

The Nameless 411

Chapter 411 Without?

“Big sister Ri!” Little Lyla’s long light pink hair flowed in the wind as she rushed up the mansion’s pathway to jump into Ri’s arms.

Ri giggled at the little girl’s antics. She knew immediately that Lyla could tell how she was feeling and wanted to make her feel better.

“Your birthday is soon, hm Little Lyla? What do you want?” Ri happily picked up Lyla in her arms. She had always treated Lyla like her little sister, and since she had become Dyon’s wife, that relationship had only grown stronger.

Zaire wrapped his small arms around Ri’s waist after catching up, seemingly looking for some love too. Ri couldn’t help but giggle again while rubbing his black hair, thankful she had such kind younger siblings.

“But big sister, we missed big brother Dyon and Zaire’s birthdays, we can’t celebrate mine first.” Little Lyla pouted, clearly dissatisfied with how busy everyone had been.-.

Ri looked a little saddened by this. It was likely that Little Lyla already understood that Dyon was incapacitated, but, that didn’t excuse them missing Zaire’s birthday.

Uncle Acacia had come to pick them up weeks before because Dyon had a feeling that things might get dangerous – and he had ended up being right. But, that unfortunately meant they couldn’t celebrate either Dyon’s or Zaire’s birthdays which were only a couple weeks apart.

“Okay, how about after the world tournament, we have a big celebration for everyone’s birthdays?” Ri smiled, trying to negotiate.

Luckily, Little Lyla wasn’t picky, so she happily agreed. In fact, she was more excited about watching the world tournament. She had been heavily influenced by Zaire, and since Zaire loved the idea of fighting tournaments so much, she too wanted to see how cool it was.

If Little Lyla knew that Zaire's love of such things came from movies that Dyon had watched with him while he was in beast form, who knows how she'd react.

"You've started to ignore you uncle, little girl." Uncle Acacia walked up, displaying a pouting face that shouldn't have been anywhere near the features of an expert as powerful as him. But, his love for Ri was never something he had faked.

"Uncle, don't be like that. You ran away so fast last time we saw you we didn't even have a chance to ask you to stay for a bit!" Ri glared at her Uncle, still trying to understand just what had had him so flustered all those weeks ago.

Uncle Acacia, however, completely avoided the topic, looking off into the distance and past Ri as the door of the mansion clicked open.

"Ri?" A girl with sandy blond hair and light brown eyes opened the door. This was, of course, Venus. After so many weeks of recovery and her little brother's constant care, many of the Viridi family had fully recovered.

"Ah, Venus. This is my uncle. And these two are Lyla and Zaire."

Venus smiled politely, even slightly bowing. The truth was that she was still uncomfortable in this situation. She had awoken a few weeks ago, but it was odd for people in the martial world to be so... Nice. If it wasn't for Eli's pleading, the Viridi family likely would have found a way to leave and attempt to repay their debts in another way.

But, Ri definitely didn't mind. She had spent much of her time in the spatial ring along with Dyon and as such had left the house to the Viridi to do with what they pleased. With their freedom bought and the money Dyon provided, they could essentially go their whole lives without another worry. However, because they had spent so long in slavery, their ability to trust had all but disappeared.

Ri, understanding this, didn't push or prod. She allowed their family the space they wanted and only asked that they not leave too soon, or else they wouldn't have the demon generals to protect them. If the Ragnor God Clan was malicious enough, there was always the chance of them being caught again and resold into slavery.

"I was just wondering if it would be possible to take me with you to the tournament." Venus asked shyly. Her voice was soft, and she had lost much of her assertive demeanor. After all, she had once been used to being called a genius – a top ranked member of the big sects. But now? She didn't feel as though she had a right to be that person anymore..

Ri knew that it would be dangerous taking Venus. After all, Dyon couldn't show up today even though he was technically meant to fight for their freedom. Who knows if Connery would try and use that as an opportunity to take away Venus?

But, Ri decided to trust in the strength of the Elves. She had been looking for a way to get Venus to step out of her shell recently, having seen how reserved she was. This was a good opportunity.

"Of course." Ri smiled, "That's no problem at all."

Seeing this, and not truly understanding the situation, Uncle Acacia decided to remain silent. But, when he noticed a striking lack of Dyon, he couldn't help but ask. "Is Dyon coming with us?"

A sad smile appeared on Ri's features. "He's hurt, right now. He'll heal up hopefully by the time he's called to the stage. He doesn't have to fight until the group stages are over, so he has quite a few days."

Although the tournament was usually won by peak essence gathering experts, there were still awards for top performing meridian formation experts as well as foundation stage experts. This was because the World Tournament only took place once every hundred years because of the difficulty in gathering all of the planets together. As such, it was best to allow as many talents as possible to shine through as opposed to only the ones lucky enough to be born at the optimal time.

In the past, Saints used to be a part of the world tournament as well. But, with the decline of the universe, it ceased making sense. After all, the world tournament was meant to be a comparison of young talent so a universe could gain an understanding of its future leaders. This also helped with things like negotiations. There were even times where overwhelming young generation talents could decide whether a clan became a Royal or even King God clan without warring at all.

However, in the universe's current landscape, saint level experts were already elders – having long lost the right to be called youths. So, the tournaments were held to Essence Gathering experts.

That said, because of the sheer number of experts that fell into these categories, the group stages took the longest amount of time. As such, it also left Dyon with some good time to hopefully get better.

But, hearing that Dyon was injured but getting better didn't make Uncle Acacia feel any better. Because if it was a normal injury, it was likely that Dyon would have told him about it personally... The fact he hadn't meant that he couldn't. Which, wasn't a good sign.

"Alright." Uncle Acacia smiled, choosing to let it go for now. "Let's go. Your kingdom is waiting for you. After all, how can the Elves show up without their little princess?"

Chapter 412 Don't

That same morning, Madeleine awoke. Or, more accurately, she opened her eyes from meditation. She had been too excited to sleep for at least the last week.

'Today!' She thought happily.

That morning, she took a particularly long time to get ready.

For martial artists, cleanliness was almost always maintained at its peak as long as energy or body cultivation was present. But, often times, some experts, especially women, preferred to clean themselves the old-fashioned way.

Madeleine hadn't seen Dyon in two years now, and with her new hair and eye color change, she was a bit apprehensive about how she'd be received. This was, of course, ridiculous to many people. After all, Madeleine was among the greatest beauties in existence. To then still be worried about how she looked would make many call her crazy. But, again, love wasn't always rational.

Making sure to clean every inch of herself, Madeleine's small hands glided across her flawless skin, down her long legs and even into her luscious and flowing dark purple hair.-.

Madeleine's hair was now such a dark shade of purple that it was nearly identical to its original brunette, but, when the sun hit it just right, a shocking and radiant beauty would be clear to all.

After reaching her room, Madeleine diligently coated her skin with fragrant oils. She had gotten these from the Sapientia auction house on her trip away and she was quite happy with the lavender smell. It also held a hint of strawberry that Madeleine thought Dyon would like. Then, she took out a dress she had only worn once.

