

## **The Nameless 401**

### Chapter 401 Who?

Dyon's senses were rapidly fading. He couldn't seem to circulate his wills, and he was rapidly losing control over his aurora.

Even as his organs slowed, there was one thing that was becoming clear. This wasn't meant to kill Dyon. If that was the case, then why had the dagger purposefully stopped before his heart? If Dyon's heart had been damaged, then this would have been a nearly unsalvageable situation. But, Dyon's death wasn't this person's only goal. They wanted him to suffer. Not just physically, but emotionally.

Despite Dyon's slowed thoughts, he could still think much faster than the average person. He had immediately picked up on the fact that this person seemed intent on having Ri see that they were in Madeleine's countenance before they disappeared.

Dyon never thought for even an instant that it was truly Madeleine after he felt the dagger stab into him. He wouldn't waste brain cells believing such a thing. But, that didn't make the situation any less terrible.

He knew he couldn't focus on anything other than reversing this situation. Although this person's goal wasn't to kill Dyon, that was only in the short term. Dyon had little doubt that if this technique was given enough time, he would surely die..

He could feel what was meant to be a strong and probing pain, but at the moment, it wasn't enough to cause Dyon discomfort. But, he could feel that it was steadily increasing as time went on.

The vitality that pumped through his veins now were so powerful that it was ironically becoming a detriment to him. His organs were slowly crystallizing under this odd technique, but, at the same time, his heart was relentlessly pumping. That may sound like a good thing, but in reality, that meant that the newly formed crystals were being cracked under the pressure due to its lack of elasticity. With every pump, Dyon felt as though his heart was coming closer and closer to shattering.

Ri's hands found their way to Dyon's chest and her eyes flashed with a bright blue as she swept her aurora through Dyon's body. But, what she saw was something that made her tremble.

'This has to be a will? Right?' Ri didn't know what to think. Red crystals were growing and coating Dyon's organs. No, more accurately, they were becoming Dyon's organs.

Coming to that conclusion, Ri immediately tried circulating her celestial will within Dyon, relying on her Elvin Queen's Reign constitution to boost it to the 5th level.

Beads of sweat trickled down Ri's forehead as Dyon could only watch.

In reality, Ri's first action was the same action Dyon would have taken. Celestial will was an ultimate defense and had the ability to purify techniques and wills. Since Dyon was being afflicted with what was likely a combination of the two, celestial will should have helped. Unfortunately, Dyon's ability to use his own celestial will was cut off and he was slowly losing his control over his aurora.

Thadius watched anxiously as Eli walked into the lobby area.

Seeing Dyon lying on the ground, worry and surprise colored Eli's features as he rushed forward. He didn't want to disturb Ri since she was clearly pushing herself so hard, but he couldn't help but want to know what happened. He had just been with Dyon, how did things end up like this?

"Eli." Ri's voice was strained, but she had something to ask. It didn't make sense for Dyon to let his guard down so easily, it didn't even look like there had been a struggle. There were only three explanations. Either the person at the door was someone that Dyon knew and thus felt comfortable with – or, someone was disguised as them at the very least – or, this person was so far and away more powerful than Dyon that caution didn't matter. And the last possibility was that disappearing technique they used... Maybe Dyon just hadn't been aware of her presence.

"Yes, Ri?" Eli's face had paled considerably. He was very much aware that the time between breaths Dyon took were getting much too far apart. He wanted to ask if maybe Dyon's demon generals, the white-haired power houses he had seen earlier that day, might be able to help. But, the fact that Ri hadn't thought of that likely meant that they wouldn't be of much help at all.

"Are there any exceptionally beautiful women that Dyon knows?" Ri's brows furrowed.

At first Eli thought that was a ridiculous question to ask now considering the circumstances, until he finally pieced together that Ri likely thought the person who attacked Dyon was someone he knew. But, unfortunately, Eli hadn't seen the attacker. By the time he came out, 'Madeleine' was gone.

"Exceptionally beautiful? I really can't tell with a descriptor like that..."

Ri shook her head. "No. This woman had beauty no one would ever forget. It's likely something many know her for."

Ri had heard of the six beauties of the universe. But, in reality, it was technically only five. Dyon had changed the name to six to add her, and it was likely no one would disagree.

That said, Ri had seen many of them already. She had seen Ulu, Eboni and Saru. And, although she didn't know the name of the last girl, Ri was sure that she had seen her as well. If Dyon was able to communicate effectively, he would have known that the fourth was a beauty from the Kami God Clan, a Japanese goddess.

"I'm sorry, Ri. The only person I can think of is Madeleine. But, if it was Madeleine, then I have no doubt that this was a person in disguise. It doesn't help us much..."

Ri's hands trembled as frustration built up. Her celestial will wasn't getting anywhere and it seemed her questions weren't helping either. If she had seen the four beauties, then the fifth would have been Madeleine.

But, Madeleine didn't have purple hair and eyes from what Dyon had told her. And, Madeleine also wore glasses, but this woman didn't. Why would they try and trick Dyon with a representation of someone so far from what he knew Madeleine as?

Just who was she, then?

Chapter 402 Tell Me

Dyon's brows furrowed when he too realized Ri's celestial will wasn't having much of an effect. Or, more accurately, he tried to, but he was losing control of his muscles and the pain was building up to a point where even Dyon was beginning to find it unbearable.

The worst part was that the wound in his rib cage wasn't healing and the only reason why blood wasn't spilling out and onto the floor was because Dyon's blood was hardening too.

Ri was beginning to panic. She couldn't think of a solution other than celestial will.

'Is mine just not strong enough?'

The glow of Ri's crown was beginning to dim. At least ten minutes had passed since she began and her stamina was beginning to tap out.

"I should go and find Madeleine, right? Her celestial will is much more powerful?" Ri looked at Dyon to try and see if she could get an answer, but all she found were a pair of resolute eyes.-.

The truth was that Dyon was in unimaginable pain, but he had lost the ability to express it. He had thought of a solution, but he had to rely on Ri to figure it out. If she couldn't it was likely that he'd die in a few weeks.

Finding Madeleine would have been a good solution if they could guarantee her getting here within the first minute of the technique's onset, but that was clearly impossible. Setting aside how long Ri would have taken to notice her celestial will wasn't having an effect, Dyon wasn't even sure if Madeleine was on this planet at all.

His only option was to use his eyes to show Ri he hadn't lost hope. He had to show her that there was a way out, she just needed to take her time.

"There's a way?" Ri asked softly.

