

The Nameless 421

Chapter 421 Her

There was no delay to be had, although the battle royales would take place simultaneously, it was impossible to expect full coverage of a thousand different battles. That said, space was not an issue. In an arena that could house tens of millions of spectators, it was not lacking in any areas.

The first round of battle royales consisted of 1000 separate groups of fifty. They were split into ten, thus allowing for 100 separate battle royales to happen simultaneously.

The monitors allowed for each one of these to be parsed, allowing the viewers to decide which battles were most interesting to them and which ones to focus on.

The groups themselves were divided with rankings in mind. It would of course be unsatisfactory for powerful experts to have early exits due to tough groupings, so that was kept in mind. However, Ri didn't very much like this rule. Because she was top 30, she wasn't grouped with any other high-ranking members, meaning she never laid eyes on her enemies, but that only fueled her anger more.

The crowd watched in awe as ten black tails whipped out from Ri, she showed absolutely no mercy as she tore her way through her competition. The commentator for her group was at a loss for words. There were supposed to be ten remaining in the group, so why was there only one standing? And even worse, she didn't seem happy with the result?-

Because of this, the ref had no choice but to guess who had happened to be the last nine Ri took out before she leaped off of the stage.

Ri's performance caused many eyes to land on her.

Her beast form had a primal and savage aura to it that attracted people. But, at the same time, she was an otherworldly beauty. It didn't take the audience long to figure out that Ri was the sixth beauty the elder had alluded to.

People clamoured to learn what her name was but were bricked walled by a simple number: 68279. And this 68279 became as dear to their hearts as five other numbers.

Much like Ri, Madeleine was filled to the brim with anger. She couldn't speak or access her music will, but her celestial intent ended the battle in a near instant.

The moment Madeleine unleashed her intent level will, even her master shot up from her seat. Ester had no idea when Madeleine had learned an intent. And, worst yet? She had no idea what that will was! When had Madeleine not only learned a will she had no knowledge of, but also leveled said will to an intent?! This was too ridiculous!

Madeleine's performance shook many to the core. Her parents had no idea how to feel.

This was their child, and yet she hadn't spoken to them in months. It was clear that something was different about Madeleine right now... But, they couldn't even bring themselves to even attempt to approach her.

All of this said, those who were perceptive immediately noticed something else. Madeleine and Ri had without a doubt been holding back. None of the people in their bracket had died despite their overwhelming victories. But, more interestingly, Madeleine had faint purple flames wrapping around her the permeated a heat that everyone had to pay attention to. And Ri? A dense blackness had layered her every step and yet she had only used ice and sword will to finish off her opponents. Just what were they holding back?...

It was suffice to say that the images of Madeleine and Ri were burned into the hearts and minds of everyone. But, there were other outstanding performances to take note of.

Prince Elwing Belmont, Lionel's younger brother and the first Belmont that Dyon had ever come into contact with performed well. He, as a prince, had to maintain an air of cordiality, and as such, wasn't as domineering with his victory as Madeleine and Ri. He remained standing along with ten other participants, but it was clear that he was a cut above the rest. His red and blue flames that showed faint signs of combining were a much too domineering dichotomy of heat and cold for his opponents to handle.

Those members of the top twenty were particularly dominant, though. Experts like Iris Ipsum and Clarice Grimbold didn't even have to lift a finger. They sat in the skies as elegant beauties, waiting to see if anyone would attack them. But, of course, no one did.

The second round of the battle royales was entered into smoothly. The crowd was excited to see whether or not these rounds would be just as easy for those unprecedented geniuses. And, in the end, they weren't disappointed. It seemed like those who were meant to win, always did.

However, with less people and battles to focus on, the crowd began to pick up on some diamonds in the rough they had missed out on during the first few rounds.

For one, there was the beautiful olive-skinned girl who seemed to glide through her competition. Her fighting style was odd and non-confrontational, which is likely why she had been missed in the first stages. But, with less people, she was becoming more and more prominent a figure.

Seeing this olive-skinned girl, a woman that looked very much like her in the Planet Naiad section tried her best to refrain from trembling. She had spent the past years learning to hide her emotions, but seeing her daughter right in front of her, narrowly escaping the stabs of swords and swings of maces, it snapped a dam in her that she had been holding back for just as long.

But then a cold voice came in to pour a bucket of ice water over her as though this was exactly what it was waiting for.

"So that's your bastard child, hm?" The voice entered directly into her mind, causing her face to pale and blood to flow from her nostrils.

Then out loud, the voice said words that Delia's mom dreaded to hear. "It's her. I want her dead by the end of the third round."

Chapter 422 Kaeda

Delia was completely oblivious to the command for her death. Instead, she continued to fight as though nothing had changed.

Her sword style, something that she had refined again and again along with Madeleine, was elegant and glancing. She often practiced under Madeleine's playing not only because the tunes gave her a revitalizing and focused feeling, but also because she did her best to model her sword play after a dance.

Patia-Neva, in the ancient Planet Naiad language, or something Dyon would probably label as reminiscent of mortal realm Spanish, was very roughly translated to 'leaf covered in snow'. As Patia-Neva had said, often times, it was the duty of a Patia-Neva to find the meaning of the words.

Although Delia had yet to come to a full understanding, there was no doubt that it subtly influenced her in many ways – including her sword play.

In the end, with little more difficulty than the first round, Delia glided and parried her way through the second round – thus earning a place for the third battle royale.-.

Seeing Delia move on, and so easily, Oliver and Jessica could only bury their complaints. Neither of them had made it out of the first round, something that Oli Sapientia had expected. But, it was still very much surprising to see Delia, someone they both had seen as a Junior Sister, surpass them both – especially with her being much younger.

Aside from Delia, there were others making a name known for themselves as well.

Caedlum Pakal, a young man Dyon had met long ago, was one such character. That said, Caedlum was not as little known as some others considering he had earned a spot on the top 100 cumulative rankings. However, what drew people to him wasn't the fact he was unknown, but rather, his young age.

Caedlum was just as young as Ri and Dyon, and yet his performance was more domineering than Ri's. The difference? He made no use of weapons or wills.

His red tinted skin flexed under the high sun's light as his fists unleashed a flurry of power. Simply by relying on the prowess of his body, Caedlum tore through his competition – his face serene and his breathing relaxed. It was as though this was an expected outcome for him. He was a Pakal. He was destined for victory.

Aside from Caedlum, however, the Ragnor God Clan's twin first in line geniuses were making their mark. Thor and Vidar, each in their respective battles, lit their fields up with arcs of lightning. Their so-called competition stood no chance.

Vidar took a sick pleasure in this, cruelly paralyzing his victims before charring them from the inside out. There were no rules against death in this tournament. In fact, it was almost encouraged. The harsh reality was many stepped into this event knowing they would never step out.

In the end, the second round was almost anti-climactic. Aside from the few groups that didn't have ranked competitors or far and away favorites, every round ended smoothly. Even with the ridiculous number of warriors, both the first and second round only took about five hours, leaving a still steady stream of daylight.

"Haha! The first two rounds of our battle royale did not disappoint!" Elder Er's voice boomed as the last warrior fell.

"Our Planet Earth put out a strong showing. Although it's a secret as to who's who, shh, those smart ones of you might have good guesses by the techniques they wield." The Elder played the crowd, winking, bowing and waving.

"That said, putting my bias aside, the other four planets are not lagging behind in any way. The race is tight, and it just might be a photo finish!

"I have some good news! Because we've done so well on time, we'll be able to keep this third round to only five battles per section! Bidding will be opening up soon for the final group stage, so it's best you all keep your eyes peeled for your favorites!"