It was among the first things Dyon had ever gifted her. It was a long white qipao with a single leg slit. It was embroidered in a beautiful gold, but maybe most impressively, it was a transcendent level treasure.

The dress resized itself to cling ever so closely to Madeleine's perfect curves before she sat in front of her mirror to elegantly twist her hair in a perfect bun – held together by the hair pin Dyon had also gifted her.

Satisfied with her appearance, a brilliant smile spread across Madeleine's soft lips before she headed to her door and stepped out. But, before she could head in the direction of where her master was likely waiting, she found a man that often made her very uncomfortable to be around – Connery Sapientia.

Bowing slightly, Madeleine greeted him. "Head Sapientia, good morning."

Connery waved his hand. "There's no need to be so formal, Madeleine. You're our first in line genius, the most likely to take my place. You should see me as you see your master – a parent. A father if you will."

Madeleine smiled politely but didn't answer. It wasn't the first time Connery had said this, but she made it a point to not get too close with this man. She could tell what kind of person he was, and it wasn't the kind she liked. Dyon helped people regardless of whether they'd be useful to him in the end, but Connery was the exact opposite. He would throw you away at a moment's notice and just as easily accept you back without an ounce of shame.

Seeing Madeleine's reservation, Connery didn't think much of it. He was pragmatic and didn't really care whether or not Madeleine truly like him, what he cared about was whether she was still a Sapientia and could be useful.

"As you know Madeleine, the Sapientia aren't known for their battle prowess, but that doesn't mean we're weak. Often time we hold back for the sake of allowing our clan to be ubiquitous. Only in that way can we touch the most number of places and perform the most amount of research.

"I've read your papers on music will. They're quite profound and it's clear it's a love for you. You're the perfect representation of what a Sapientia should be." Connery lightly smiled.

Many months ago, Madeleine had been sending messages to Dyon about his misinterpretation of music will. In fact, it was due to Madeleine's help that Dyon had won the debate against Zaltarish as he himself had admitted.

The help that Madeleine had provided was as a result of her poring through relevant literature and putting things to the test herself. As a member of the Sapientia family, it was of course her duty to contribute to research. So, she often chose to do so with music will.

In reality, if Madeleine researched purity type wills instead, her impact would have been tens if not hundreds of times of what it was with music will. After all, her affinity for purity was nearly unmatched. However, there were two reasons she had never done so.

For one, she felt like there was a barrier between her and the Sapientia family. The idea of contributing her best just didn't sit well with her. It was easier on her conscience to study a will very few people could learn.

The second reason was because music will was something she could use to connect with Dyon. Many of their first talks had been about music will, so it held a special place in her heart.

"Thank you," Madeleine said lightly, accepting the compliment.

"I came to wish you luck today, but to also remind you of what it is you're representing. I'm not asking you to win, after all, you're only 20. And, even if you were older, the Sapientia don't put much stock in such victories.

"I only want you to be mindful of the Sapientia image. Don't let your emotions get out of balance, and always remember to maintain the strictest sense of comradery. It's important that our family continue to be viewed as friendly and non-confrontational. You will be inheriting my position when you've matured, so you must remember this." With those final words, Connery disappeared, leaving Madeleine alone in the corridor.

Connery's words were true. The reason the Sapientia were allowed to permeate throughout the universes was because they were seen as completely non-confrontational. Although they too sent their young to the gates, they never took advantage to conquer entire universes – they only used negotiations to further spread their clan without any malicious intent.

After enough years, this had become a fact for everyone and it was the reason why although the Sapientia were seen as among the most powerful clans in existence, they were also the weakest.

That said, it was still important that the Sapientia maintained at least a semblance of strength. So, the display of their first-in-line genius was also important...

And yet, Connery's words seemed to have a double meaning...

"Don't embarrass me."

Chapter 413 Goal?

Madeleine stood in the corridor, clenching and relaxing her fists. Her face held a calm sense of neutrality – something that she had learned to maintain over her years here – but, her heart was in turmoil.

Taking a deep breath, Madeleine buried it. She decided to focus on the good of today.

Soon, Madeleine entered a grand hall almost too large to describe in words. In typical Sapientia fashion, the round hall had its walls coated in endless amount of books and pillars.

In the center, Madeleine noticed a large amount of Sapientia youths waiting. Some were older than her and some were young, but they all immediately showed signs of respect with her approach.

Since the Sapientia were often times not blood related, the reaction to Madeleine's beauty was even more apparent today than it usually was. It was clear that something was different about today and only Airic and her master Ester picked up on it.

That said, while Airic had become quite fond of Dyon because he was so impressed by his tactics, Ester was a completely different story. But, she chose to hold her tongue and emotions in for now. Well, that was until Airic's words nearly made her cough up blood.

"Ah, Sister Madeleine. You're dressed very nicely today, Dyon will be very happy!" Airic's usual scholarly self was very enthusiastic today. He wanted an opportunity to get close to Dyon so that he could discuss the logistics of military tactics.-.

If people knew that that was the reason someone wanted to get close to a first-in-line genius, they might assume them to be weird. That said, Madeleine, knowing full well what Airic's personality was like couldn't help but chuckle. He had definitely improved her mood.

"You know my husband? Tell me about it!" Madeleine asked happily, wanting to take her mind off of things.

Seeing their normally serious first-in-line genius hop with happiness, many of the surrounding youths didn't know what to think. In fact, Ester nearly self-imploded when she heard Madeleine refer to Dyon as her husband.

That said, Airic didn't seem fazed. "Dyon's military tactics are some of the most innovative things I've ever seen! Remember the Phantus God Clan and their scaled elephants that you fought in your first campaign?"

Madeleine nodded happily, remembering back to how difficult it had been to deal with. Not only had they needed her music will, they needed to overrun them with sheer numbers. But, Madeleine, being a music will expert, was very much aware that Dyon's music will wasn't suited to that tactic. So, how had he done it?

"Dyon managed to find the scaled elephant's weakness to cold! Then he coordinated just one thousand men to eliminate 10 prince elephants and 1 king elephant! And that was on top of taking out ten thousand Phantus Clan warriors, 10 vice commanders and a commander!

"And the best part? All he did was throw a javelin!" Airic got more and more animated as he explained. Eventually, the entire hall was listening to the recounting of Dyon's feats.

Madeleine couldn't help but smile broadly at her husband's success in just his first campaign. But, she wondered. 'He did much more than me during my first campaign... But, I was ranked in the top 100 after my first, why isn't he higher?'

Although Madeleine was now ranked in the top 30, after her first campaign, she had only been in the top 100. But, even then, she had done much less than Dyon. So, why wasn't he ranked?

Madeleine had looked for Ri's name too. But, although she had seen an Alexandria Acacia, she hadn't found a Ri Acacia. She wasn't sure whether that was Ri or not because Dyon always referred to Ri as either that, or little feu glace which Madeleine found adorable.