Dyon couldn't blink or widen his eyes, at most, he could shift them a bit and change their focus. But, even that ability would be gone soon. And maybe an even bigger issue that Dyon hadn't thought of was that when he got rid of this crystallization, what about the gaping wound in his rib? That would likely not heal easily judging by how difficult this technique was to deal with.

Seeing Dyon's continued gaze, Ri understood that Dyon had thought of a way. And, the fact that he was letting her know meant that it should be within her abilities to think of this too.

All the while, Thadius and Eli stood off to the side. Thadius wasn't willing to re-enter the ring in case that girl was still around and Eli felt too guilty to leave " after all, his family only needed rest now.

"Does it have to do with cleansing?" Ri thought to herself. She couldn't rely on a gaze to answer complex questions, or else she may accidentally steer down the wrong path.

What Ri did know was that she likely had time. Although Dyon's organs were crystallizing, that would first have preservation characteristics before death. The main issue was Dyon's vitality. It was constantly pushing against the crystals and threatening to shatter them completely. But, the issue was that these crystals weren't a coating, they were Dyon for all intents and purposes.

'Okay, what I do know is that this requires some form of cleansing. Although my celestial will wasn't powerful enough to stop the process, it did slow it down.... Which means we're on the right path. I think I should find Madeleine, but Dyon doesn't know if she's back yet, or else he would have never asked Connery Sapientia whether or not she was...'

Ri actively activated her aurora, looking to speed up her thinking process before she reached for one of Dyon's rings.

Then, she gripped onto Dyon's hand and melded her aurora into his fading aurora. By melding their souls, Ri gained access to a ring she hadn't had ownership of before and thus took out a device she was familiar with " Dyon's communication device.

As expected though, she came back disappointed. There hadn't been any messages from Madeleine, which likely meant she wasn't even on this planet. That, or there was another reason. Either way, she wasn't reachable...

Seeing that her plan to enlist Madeleine's help had failed, Ri began wracking her brain for more ideas.

'What cleanses... What cleanses... Maybe I'm thinking about it all wrong?' Ri suddenly thought of something that might be promising. But, the sheer amount of work that it would take was daunting.

Was this really her best option?... ‘No, maybe it’ll work if I get one of the Demon Generals with good soul talent to do it? Yes, maybe, maybe.’

With a faint light of hope, Ri grasped onto Dyon’s rigid figure and instructed Thadius to stand guard after telling Eli it was okay to worry about his family. Then, she disappeared into the ring.

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Off in another rented mansion, a meeting of the Planet Nix geniuses was taking place. Or, more accurately, it was a reunion between a husband and wife.

Ulu’s beautiful figure was matted in sweat that glistened along her flawless dark skin. Moans of fiery passion struggled their way out of her full lips as she rode a large dark young man.

Maybe large wasn’t enough to describe this young man. He was only 2.5-meters-tall, not too big for an expert of the martial realm, but he was broad. His chest was so thick and wide that Ulu’s small hands seemed to lose themselves in his mound of muscle.

A crisp slap resounded through the dark room as the young man gripped onto Ulu’s plump ass.

Ulu convulsed, her hips shaking wildly as she lost control of her movements “one could hardly understand how such a petite woman took the length and width of such a thick rod, and yet she did, leaving her only complaints to be voiced in moans.

However, the young man didn’t seem to be intent on letting her rest. Grabbing a handful of Ulu’s long black hair, the young man pulled her head back before sitting up and lightly biting her collarbone.

“Tell me, Ulu. Why are you so reserved today?” The young man’s voice was deep and resounding. Ulu felt as though her chest was resonating with her husband’s voice to the point where her ample chest bounced in response.

Ulu grinded back and forth on her husband’s cock, taking her time in answering his question. The truth was that Ulu wasn’t enjoying this sex at all. She had been faking everything since the beginning, and it

was starting to weigh on her mentally. If she hadn't snuck in lubricant she forced her maids to buy from the alchemy guilds, she had no idea if she would have even been able to slide onto her husband's mass.

Dyon had taken away her ability to enjoy something she used to like very much, and the anger and feeling of helplessness was only making the experience all the more worse. Hearing her husband's question only made her all the more aware of this, hyper aware, even. She wanted nothing more than to tear Dyon limb from limb... Her chest bubbled with fury.

Chapter 403 Soon

But, if Ulu told her husband what happened, Dyon would without a doubt die. Saint soul or not, Dyon wasn't a match for those of the top ten. In many cases, they were more than a decade or even two older than him, and they had access to experience and power he didn't. As much as Ulu wanted him dead, she couldn't allow it, not yet.

Her husband was the power behind their kingdom and she was the brains. At least, that's how it would be when they were powerful enough to inherit their thrones. Ulu couldn't allow him to run wild just yet, even if it was for her. She also knew she couldn't involve the higher elders of the Nix because they were dealing with something much more important... Something that had to do with why her husband had been late arriving to begin with.

What Ulu needed now was Dyon to herself. The problem was that with the Sapientia in the way, it was likely that there were now two parties who understood how important he was. This made things more difficult, but not impossible. It was simple really, all her husband had to do was fight and beat Dyon without having the impulse to kill him.

"It's nothing King," Ulu slid off her husband's cock and bowed off to the edge of the bed to place her head between his legs. "There's just something weighing on my mind."

A large hand found its way to Ulu's head, grasping a clump of hair firmly to control her movements.

"There's nothing to worry about, Ulu. The mission went well. I and the few others had to go for experience, we didn't even participate and were never in any real danger." Although Ulu's husband, Zabia, said this to sooth his wife, he was a bit angered by it too. He didn't like being treated like a child.

Ulu bobbed her head up, gasping for air before she slid her tongue down his shaft, "That's not what I meant... I think I've found the demon sage. Unfortunately, others know of this too."-

“Demon sage? The pill, you mean? Our elders aren’t in a place to deviate their attention like this. Pulling in such an expert just isn’t possible right now.” Zabia said after contemplating. One thing was clear, what they were doing was even more important than the prospect of having Dyon on their side.

“You’d be surprised to know that the demon sage is only eighteen years old...” Ulu said carefully.

“Eighteen? How is that possible?”

“His soul strength should have just reached the saint stage. But, his energy cultivation is very far behind. He’s an otherworldly talent.”

Zabia nodded, “I understand what you mean now. There aren’t any soul techniques available, even from our universe, that would be capable of allowing him to make full use of his strength... Let alone this universe.”

Ulu’s delicate hands gently played with Zabia’s balls, making him lose his train of thought. “Meaning he’s most likely comparable to a lower to mid essence gathering expert. He’s no match for you.”