Cheering erupted. This was the best part of the world tournament. If you managed to find a hidden gem, you could be set for the rest of your life. If Dyon was there, he would have likened this to when the lottery hit its peak after a few years of building. Everyone knew their chance of winning was slimmer than slim, but that didn't stop nearly the whole population from playing.

"We started with 50 000, and now only 2 500 of you remain! Who will advance! Who will despair! Only time will tell!

"Rest well warriors, very soon, you'll step into the arena for what for many of you, may be your last battle."

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Away from the arena and within Dyon's spatial ring, something odd was occurring.

Arios stood behind a demon general named Kaeda. She was actually one of the demon generals of the lower essence gathering level that Dyon had named to be one of his Vice Commanders due to her grasp of music will.

Oddly enough, Arios wasn't the only one who stood behind her. Tens of demon generals of a similar level placed their hands on her back, and when her back ran out of space, the next demon generals would place their hands on those who were attached to her. And so on and so forth.

In the end, the weird arrangement of palms to backs fanned out to include about a hundred demon generals, all seemingly focused on one task.

In front of Kaeda, laid Dyon. Still seemingly unconscious with the Elvin Tome lying flat on his chest.

Well, seemingly unconscious was exactly right. Because anyone who paid any real attention, would have noticed the growing smirk on his face.

Dyon didn't know what was happening at the World Tournament now, but he didn't need to know for his blood to boil. There were so many cowards scheming against him, so many fools who overestimated themselves, deeming to test and question his qualifications... Just the thought alone made his heart beat slow and steady, carrying a forcefulness that traveled to the ears of those around him.

Chapter 423 Would?

Delia sat alone in the stands surrounded by hundreds of other nervous participants. She hadn't come with anyone, since her father had disappeared again, and the area was far too large to find those she knew. After all, it was a stadium that housed tens of millions of people, she didn't even have any idea who knew she was fighting and who didn't.

Because of the size of the arena, it could hold hundreds of battle royales at once. However, it didn't for the sake of entertainment and allowing the audience to take in as much action as possible. This meant that Delia's group would often be a kilometer or more of distance apart from any other battle royales taking place at that time.

Maybe the worse part about this was how difficult it was to tell who was fighting when for casual spectators. Clans had access to the numbers that corresponded to participants, and as such could know when their contestants were participating. But, Delia didn't have this luxury. In the end, she could only search the monitors for her own number so she knew when she would be fighting. Other than that, she couldn't contact anyone. She could only hope that she would eventually be grouped together with someone she knew so that they could head to a seating area together.

The only exceptions to this rule were those outstanding characters that the monitors often focused on. The six beauties were often the subject of much love, so the monitors often showed their appearances, making sure that the crowd knew when they were fighting.

The same was true of the top 20 rankers, of course not including the top ten, or eleven, that were sitting out.

Then there were miscellaneous and rising stars like Caedlum, Vidar and most definitely Thor.-.

Ava was participating in the world tournament as well, and she too had made it through the first two rounds. However, the more she searched out for Tammy, the less of her she found. Tammy was Ava's entire motivation for this tournament. Ava had been dead set on getting revenge with her own hands for her supposed best-friend's betrayal. But... It seemed like Tammy had purposefully decided not to participate – instead watching her elder brother Thor sweep through his rounds with his usual deadpan expression.

This only made Ava all the more angry.

Her twin blades, only a bit shorter than Arios', swirled in her delicate hands and her blazing red hair waved wildly in the wind. She wasn't nearly as domineering as the others, but she was still amongst the best meridian formation experts and, as such, managed to climb her way to the top 2 500.

That said, there was another motivating factor pushing her along with Delia. Neither liked how Dyon was being treated. They had settled on the same solution as Ri and Madeleine. They were going to rank as highly as possible to find an opportunity to refute everything they had heard. And the only way to do this was to perform outstandingly.

Delia's thoughts were interrupted by the flashing of the number plate she had received at the beginning of all of this. 'It seems it's time...'

Delia was among the first group of five battle royales to go out. She knew this was a good opportunity for her friends to spot her.

This round was to narrow 2 500 to 200. Afterwards, there would be a massive battle royale of 2 300 to decide the last 790. However, no one wanted to be a part of that final group.

Although it wasn't said, unlike the previous rounds, this final round would have extra obstacles that the others hadn't had. This final round was painted as a final chance, but in reality, it was a massacre. It was cruel and simply not humane.

Delia, though, didn't seem nervous. She was giving off a constant and radiating cold even in her base form now. It seemed as though her constitution would burst out at any moment. The truth was, Delia couldn't even tell which was the real her anymore. But, what she did know, was that her constitution was her ticket to her final round.

'Just 24 enemies left...'

Delia lightly jumped and landed onto a large white platform. It was an odd construction because the platform itself actually hung on an array as opposed to being planted onto the ground. It was likely to test for 'outs' – which was essentially to eliminate those who fell out of the arena without the bias of refs. This was again another testament to the 'fairness' the Cavositas wanted to show.

That said, outs wouldn't be how they decided the final rounds, it was only to make the battle royales quicker.

The crowd began to cheer much to Delia's confusion. But, when she looked around at her opponents, she immediately understood.

One of the six beauties, Kami Aiko had lightly landed on the same platform as Delia.

She was a seductive beauty with short bob-cut hair. She wore a short kimono, but it seemed to deviate wildly from the usual conservative and silhouetted focus of the usual kimono.

Hers was a light blue and was so short that her legs were nearly in full display. Aside from that, the sleeves were so long and drooping that not only were her hands not visible, but they also surpassed the length of its skirt. The only semblance of an arm that could be seen was by the short blades that were just barely in view at the ends of her sleeves.

The crowd reacted almost violently to the appearance of this beauty. But then, boos started to reign down almost immediately with the appearance of a young man with pale grey to green hair – it was hard to tell.

He landed right beside Aiko and grabbed her waist domineeringly, almost as though to let everyone know that she was his.

That said, his move didn't go over so well for him as a blade found its way mere inches from his throat.

"Hey, hey, we have the same goal, don't we beauty?" The young man chuckled as he jumped away under the boos of the crowd. "How could you treat someone from your own planet such a way, we should be comrades."

"Watch your hands Elric, or I'll be sure to tell Jace about this." Aiko still had smile on her face, but it was decidedly cold. Her delicate features seemed more dangerous than they should be.

"The Clyte brothers share all things," Elric patted his chest righteously, "Why shouldn't I be able to have a taste of my brother's woman?"

"Keep talking and see if I don't cut your tongue from your mouth." Aiko turned away.

Delia's brows furrowed. Not because of the interaction, she couldn't have cared less. But, the Clyte name was something she very much had reservations about... Was this the same clan that took her mother away? Was her mother here? Was she watching?

Delia's eyes darted around as though to look for something, but she suddenly felt a chill creep up her spine. When she looked up, she found three cold gazes on her.

One made perfect sense. It was a sister from the Niveus sect. In fact, it was a senior sister who had just recently stepped into the Essence Gathering level. Delia didn't have much of an impression of her, but she didn't know that she called herself Lilac.

But, what truly confused Delia was that the two members of Planet Naiad that had been arguing before, Aiko and Elric, had focused their gazes on her as well.

Everyone in their group seemed to pick up on this, only the crowd seemed completely oblivious and continued to cheer as loudly as before.

The referee for their battle royale noticed this as well, but there was nothing he could do. These were the cards she was dealt. If she didn't want to deal with it, she still had the option of jumping off of the arena. But, the question was... Would she have the time?