Madeleine didn't know much about the Elves, but what she did know was that many of them were on Planet Naiad when she had gone. After all, that was a better place for peak essence gatherers to fight because the competition was tougher. And, it was also the planet with the closest ties to Earth. As such, there were plenty of elves on the list she didn't know by name.

"Ah, you may not know this because you've been diligently cultivating for the past two months," Airic praised, "But rumors say that Dyon is actually the demon sage! Number one, can you believe that! And, I hear that he's also the one who created the Queen Fairy pill that our alchemy researchers have been studying for the past almost year now!"

At this point, even Madeleine was stunned. She knew that Dyon would make a name for himself, but to this extent? She couldn't help but happily laugh.

'I should never doubt you.' She thought. 'Then, I'll take your words seriously. Don't make me wait long then...'

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Away from the soon to be departing Sapientia, a conversation was taking place in the dark.

This place was where the grand world tournament would be taking place – The Arena City Central Stage.

This arena boasted a capacity of ten million and had an arena floor that was measured in kilometers as opposed to mere meters.

The sections of space were separated by both planet and clan, with more powerful clans being situated in VIP areas that often cut off the view of those on the highest reaches of the stands. As such, there were monitors anchored to the back of these VIP areas, but it was clear that this wasn't the ideal experience.

That said, many didn't have strong enough cultivation to see so far away, so, often monitors were their best option.

Aside from the stands, there was another set of VIP seating on the lowest floor level. This housed the members for both the cumulative rankings, and the planet only rankings. As such, the cumulative rankers received better service and seats while the lower ranking planet only rankers still received good treatment, but less so. Although, there was one cumulative ranker spot that seemed to be a quite a bit lacking...

Ignoring this and past the VIP areas and into the basement of the coliseum, two shadows were speaking.

"Just change the format a bit, trust me."

"What kind of ridiculous request is this? Why do you want me to swap out everyone's names for numbers?"

"Don't worry about the reason. All you have to do is say something along the lines of 'In the interest of fairness, we'll be replacing our naming system with randomly assigned numbers via array plates'. I've already prepared them all, all you have to do is hand them out."

"What about King Belmont, won't he be opposed to the change?"

"What are you talking about? The Belmont family had no hand in organizing this, it was left to the Cavositas. That's why it's taking place in Arena City and not the Belmont holy land."

“Just do as you’re told, and you’ll be rewarded. Be sure to never say names. You can give the clans ways to track the numbers relevant to them, but don’t allow them to share that information amongst themselves. Just say it’ll be grounds for instant disqualification or something like that.”

The second shadow took a deep breath before accepting the spatial ring filled with number plates.

This person wanted them to change the whole structure of the tournament and completely remove names from the equation. It seemed like a harmless request and on the surface it did seem to make things more fair – there would probably be less forfeits this way since most had information attached to names and not faces – but something about how adamant they were made everything... fishy.

Just what was their goal?

Chapter 414 Never

In the Sapientia hall, whispers and animated talks about Airic’s story spread along with rumors about just who this boy was to Madeleine. It wasn’t as though Madeleine hadn’t seen talented young men before, so they could hardly understand why she seemed to be so interested in this one in particular.

However, Ester, Madeleine’s master, found all of this decidedly less funny – even to the point where she found the first opportunity just as everyone mounted large golden eagles, to pull Madeleine off to the side.

“Is there a problem, master?” Madeleine already knew what this was about, but she was in too good of a mood to let it bother her now.

“You fully understand what the problem is. You’ve gone from saying you like this boy to loving him to calling him your fiancée and now your husband? Did you take my words seriously at all?” Ester didn’t seem happy. In fact, she rarely used her air of an expert to intimidate Madeleine, but right now, saint energy was imperceptibly dripping from her.

However, Madeleine only smiled and continued to elegantly step onto the large bird.-.

“I seem to remember you saying that after spending a few months with the prince I would change my mind?”

Not wanting the conversation to go further, Madeleine found her way to the carriage strapped to the large feathered back and sat quietly – eagerly anticipating the coming days.

Hearing Madeleine's words, Ester was at a loss for her own. It was true she had said those things, and a large part of her actually believed it. But, it was clear that she was wrong.

Ester had no idea about this Demon Sage that Airic had mentioned and she found it quite ridiculous that a child from the human world would ever be number one on their rankings. As such, she chose to focus on Airic's mention of these things as rumors, dismissing them entirely.

Over the past few weeks, Ester's heart had been in turmoil. Something was distracting her and it was heavily weighing on her mind even to the point where she hardly fulfilled her duties. She hadn't even guided Madeleine's cultivation in all this time. All of this made her feel as though she let her personal issues get in the way of properly disciplining her disciple, so, she stepped forward to do what she thought was right.

The reason why Ester had become Madeleine's master in the first place was because she too loved the idea of music will. Although Ester herself wasn't very proficient, in her hundreds of years of trying, she had finally managed to get her music will to the third level.

Because of her clear lack of talent for the will, Ester had focused her pursuits in other ways, trying to find any possible avenues for improving music will. During that time, she had stumbled on something... But, unfortunately, it had the direct opposite effect – instead, stifling one's voice.

Taking out a small black pill, Ester entered the carriage she alone shared with Madeleine.

"Swallow this." She said sternly, not leaving any room for debate.

Madeleine, from her window seat, turned a calm gaze toward her supposed master's palm. "And this is?"

"It's a preventative measure." Ester continued to maintain her righteous air. If she had to play the villain, then she would play the villain.

Ester couldn't tell Madeleine what she knew unless she wanted to die. Any words spoken even remotely related to the subject resulted in years off of one's life and that wasn't something Ester was willing to do. She would rather Madeleine hate her as she forced her to listen than have Madeleine drive down a path that would without a doubt result in death.

"That doesn't answer my question." Madeleine's brows furrowed. More and more off-put by this person she was supposed to be able to trust. Just what was she trying to do?

Ester didn't answer, instead making a movement with her hand to lock Madeleine in place with Saint energy. Because of the difference in their cultivation, as long as energy was properly focused, the ability of the weaker martial artist to control their own flow of energy is disrupted, thus causing a temporary paralysis.

Madeleine's gaze burned into her master as soon as she lost her ability to move. Up until now, through all of the things her master had said about the love of her life, Madeleine had still forgiven it. It had seemed like Ester still wanted the best for Madeleine and that she was at the very least still going to give them a chance should Dyon prove himself enough.

This was the only person in this terrible family that had ever stuck up for Madeleine. When her talent was at its peak, and Connery wanted to use that to spread the influence of the Sapientia, it was Ester that had tried to protect her. When her talent was declining and she could no longer cultivate, it was Ester that tried to protect her. When she had been sent away, ostracized by a place that had once accepted her – a place that had once called her a genius – it was Ester that had protected her.