Grunting, Zabia took a deep breath, “So, what do you want me to do?”

“Simple. During the tournament. It has to be before the end so as to temper suspicions. Beat him. Then, when he’s most susceptible, use one of your slave seals on him.”

Zabia was surprised by this request.

As a talent of Planet Nix, he was of course afforded protection – even more than Ulu. This was because despite being around twenty-eight years old, just like his wife, he was already prepared to step into the saint stage. In fact, the only reason he hadn’t was because of this tournament.

This seal wasn’t on the level of what Ulu had used on Ri. To compare the two would be like expecting a mortal to fight against a transcendent expert. Ulu simply couldn’t compare.

“Even though the world tournament follows a round robin style in the end, how can we guarantee that he’ll make it that far? Even if he does, what if he resigns?” Zabia wondered.

“Don’t forget, husband, he’s cheated his way into the top 10. Meaning, He’s already earned a spot in the final stage of the tournament.

As for resigning, he’s too arrogant to do such a thing. Just let him know that you’re my husband and that will be enough.” Ulu’s delicate lips locked around Zabia’s thick tip, relishing in the viscous liquid that poured down her throat. ‘At least I can still enjoy this.’ She thought in satisfaction. In fact, she even imagined a small throb in her loins at the thought of Dyon being beaten mercilessly into submission by her husband.

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“Master, lend me some dao stones.” Madeleine had a bright smile on her face. She was all too excited to see Dyon, but first, she had to find out where he was. She couldn’t very well fly around aimlessly looking for him, that would be a bit too ridiculous even for her.

Ester’s brows scrunched as though she was in deep thought. It was clear that she was distracted by something and it was even more apparent by the fact she didn’t even respond to Madeleine’s outrageous ask. Dao Stones weren’t something the Sapiencia family had easy access to. In fact, if people knew Dyon had a ring filled with them, there would be a race to steal them from him.

Even Dyon’s Queen Fairy pill had only sold for tens of dao stones and that was after an outrageous bidding war.

“Master?” Madeleine tapped on Ester’s shoulder, trying to get her attention.

“Ah, ah. Hmm?”

Madeleine tilted her head in confusion. She had never seen her master so flustered or distracted. What was going on?

“Dao stones. Do you have them?” Madeleine asked again.

“Dao stones?” Ester looked at her disciple with some confusion. Madeleine had all of a sudden come back with a complete make-over and a striking lack of glasses. To other clans, this may have been negligible... But, there was a reason the Sapientia all had golden eyes and glasses. Their first-in-line genius suddenly breaking the mold was a bit odd.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Ester said, snapping out of it. “Who has dao stones just to hand out like this? Plus, you’d only be asking to kill yourself if you tried using them.”

Madeleine pouted. She couldn’t very well tell her master why she needed them, or else that would come with an even more resounding no. Dyon had said that he wouldn’t make her wait long to be with him, but Madeleine had forced herself to hold a semblance of realism. Could Dyon really be ready to take her away now?

Sighing, Madeleine walked off to her room. She regretted not having dao stones, but there was little she could do.

When she had been with Amethyst, the Violet Phoenix had interestingly gone out of its way to shatter her glasses but left her spatial rings and necklace alone. After Madeleine had finished absorbing the legacy, the gate had long since closed. So, she fell into a bit of despair. If she didn’t go home, it would have been months before the gate opened and she saw Dyon again.

But, Amethyst took pity on her and helped out. With the last bit of remaining soul she housed in this world, she used Madeleine’s remaining dao stones to power a teleportation array out of the gate and onto Planet Naiad.

That said, that meant that now Madeleine was out of stones and could only wait through the coming weeks to see Dyon.

Reaching her room, Madeleine stepped into a space that she had called home for the better part of two years.

After slipping off her qipao and sliding into bed Madeleine rested her head to look out at the full moon through the large window.

'See you soon...'

Chapter 404 Predict

At the center most point of the martial continent, sat a castle of untold proportions that mixed in amongst mountains of grandeur. This place was a holy land of cultivation – the epicenter of natural energies and a the home of the most prestigious clan on Earth: The Belmont Clan.

Their history was long, but not always glorious. In fact, for much of their existence, they were servants to more powerful experts. However, one of these experts rose them up and allowed them to become a Royal God Clan of epic proportions. A Royal God Clan that many were wary of...

There was a reason why Connery Sapientia was so curious about studying their burial tombs and historical tomes. The Belmont family was a clan shrouded in mystery even to this day. Their current king, Elwing's father, rarely appeared in public. In fact, much of the reason few put the supposed disappearance of the Elvin King in their eyes is because the only man known to rival him, King Belmont, hadn't appeared in just as long.

However, the difference was that while the Elves had no clue as to King Acacia's whereabouts, the Belmont's knew that King Belmont was very much alive and well – and most importantly, that his ambition to raise the Belmont family to even higher levels had not been sated. So, when his first prince of this generation, Lionel Belmont, came back from a campaign to inform him that a legacy they had spent centuries guarding had been acquired, and by a woman no less, his excitement held no bounds.

"HAHA." King Belmont's voice boomed as he flashed out of his cultivation room at the words of his son. "Lionel, haven't I told you to smile more? What's with this cold look you're giving your father?"-

Lionel showed no real reaction to King Belmont's over the top personality. He was very much used to it at this point. "It's not so simple, father."

"And why is that?" King Belmont stretched his back. He looked no different than a man in his twenties. If it wasn't for his strength and aura, many would mistake him for Lionel's older brother as opposed to his father.

He too, much like Lionel, had purple hair. And, not to anyone's surprise, he too had melded his red and blue eyes together to a near perfectly purple hue – even more so than Lionel. Only less practiced Belmont's had strikingly different eye colors like Elwing. Those who held the right amount of talent, or had enough time, would slowly fuse the colors to match their hair. However, no Belmont had managed to do so perfectly. One eye would always be more red, and the other would always be more blue.

"She's a Sapiaentia." Lionel, interestingly enough, started with this as a main barrier.

"And? For something like this, it's worth allowing that Connery fool into our tombs. It's not as though he'll gain much from it anyway."

"He's not a fool, father. He simply works based on effective returns. It's quite a logical way to do things."

King Belmont sighed. "This is why, despite your talent far surpassing your siblings, I haven't given you the title of official first prince yet."

Lionel didn't seem too shaken by this. He knew his father would eventually cave in the end, anyway. It wasn't as though he played favorites with his children. "That's only because you're too young. You have too many years left, don't pretend as though it's because I have some character flaw."