Chapter 424 Allow

"Why do you think King Clyte wants her dead?" Elric didn't bother concealing his voice. The truth was that the signal to go had already been sounded, but the twenty or so other participants immediately sensed the tension and wanted to hold back to see how it would unfold first. After all, in a battle royale, if they attacked recklessly, they could end up in a disadvantageous situation.

"You know it's because King Clyte doesn't like the former king. He wants to wipe out his whole lineage." Aiko responded calmly, brandishing her blades.

"That's so lame. She's a cutie, father should let me take her as a concubine at least. Wouldn't that be more disrespectful?" Elric didn't seem to have a weapon, but he strolled around the arena freely, even winking at some of the other female warriors on the stage. It was clear he didn't take these rounds seriously.

Seeing that two people already wanted Delia dead, Lilac didn't see a reason to act so soon. She had been going to find an opportunity to hurt Delia later on – but that was only to humiliate her. Despite what their Matriarch said, Lilac didn't believe Delia deserved death. She only wanted to teach her a lesson.

It also helped Delia's image in her eyes knowing the type of person Evelyn Niveus was. Lilac had little doubts that Delia had been wronged. But, if she didn't act in accordance to the orders of Evelyn and punish Delia, it was likely that she'd be kicked out of the Niveus sect.

No one understood why Evelyn was so highly valued by their matriarch, she wasn't even the best genius they had, and yet she was the first in line genius. But, what they did know was that her words couldn't be refuted.

The Niveus sect, like Dyon had learned long ago, was a sect that allowed women with constitutions to join. Often, these women were from much poorer families and this was deemed as a good opportunity for them. No matter how much Lilac sympathized with Delia, she couldn't disobey, or else she'd be booted from the sect or even worse – killed.-.

"It's clear that this is beyond tying loose ends. The Patia-Neva family clearly did something irredeemable." Aiko spoke nonchalantly. But, what she didn't know was that her words broke something in Delia.

A flash of cold filled the arena causing Elric to freeze – a serious look replacing his carefree demeanor.

"Where's my mother?" Delia's words were no longer rational. She should have know that this would have led nowhere. It was clear, even, that these people didn't know anything about the true situation. But, hearing her father's name being thrown around, Delia knew all she needed to, to realize that these were her enemies.

In the stands, the first to notice this change in Delia was Eli. Because his sister had asked Ri to come, he had followed along to make sure nothing happened to her. In fact, Eli was probably the only one who had noticed Delia.

Ri and Madeleine were too focused on their anger to care for any battle other than theirs, and the old Focus Academy members were tending to severe injuries they had sustained in their losses. On top of that, no one would ever think that Delia would even reach this far. Just a few months ago, she was barely a meridian formation warrior. This was too drastic a change.

"Venus..." Eli whispered, "There's something wrong."

Venus' brows furrowed. Ever since his days at Focus Academy, Eli had been a distant admirer of Delia, even calling her princess when she was never really that. Because of this, Venus knew that Eli likely knew Delia well enough to tell if there was something wrong – but, even she found it odd.

“She’s too cold to be Delia...” This was Eli’s only explanation as his eyes focused on the monitor above them. He clenched his fists. ‘Be careful...’

Delia, though, couldn’t hear Eli’s words. Even if Eli had been right next to her ear, it was likely that Delia would have completely tuned it out.

Her emotions were teetering on an edge and her eyes kept flashing such a cold shade of blue that even the arena beneath her feet was starting to ice over.

“If you don’t want to die, get off the stage. If you dare stay, don’t blame me for what happens.” Delia’s words were faint as a sword materialized in her hand.

In the Planet Naiad section, King Clyte’s eyes narrowed. ‘Absolute... How? She’s too young...’

King Clyte immediately knew he had made a mistake in calling for her death. Aiko and Elric were talented, but they weren’t even cumulative rankers because they were too young. They wouldn’t be a match for such a path.

However, this didn’t perturb the King at all. ‘You want to play, hm?...’

A light chuckle escaped him as he glanced to find a small ray of hope in his supposed wife’s eyes, causing a sinister smile to appear on his features.

Waves of hard winds raged around Delia. Her hair iced over, becoming a blinding white as her skin paled. Her every step became the focal point for a new tempest of gales, sending shivers down the spines of her competition.

Half of the warriors immediately leaped off. This wasn’t something they could handle, and they knew it. It was in their best interest to try for the final round.

Although many others tried to stay to see if they could be the last to stand with her, they soon realized that such an idea was ridiculous. Why? Because Delia had locked in place two people. Aiko and Elric.

In the blink of an eye, under the shocked gazes of a crowd, the underdog that was Delia had become a bright and shining star.

She slowly approached the two who were shivering in their own right, unable to control themselves, as she repeated herself again. "Where is my mother?"

Delia's words didn't make sense to them. They had no idea what was happening. What mother? And what did that have to do with them?

"Since neither of you want to talk, I'll start cutting off limbs." Delia was nothing like herself. She was being cold and calculating. She knew very well that if she killed one of them, the competition would be over because only the three of them were left. She couldn't afford that, this was her only clue.

Lilac watched this scene unfold from the side of the arena in a daze. She was an Essence Gathering expert. Granted, she was barely considered a 6th grade expert. But, still. Why was Delia able to dispatch of her so easily?... In fact, that wasn't even the case... Lilac hadn't even fought back... She felt like... Like it was futile. As though the outcome was already set. As though it was already absolute...

Delia flashed forward, brandishing her sword. Her steps were light and the rings of blue that blossomed from them had an elegant beauty to them that distracted those watching from how deadly they were.

Aiko and Elric readied themselves, struggling to knock the cold out of their seized muscles to attack. However, something began to itch at the back of their minds – something that was telling them that resistance was futile.

Unwittingly, a manifestation bloomed behind Delia. This wasn't a manifestation of the soul, but rather, it was proof of her unique body. Much like Dyon had when he first absorbed demon qilin blood, Delia manifested the spirit of her bloodline.

A queen of hell appeared, wearing an eerie black and flowing dress. She wore a laced veil of black as her striking white hair flowed ethereally.

The eyes of everyone had completely forgotten about the other four battle royales taking place at that instant. There was only Delia and her blade. Aiko and Elric stood no chance... Until Delia froze...

A piercing voice entered her mind, causing her to cough off blood on the spot.

“Allow yourself to be killed. Or your mother dies.”

Chapter 425 This...!

Everything seemed to happen in slow motion, but Delia’s mind was racing. Aiko and Elric’s movements were so slow to her that she felt as though she could dodge them at any time, and yet, she felt conflicted.

Something inside was screaming logical deductions at her. Her mother was long gone, how could she possibly know whether she was alive or not? And, how could she guarantee that even if she was alive, that she would continue to be after Delia died?

And what about this voice? Just who was it? Also, why wasn’t anyone reacting to an outside influence interfering with the proceedings? That clearly meant that the actions of this person were being covertly accepted and thus wasn’t that all the more reason for Delia to ignore them? After all, that meant this person had to work in secret because if they pushed the line too far, what they were doing wouldn’t be allowed anymore.

If they could have pushed it as far as they wanted, why hadn’t they just killed Delia by infiltrating her mind instead of just making her cough of blood? It was clear they had to hold back.

All logic pointed toward Delia not listening to this voice. Just dodge the swords and kill these fools. You can avenge the death of your mother later, but if you’re dead, you would have lost the opportunity.

Delia’s constitution and path seemed to whisper in her ear. The path of the Absolute doesn’t allow negotiation. The ice hell queen is a ruler, since when did she bend to the demands of others?