So, despite her love for Dyon, Madeleine had forgiven her master again and again. When Ester said Dyon was no good, she forgave. When Ester had said Dyon would never match up to their best young geniuses, she forgave. When Ester had sent her away to another planet to essentially be pimped out to a prince, she forgave. But, now? There was nothing but hatred in Madeleine's eyes.

She could only watch as the small black pill was forced between her delicate lips. Her complexion, once rosy and the picture of perfection slightly paled, her pink lips discoloring ever so slightly. One could barely tell the difference, but Madeleine very much felt it.

And the worst part? When Madeleine finally felt the hold of Saint energy release, she couldn't speak. She couldn't express how angry she was and she couldn't tell this so-called master of hers that she would never see her as a master again. If it wasn't for the fact that this trip might give her a chance to at

least catch a glance at Dyon, she would have fought with her everything to not be in the same carriage as this horrible woman.

In the end, her eyes could only glisten with tears of rage and hatred. She suddenly realized she could no longer access her music will. The will she loved the most. The will that connected her with her love... It was gone.

Madeleine turned away, looking outside at what should have been a beautiful day to only see black and white. The Sapientia family would never be her family again.

Chapter 415 Covered

Madeleine's master looked down at her disciple even as the golden eagle took off into the air. But, in the end, she said nothing – choosing to sit and turn her attention elsewhere.

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Away from the Sapientia city and toward the Belmont holy land, a gathering of princes and princesses was taking place.

King Belmont had many children and he treated them all well, not neglecting any one of them. Or, more accurately, maybe neglecting them all equally.

That said, as the royal family and the technical hosts of this tournament, it was their obligation to be presentable even though only two of their own were participating today – the only Belmont's of this generation: Elwing and Lionel.-.

“Big Red! You shouldn't be so angry, this is a grand event!” King Belmont happily chatted with Head Sicarius who seemed to be in a very bad mood.

He was nothing like a king right now. He had an adorable little baby girl dressed in a purple dress that matched her hair, hanging from his cheek and shoulder as he walked along with everyone else toward their flying ship – something that looked a lot like a solid metal blimp.

“Louis, I’ve never been so angry. When did I raise such a useless son!” Big Red’s voice boomed. He wasn’t a quiet man, but considering Arios, his elder brother Riley and Ava were following directly behind them, he didn’t need to yell so loudly for the person his anger was aimed toward to hear.

Arios could only bitterly smile. Weeks ago, Arios had already been allowed by Dyon to come back and spend time with his family. After seeing how powerful he had become, Head Sicarius became more excited about that than the fact his son was alive! But, when his father began eagerly asking him to take part in the world tournament and make the Sicarius name shine, Arios kept declining! And in the end, he finally told his father about Dyon and how he was sworn to serve under him for the rest of his life.

Hearing the name Dyon, Big Red hadn’t known how to feel. He had of course seen this child from afar before. At the time, he hadn’t liked the influence he had had on his daughter, although that feeling was quite hypocritical considering how many wives he had. It was something he was quite proud of too, considering. In the human world, red hair was a recessive gene, but Sicarius liked to think his seed was so dominant that it didn’t matter who his wife was, his child would always come out with flaming red hair.

But, not only had Arios come back with white hair, he had agreed to serve under someone! And even worse, he had reminded his own father, his own father! That he too served under someone – namely King Belmont.

“Ah, don’t be like that. Your son finally came back! And better yet, look at how he’s grown. He’s already far more powerful than you were at his age and you placed second at that world tournament, no? Maybe that means your son would place first!” King Belmont laughed happily as he took his first wife, Queen Belmont, both Elwing and Lionel’s mother, by the hand to lead her up the stairs of the ship.

Seeing this intimate action, Ava and Arios’ mother, Big Red’s first wife, glared at her loud husband before turning away and grabbing onto her returning son’s arm.

“Come, little Arios. Let mommy spoil you. I don’t want you fighting in this stupid tournament.”

Arios could only chuckle. His mother had probably dealt with the most pain aside from Ava. He was happy to do her bidding even if his father was angry. In reality, this was the true reason he wasn’t participating. He knew that in the future, he would be going off to do more dangerous things, so he wanted to give his mother some comfort for now.

Seeing this, though, Ava pouted. “Why don’t you ever treat me so nicely, mom?”

“Ah, come here.” Mistress Sicarius was a loving lady, even bringing along Riley with the three of them and completely ignoring Big Red – much to his disgruntlement.

In the end, Big Red could only sigh and board the ship.

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Off on the distant ice belt, cold winds viciously blew – but, they were far from the normal winds. After all, being on an asteroid in the middle of space, with only distance blackness and the faint round spheres of planets to look out to, there shouldn’t have been an atmosphere to produce winds. But, the ice belt had near limitless uniqueness.

The winds were produced from kernels of pure ice will. With every bit of biting cold that Delia suffered, the stronger she felt she became. In the end, her constitution was being awakened more and more.

The constitution awakening pill was but a catalyst. It was meant to be a blanket and artificial solution to awakening one’s constitution. However, as Dyon’s grand teacher had made clear, array alchemy was not always around and as such, neither were pill formulas.

In the time before Dyon’s grand teacher’s first disciple, and Dyon’s senior brother, had broken into his peak and created array alchemy, this was the way to awaken a constitution. It required time, patience, and grueling amount of pain in addition to nature’s favor. And, that was exactly what Delia had now.

She had spent the past two months, weathering the storm of ice wills and now, her constitution had shaken off its shackles.

Her hair was a striking and blinding white that seemed to glow with undertones of the lightest shades of blue. Her eyes were such a cold and solid blue that they seemed to pierce everything she look at as though she was looking through it as opposed to at it.

She experienced cultivation breakthrough after cultivation breakthrough. In the end, she was almost unrecognizable as her beauty reached new heights with every barrier her constitution released.

Seeing his daughter's transformation complete, Patia-Neva could only sigh, covering her in a barrier and allowing her skin to return to its normal healthy olive. But, something had remained changed. Her hazel green eyes were decidedly colder and the improvement in her beauty was permanent.

"Remember," Patia-Neva whispered as he prepared to send Delia back to Earth. "Our family's namesake is something you should hold dear. The day you understand what it means, is the day you'll have surpassed my understanding..."

"You're a Patia-Neva... A leaf covered with snow..."

Chapter 416 Introducing

The stadium was no longer anything like it had been earlier that morning. The bustling of the fans, the loud shouts and laughter, the excited chattering, all permeated the air with a feeling of comradery and anticipation. This was a once in a century event, and even though many martial artists lived far longer than that, there was no question that this was still a long time for many.

Tens of millions of eager observers were in the stands. Only people from Earth were here, but the broadcast of the tournament was projected to every planet. After all, travel accommodations were already difficult. As such, this was the best solution.

However, this time was among the best for the observers in terms of the first few days. This was because much of the fights during the first few days would be among no names with no real chance of ranking highly. These were people from lowly clans that hoped to raise themselves up and earn more resources for their Royal God Clans, or lone cultivators who hoped to earn their place in clans that accepted outsiders like the Cavositas or the Sapientia. As a result, the first few days wouldn't be nearly as entertaining as the last few days, so watching and observing the large clans and high ranked members walk in was the most fun.