"Listen to you, being so rude to your own father. I should bring in Big Red to help discipline you." King Belmont snorted.

Even Lionel couldn't help but twitch at the nickname. Only King Belmont and King Acacia would dare call Ava's father, Head Sicarius, Big Red.

"Tell me, Lionel. How do you think my power stacks up to the heads of the other Royal God Clans and King Acacia?" King Belmont's playful demeanor disappeared, replaced by the air of an expert as he turned his gaze toward his son.

"You know that's something I have no scope or understanding for. So, why do you ask?" Lionel didn't think much before responding. He found this question to be ridiculous. How was he, no matter how talented he was, supposed to tell the difference between experts who could crush him like an ant?

“If you had to make a guess, what would it be?” Understanding his son, King Belmont was already prepared for this answer.

“I’d say that you’re weaker. Why else would you bide your time as you have? It might not be your fault, you also seem to be younger than them.”

King Belmont shook his head, “This is what I mean. You see people as simple equations. To be added and subtracted. To you, if I’m powerful enough, we should already be a King God Clan. Why stay a Royal God Clan?”

Lionel remained silent. His father was exactly right, that was exactly his thinking. His father rarely appeared in the public and spent all of his time cultivating, why would he waste away his years like this?

“In the coming weeks, large changes will be taking place. Maybe these things will help you put things into proper perspective. People will surprise you. Things you saw as simple, won’t be so simple at all. And maybe you might even begin to see through your own mistakes.”

Lionel’s face showed no real change at his father’s statements. Unlike most children, Lionel had never seen his father as an unmatched peak figure. In fact, Lionel rarely interacted even with his own mother. What his father was saying now just sounded like the excuses of a man who knew his power wasn’t enough.

Maybe, if Lionel had paid more attention, he would know that yes, King Belmont felt his power was insufficient. But, not for the reasons Lionel thought.

Unlike Lionel, King Belmont was very much aware of the shifting tides on the other planets. It hadn’t escaped his notice that of the four planets, two of them, both Planet Nix and Planet Mino, were bringing along three clans that no one had ever heard of.

For a mere hundred years to overhaul the God and Royal God Clan system of a planet? Especially when peak experts lived so long? It didn’t make sense.

What also didn’t escape King Belmont’s radar was the subtle movement of the Ragnor God Clan to these changes.

But, interestingly enough, there was one thing that even King Belmont hadn't calculated for. After all, even with his centuries of experience, how could he predict the importance of a mere eighteen year old boy?

Chapter 405 Good Luck

"I'll keep your words in mind, father." Lionel said faintly despite having already cast those words to the back of his mind. "But, this matter isn't one we can ignore."

"As I've already said, the offer has been sent to Connery. The fact, that you're still saying it isn't so simple makes me think that there's something you're hiding from me."

Suddenly, King Belmont's childish side came out again.

"Don't tell me..." King Belmont grinned. "Are you too scared to speak with this Madeleine girl? If you needed advice about women, why didn't you come to me sooner?"

Lionel was at a loss for words. Why couldn't his father be serious? The truth was that the problem was Dyon, but Lionel didn't know how his father would react to him trying to steal someone else's bride. But, Lionel also knew, from his younger brother Elwing, that this Dyon wasn't someone who'd go away simply because of the authority a Royal God Clan held.

If he let his father announce a marriage, it would be likely that Dyon would react violently.-.

It wasn't an issue of dealing with Dyon. After all, to Lionel, this Dyon was a small character. The problem was how Madeleine would react to Dyon. Lionel wasn't a fan of the idea of the Belmont family being tainted as cuckolds. But, at the same time, this legacy was too important to let go. He had already been planning on wooing Madeleine, but after months of being with her, that girl showed no sign of any interest.

Lionel couldn't understand how he could possibly lose out to anyone. But, logic dictated that he needed a new approach. If love wouldn't come first, it would have to come after marriage.

Shaking his head and ignoring his father's pokes and prods, Lionel finally told his father the situation. For the sake of the Belmont, the King had to know everything about this situation.

Surprisingly, King Belmont didn't respond as Lionel had assumed. Knowing his father, Lionel had thought that an adamant 'no' was coming. King Belmont was a man who often placed emotion above logic, or so Lionel thought. And yet, he was contemplating this?

King Belmont immediately noticed his son's surprise and sighed.

"You've mistaken my decisions in the past as being overly emotional. The problem is that you have no perspective. If this was a girl you wanted to steal simply because she was powerful, I would stop you. In fact, the only reason I allowed you, as a prince, to campaign on another planet was because you didn't tell me about this Dyon character before hand. I would have never allowed you to even attempt it. You would have stained the name of the Belmont."

A purple flame burned in King Belmont's eyes as he bore his gaze into his son. "What did you think? That somehow because you were from a Royal God Clan that she would drop everything for you? Have you no context? No understanding? Do you know what that girl has been through? Why would she choose power over someone who truly cared for her?"

Lionel had never seen his father so angry at him. Even when he was rude and cold, King Belmont had never reacted this. Was what he had tried to do so bad? He couldn't help but be taken aback.

"Let me tell you now. Had you laid a finger on her against her consent, I would have killed you where you stand. You would have lost all right to be my son." King Belmont's words held no possible leeway. He meant what he said.

Although Lionel's face still hadn't changed from its standard deadpan expression, his surprise couldn't be understated... He had expected his father to disagree with him, but not to this extent.

King Belmont turned away, clearly struggling with a decision. He hadn't heard of this Dyon before. But, he had received a report just earlier today about a commotion caused by a eighteen-year-old boy... Someone who many thought to be the number one ranked on the list "the Demon Sage."

But, that wasn't the only problem he was struggling with. He knew that his son, Lionel, had enough talent to compete even with Dyon. There was a reason why Lionel could fight against high level essence gathering sons and daughters of the Uidah King God Clan despite having a drastically lower cultivation.

Even if the reports about Dyon were as true as their exaggerations, King Belmont was still confident in his son winning.

The problem was Amethyst's legacy. No matter how moral King Belmont was, this Faith Seed was of unprecedented importance to their family and the martial world as a whole. To allow it to enter the family of someone else, would be nothing less than a slap in the face of every Belmont to have ever lived and likely a death sentence to many. This wasn't a simple decision...

Then, he thought of something else. This Dyon...

"Where did you say this boy is from?" King Belmont snapped back to Lionel, surprising him.

"The mortal world..."

King Belmont took in a sharp breath. He had made a decision.

"Unless you can beat him, don't think of having me propose this marriage." With those last words, King Belmont flashed into his cultivation room, leaving Lionel alone in the mountain range.