Unbeknownst to Delia, Patia-Neva had hidden himself in space to watch this struggle. This was the struggle that he too had gone through, however, Delia's was on an entirely new level.-.

Patia-Neva hadn't had any idea that his daughter had the Infinite Ice Hell God constitution. At first, he had only thought that Delia had an affinity for the Absolute like he had. But, he was clearly wrong.

The Infinite Ice Hell constitution brought the problems of the Absolute path to a new tier. The absolute path itself already threatened to remove all of your humanity. It was a path that if you wanted to progress in, you had to throw away all of your emotions, all of your thoughts of servitude and empathy, anything of the like had to be done away with.

When you then piled the Infinite Ice Hell constitution on top of this, you brought together two things that were perfectly in sync. A constitution and a path married to each in complete perfection.

However, in the end, it was still a choice. Patia-Neva had chosen to abandon his wife for power. He didn't sleep or eat well. In fact, he had become an entirely new person, until he finally realized he had chosen the wrong path.

The truth was that Patia-Neva hadn't chosen power for a selfish reason. All those years ago when Ri's mother had saved him, he had been brought into an all new world, a world where the fate of their entire universe hung in the balance. If he wanted to help, he needed power. So, he sought it out in the only way he knew how.

And now... It was his daughter's turn. How would she choose? What path would she go down?

Delia struggled. 'Attack!'

Her mind screamed. There was no time, she had to choose. If she didn't move now, she was really die.

'What mother?' Delia thought angrily. 'You mean the woman that abandoned me in my youth? I can't even remember her face! Why should I give up my life for her?!'

Patia-Neva could only sigh as he watched his daughter make the same mistake he had... He had hoped that she would be different. Delia was such a caring and naïve soul. She always wanted to see the best in everyone, even when that led to her being on the losing side.

There was a point in her life where she had done her best to fake a cold exterior, but anyone who knew her knew what she was really like.

Delia lost her mother. Then she lost her father, who was supposedly present, but not at the same time. And then she lost her best friend Meiyang. And then her big sister, Madeleine went off for months at a time, never truly leaving them with the moments they used to have together.

And now, she had finally found a path to power. With this path, even if she lost her mother, she could train to avenge her. Even if she lost her father, she could train to avenge him. She could go and save Meiyang with her own two hands. She could be powerful enough that Madeleine would never have to train on her own again.

‘This power, I need it. Even if I have to cut off everything else!’ Delia seemed to have made a decision and shifted her weight to ignore the words of the expert who had tried to sway her decisions.

‘This is your path...’ Patia-Neva thought solemnly.

The cheers of the crowd were deafening. They loved seeing such a domineering display of power, and in what seemed like an instant, Delia had wiped out all competition but two!

Suddenly, Patia-Neva’s ear twitched. As a celestial level expert, his sensitivity to things were on an entirely other level as compared to others – especially when you consider the control over your body energy cultivation gives you.

Even in a stadium filled with tens of millions of people, Patia-Neva heard fervent shouting coming from one boy – a boy he happened to recognize.

Eli didn’t know what he was doing, but he knew that something was wrong. Something felt off.

“THIS ISN’T YOU, DELIA!”

A small smile played on the features of Patia-Neva as he listened to these words.

‘Maybe since I can’t get to my daughter... You can...’ With a wave of his hand, a small bit of imperceptible celestial will gripped onto the sound waves of Eli’s words.

Using the same method of communication essence gathering experts could use, Patia-Neva transferred the words of someone else instead of his... Directly into Delia’s ears.

All Delia saw was a sheet of white. She had entered a new world and there was a singular door before her. She had the feeling that this was the last percentages of her constitution. All she had to do was step forward, and she wouldn’t even need Dyon’s pill. She’d have reached perfection on her own.

She reached for the doorway in the land of snow, prepared to take the last step toward power.

“THIS ISN’T YOU, DELIA!”

The words hung in the air. Delia’s movements froze.

In the outside world, all anyone saw was Delia’s sword stop in the air, seemingly unwilling to pierce through Elric’s advancing figure.

Her constitution disappeared, returning her, her usual beautiful olive skin and warm hazel eyes.

Delia closed her eyes as Aiko and Elric approached. She felt no pain as Aiko’s steel blades tore through her once flawless skin and she didn’t flinch as Elric’s fist of wind threatened to tear her torso in half.

The crowd was stunned. At this point, there was not a single person who hadn’t witnessed the battle, it was too attention grabbing. Madeleine was still not being allowed to move freely by her master and Ri was much too far away to do anything. They could only watch as a girl they saw as their own sister fell from the stage.

But, Eli saw something completely different. He saw a girl he had only just admitted he loved finally at peace. He saw an angel falling with a serene smile on her face.

Chapter 426 None the Wiser

Delia landed on the hovering array before being rejected out of the space.

Usually, in a situation like this, it was up to the clan members of the losing participant to help them off of the field. And in cases of death, which it seemed like this was going to be, it was also up to the clan members to act accordingly.

But, there was obviously no one ready for Delia. She had come alone.

Ri immediately got up to run toward Delia and help. But, she was stopped by Clarice Grimbold.

“Where the hell do you think you’re going? You’ve embarrassed our race enough. Interaction between different clans could be seen as swapping information about numbers, I forbid you to go.”

“Who the fuck are you? If you don’t get out of my way right now, I promise I’ll cut you down where you stand.” Ri didn’t have the time to deal with this nonsense.

No interaction amongst clans? That was technically true, but who cared about something like that now? Was Ri supposed to allow someone she saw as a sister, someone she knew Dyon cared about, die just for some bullshit ranking?

In the Sapientia sky box, Madeleine wanted to thrash wildly, but the lock on saint energy her master had placed on her was so domineering that she couldn’t even whimper. Madeleine’s eyes blazed along with purple flames, but that was when Connery Sapientia stepped in.-.

“You’ve embarrassed our clan enough. Do you think I didn’t notice how purposefully confrontational you were during your battles? What happened to what I told you about the image of the Sapientia? Consider this punishment. Don’t think of crossing me again.”

A blanket of celestial energy completely stifled Madeleine. She couldn't even circulate her wills anymore; celestial energy was just too domineering. The rest of the Sapientia could only watch as tears fell from the eyes of their first in line genius. So, she controlled the only thing she could. She closed her eyes, unwilling to watch anymore.

However, would Patia-Neva really allow his daughter to die? She had been the first Patia-Neva in history to take the right first step. She didn't need to correct her path years down the line, or abandon her spouse or be responsible for the destruction of her clan. She had leaped over all of those hurdles and Patia-Neva was proud.

A gentle wisp of celestial energy found its way to Delia. Then, he sent the emblem of Focus Academy to Eli who was already begging to be allowed into the arena.

The energy sustained Delia's life. But, Patia-Neva had to be careful not to give her too much, or else her body wouldn't be able to handle it.

Because Patia-Neva had registered Delia under the Focus Academy name, Eli and Venus were finally allowed in. They were slow. In fact, it took them hours to reach Delia because of the sheer size of the stadium and having to go around many, many, large arenas. But, they eventually made it.

Ri had received a message from Patia-Neva long ago saying that Delia would be alright. So, she had dropped the matter with Clarice.

Clarice, however, had obviously not heard this message. To her, Ri had given up because she was too weak to face her, so this gave her back the confidence she had lost. Just before it had really seemed like Ri would have killed her... And she would have stood no chance... But, she was in the top 20! How was that possible!?

Snorting, Clarice went back to her spot. "At least you know your place."