Yet, to the surprise of many, there were no name announcements as there had been in the past. People were left to make assumptions about how powerful people and clans were depending on their seating arrangement. Although some found this odd, it wasn't enough to complain about, especially since the powerful clans never paid attention to such things. In the end, only the commoners suffered.

The four planets had arrived long before the clans of Earth. This made sense since they were being hosted. So, they were arranged first in four different corners of the arena, completely separated. However, even clans from the same planet were so far apart that they couldn't interact with each other. After all, their goal was to beat each other as well. The only reason they were arranged like this was for the benefit of the audience.-.

This didn't change as clans of Earth began to arrive.

The Cavositas, The Ragnor, The Elvin Kingdom, The Sapientia, The Pakal, The Niveus and tens of miscellaneous clans arrived.

These miscellaneous clans included smaller branch families of the God Clans as well as academies as small or even larger than Focus Academy. They also housed sects like the Big Sect alliance.

While the God Clan level characters were housed in VIP areas in sky boxes, the miscellaneous sects and clans were only granted stand seats that were a bit closer to the action than observers.

That said, there was one more allocation, and that was for the ranked geniuses.

The floor of the coliseum was spread into groups of the youngest and brightest the planets had to offer. Ignoring the seating arrangement of their planets, the ranked geniuses were left to mingle amongst each other. However, that didn't stop them from separating themselves into their clans and keeping amongst themselves.

Although the top ten would not fight today, the rest would. This was no time for making new friends, everyone was focused on the task ahead.

Ri, however, wasn't in the best of moods despite how her best friend, Primrose, and her new found friends, Mithrandir, Celine and Opal tried to console her. Unfortunately, it wasn't Dyon's plight that caused her current ill feelings, although that likely made things worse.

Just a few hours before, she had helped welcome their Elvin seniors. As Dyon had noted, the peak Essence Gathering elves trained and campaigned on Planet Naiad because the Earth gate was never

taken seriously by the Uidah universe. This allowed them the experience of fighting with opponents on their level without being completely outclassed.

Unfortunately, though, this meant that many of them only heard second and third hand accounts about what had happened to the Elvin Kingdom in their absence. As such, they didn't know what to believe and thought much of it was exaggerated. But, aside from downplaying Dyon's deeds, they still continued to hold their prejudice for the Acacia family and as such, still disrespected Ri despite her role as their princess.

Akash, Zaltarish, and many others adamantly defended Ri, even describing her selfless deeds during her first campaign, but many of their so-called seniors remained callused, even when reprimanded by the elders of their own families. Sometimes seeing was believing, and they had just not seen.

That said, there were only two who were strikingly opposed to Ri, and maybe much of their issue was that they both happened to be female... The male Elves had come around quite quickly, much to their ire. Ri didn't care that her beauty was awarding her privileges she hadn't had before, what she did care about was the fact that that's what it took to bring the Elves together. It was pathetic.

Clarice Grimbold and Fiore Norville. Ri had added them to her list. She didn't want revenge from them, but what she did want was their enlightenment. And maybe, just maybe, her fists would be what it took.

Ri's thoughts were interrupted by a sudden booming voice. She hadn't even noticed when they had all found their way to their seats, but it seemed that every genius had arrived. She scanned the crowd looking for her targets, her eyes cold.

"WELCOMING THE PROTECTORS OF OUR PLANET. THE GUARDS OF THE SHADOWS. THE FLAMES OF OUR PASSION. THE SENTINELS OF OUR ROYAL GOD CLAN: THE SICARIUS!" A senior with cultivation of at least the mid-saint level flashed into the air, projecting out his voice with saint energy so wide and far that his words seemed to pierce everyone's soul.

A large metal blimp appeared in the air as tongues of flames appeared to its side, carrying a family of red-haired devils to the foremost sky box. Everyone noticed the young man with white hair, but no one had time to comment on it before the senior continued.

“NOW INTRODUCING THE ROYALS OF ALL ROYALS. THE BACKBONE OF OUR EARTH. THE HOLY LAND PROTECTORS OF OUR ANCESTORS. THE BELMONT CLAN OF LEGENDS!”

This time, there was nothing normal about the flames. The heat was so profound and permeating that those of weaker cultivation shied away, feeling as though they’d be burnt to a crisp.

Fire works of red and blue flames jetted out, curling in on each other and wrapping in the air before exploding in fires of violet as a deep seeded pressure coated the arena.

King Belmont’s childish appearance had completely disappeared. His face was stoic and calm. His purple hair waved wildly in the air as his every step seemed to trample the hearts of those watching.

In the air behind him, followed his queen closely, holding onto their royal baby and juxtaposed by the both of her sons.

Then, tens of Belmonts appeared. Striking purple threatened to change the color of the blue sky.

This was no longer a normal event, and this was most definitely not a normal family. This was the Belmont family. The Royal God Clan of Earth.

Chapter 417 Wish

The crowd cheered loudly. The Belmonts and the Sicarius were in a lot of ways their heroes. The other clans had come here by negotiation and some were old enough to remember times where no one had ever heard of the Ragnor or the Pakal, or at the very least old enough to have elders who reminded them of this fact in their youth.

But, the Belmonts and Sicarius were examples of clans that used to be weaker that rose themselves up to the great heights they were at today. They were the hope of everyone there and the people they were the most loyal to. In fact, many had been in these very seats when they watched the epic final battle between Big Red and King Belmont all those years ago.

That battle had lasted for days, and yet no one had left their seats. In the end, King Belmont won, pushing Big Red to second place. But, what made that battle so memorable wasn’t the length or the entertainment. It was rather the sportsmanship they showed at the end. They were close friends even to this day!

At that time, Big Red had been a no name from a backwater Sicarius clan near the edge of the continent and King Belmont had been the first prince of the already established Belmonts. But, they had come together anyway. This was why King Belmont was loved so dearly. He was a king that truly placed what was important first. He didn't care about Big Red's background, he only cared about his character.

After waiting patiently for the Belmonts and Sicarius to situate themselves, the elder turned his attention to the crowd as the blimp floated away.

This elder was actually a true elder of a God Clan. He was known as Elder Er Cavositas, and one would be right to think he was at least a mid level saint. This was because, in reality, he was a peak level saint with faint hopes of becoming a celestial. But, that hope was exactly that. Faint.

"As you all know," the elder began. "The world tournament isn't just about making a powerful display. We're also here to entertain – if we weren't, you all wouldn't be here!"

The elder lightly chuckled to himself as the crowd quietened down.-.

"The privilege of planning this grand event has been past onto us Cavositas. With our rich history of arena and fight clubs in Arena City, you can bet that we have great things planned for the following weeks!

"Not only will we be providing food and side entertainment for all of you, we'll also be organizing evening events that give you all more opportunities to see your favorite warriors from afar!"