After spending so much time berating his son about not treating people as simple equations, King Belmont had almost let himself fall into the same trap.

By every measurement, this Dyon was too dangerous. He was too weak. He didn't have enough backing. And all of that compiled onto the fact that Madeleine's virginity and lineage held untold importance to the rise of the Belmont and the salvaging of the martial world.

King Belmont wasn't all-good and all-caring. He was a man who understood balance and nuance, while also understanding morality and the importance of ethics to a ruler. But, because of that, he also understood that what was right and what was wrong was always painted in greys.

Did the faith seed belong to Madeleine? Yes. But, there were lives on the line. Despite Amethyst's choice, King Belmont still couldn't believe that her powers would serve Madeleine and Dyon more than Madeleine and Lionel.

King Belmont knew and understood very well how the war Amethyst fought tied into the grander scheme. He knew very well how important the reintroduction of Amethyst's Faith Seed was to the current martial world. And he also understood that beyond the hopes of his ancestors, there were the hopes of the future resting on the decisions of the now.

But, he needed to see it. He wouldn't blindly believe that his son was the best option or that the Belmonts were the best option.

If this Dyon thought Madeleine should selfishly be his, he would have to prove it. He would have to overcome the shackles placed on him and his people. And, he would have to show the martial world that he belonged.

No one would care about his disadvantage. No one would care about his youth. No one would listen to any excuses he had.

If he wanted Madeleine, King Belmont could only wish him good luck.

Chapter 406 Right in Front

That very same night, a planet even King Belmont had far from his thoughts was meeting – Planet Naiad.

This was a planet with the closest relations with earth and were home to the Clyde Royal God Clan, the Kami God Clan, and Endora God Clan. But, what many still remembered was the fact that it used to house a completely different Royal God Clan... Delia's father's clan... The Patia-Neva Royal God Clan.

Unfortunately, that clan was now in rapid decline. They were not even powerful enough to gain representation for this world tournament. As such, they were replaced by the Endora God Clan.

"Have you located Patia-Neva yet?" A man with hair such a light shade of brown that it was nearly blond, spoke. Beside him, on a throne just a few centimeters lower, was a woman with beautiful olive skin. She had features that should have been warm and inviting, but there was something decidedly dead and cold about her eyes.

"Head Clyde, unfortunately we haven't been able to. He's very good at hiding. We aren't sure if it was by design or not, but from our sources, he was the head of a pitiful academy just two years ago – named

Focus Academy I believe. However, it was disbanded. No one has seen him since then. It's likely that he disappeared knowing we would be coming to this planet for the tournament."-

"And his daughter?"

The woman faintly trembled at these words but cut off her emotions immediately. Allowing them to shine through would only bring her more pain.

"I believe her name is Delia Patia-Neva. I don't see her name on the rankings, but she is also much too young for the world tournament – or, more accurately, too young to do well. That said, although everyone who has cultivation between meridian formation and essence gathering participate, if Patia-Neva has hidden himself, I don't think he'd allow his daughter to participate."

Head Clyte nodded. His face remained cold and he never once turned his gaze to the woman by his side. Only he and her knew that this daughter wasn't just Patia-Neva's. But, how could the Head of a Royal God Clan allow information to spread about his wife having a child with another man? All he could do was torture and kill them both. Then, when he was satisfied with the pain his supposed wife had suffered, he'd have her killed too.

"During the group stages, the members of Planet Naiad have only one goal. Kill Delia Patia-Neva."

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Not too far away, in a familiar mansion, Thadius stood watch over a ring along with Eli – both nervously waiting.

Inside the ring, though, maybe the most nervous person was Ri. All of her ideas had failed and she was only becoming more and more agitated.

It had been a full day since Dyon lost his ability to communicate, but his eyes were just as resolute. If it wasn't for how often Ri melded her soul with Dyon, she would have no idea how much pain he was in. However, there came a point where even though she wanted to share in Dyon's pain, her brain couldn't function properly under so much stress. She had no choice but to pull away and try to calm herself.

Previously, her idea had been to use the Florence family technique to absorb the crystals in Dyon. That way, not only would they gain an understanding of just what the technique was, they'd also kill two birds with one stone by saving Dyon. This would work because it was clear to Ri that this technique was heavily will based. And this will, was clearly related to the red crystals she saw.

However, the problem with that was that even the most soul talented Demon Generals just weren't as talented as Dyon.

The only reason Ri had been able to learn to use the Tree of Life and Death so quickly, despite being far less efficient in comparison to Dyon, was because she had Acacia family blood running through her. The technique was quite literally tailor made for her success.

There was no one in existence who could learn a soul technique as fast as Dyon without that kind of booster helping them. So, Ri had been helplessly trying other things while she hoped one of the demon generals would soon learn the technique.

That said, she didn't hold out much hope... A technique on the level of the ancient Elvin Techniques would be Devour. And, for an accurate gauge of how difficult it was to learn soul techniques, Dyon had once said it would take Ri half a year to learn to use Devour if she put her everything into it. And that was just for the first act of the first stage!

Ri had relatively mediocre soul talent, so she had been hoping that a more talented demon general would be able to learn the Florence family technique much quicker than she could. But, the problem was that she had vastly underestimated Dyon. He did things that were seemingly impossible with such ease that even Ri, who was around him all of the time, had forgotten how truly difficult it was.

That was usually a great thing, but now, it was the worst thing in the world. How many weeks or even months would it take to learn the Florence family technique? The start of the new year was less than eight weeks away, was that enough time? Would Dyon even last that long? Could he deal with such pain for such an extended period of time?

Ri wanted to break down, but she was forcefully holding herself together. She had to figure it out, was this the solution Dyon wanted her to find? Or had he thought of something else?

The truth was, Dyon had thought of a solution much more efficient than this within minutes of his affliction. The problem was that he couldn't communicate it. He lamented over the fact that Little Black wasn't here, or else he'd be able to use their mental connection to convey enough for him to understand. But, he obviously couldn't form something like that with Ri... Could he?

Dyon could only sigh. He was frustrated, but he couldn't be mad at Ri. She was trying her best. Even if a mental connection would work because of Ri's half beast side, how would he communicate something like that to her? She was his wife, he couldn't possibly treat her like a pet, right? Something felt decidedly wrong about that. Then again, he treated Little Zaire like a little brother, so although it was functionally different, the sentiments were just as deep.

Either way, it didn't matter, it was already too late to do such a thing. He could only hope for something else.