Ri didn't respond. Not because she didn't want to, but because she knew if she did, she wouldn't be able to hold in her temper for any longer. Had Delia's father not been here, what would have happened? If she had to waste time fighting this bitch, wouldn't Delia have died before she got there? Venus' and Eli's cultivations weren't strong enough to cover such large distances – as evidenced by the fact round after

round had occurred before the managed to get to Delia's body that had been set nearby other injured victims.

Lilac had wanted to help Delia, but she immediately felt the piercing gaze of her Matriarch... She had no choice but to let it go. As for Aiko and Elric? They were shaken by the experience. They felt that their lives had been on a platter, and yet someone or something had saved them.

When they returned to the Planet Naiad section, they received praise from their King as though Delia's death was now inevitable. Delia's mother had considerably paled. She knew her own death would likely come now that King Clyde had seen to it that she witnessed her daughter's, but she didn't care about that. If anything... She welcomed death now...

In the Sapientia section, Madeleine's eyes opened to find that Eli and Venus were struggling to carry Delia out of the arena. There was nothing she could do with Connery's energy locked onto her. All she could do watch Delia's seemingly lifeless body... She had lost a sister and she couldn't even do anything about it...

Madeleine didn't know what Ri knew. If Patia-Neva had sent a message to Madeleine, even though he was more powerful than Connery, with Connery's soul strength, he would have picked up on the message. Patia-Neva didn't want to cause such issues because he still had to keep himself hidden, as such, he hadn't been able to tell Madeleine that Delia would be alright.

Sending a message to Ri was still possible because Ri wasn't sitting amongst Elvin elders like Madeleine had been forced to.

Madeleine's eyes made their way down to the numbered array plate she had received. It seemed like the final round would finally be her turn. Her emotions were in chaos. If she ran from this fight, she didn't know what else Connery would do. What he hurt Dyon? What about her family?

Madeleine didn't even look at Connery as she felt the celestial energy release her. She had to suppress her emotions. If she let her anger take over, she would ruin the image of the Sapientia more and only make Connery more angry. But, she was struggling.

'Delia...' Tears threatened to spill out of Madeleine's eyes as she flashed away and toward the stage.

In the Elvin section, Ri had also let her emotions stew. These rounds were taking the longest and it was already time for the final section to go before she was finally called up.

She slowly got up, too angered to bother with anything else as she flashed forward and toward the stage.

“Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and girls! This is our final round!

We’ve seen the best of the best duke it out. We’ve seen the smartest prevail. We’ve seen stunning upsets filled with undo shock. But now, this is the moment that concludes it all!”

Ri and Madeleine settled onto the respective stages, their eyes closed and their energies focused.

The crowd cheered at the top of their lungs as soon as they saw the final brackets. What a match up this was indeed!

Ava sat in the sky box along with the Sicarius and the Belmonts, still pissed with Tammy’s cowardly actions. That said, she still focused her attention on the stages, scanning through the last 5 sets of battle royales. But... When she saw what had the crowd so excited, she froze.

“Oh no...”

Ri opened her eyes, her hair darkening and her tails manifesting from thick ethereal energy. Her pupils focused into slits and her canines lengthened. A bestial aura dripped from her, an unconcealed bloodlust permeating through the air. She had found someone she hated down to core, and she wanted nothing else but to tear this person apart.

Madeleine’s eyes opened, her tight white qipao barely rustling in the wind as her purple hair became coated in a streak of dense violet flames. She wasn’t holding back anymore. She had lost the battle to control her emotions and her faith seed, something she had had for less than a few months, was raging wildly.

Somewhere off in the shadows, someone smiled a toothy grin. Their plan had finally come to fruition. The ultimate pain was set in store for them.

It seemed as though this was no longer a battle royale, but a challenge between two. The twenty three other contestants watched with baited breath, content to stand on the edge of the arena while they clashed...

Ri and Madeleine weren't on separate arena floors at all... Instead, they faced each other.

One grieved the loss of a sister.

The other pissed about an attempted murder.

Both angered by the disrespect of a husband.

And none the wiser.

Chapter 427 Arose

"Ava? What's wrong?" Riley, Ava's elder half brother, noticed that Ava had grown pale. He immediately thought that something bad had happened.

"Uncle Belmont?" Ava didn't think she had time to explain, so she immediately turned to King Belmont, someone she had seen as an Uncle since her youth. "We need to stop that match!"

King Belmont turned a confused gaze toward Ava. "Little Ava? What do you mean? You know I can't do that."

"But..." Ava bit her lip. She knew her request was impossible. By the time she got there, the battle would likely be over. It was impossible for anyone without at list saint level cultivation to move to any point in this arena freely and in an instant. That was on top of the fact the area about the arena had become a no-fly zone. If they allowed just anyone to fly over the arena, then wouldn't all of the spectators who had Essence Gathering and above cultivation move in for a closer look? Only people who were as obscenely powerful as Patia-Neva could circumvent this rule by hiding in space. Either that, or you'd need a concealment array powerful enough to fool experts, something Ava obviously didn't have.

And, even if she did, she was still on just seventeen years old. It was perfectly reasonable for her to still not have stepped into the Essence Gathering level. She wasn't as much of a monster at cultivation as Madeleine.-.

"What's wrong Little Red?" Ava's father furrowed his brows, just as confused as King Belmont.

Ava shook her head. Was she supposed to tell them that she wanted to stop this match because two of Dyon's fiancées were about to fight? Was that even enough justification?

To Ava, this was of unprecedented importance. She had seen what happened to Delia although she too hadn't stepped in. This was mostly because Ava hadn't ever had a close relationship with Delia, so she had assumed that someone else would help – namely Madeleine.

But, as time passed, Ava noticed that not only had Madeleine not acted, but it was in fact Eli and Venus who had, two people she had shared life and death with. Seeing this, Ava immediately knew that there was something wrong with Madeleine. For her to not come personally meant that something big was stopping her.

Knowing that, Ava knew that Madeleine wasn't in a good mind state. Couple that with the fact she was also aware that Ri had never met Madeleine before and Ava knew that this wasn't a good combination. What if Madeleine lost her temper and did something she'd never be able to take back?

Ava had met Ri during both of their first campaigns and had a good impression of her. Ava also, despite not having a close relationship with Madeleine either, had a good impression of her as well. But, what really made Ava react so violently was the fact she truly cared for Dyon as a friend. Dyon was someone who had put his life on the line for revenge for her. She didn't want to see two people he loved fight each other when they clearly had no idea who the other was.

'Will you be able to fix this one?...' Ava gripped her fists at her knees, taking deep breaths as she felt her mother's arm wrap around her lovingly.

"I'm sorry Little Ava, I'm sure you have a good reason for wanting to stop this match, but I have to think about the crowd as well. This world tournament is meant to be a showing of how anyone can rise up

should they be talented and work hard enough. If I make unilateral decisions that displease the crowd, it will spit in the face of this.” King Belmont sighed.

He meant his words. As a King, he had the ability to change whatever he wanted. But, if he went against the grain too forcefully, that would have drastic consequences. Losing the favor of the population is usually how a Royal God Clan’s power could be passed on to another who had gained said lost favor. King Belmont had too many important things planned to allow this to happen...

But, he had noted something else. As King, he also had access to information that others didn’t. He was fully aware that there were two members of the top 30 in that single group, that should have been avoided at all costs.

Although there was an element of randomness to the selection of groups, each selection started by separating out the top competitors from each other so as not to allow any spoiled entertainment for the later rounds. This also ensured that no one worthy was eliminated too soon.