Cheering filled the stadium again, the booming voices really made it sound as though the entire planet was shaking. The impact of tens of millions in just one space was too great.

"Please, please! If you all get so excited about just that, I fear the planet might tear in half before events are through!

"This year we have grand competitors. The top ten are more lethal than they have ever been, and the five beauties are unmatched through generations! In fact, between you and me." The elder leaned in as

though he was speaking to someone privately. “I hear there’s the appearance of a sixth beauty to match them!”

The elder stopped himself from saying Ri’s name, remembering the demands of the person who had paid him handsomely.

“Better yet, there have been the rise of unprecedented young geniuses. It’s best to not solely focus your eyes on the top ten to win the essence gathering awards this year, or else you’ll miss out on all the young talents who simply haven’t had the time to participate in enough campaigns yet!

“In fact, this year we’ll be adding a new rule to make sure you’re all paying attention! The competitors will no longer be known by their names, they will from now on be referred to by their numbers!”

The elder spread his arms out causing hundreds of thousands of array tracking plates to appear in the air before they set off to their designated person. In the end, every registered participant received a plate. There was only a single one left with the elder, but, having expected this, he twirled it in his finger, a sinister smile playing on his face.

“With this new rule change, there will be less forfeits and more action! Not just that, but lower tier clans have a higher chance of succeeding because more prepared clans won’t be able to prepare for them in advance! This makes the matches much more fair and will make the entertainment just that much more great!”

The crowd didn’t need much convincing, they erupted into cheers, nearly bringing the stadium down again before Elder Er continued.

“Unfortunately, though. As you all can see, there’s just one plate that hasn’t been accounted for.” The elder continued to twirl it in his fingers, allowing the monitors to focus in on his hands.

Ri froze at these words. ‘This was planned!’

Anger began rising in her heart as she felt Primrose’s hand slip into hers, trying to reassure her.

At that same moment, Madeleine sat in the VIP sky box. She was technically meant to be amongst the geniuses, but, if she went down without the ability to speak, 'it would taint the image of the Sapientia' as her former master put it. As such, she was forced to stay here. But, she knew the real reason... The real reason was so that she couldn't see Dyon...

But, when she heard the words of the elder, a small pang of distress inconceivably hit her. 'Could it be?' Unfortunately, the more the elder continued to speak, the more and more sure Madeleine became that this missing person was in fact Dyon...

"Because we are aware that the first few days of the tournament are slow, we had allowed for a challenge to be dealt.

As you all may have realized, there's a newcomer by the name of the demon sage that topped the list in just one campaign!" The elder paused, allowing for the cheers to erupt before he stopped them.

"Ah, ah. Don't be so quick to cheer.

"We came to find out through the guild headquarters leader, the honorable Connery Sapientia, that this demon sage was actually a genius array alchemist! Because he had some small affinity for formations, he was lucky enough to stumble upon a way to manipulate the tracking devices and push himself past more deserving warriors to the number one spot!"

Shock reigned through the arena before boos began to fly. This was the ultimate form of shamelessness. The crowd was easily riled up by the words of the elder.

"Of course, this perpetrator categorically denies ever taking such actions, but who are we meant to believe? A person willing to cheat the hard work of those around him? Or a man like Connery Sapientia? A man who was once and still is an orphan. A man who was forced to name his own self. A man who this very day, stands before you all, as the head of the array alchemy and Sapientia God Clans of our universe!"

The crowd cheered, making their position clear. They chose with no hesitation.

The elder laughed. "Well, those who were present agree with you all too. So, in a last and desperate bid to cover his trail, this supposed demon sage challenged the honorable Connery Sapientia to a match. Claiming that should he lose, he would slave for the Sapientia for the rest of his life. And should he win, he would prove that he should be believed above the honorable Sapientia."

Laughter rang through the crowd. Beat the head of the guild headquarters? What kind of ridiculous notion was that? They saw the demon sage's act as pitiful.

Ri balled her fists, causing Primrose to wince in pain as she felt her small hand being crushed. 'They completely ignored the Viridi! And how Dyon didn't cheat! Dammit!'

"But," the elder chuckled, "as you can see, he didn't come. He cowered. Hiding himself away and running like the cheater he is."

Copious boos rang out from the crowd. Not only had this demon sage lied and cheated, he was a coward. And, worst yet, without him here, the entertainment that had been planned was ruined! They would have loved to see this Demon Sage lose!

In the other planet section, Eboni was chuckling to herself along with Ode. Even still Ulu was chuckling as well. Although Dyon not being here didn't bode well, it wasn't as though he left the planet. If worst came to worst, she could just wait for their elders to finish the important mission they had, then use their soul expertise to track him down.

"That said, we did prepare at least a small punishment for him." Pointing toward the VIP area kept exclusively for members of the top ten, the elder focused on the area reserved for number one: the demon sage.

The area was in complete shambles.

Where there were meant to be luxurious couches houses broken wooden benches. Where there was meant to be top of the line food housed moldy and cockroach infested breads and cheeses. And finally, where the sign that was meant to read 'Demon Sage' hung, it was spray painted over with the words: 'The Cowardly Demon.'

As a finishing touch, the Cavositas had hired an artist to paint Dyon's likeness before blowing it up to be a large 15 by 15 meter poster. Then used it as the floor of a farm animal pen they housed in the very same area.

The projection of Dyon's face was sent through the universe even as fresh cow and pig manure fell from unsightly places and onto it.

Dyon had wanted to have his name known throughout the universes... Well, he had gotten his wish...

Chapter 418 Why Should I?

Hearing the words of the elder, Arios stood violently. If his mother hadn't been a martial expert in her own right, it would have been likely that she would have been hurt.

A demonic aura imperceptibly dripped from Arios – he was pissed.

This wasn't just about destroying Dyon's legacy, the Demon Sage's name was being dragged through the mud. Not only had Dyon saved Arios' life, but even before that, the demon sage had become like a father to Arios. To see what was transpiring now made Arios' vision go red.

If the other Demon Generals had been present, there would no doubt be hell to pay.

But, before Arios could move, he felt a firm grip on his shoulder causing him to turn around and find his father beside him.

Off to the side, Lionel took note of this reaction and King Belmont watched silently. Although he was king, what was happening now was out of his control. In addition to that, this entire event was meant to be a test for Dyon. Although it had clearly gotten out of hand, this was the martial world. The truth behind what Dyon was facing was far beyond this. If he couldn't even manage to show up, then he had already lost.-.

"I'm participating." Arios' eyes burned with rage. His father's touch was doing nothing to calm him. In fact, he knew very well how his father would react had it been him in this position, and it wouldn't have been anywhere near as calm.

However, what Arios didn't know was that Big Red was privy to the same information that King Belmont was. Big Red hadn't been mad that Arios was a subordinate, but rather, about who he was a subordinate to. He had just gotten his son back and now he could very well lose him again because of this Dyon character.

