this universe. He hadn't put into proper perspective just how important cultivation grades were and just how domineering even single level differences between intents were... This was no longer the world or wills... It was very likely that out there, somewhere in a universe much more powerful than this one, there existed a lower level saint that could toy with these so-called celestial experts. And judging by

how Thadius was itching for the Matriarch to attack, having sensed her animosity, it was likely he too wanted to try his luck.

Even in his meditation, Dyon couldn't help but laugh – although it sounded pained and strained.

It seemed as though he was laughing at the Cavositas, which only made the observers angrier, but in reality, he was laughing at his own inadequate view of things.

He overestimated when he shouldn't. He underestimated when he shouldn't. Maybe the only thing he got right was his morality. But even then, that led to its own set of problems.

He had once thought that his demon generals would lose out to the sheer number of Saints the God Clans had. What he failed to realize was that one demon general was already worth ten thousand regular saints.

11%

BOOM!

Veins filled with gold coursed through Dyon's body, pumping him with a vitality that seemed to be able to wake even the dead.

For the first time in what seemed like forever, Dyon opened his eyes...

'It's time.'

Chapter 390 Soon

Dyon's skin began to glow so brightly that many averted their eyes. The gold that coursed through his veins had reached an unprecedented level. In fact, the improvement in his body was so domineering that his skin was sheering apart and yet healing instantly to the visible eye.

Suddenly, silence permeated everything. The thunder stopped rumbling the skies, the earthquakes stopped cracking the roads, and the rolling tides had calmed.

However, Dyon's skin continued to glow brightly – and, if you looked closely at the Tree of Life and Death that still hung in the air, crystal veins were cracking their way through its originally obsidian body, contrasting the shined black with a holy clarity.

Against his will, Dyon's humanoid manifestation appeared in the air. Its bare torso flexed, looking down at everything with disdain.

Dyon's wings tore out from his back, sending vicious hurricane force winds out from them as they arched menacingly in their pure white and deathly black.

And then, Dyon's weapon's pagoda appeared. It had become a structure that dwarfed even Arena City's Chaos Arena. Dripping in a red tinted black, it gave off a demonic presence that caused those around to shiver inadvertently.

The surrounding experts stood in silence. They knew exactly what these structures were, and yet they couldn't bring themselves to believe it. Could any one person sustain so many manifestations? And why were they all so powerful? Just what was going on?.

And yet, they could only watch in awe as more manifestations appeared.

The Florence family technique bloomed into action causing a pure white lily to appear at the feet of Dyon's humanoid manifestation. Tattoos of gold, representing Dyon's celestial deer humanoid, tore through its skin, radiating out a purity that few could match. But then, Tattoos of black etched in red intermingled with this gold, creating a staunch dichotomy of light and darkness... Only for that balance to be completely overtaken by overbearing greys and blacks. Dyon's death humanoid manifestation seemed to overpower the golds and reds, leaving anyone watching with only thoughts of an inevitable end.

'He needs to die...' It wasn't clear who thought this first, but the answer was too many. With today's events, Dyon only garnered more enemies...

But, his soul didn't care. It seemed to be venting for having been suppressed for so long and finally pushed even the Mathilde family technique into existence.

The peak-most flaming circle of Dyon's manifestation's six, glowed faintly as the eye slowly changed... Flecks of red and purple colored it as it looked to see through everything.

And then... It all changed.

A blinding and unceasing light rocketed from Dyon's body.

His wings expanded from their three-meter length to five meters, tearing away the roof of the hotel he sat on.

The Tree of Life and Death shone viciously, its crystal veins solidifying and cracking through the obsidian, creating a tree that seemed like it was on the brink of another break through.

Dyon's weapon's pagoda and humanoid manifestation tore through the skies, increasing to heights that Dyon had never fathomed them being before.

And yet, maybe the most important thing was that a change had occurred in the six gold-black flaming rings...

The peak-most ring housed Dyon's eye techniques... His aurora and his Mathilde family technique.

The right, just above his shining white wing, housed the figure of his black flames. A domineering fire that even Dyon had yet to fully understand.

But, the left, just above his black wing, a new image had appeared. A pure white flame flickered, cascading a crystalline light over Dyon's usually pitch-black wing.

Now, only three circles remained untouched.

Minutes passed as Dyon continued to be baptized in saint energy. It seemed as though his soul could absorb a seemingly endless supply, but no matter how much people wanted to attack him now, they

were weary of his demon generals. The only people who could say that they stood a 100% chance of beating them would be the grand elders and heads of the Royal God Clans. And yet, what Royal God Clan would lower themselves to interrupt the cultivation of a child?

Slowly, the blinding pillar of light began to fade. But, what was left was probably more shocking than anything that had been there before.

Dyon's body seemed to be carved out of the finest diamond in existence.

His skin glowed and his muscles rippled in such perfect proportion that had Ri not been in the same daze as everyone else, she would have definitely rushed over to cover him up.

His wings as doubled from their previous two, giving him two pairs and multiplying the tattoo etchings on his back. Even their slight movement threatened to send everything flying into the distance.

Even Dyon himself was surprised as he looked down at his hands as though they weren't his. He was wondering just how powerful he had become. He had never been able to make full use of his soul strength. Even when his soul had been at the peak of the Essence Gathering stage, he hadn't been able to output power comparable to someone with peak Essence Gathering energy cultivation. He could never tell why, but this had to be a problem with the techniques available to the soul. And it was up to Dyon to figure out a way to make true use of his saint soul.

"You idiot, put on some clothes." Ri rushed over, barring Dyon from view. Not embarrassed in the slightest by how obvious her jealousy was. Dyon couldn't help but think that she looked quite adorable right now. She had gone from being flustered over his potential life and death to worrying about such a small thing that hardly mattered.

It didn't escape her notice how much larger a certain member had become, likely due to Dyon's integration of the demon sage essence, so she couldn't help but mutter to herself for Dyon's ears only. "If that thing becomes any bigger, you can forget getting it anywhere near me."

Dyon grinned, his eyes flashing a purple gold as sweatpants materialized for him. Gripping onto Ri's hand, Dyon turned to his demon generals and smiled. "Thank you."



Thadius waved his hand and clasped Dyon's shoulder.

"Thanks is unnecessary successor. Look at that, you're almost as tall as me." Thadius' robust laughter filled the quiet atmosphere as the clouds dispersed.

It was true, Dyon had grown again from his 1.9-meter height to just over 2 meters. In fact, had he not suppressed the growth in his height, he would have likely shot to at least 2.5 meters tall. But, he didn't like the idea of reaching the height of those giants.

"Alright. Let's go." Dyon didn't bother addressing the crowd. What would he do such a thing for? He only planned to compensate the hotel's owner and treat the injured before finding a new place to get used to his power.

But, unfortunately, it didn't seem like things would go so easily.

"Wait right there."

Turning back, Dyon found a figure he had no impression of. He gazed this person up and down, seemingly unperturbed.

He would soon come to know this man as Connery Sapientia.