The fact that both Ri and Madeleine were in the same group only meant one thing... Someone had planned this.

‘I guess your tests just keep coming, hm?’ King Belmont thought to himself.

**

Away from the stadium and within a spatial ring something great was finally happening.

Kaeda’s delicate face beaded down with sweat as her soul felt like it was on the brink of collapsing. But, every time she felt as though she had hit her limit, she felt another stream of soul energy filter in from the surrounding demon generals.

The Florence family technique blossomed in the air as Kaeda felt like she was finally taking the last bits of Dyon’s affliction away.

The more she worked, the deeper her appreciation for their successor became. This was a technique that Dyon used on his own near effortlessly. And, to top it off, despite not sharing any Elvin bloodlines, he had learned it in mere days.

It had not only taken Kaeda two months to learn this technique despite having been proud of her soul talent before, but she couldn't even sustain it fully on her own without the help of tens of other demon generals.

However, this was what Dyon had been banking on. Ri was correct in seeing the Florence family technique as a solution, but, the problem was that it would have taken too long for them to learn. By the time that came to pass, Dyon would have likely been beyond helping or, even dead.

The problem was that his plans seemed to have been falling through even when Kaeda came rushing over, happy to have finally earned the Florence family manifestation.

To begin with, Kaeda had good soul talent. This was seen by her ability to learn music will, a will that was exceedingly difficult to grasp. Without good soul talent to be able to communicate efficiently with the world around you, learning music will was nearly impossible. So, Dyon hadn't been surprised that Kaeda, one of his chosen Vice Commanders, had been the first to master the technique.

That said, it became very obvious very quickly that Kaeda couldn't sustain the ancient Elvin techniques for the necessary amount of time. Although she was helping Dyon along with his eradication of the technique, at their pace, it would have still taken days more before Dyon could break completely free – especially with Kaeda's frequent breaks.

So, Dyon had taken a risk. He manifested a clone to quickly explain his idea and luckily, Kaeda quickly grasped the concept. But then, another problem arose.

Chapter 428 Wouldn't Even Be...

Dyon's original plan was to have the demon generals share their soul power like he and Ri did. This required a base level of trust, something they should have had after fighting so many wars together, but, aside from that, it also required expert level control – a level of control that increased manifold for each additional demon general that helped. In addition to this, to lower the level of difficulty of melding souls, the soul strength of the demon generals had to be similar. Knowing this, only lower level demon generals were of any help.

At first, Dyon and Kaeda had only wanted the help of one other demon general. That would have kept the difficulty at the lowest level possible. But, it became clear very quickly that this wouldn't be possible. Even two demon generals couldn't replicate Dyon's efficacy with the ancient Elvin techniques, something that they found absolutely ridiculous, but was true nonetheless.

What the demon generals came to learn was that their successor's soul strength far outmatched theirs. Dyon had a saint level soul while the lower level Essence Gathering demon generals still had meridian formation level souls in most cases. They simply couldn't compare. This didn't mean that Dyon was more powerful than his lower essence gathering Demon Generals. After all, they still had their own powerful wills, their energy cultivation, as well as their body cultivation. But, when it came to soul cultivation and techniques, Dyon was unmatched.

Unfortunately, with this being the case, Kaeda had no choice but to keep adding to the amount of Demon Generals in their palm to back formation. However, she had been capped at three. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't control anymore than the output of three more demon generals. This, of course, was still much faster than her alone. But, in the end, it wasn't fast enough. It would still take a few more days at that rate.

But, that was when Dyon sensed Arios outside of the ring. When Dyon had first come to the Elvin Kingdom, he had tried to send out an array through the dimensions. This had ended with his being knocked unconscious for months, but it had also proved that even at that lower soul level, Dyon had the talent to send his soul power out through dimensions.

However, sending out your 6th sense through dimensions was obviously an easier task than drawing an array through dimensions.

When Dyon had seen that the problem Kaeda was having was soul control, he immediately knew that Arios was the solution to the problem. But, the issue was that Arios wasn't here, he had been sent off to his family. And, he couldn't use Alidor's soul control because Alidor was still a step weaker than Dyon's demon generals since he was still in the meridian formation stage – which meant his soul was even weaker than that.-.

Hoping against hope, Dyon diverted small bits of his 6th sense to check the situation outside of the ring. He wanted to get out to the World Tournament as quickly as possible. He was itching to battle and to see Madeleine.

In the end, Dyon's efforts had been rewarded and Arios came.

At first, some might have been confused. Why would Arios fix their soul control problems? But, Dyon didn't have time to explain it to them. All he said were a few simple words. "You're in charge of soul control." Then Dyon's clone disappeared.

A few of the smarter Demon Generals immediately caught on. Amongst those of similar soul power to them, Arios was without a doubt the one with the most soul control. Why? Because of the Sicarius family death technique.

Arios had the ability to quite literally cut his soul off from his body and fake his death. This was a technique that Ava had also used in an attempt to escape Baal. But, Arios' proficiency was on a completely other level. He had used it when Tammy had attacked him in the Elvin Kingdom. This was because he could tell that Tammy was struggling with something inwardly, so he had chosen to make it easy on her – this was of course on top of the fact he had a good impression of Tammy and they had had a good relationship. What Arios didn't know, of course, was what Tammy had subjected his little sister to.

This aside, the Sicarius family technique required soul control of an unprecedented level. Arios, being able to completely disconnect, and then reconnect, his soul from his body was without a doubt the best option to control the souls of so many. And Dyon was proven to be right.

Soon, tens of demon generals stood together, fueling Kaeda and curing Dyon at a rate not seen before.

Just hours later, Dyon's grin came coupled with the fluttering of his eyes as he woke up.

Seeing hundreds of pairs of eyes looking at him with a mixture of happiness and awe, he smiled. "Thank you." After months of not using his voice, it came out hoarse. But, he got his message across.

Kaeda blushed profusely. Unlike many of the other Demon Generals, she was quite shy. In fact, when Dyon had chosen her as a Vice Commander just because of her music will, it had been questionable. These were the same questions Kaeda had dealt with all her life – especially when the Demon Sage had chosen her as a demon general. But, she pushed through it.

That said, she couldn't help but blush under Dyon's kind words of thanks. "There's no need to thank us, successor." Kaeda kept her head lowered.

“Ugh,” Dyon tried to get up, but immediately slumped back downward.

Arios slipped by Kaeda’s shying figure to kneel beside Dyon, a serious expression on his features. “Don’t move.” He said sternly.

Arios slowly lifted Dyon’s arm from his side before sucking in a deep breath.

After months of focusing on flushing Dyon’s body of the odd red crystals, there had been no opportunity to handle the wound that had caused it all in the first place.

“I’m not doctor... But... Green skin isn’t healthy, right?” Arios cringed. The idea of a martial artist becoming infected was ridiculous, it wouldn’t happen. Or, at the very least, it shouldn’t.

Dyon winced as his arm was raised, but gently pushed Arios away anyway. Leaping upwards, Dyon took a look at his side.

The wound itself was narrow and only about three inches wide, but Dyon could feel that it was very deep. The green Arios was referring to was the sickening green veins that pumped to and from the wound.

Dyon could tell that it wasn’t infected because there was no pus. In fact, the veins were probably his body’s way of rehabilitating itself. When a person was injured, a flood of blood would come to area carrying all sorts of this needed for curing. Usually, that would also come with swelling. But, Dyon’s body hadn’t been able to swell because it was crystallized. In fact, his veins only just now began to pump blood properly, causing a stream of blood to begin to slide down his side.