"There are some things men have to fight for on their own. If he can't handle this without you, then is he really worth following at all?"

Arios slapped his father's hand away. In all his years of living, he had never disrespected his father. But right now, he was out of line.

"What do you know?! What do any of you know?!" Arios' voice trembled, "This isn't just about Dyon. And, even if it was, all everyone wants to do is put him in a box. You haven't seen the things I've seen.

"He has nothing left to prove to anyone. You think he takes any of your so-called tests seriously? He doesn't put even the Heavens in his eyes! While you're all looking down on him as though he's some sort of guinea pig to test and poke at, he's already climbed past you!"

The people of this universe had no idea what Dyon had accomplished already, but how could the demon generals not know? They had spent years campaigning under a half-step transcendent God amongst men. How could they not know what an Epistemic Tower was?

And yet, Dyon had conquered it alone. And after he finished with that, he took an army of no more than a hundred demon generals and crushed a King God Clan with numbers surpassing a hundred thousand. And the most impressive part? The demon generals hadn't had to lift a single finger.

Now they wanted to test Dyon more? Test him for what?

Arios flashed out of the sky box, unwilling to watch this farce anymore. He needed to go and find out what happened to Dyon and he couldn't do that here.

Ava glared at her father, clearly disappointed in how he had tried to handle the situation. It was no secret to anyone that Big Red's motto was for men to pull themselves up under their own power. But,

that philosophy of his had not only nearly lost him a son this time, it had lost him many others in the past.

On top of that, he was still peddling such a useless philosophy even when the situation clearly didn't warrant it.

Dyon? A cheater? Ava had never heard anything so ridiculous.

It was clear that all Big Red wanted was for his son to no longer follow Dyon and Arios had immediately picked up on that and lost his temper even further.

Big Red could only sigh. He knew very well what he meant, which means he had no excuses to make on the topic and could only accept the glares of his wife and daughter.

Riley, however, remained quiet. He was Arios' elder brother and thus wanted to protect him, but, his little brother had surpassed him in power. Now, the best he could do was give advice. But, it was clear that Arios wouldn't listen – he respected Dyon too much.

This situation was only getting more and more complicated.

King Belmont continued to sit silently on a throne beside his wife and sons. He couldn't help but feel that Arios' words were aimed at himself and Lionel.

King Belmont had known Arios from a very young age and because of that, had a good understanding of his character. For him to so adamantly defend Dyon and even reprimand his own father and by extension him, as a king... Just what had this Dyon done that was so impressive... What had Arios experienced?...

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Away from the primary sky box, Ri and Madeleine weren't fairing any better than Arios.

Ri was leaking out void will and her hair had very noticeably darkened. Her eyes had formed into blue-silver slits and her canines lengthened.

The bestial aura that leaked from Ri had caught the attention of Saru Shruti yet again. Because Saru understood why Ri was angry, she had time to even further study just what Ri's lineage was.

'She's no normal Kitsune...' Saru thought to herself. 'I may have to inform master about this...'

Madeleine, however, couldn't speak. In fact, because her music will was locked, she felt weaker than usual. But, that didn't stop faint flickers of purple flames to light in her eyes and hair.

The heat that spread through the Sapientia sky box even caught Connery Sapientia's attention.

"Madeleine, stop." Ester tried to whisper to her disciple, but she was completely ignored. If Madeleine wasn't being locked down by saint energy, it was likely that she would have already left the sky box to find out what had happened to Dyon.

All of this nonsense she was hearing? She didn't even entertain it.

It had been a long time since Madeleine felt this level of anger. In fact, it hadn't been since Dyon's death that she had. She was the type of person who took being wronged much easier than seeing her loved ones being wronged.

Ester tried increasing her saint energy output to stop Madeleine's ability to use her wills, but she immediately felt as though her very cultivation was being burnt away.

'What is this...' Ester had no choice but to move away from Madeleine, leaving her alone in the corner of the sky box.

Connery Sapientia however found this very interesting. 'Purple flames... No wonder...'

Madeleine couldn't speak, but she needed to vent. Comradery? Being amiable? The image of the Sapientia? She threw it all out of her mind.

'You don't care about our image. So why should I.'

Chapter 419 Hard Pressed

Primrose could only sigh. She, Mithrandir, Celine and Opal remained near Ri, but they were hard-pressed to comfort her. It seemed like Ri was very much prepared to throttle whatever enemy she saw first.

They were angry too. Dyon was the savior of their Kingdom and their Prince Consort. This was no less than a slap to the face of the elves as well.

That, however, didn't stop other elves from using this as an I told you so, moment.

Clarice's red hair bobbed, her face an odd mix of sneering anger.

"Clearly our so-called princess needs to do a better job of choosing her men. Imagine selling yourself off to a little boy who'll do nothing more than stain our race."

"It must be that mixed blood of hers. At first I thought she was half human, which is bad enough. But, come to find out she's half beast? No wonder." Fiora chimed in.

Ri's gaze snapped to the two Elvin girls that were supposedly her seniors. Her eyes were so dark and piercing that it silenced even them. But, before Ri could do anything else, the elder continued his ridiculous preamble.-.

"Cowards aside! We still have room for a lot of fun. And, I promise you that this cheater is being searched for as we speak! Once he's caught, we'll hang him up for all to see his pathetic existence!"

Cheers erupted through the stands. Tens of millions of voices united as though they had one will. Unfortunately, this was how mob mentality worked. Crowds like this didn't feel the need to think for themselves, and those that did? Were few and far between. They were all too easily spoon fed lies by powerful experts like Er Cavositas.

Away from the Sapientia higher seating arrangements, Sapientia Branch families were a few tiers below. Here, Madeleine's mother, father and brothers sat.

"Honey isn't that?..." Madeleine's mother, Alice Sapientia, didn't know how to feel about seeing Dyon in a situation like this.

The truth was that a small piece of her heart disliked Dyon for never having approached them. In martial world etiquette, it shouldn't be up to seniors to admit their mistakes. In fact, it should be youths who took responsibility whether they were at fault or not. And yet, Dyon had never done such a thing – even to the point where he ignored their existence entirely.

Alice knew that this was because Dyon detested them. The only reason he hadn't treated them like the Kami family was for Madeleine's sake. Dyon's words of forgiveness to Oliver told her that much. But, that didn't mean she liked it.

That said, Dyon was still the person that their daughter had chosen. After the events of the Kami wedding, Madeleine didn't even contact them for the entire following week. It was clear that Madeleine had made her choice and was making her hate of their decision known.

Although Alice had told Madeleine that she had nothing to do with the decision to go after Dyon, that was only to give Madeleine someone in her corner and hopefully make her feel better. But, the truth was that Alice was very much part of that decision, a secret she kept between her and her husband. However, it was clear that Madeleine hadn't taken her words very seriously. After all, why should they as the parents of a first in line genius, be seated amongst the other branch families as opposed to with the main clan?