Dyon wanted to squirm, but he couldn't move. His mind had slowed down so far that it had taken him almost an hour to complete just that simple thought. If he let things get worse, he might not even be able to communicate with Ri even if they formed a mental connection.

'Come on Ri, you can do it. The answer is right in front of you.'

Chapter 407 I Think That

It was early the next morning, and Ri had of course not slept. She was torn between checking the progress of the demon generals on their mastering the Florence family technique and staying by Dyon's side to see if she could slow the progression of the technique and come up with some new ideas.

Eventually, even Alidor and his younger sister Kaeara came out. Ever since Dyon had brought them into the ring, he had treated them well by providing Heaven's Wine food, cultivation materials, and their own space for living. He hadn't asked anything of Alidor and let him be.

Alidor had seen Dyon's near cultivation deviation from a distance, but he had immediately realized there was nothing he could do, and therefore decided to stay back. Alidor didn't like wasted movements or illogical actions, and he felt his presence would have been illogical then.

But, this situation was a bit odd and he was quite interested in it. That said, he also didn't want to disrupt anything because he too didn't have a solution.

Ethereal Permeation was much too domineering to be used as a cure in a situation like this. He would only end up shattering Dyon.-.

This didn't mean that Alidor's intelligence lost out to Dyon's, of course. For all intents and purposes, the differences in the intellect between Dyon and Alidor was minor in terms of many things. Dyon's perfect innate aurora might allow him to reach a conclusion quicker than Alidor, but when given time, there was no reason for Alidor to not be able to reach the same conclusion.

However, the fact that Alidor hadn't come up with a solution even after a day had passed while Dyon had come up with a solution long ago only meant one thing: Dyon knew something Alidor didn't. And luckily for the situation at hand, Ri too figured this out.

Sparing a glance at Alidor and a head rub for Kaeara, Ri refocused her attention on Dyon who laid on the grass of the inner world. Ri was too scared to move him any more than they already had. "What do you think about this situation?"

"I think that if he dies, I'd be free." Alidor's words caused a faint snorting sound to be heard from Dyon before he instantly regretted it. He had such an urge to laugh at that instant that he accidentally made a sound. But, that only greeted him with a wave of pain worse than before.

Ri found this significantly less funny though, causing her to glare at the deadpan Alidor. "Answer the question."

"If I knew, I would have told you. Your husband's curse on me binds me not only to not act against him, but to also do my best for him. I would have no choice but to tell you if I knew something because if I didn't, even should that second stipulation not be there, I'd be indirectly causing his death. Which, again, would cause mine." Alidor explained slowly.

Ri turned away, having expected an answer much like this. "Do you think he has the solution?"

Ri felt a bit awkward talking about Dyon as though he wasn't there, but there was no way to communicate with him.

“I think that since I don’t, he’s the only person who would.” Alidor’s answer was short and concise. It even held an odd and reserved praise for Dyon that Ri found very interesting. “But, more accurately. Because of the master to slave connection we have, I can feel much of his will. Right now, he hasn’t given up hope. But, that hope isn’t abstract – it’s holding onto something real. That either means he’s a fool who only has blind faith. Or, he already knows there’s a solution. And, if it’s the latter...”

Ri nodded. “That means it’s something he knows, that you don’t. Which also means I’m more likely to figure it out than you are...”

After Ri came to that conclusion, Alidor took his little sister’s hand and left. He had the obligation to do his best for Dyon, which in that situation meant letting Ri find this clue. With his job done, he could leave the rest up to her.

“Big brother, are you really okay with being a slave?” Kaeara had been pouting about this ever since her brother had told her what happened. Alidor hadn’t wanted to, but Kaeara was too intelligent to not have picked it up on her own eventually. After all, Alidor had gone from being enemies with Dyon, to living in his spatial ring. It was a bit odd.

“Who would be okay with being a slave?” Alidor responded in his usual fashion.

“Then why don’t you break the seal, you’re super good at that, aren’t you?”

Alidor paused at this question. It wasn’t that he hadn’t thought about it, he had just never put it into action. For one, it was too dangerous. The act of removing the seal was technically going against Dyon. And secondly, his little sister saw him as the greatest, but that simply wasn’t the case this time. Alidor didn’t fully understand how a teenage boy a few years younger than him had such a powerful soul, but, it was undeniable. The truth he didn’t want to admit was that even if he had thoughts of trying, there was a 0% chance he’d succeed.

Alidor sighed, expressing the most emotion he had since he hugged his little sister that day.

“Right now, he’s useful. He allows us to train and provides a certain level of safety the gates didn’t have. If we were in the gates right now, as we usually are, we would be in constant danger.

“Logically speaking, this is the best move for us moving forward. As long as he doesn’t touch you and his goal remains to conquer universes, I’ll have everything I want. Your safety and the destruction of the Uidah.”

Despite Alidor’s words, Kaeara still remained disappointed and saddened. She knew her brother only had those two goals in life... But, sometimes, she wanted him to live for himself. How could he possibly do something like that as a slave?

Chapter 408 What Would?

Ri laid on the grass by Dyon, her head on his chest and her mind racing.

The feeling Dyon gave her was completely different now. There was nothing comfortable about his heart beat – it wasn’t steady. It was instead strained and sounded nothing like the calm and booming thump it usually was.

Even worse, his flesh was too cool to the touch... It felt like lying on a flesh covered metal table. Yet, Ri continued to lay there, still finding her place here more inviting than any other place in the world.

“Something you know that Alidor doesn’t...” Ri said softly. Alidor had only left moments ago, in fact, not even five minutes had passed.

Suddenly, Ri thought of something that made her jump up. Dyon chuckled inwardly at this reaction, ‘It’s about time... I’ll have to punish you after I’m cured.’ However, by the time Dyon had finished this thought, Ri had already flashed away with only a single goal in mind.-.

Soon, Ri reached a special area of the spatial ring.

Because this spatial world housed living beings, it wasn’t always convenient to also use it to store inanimate objects like weapons. However, Dyon preferred to have a single ring, only using others in special cases like with Ms. Everdeen’s burial. This meant that Dyon had to leave a cornered off area in the spatial world for all things he deemed important.

Technically speaking, Dyon only need focus on something or someone to bring it out of the ring. However, the problem would be where to find those things if he left them just anywhere. So, Dyon had

begun utilizing the Celestial Deer Sect's library to house these things so he could quickly send his mind to a particular location.

Ignoring the pile of books and papers, Ri immediately headed for the furthest corner of the large library to find a diligently organized section of books and weapons. But, her focus was on one in particular. A book that any elf would notice immediately – the Elvin Tome.