“I don’t have time for this...” Dyon circulated his aurora and energy cultivation. Wounds became more difficult to heal the more powerful the attack was and the more powerful the body was. Unfortunately, Dyon’s body had recently become much stronger and the attack he had suffered was without a doubt powerful. The good news was that he now had a Saint level soul, so his Aurora worked at unprecedented speeds. The bad news was that it would still take a few more hours. But, he didn’t care.

Dyon's finger lit itself, causing a blaze of fire to send flickers of heat into his surroundings. Barely gritting his teeth, he brought the flame to his wound, sealing it off and stopping the blood.

Kaeda blinked. "Successor, if you do that before we check for internal injuries, you may bleed out from the inside."

Dyon nodded. "You're right."

Under the shocked gazes of the demon generals, Dyon torso began to glow.

Arios could only shake his head. He only knew a handful of people who would light their insides with fire will like this when there was a better solution to be had. The demon sage and Dyon happened to be two of them...

"Maniacs..."

Dyon chuckled as his eyes flashed with purple-gold. "Sorry, can I trouble one of you to bandage me up?" A long and thick length of cotton bandages appeared in Dyon's hand.

Arios sighed. "You'd better be able to make them pay for what they've done in this state."

A flash of seriousness crossed Dyon's eyes. For Arios to say such a thing, it was clear that something had happened.

"If I didn't give them this handicap, this tournament wouldn't even be suspenseful."

Chapter 429 Goddesses

In the stadium, the crowd's noise was booming louder than before. The 23 other members of Ri and Madeleine's battle royale each found an edge piece to stand on. With the platform being so large, there was hundreds of meters of space between Madeline and Ri, and therefore them and the two of them.

Madeleine was silent. She didn't know why but this girl in front of her was clearly powerful, but at the same time, she also had endless amounts of bloodlust aimed toward her.

‘Did I take out one of your friends? I could care less.’ Madeleine’s own anger was boiling and being targeted for such a petty reason when she had gone out of her way to not severely injure anyone was pissing her off all the more.

Flames of violet began to coat her dress, and yet it somehow didn’t singe it at all. In fact, the Spiritual level treasure began to resonate with Madeleine’s flames, seemingly dancing along with the flicks and flares of purple.

Ri began to walk forward, brandishing her sword in her hand. Her hair was a jet black and her tails were just the same. All ten of them whipped violently in the air, sending shockwaves of void will with their every movement.

Although Ri was angry, she remained cautious. If this really was someone who could hurt Dyon, then she was without a doubt powerful. However, Ri had risen to a point in that past two months where there was little doubt that she at the very least rivaled Dyon before his saint soul buff. And, even if she didn’t, Ri was not the type to back down from a fight.

“Why did you do it?” Ri’s voice came out in a growl. It was bestial and commanding. She had to know why they had been targeted. What was the purpose?

Madeleine’s frown only deepened at this questioning. She couldn’t speak, how was she meant to answer a question. Especially when the question itself pissed her off. Why did she do what? Wasn’t it her job as a contestant to fight? Was she supposed to let others win? What was wrong with this girl?.

Seeing Madeleine’s scowl, Ri’s anger deepened. But, she decided to try one more time. Something about this felt off to her.

“Are you aware of who my husband is?”

Ri probed with another question. If this girl answered no, then Ri could settle on the idea of this having been a ploy of some kind. She had already asked Eli whether or not Dyon knew a purple hair and eyed beauty, and Eli had answered no, but there were a myriad of other possibilities. Even Ri’s hair color changed depending on her form, could she really make a conclusion based on something like that?

But, Ri never got her answer.

Madeleine was fed up. 'At least your husband is here!'

Something in her snapped as the words raged through her mind.

She had no one to lean on. Her sister had died. Her parents weren't as supportive as they should be. This was the day, after two years, that she was supposed to finally see her husband, and yet all she got was being locked down and practically under arrest, all while she had to watch helplessly as he was slandered. And now this girl was mad at her for simply winning her bracket? What kind of bullshit was this?

Madeleine flashed forward, her flames coating her palms as she executed a fanning technique.

Brilliant peacock feathers sprouted from her back, coloring the skies with beautiful greens and golds, but especially purples.

This was the first of legacy techniques Madeleine had gained from Amethyst. It was usually a technique for males, but it had been adapted by Amethyst to circulate a different pathway and complement yin.

'Peacock Queen's first feather, delicate palm!'

Ri's eyes flashed in anger. "Ice petal's dance, first petal: ice rain!"

Her sword flashed forward, a magnificent lily of ice appearing behind her.

The clash was beyond words.

A tempest of flames and ice raged through the arena under the erupting crowd.

The beauty of peacock's feathers shimmered under the oppressive cold, rebuffing it with its own intense flames.

Ri's ice petals rained down shards of ice coated with sword will, wanting to tear through everything in its path, but instead being engulfed by a massive wall of purple fire.

Blinding northern lights colored the skies above the arena as sword met palm, neither giving way.

Madeleine's deep purple eyes held a deep seeded anger as she stared into Ri's blue-silver slits before they both leaped backwards.

There was no moment of rest and there was no room for talking.

Ri's ice petals continued to rain from the skies, attacking Madeleine's peacock feathers as they manifested.

Shocking booms resonated through the skies as the stones and metals that made up the arena were torn away – melting in the heat before being frozen over, just to melt once again.

Madeleine's heart burned with rage as her palms flashed outwards again and again. She was no longer holding back, but she felt as though her attack potency was being sucked away by the mysterious black will of her opponent.

Ri's void will flashed with her every step, her tails shooting beams of ice at Madeleine's forming feathers, stopping their attacks midstream.

Neither woman backed down, it was a clash for the ages and the audience could only watch with baited breath.

'Not enough.' Both thought these words at the same time, unleashing their God Constitutions in unison.

Ri's manifestation bloomed, a dark and sleek Kitsune forming in the air as a crown of radiating gold and jewels fell perfectly into the gem on its forehead.

A black gold energy began to drip from Ri as tattoos of gold raced across her tails. Even her jet black hair became coated with the ethereal aura.

Madeleine, though, lost out in no way.

Her constitution bloomed, radiating out unmatched purity as crystalline lights began to rain down around her.

The crowd's cheering became a hushed silence. Two otherworldly beauties faced each other. Was a title amongst just the six beauties enough? Did that give these girls their due?

One was dark and bestial. She was petite, but her curves and figure were nothing less than perfect. Her long black hair waved in the air, contrasting her gentle-looking light blue dress.

The other was light and heavenly. She was the taller of the two, but her body filled her in flawlessly. Her chest was ample, and her hips were wide. Her purple hair, matted in twinkling flames, gave her an ethereal feel...

They were both goddesses that descended from the skies.

Chapter 430 Simple Silver

Outside of the stadium, Dyon was leisurely walking along with Arios and Thadius. He didn't feel the need to bring anymore Demon Generals, that would just bring undo attention.

But, he froze as he saw something ahead.

"Eli?" Dyon flashed forward, ignoring the pain on his side as he made his way to the struggling Venus and Eli.

When he saw Delia's state, he could only frown. But, what really got to him was how difficult it had been for Venus and Eli to carry them all of this way. It was as though they were really mortals.

Eli had never stepped out of the second foundation stage because he hadn't had any opportunity to train in the last two years. And, it seemed like Venus' cultivation had regressed from her lower meridian formation cultivation. Or, at the very least, she hadn't had the opportunity to replenish her depleted energy as a slave.

Right now, they were both as weak as any mortal teenagers from the human world...