Family Head Sapientia nodded at his wife's question, looking toward Oliver and his soon to be daughter-in-law Jessica.

After seeing that Madeleine really had no intention of using her status to help her family, Oli Sapientia decided to focus on raising up his family himself. That was why he had arranged this marriage between Oliver and Jessica, hoping to use the big sects to improve their standing.

“You two have to perform well today... At least the top 60%...” Oli changed the subject, instead telling his son and daughter in law what he expected.

Top 60% was only a mediocre grade. This wasn't anything big, especially since Oli meant top 60% of meridian formation experts and not overall. But, that didn't stop Oliver and Jessica from paling under the pressure.

Seeing their reaction, Oli Sapiencia could only sigh and turn his attention away looking off into the distance and toward the sky box he assumed Madeleine was in. 'Won't you ever forgive your father?... It's clear I was right this time, no?...'

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Away from the arena, Arios was blazing his way through the skies, still angry.

Because of Dyon's communication arrays, the demon generals still had the means of locating each other within a reasonable range. So, Arios was flying around in set patterns trying to see if he could pick up the communication signal of one of these arrays.

He didn't think there was a high chance of this, though. This was because if the Demon Generals were all in Dyon's spatial ring as they usually were, the communication would definitely be cut off. A distance through dimensions couldn't even be measured with normal logic.

The barren city only served to make Arios angrier. There were no people here because everyone was watching that bullshit tournament.

Suddenly Arios froze, snapping his head in a seemingly random direction. “Yes!”

In what seemed like an instant, Arios had made his way to a large mansion and stormed up the long pathway. But, before he could make his way to the door, a massive pressure engulfed him.

Arios started, trying to leap backward to avoid the attack, but it was futile.

In an instant, his legs were dangling in the skies as a strong hold gripped his neck.

“Arios?” A low rumbling voice asked in confusion.

A shallow cough escaped Arios’ throat as he struggled to breathe. “Hey, Thadius... You mind putting me down?...”

“Ah, right,” Thadius’ robust laughter erupted as he set Arios down and led him into the house.

Arios immediately asked what happened and after getting the information he needed, he could only sigh. Their leader was too smart and talented for this to be a normal occurrence. This person had some ulterior motive...

Thadius had been told to protect the ring by Ri, but unfortunately, they hadn’t had a protector for Dyon before then. This was a lesson to learn from.

“Alright, Thadius. You can stay here and protect the outside, then. I guess since Mistress Ri isn’t here we can’t enter the ring...”

Thadius nodded. All they could do was wait.

However, just as Arios was about to settle down and wait, he felt a mind pulling him into the ring and much to Thadius’ confusion, he disappeared.

Chapter 420 Who Would Be?

Back in the stadium, the elder stood in the sky at the apex of everything, basking in the cheers of the crowd.

“As you all know, usually the top ten don’t make an appearance until final stages of the tournament. This is a right they’ve spent the last sometimes almost decade of their life working for. But, as you all know, there’s someone who was unfortunately bumped down to the eleventh spot because of the selfishness of others.”

Boos rained down again, Er was finding it easier and easier to control the mood of the crowd.

“But, we Cavositas always work in the interest of fairness. So, this year, that privilege will be extended to eleven!

Now, are you all ready for the festivities to begin?!”-.

The elder smiled to himself before turning his gaze toward the participants.

“More than a hundred thousand of you have come today. I trust that you all have better character than the coward we’ve spoke of and I wish you all the best of luck!

“However, only a thousand can advance to the main event.

“Our goal is to not only find the strongest of the youths, but to also give a chance to those of the meridian formation and foundational stages so that they can shine as well. So, since you’re all much too young to know how we’ve structured the tournament in the past, allow me to explain.

“The tournament has three rankings. One foundation stage ranking. One meridian formation ranking. And one overall ranking.

“The first portion of our tournament will be to decide who has earned a right to fight for a spot on the overall rankings. Ten spots are gone since we’ve done away with our sham of a first-place contestant, so you all have 990 spots to contend for!

“After today, those 990 spots will be decided on. However, tomorrow and the day after will be for those of you that unfortunately didn’t make the cut.

“That’s okay! Some of you are just too young. It’s not your fault that the tournament wasn’t scheduled at your optimal time. However, there are also some of you that are so talented that even with meridian formation cultivation, you still have the ability to compete with those in the essence gathering level. As such, today is your opportunity to prove that you can!

“Take note of the number plates you’ve been given. Your guilds, clans and sects have each been given information about what number you are. However, this information must not be shared amongst you with the penalty of disqualification.

“Foundation stage experts have no part in today’s event and will thus be set aside. Meridian formation experts and essence gathering experts, be ready. The first stage is among the most dangerous and will put you in the most dire of situations. The battle royale!”

Everyone immediately understood. There was no point in foundation stage experts taking a part in the first day battle royales because they were too weak. So, it was held to meridian formation and essence gathering warriors.

There were about a hundred thousand participants total with about twenty thousand essence gathering experts, thirty thousand meridian formation experts, and fifty thousand foundation stage experts. There were of course many more experts that fell into these cultivation levels across the planets, but this was why there were quotas. Sects and clans were forced to send their best because they were limited in entries. That said, God level clans had no entry limits.

This left the question, though, of how those without backing could join the tournament. The answer was that these rights were bought, costing about ten thousand profound stones.

This amount wasn’t a lot to a person like Dyon or the bigger sects, but, to someone on their own or from a very small clan, this amount was more than enough to live off of for an entire lifetime and even feed a few other people for that length of time too.

That aside, the tournament was set up simply, but quite unfairly despite the claims of the elder. Because it was a battle royale, no matter how randomly you set off the groups, those who came from clans with more quotas would obviously have a higher chance of being grouped together. As a result, this meant that they also had a higher chance of banding together to pass.

Of the fifty thousand available to participate, there would be one thousand groups of fifty in the first round. This first round would allow ten from each group to move on, thus leaving forty thousand eliminated and ten thousand remaining.

Then, they would proceed to a second round of battle royales, this time with all new groups. There would be five hundred groups of twenty, while allowing five to continue onwards. This would eliminate three quarters of the remaining participants to leave twenty-five hundred remaining participants.

Afterwards, there would be a final round of battle royales with a hundred groups of twenty-five. This round would leave only two. These two would then gain special privileges in the final stages of the tournament.

This, however, left 790 more participants to choose. As such, the remaining 2300 contestants would fight it out in a grand battle containing them all until just 790 were left.

By the end of the day, there would only be a thousand left. Then, those thousand would be allowed a few days rest as the rankings of the meridian formation and foundation stage experts were decided.

Quite simply put, this was the grandest tournament in existence. Very soon, blood would paint the ground and war cries of victory and defeat would fill the air. New legends would bloom and old ones would wither and fall away. It could be said that fighting on this stage was the greatest honor one could hope for in the martial world, to bask in the admiration of billions and have your name penned onto the annals of history...

Everyone had just one question on their minds “who would be the best?”