Ri trembled in anticipation. She knew this had to be the answer.

The Elvin Tome was known as the ultimate cleanser. This Tome not only ranked manifestations, it was also responsible for cleansing the accumulated evil a True Empath had to deal with. That said, although this latter function would have been enough for Ri to give it a try, it wasn't enough for her to feel as confident as she did. What truly gave Ri this confidence was another anecdote entirely...

Back when the demon generals were still incapacitated, Dyon had used a celestial array in combination with energy stones to facilitate their recovery. Ri remembered very clearly that Dyon had once told her that the demon generals were under the influence of a technique that robbed them of their minds and their bodies. This technique, though, wasn't malicious. The demon sage wanted to extend the lives of his demon generals, and as such, had no choice but to do this.

That said, more than a year passed under this array and yet the demon generals showed no sign of waking up. Although they had lost their demonic forms and looked like humans, the effects of the technique were very much still there.

Dyon didn't know it at the time, but on the pace that his celestial array was working on, it would have taken another decade, maybe more, to awaken the demon generals.

However, something happened to change all of that.

While Dyon slept for three days and three nights after awakening his manifestation, the Elvin Tome he had gained ownership of flashed in his sleep.

The light swept through his spatial ring, and immediately effected the demon generals. Causing them to twitch and then later on, awaken.

In the end, it was because of this event that Dyon was able to connect the Elvin Tome to True Empaths – thus coming to understand the cleansing role it played.

Now, Ri was sure that the Elvin Tome would come in handy. The only problem was how long it would take...

There was no question that the demon sage's technique was more powerful. If it had to be ranked, it would without a doubt be a peak divinity technique if not a legendary technique that surpassed that level. However, it wasn't malicious to begin with. The demon general had made it a point to allow his technique the possibility of being undone. After all, what would have been the point if one was never able to undo it?

This meant that while the demon sage's technique was fully willing to work alongside Dyon's celestial will, and the Elvin Tome's cleansing, whatever this technique was would definitely not be so amiable.

The second problem was something much more nuanced. Something Ri didn't pick up on because she didn't have enough knowledge of the original Demon Sage's technique.

The Elvin Tome wasn't an all-cleanser. Meaning, it could only cleanse one specific thing: The Soul. This was because, as the Elvin ancestors had said, the Elvin Tome was among the 33 heavenly weapons and part of the 11 in the soul category along with the aurora awakening steps.

What Dyon knew, that Ri didn't, was that his celestial will had been enough to cleanse the bodies of the demon generals. After all, they had already been in their human forms when Dyon took them out of the legacy world. What the Elvin Tome was needed for was not to cleanse their bodies, but to cleanse their souls. This was why they looked perfectly healthy but hadn't awakened – it was because they hadn't fully regained their minds yet.

Knowing this, the problem was clear. This technique, although it was also affecting Dyon's aurora and slowing down his thoughts, and thereby effecting his soul, it was also affecting Dyon's body – something the Elvin Tome had no ability to cleanse. That meant that, effectitvely, only a portion of the problem would be solved...

If Dyon's soul was saved, what would save his body?...

## Chapter 409 Soon

Ri didn't have time to think through something like this, she had to trust that even if something went wrong, Dyon would have a solution.

Seeing that Ri returned with the Elvin Tome, Dyon wanted to smile but, of course, couldn't. He was slowly losing even his vision, but he could see a light at the end of the tunnel. As long as he freed his soul, he'd be able to communicate. Maybe not with his original body, but, he could create a clone with the Florence family technique and communicate. Since that technique relied on his soul, with those shackles removed, he'd be free to do this.

Ri froze when she reached Dyon, a bit hesitant. Although she had been confident just moments ago, right now, she was very much scared that this wasn't the solution. But, seeing Dyon's resolute gaze nearly crystallizing over, she knew she couldn't delay any longer.

As soon as the tome touched Dyon's chest, the effects were immediate. After but a moment of pain, Dyon's thoughts began to reach their top speed.

His aurora lit itself again from its dimming light and Dyon could feel everything around him again. In less than ten seconds, Dyon's soul was completely cleansed of all signs of the technique.

Ri, however, couldn't see this change. She saw somber flashing lights, but aside from that, she saw that Dyon still couldn't move. The disappointment on her face was clear and she felt like screaming. Why was it that everything in the martial world seemed intent on destroying everything important to her? However, she only closed her eyes and focused. If this didn't work, something else would have to.-.

'What else could it -'

Suddenly, Ri's thoughts were interrupted by a pat on her head.

Her eyes snapped open, "Dyon?"

Tears streamed down Ri's face as she found Dyon's form right in front of her. But, when she noticed that there was another Dyon lying on the ground with the tome still lying on his chest, she didn't know how to feel.

"This..." Ri stuttered.

"Ah, don't worry about it. I can't come out for long because I need my full focus on curing the rest of this. In fact, every second I spend out here is another second the technique is violently reacting."

As Ri had thought, the technique was a malicious one. When it felt its power being encroached on, it began to react violently. If Dyon continued to diverge his soul power, the situation would only get worse much faster.

Ri nodded, wiping her cheeks so she could listen to Dyon's words.

"I need the Elvin Tome to stay on me so that my soul doesn't relapse, so make sure that it stays there. Other than that, with my soul freed, I have access to my wills again."

"But... Celestial will didn't work..."

"About that, I have another idea. Don't worry about it. I want you to focus and use these 7-8 weeks to cultivate – don't miss the world tournament. I know it's important to you. I'll be fine. With that much time, as long as you use that array room I made for you, your improvement should be insane.

"Last thing, about the person who attacked me –" Dyon's clone winced, shattering in space in an instant.

Ri looked toward Dyon's form worried. If his soul disappeared so abruptly, then the situation must be serious. She didn't even have time to think about what Dyon had wanted to tell her about who attacked him. It seemed unimportant in the grand scheme of things.

Despite Dyon's words, Ri spent the rest of the day sitting beside Dyon worriedly.

She was doing everything she could to check for any minute changes, but even Dyon's eyes had become completely glazed over with red crystals.

However, on the morning of the third day, Ri found a faint ray of hope. Dyon's heart beat had finally gained a semblance of normalcy.

Seeing that, Ri nodded.

'I'll go cultivate then...' She thought silently, 'Then, I'll make them pay.'

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"Father?" Delia started, feeling a familiar presence in her hotel room.

She had spent the past weeks locked in here, cultivating. In fact, it had become a complete ice land as she tried her best to understand just what the absolute path was.