Seeing Dyon awake, a flash of happiness appeared on Eli's features. "Dyon, we need help. Delia hasn't been conscious for hours now. She took multiple wounds during her fight!"

Dyon nodded, taking Delia from Eli and placing her on an array to hover in the air.

After scanning Delia, Dyon's head cocked to the side in confusion. She wasn't hurt at all... In fact, something inside of her was shifting and changing... Seemingly for the better?

Seeing this, Dyon looked up to see the frail Venus and smiled.

"Venus. I'm glad to see that you're doing better."

Venus smiled shyly and nodded in acknowledgment. Over the past two years, she had lost a significant amount of weight and it was clear that her cultivation had suffered. But, she was thankful to be free now. She had never brought herself to blame Dyon. How could she? He had been trying to do what was right. If anyone should be blamed, it should be those horrible Ragnor and Cavositas clans..

"Will she be okay?" Eli asked nervously.

"From what I see, she's not hurt at all... I'm not sure what's going on, but it's likely the next time she wakes, she'll feel better than she ever has." Dyon reassured Eli.

Hearing this, Eli sighed in relief. He had examined Delia personally when he had finally made her way to her but couldn't find anything wrong. Hearing it come from Dyon made him feel even better.

"Tell me, what exactly has happened so far?"

Eli quickly explained the tournament system and how they were in the second to last round now. He then explained what had happened to Delia, which caused Dyon's brows to furrow.

"She just stopped mid-attack and coughed up blood?" Dyon didn't like the sound of that. But, what made it worse was that when he asked Eli who Delia's opponents had been, he said he didn't know.

"They changed the rules this year," Eli explained, "They said in the interest of fairness, no names would be called out."

Suddenly, Dyon thought back to the Madeleine in disguise who had attacked them. 'Could it be?...'

Dyon was liking this less and less. He hadn't thought about it before, but the Madeleine that attacked didn't have her normal hair or eye color... In fact, she hadn't even worn glasses. Was that really how Madeleine looked now? If that was the case, there's no way Ri would be able to recognize her...

And Madeleine. The last time Dyon spoke to her was before he knew Ri was a Kitsune. If they clash and Ri uses her Kitsune form, Madeleine wouldn't be able to tell it was Ri either!

Dyon was beginning to panic. 'Is this really what they want?...' But suddenly, he had a thought that made him calm down. And eventually, a smirk replaced his apprehensive features.

"Let's go." Dyon smiled at the siblings, pointing toward the large stadium ahead.

"You're bringing Delia too?" Eli asked worriedly.

"Of course, she has to make it through the final round too." Dyon winked, not explaining any further as they made their way forward with Arios and Thadius following silently.

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In the arena, there was only a single fight left raging.

Madeleine and Ri were so fast that they seemed to be gliding through the air, never once touching the ground for even a split second.

Ri's black-gold tails whipped against Madeleine's peacock feathers, causing domineering shockwaves of ice and fire to reverberate through the bustling arena.

'Still not enough.' Ri's mind flashed as she stepped into a void, appearing to Madeleine's back and striking her sword forward.

Madeleine reacted immediately, discreetly coating her palm with celestial intent and covering it with a wall of flames, parrying Ri's sword to the side and stretching her other hand toward Ri's throat.

Ri seemed unperturbed by this action, welcoming the palm with a black hole of void and rebounding it away from herself.

Madeleine glided backwards, wind will coating her feet as her qipao fluttered ever so gently.

"Tree of Life and Death." Ri whispered these words, causing a tree of obsidian to appear in the air.

King Belmont gripped his chair at this sight, sending his gaze toward Big Red only to find his pair of eyes already looking toward him.

"Their daughter..."

King Belmont felt stupid. How had he not made the connection when he saw the tails? The problem was that ten tails didn't match any legends the kitsune had. And, worst yet, Kawa had never mentioned a kitsune with black tails. King Belmont had assumed this girl was something else...

The last King Belmont had heard of King Acacia's daughter, King Acacia himself had informed him that she was pretending to be his brother's daughter. So, when King Belmont saw this Ri character registered as the Elvin Princess, he hadn't made the connection between the two until now.

'This... Both of them?... This boy...' King Belmont didn't know whether to laugh or cry. How many years had he and King Acacia been dear friends and how many years had they spoke of their children marrying? All of that was flushed away now.

The only reason King Acacia wasn't as famous as King Belmont and Big Red was because he hadn't been able to participate in their generation's world tournament. Why? Because his manifestation was so powerful that it had taken centuries to manifest. The Elvin Kingdom, despite having unlimited quotas, never bothered to give him a chance until he proved they had no choice.

Ri, however, was oblivious to all of this. Her family's ancient manifestation bloomed magnificently, sending roots of obsidian careening toward Madeleine's delicate figure.

Waves of heat radiated from Madeleine as she watched the roots approach. But, they seemed to tear through even her violet flames!

'Not enough!' Madeleine sent her mind inward and toward the faint flicker of a faith seed she held. And then, a sight of unmatched glory was presented.

The cry of a phoenix rang through the arena, a domineering bird of violet flames appearing to engulf Madeleine as she charged through the obsidian roots.

Ri winced as she felt the manifestation tear apart under the relentless flames, but she also felt Madeleine greatly weaken as bits of her technique were absorbed.

Lionel watched this with a deadpan expression. But, the way he gripped the arm rests of his throne told a completely different story. 'That has to be mine!'

The blinding light of the phoenix tore toward Ri.

It was at this moment that many realized that Ri and Madeleine were the only ones on the stage. In fact, their so-called competition had been blown away after their first few clashes. And yet, no one had said a single word. It seems those pulling strings wanted this continue until someone was hurt.

Taking a deep breath, Ri's meridians started spinning viciously. The energy in the air seemed to be water, and Ri's body was a funnel accepting it all.

"Abyssal ray, Void's wrath."

Ri crouched to the ground, her tails pointing forward as a beam of dense blackness converged from each of them into a single entity.

The breath of the crowd seemed to be taken away.

One side held a dense darkness, seemingly ready to swallow everything whole.

The other side carried with it a blinding light.

Both were beasts, but each held a completely different atmosphere to them.

And then... They clashed...

A tempest of blacks and purples rolled through the air, causing an explosion of untold magnitude.

The arena itself seemed to disappear as the array that hovered it in the air completely shattered in on itself, unable to hold the weight of anything any longer.

The crowd could only watch, on the edge of their seats. Who won?

Ri and Madeleine stood facing each other. Each somehow just as flawless as they had began.

They looked each other in the eye silently for a long a time before each of their eyes shifted to the other's collarbone.

In their last clash, the violent gales of wind had torn apart the stage the stood on. But, it had served another purpose.

Ri began to laugh. "You were using celestial will! No wonder!"

Madeleine couldn't speak, but that didn't stop her from moving.

She reached Ri in an instant and didn't hesitate to embrace her even to Ri's surprise.

Ri's eyes widened, but she eventually settled in, wrapping her arms around Madeleine's trembling back. It was clear that Madeleine needed someone to hold on to right now. For her to have been so angry earlier, Ri knew something must have happened although she didn't know what. To Ri, Patia-Neva had given Madeleine the same message she received.

The crowd watched in confusion. It wasn't as though they minded two beauties hugging, but they didn't understand how they had gone from fighting to suddenly being the best of friends.

For entertainment purposes, special arrays were always set in place to allow the crowd to hear the voices of those on the competition floor. So, Ri's words only made them more confused.

Madeleine backed away, wiping the tears from her eyes. Her eyes once again focused on Ri's collarbone as she stretched her small hand toward it to gently hold a simple silver necklace.