A familiar figure flashed into existence – middle-aged man with dark olive skin and a full beard and well-kept head of hair.

Tears threatened to spill out of Delia's eyes, but there seemed to be a barrier between her and her emotions that had been growing in the past few days. The path of the absolute was unforgiving and cruel and it was beginning to encroach on Delia's personality more and more.

Patia-Neva looked at his daughter silently. If one paid attention, his murky brown eyes held a faint pain in them... as though he knew exactly what his daughter was going through.

"I didn't wish for this path for you." Patia-Neva said faintly, "I wanted nothing more than to avoid this. You shouldn't have to make the same decisions I did just for the sake of power or for some greater good. You should be allowed to grow up without such burdens, and yet, my mistakes have driven you to this end."

Delia didn't know what her father was talking about. Did he know about the absolute path too? Was this the reason for the change Delia had seen in her father?

But, Patia-Neva didn't explain. "Is this the path you've chosen?"

Delia nodded. Despite her confusion, she knew this was her path to power. She didn't know what her father had gone through, but this was her choice.

"Very soon, you'll find out about things that will never allow you to look at me the same way again. But, for now, let me perform my last act as your father." Patia-Neva spoke faintly.

A sudden aura coated the room before Delia and Patia-Neva disappeared in an instant.

Although Delia didn't know it at the time, she would come to know one day in the distant future.

That aura that coated the room, was no normal aura. It was without a doubt the presence of a Celestial Expert.

Chapter 410 Kawa

Just like that, two months flew by. Ri spent every day diligently cultivating by Dyon. In fact, her progress was so frightening that the little attention Dyon could spare in watching her was spent in surprise.

Unfortunately, the eve of the tournament came and Dyon still had not moved an inch.

The good news was that the red crystals had receded drastically, no longer coating Dyon's eyes and much of his organs, but, Dyon couldn't rest for even a single moment. The more of the technique he erased, the harder it seemed to fight. He hadn't slept in two months, instead spending every waking moment in endless amounts of pain and strife.

He felt better about the situation, though, knowing that Ri was by his side. And, he had benefited from this experience in ways only he knew... For now.

“Should I really go?” Ri looked at Dyon who had closed his eyes long ago. She knew that Dyon wanted her to go to the World Tournament, and she also knew that her participation was highly important for the Elvin Kingdom’s prestige as well, but she was torn.-.

Things like revenge and prestige could wait, but Dyon only had one life. If something happened while Ri was gone, she wouldn’t be able to forgive herself.

That said, Ri knew she wasn’t thinking rationally. There were three thousand demon generals here. And a thousand of them were Saints! How could she protect Dyon more than they could? But, a lot of the time, love wasn’t rational.

However, before Ri could think of backing out, Dyon’s neck strained to nod and he grunted as loudly as he could.

Seeing Dyon struggle like this, tears threatened to spill out of Ri’s eyes for what seemed like the millionth time. But, she accepted it.

“Okay, Okay. Stop moving. I’ll go. I’ll go.”

Although Ri didn’t say it, there was something else she was worrying about. Dyon and Connery Sapientia had a scheduled a match for the closing of the first day of the world tournament. But, it was clear that whatever Dyon was doing, just wasn’t enough to be ready by the end of tomorrow. How would Connery react when Dyon doesn’t show up?

Ri clenched her small fist and sighed. ‘There’s nothing much we can do...’

Leaning forward, Ri planted a soft kiss of Dyon’s lips before going back to training. She wanted to be in optimal condition for tomorrow.

A few faces floated in her mind. Those would be her target enemies and they would pay.

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“The path of the absolute is unforgiving. If you’ve stepped onto this path, there’s little you’ll have else in life.

“Friendship won’t feel the same. Love won’t feel the same. Family... Won’t feel the same.” Patia-Neva spoke faintly as he guided Delia again and again through a cultivation path.

They both sat in a snow storm of epic proportions, and yet Patia-Neva’s voice seemed to easily cut through it.

This was a mountain peak that few had ever been on. In fact, it was a mountain peak that wasn’t found on Earth... Instead, it was found on an asteroid in a place known as the ice belt.

This was a ring of asteroids found in the solar system that housed Planet Naiad – the former home of the Patia-Neva Royal God Clan that had now been replaced by the Clyte Royal God Clan.

In the past, when their universe had reigned supreme over all others in this quadrant, the ice belt was known as the ultimate place to learn ice will. This wasn’t just because of its environment. The ice belt was a house to a copious amount of ice abyssal cores making it highly efficient to learn ice will here.

However, over time, this had become a long-forgotten place. It wasn’t until Patia-Neva rediscovered it and used it to propel himself toward becoming the expert he was today that it began to be used again.

The truth was that as a formerly highly noted universe, their home housed numerous inactive abyssal core sites. The problem was that since those places had once been restricted and kept secret by powerful clans, once those clans died out due to the wars, the smaller clans didn’t have the necessary knowledge to find those sacred places. In fact, even if they had the location, very few would survive the harsh realities of it.

If Patia-Neva wasn’t there to shield Delia from not only much of the will given off by the ridiculous number of abyssal cores, but to also protect her from the harsh realities of space, she would have died. It was impossible to survive in space without the cultivation of a Saint or if you didn’t have devices to protect yourself. In fact, Patia-Neva himself almost died the first time he came here despite having already been a saint.

Back in Patia-Neva's younger years, he had always been curious. The Patia-Neva clan had a weird affinity. They held dual blood lines for both nature wills and ice wills. These seemed completely opposing and odd to be found in one lineage.

However, overtime, Patia-Neva came to learn that while their nature wills were natural and stemmed from birth, their ice wills had a semblance of artificiality to them which cause Patia-Neva to wonder... Why?

Afterwards, he hypothesized that there must be a strong source of ice will nearby that was giving them this boost and that since the Patia-Neva were amongst the oldest clans of Planet Naiad, they showed the most drastic effects of this strong source of ice will.

Unfortunately, Patia-Neva couldn't have been more right. But, his path toward protecting his secret had led to the destruction of his clan, the separation of his family and years of pain he could only blame himself for.

And yet, he still did it... Because it wasn't just about protecting himself.

That day, when he first stepped foot on the asteroid, he met the only woman he had ever loved other than Delia's mother. Unfortunately, she had already promised herself to another man, never giving Patia-Neva a chance.

If it wasn't for her, Patia-Neva would have died without even knowing how it had happened. That day, he gained not only a fresh look on life, but also friends he would continue to protect to this day.

That woman's name was Kawa Acacia, Ri's mother.